

Noble County Register.

VOL. 1

LIGONIER, IND. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1858.

NO. 4

THE Noble County Register
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MEDICAL NOTICE.
DRS. CARR & LOWER,
HAVING associated themselves together in the practice of MEDICINE AND SURGERY, would inform the citizens of Ligonier that they will give prompt attention to all calls either day or night.
OFFICE Two doors north of the drug store, Ligonier, Feb. 4, 1858.

HENRY HOSTETTER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
OFFICE on Main Street, Ligonier, Indiana.

LAND AGENCY.
THE undersigned has established an Agency for the purchase and sale of Real Estate in Noble and adjoining counties, and has effected arrangements which offer superior inducements for those wishing to buy or sell the same in this section of the State.
Particular attention will be paid to Renting Houses, Leasing farms, and other business which it may be necessary for non-residents to leave in the hands of an agent.

LAND WARRANTS
Bought and obtained for those entitled to the same under the late act of Congress.
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Albion, Indiana. 2-0m.

THOMAS'S AMERICAN SPEAKER, an excellent work for selecting pieces for Declaration, can be found at ARNOLD'S.

A Suggestion to the Ladies.

Yankee Doodle has, they say,
A fact for induction;
See how eagerly he takes
To foreign innovation.

We make a wonderful ado
About our independence,
And yet at foreign shrines of taste
We dance a staid attendance.

A Raglan overcoat we wear—
No folly could be bigger—
A shirt upon a pole would cut
About as neat a figure!

Eugenia hoop, the imperial form,
The Yankee ladies follow;
And in immodesty of dress
They whip the Empress hollow!

The latest novelty that comes,
Was born across the channel;
The little Queen, to please the Scots,
Has killed in red hannel!

And presto! to our happy shore,
The wondrous things pass o'er;
With bonnie Highland lasses,
The wondrous things pass o'er!

Once in a while why can't we have
A truly Yankee notion?
No such profound allegiance pay
To fashion 'cross the ocean.

What could be finer now than this,
(And mark ye, too, how dashing!)
A jetted coat, white and blue,
With silver stars all flashing!

Then hang the Yankee colors out,
(And Scottish skirts, confound 'em!)
Our girls shall take the world by storm
With the stars and stripes around 'em!

From Putnam's Magazine.

UNCLE JOSIE.

A NEW ENGLAND STORY.

CONCLUDED.

Everything else went on prosperously; the farm paid well, and Josh laid out money, but never for himself. They had no children, a sore disappointment to both their kindly hearts, but all the poor and orphan little ones in the town seemed to have a special claim on their care and help; nobody ever went away hungry from Josh's door, or unconsolated from Miss Eunice's "keeping room;" everybody loved them both, and in time people forgot that Josh swore; but he never did; a keen pain disconcerted him whenever he saw a child look up astonished at his oath. He had grown so far towards "the full ear," that he understood what an offense his habit was, and it pained him very much that it could not be overcome even in so long a trial; but soon other things drew on to change the current of Josh's penitent thoughts.

He had been married about ten years when Miss Eunice began to show signs of failing health: she was, after the Yankee custom, somewhat older than her husband, and of too delicate a make to endure the hard life Connecticut farmers must, or do lead. Josh was as fond of her as he could be, but he did not know how to demonstrate it; all sorts of comforts she had, as far as food and fire and clothing went, but no recreation; no public amusements ever visited Plainfield, a sparse and quiet village far off the track of any railroad; the farmers could not find time to drive around the country with their wives, or to go visiting, except now and then, on Sunday night to a neighbors'; sometimes to a paring or husking bee, the very essence of which is work; once a year a donation party at the minister's; and a rare attendance upon the sewing circle, distasteful to Josh, who must get and eat his supper alone in that case—these were all the amusements Miss Eunice knew. Books she had none, except her Bible, Boston's Fourfold, a dictionary, an arithmetic; relies of her school, and, if ever she wished for more, she repressed the wish, because those ought to be enough; she did not know, or dared not, to be conscious that humanity needs something for its lesser and trivial life, that by all these things men live, as well as by the word and by bread.

So she drugged on uncomplainingly; and after ten years took to her bed, and was pronounced by the Plainfield doctor to have successively "a spine in the back," "a rising of the lungs," and "a gitteral complaint of the lights," (was it catarrhal?) Duly was she blistered, plastered and fomented; dosed with Brandreth's pills, mullein root in elder, tansy, burdock, bitter-sweet, catnip and boneset teas; saw-bugs tickled into a ball and swallowed alive; dried rattlesnake's flesh; and the powder of a red squirrel, shut into a red-hot oven living, baked till powderable, and then put through that process in a mortar, and administered fasting.

Dear, beloved, I am not improving. All these, and sundry other and filthier medicaments, which I refrain from mentioning, did once, perhaps do still, abound in the islands of this Yankee coast, and slay their thousands yearly, as with the jaw-bone of an ass.

Of course Miss Eunice pined and languished, not merely from the "simples," that she swallowed, but because the very fang that had set itself in the breast of Josh's gentle mother gnawed and rotted in hers. At length some idea of this kind occurred to Uncle Josie's mind. He tackled up Boker, the old horse, and set out for Sunbury, where there lived a doctor of some eminence, and returned in triumph with Dr. Sawyer following in his own gig.

Miss Eunice was carefully examined by the physician, a pompous but kindly man, who saw at once that there was no

hope and no help for his fluttered and panting patient.

When the millennium comes, let us hope it will bring physicians of sufficient fortitude to forbear dosing in hopeless cases. It is vain to look for such in the present condition of things, and Dr. Sawyer was no better than his kind; he hemmed, hawed, screwed up one eye, felt Miss Eunice's pulse again, and uttered oracularly:

"I think a portion of some sudorific febrifuge would probably allay Mrs. Crane's hectic."

"Well I expect it would," confidently asserted Josh; "can I get it at the store, doctor?"

"No sir! it should be compounded in the family Mr. Crane."

"Dew tell!" responded Josh, rather crestfallen, but brightening up as the doctor went on to describe, in all the polysyllables he could muster, the desirable fluid; at the end Josh burst out joyfully with—

"I sw—swan! I ain't nothing but lemonade with gum arabic in it!"

Dr. Sawyer gave him a look of contempt, and took his leave, Josh laboring under the profound and happy conviction that nothing ailed Miss Eunice if lemonade was all that she needed; while the doctor called, on his way home, to see Parson Pitcher, and to him confided the mournful fact that Miss Eunice was getting ready for heaven fast; could live scarcely another week by any mortal help. Parson Pitcher grieved truly, for he loved and respected Eunice, and held her as the sweetest example of unobtrusive religion in all his church; moreover he knew how Josh would feel, and he dreaded the task of conveying to him the painful intelligence, resolving, nevertheless, to visit them the next day with that intent, as it was now too near night to make it convenient.

But a more merciful and able Shepherd than he preceded him, and spared Josh the lingering agony of an expectation that could do him no good. Miss Eunice had a restless night after Mr. Sawyer's visit, for with the preternatural keenness of her disease, she read the truth in his eye and tone, and though she had long looked on to this end, and was ready to enter into rest, the nearness of that untried cure agitated her and forbade her sleep; but faith unflinching in better need, calmed her at length and with peace written upon her face she slept till dawn; a sudden pang awoke her, and her start roused Josh; as he lifted her on the pillow, where the red morning light showed her gasping and gray with death, he turned all cold.

"Good-bye, Josh!" said her tender voice, fainting as it spoke, and with one upward, rapturous look of the soft brown eyes, they closed forever, and her head fell back on Josh's shoulder, dead.

There the neighbor who "did chores" for her of late, found the two when she came in. Josh had changed since his mother died, for the moment Mrs. Casey lifted his wife from his arm, and laid the patient peaceful face back on its pillow, Josh thrust himself down beside her, and cried aloud with the passion and carelessness of a child.

No body could rouse him, nobody could move him, till Parson Pitcher came in, and taking his hand, raised and led him into the keeping room. There Josh brushed off the mist before his drenched eyes with the back of his rough hand, and looked straight at Parson Pitcher.

"Oh Lord, she's dead," said he, as if he alone of all the world knew it.

"Yes, my son, she is dead," solemnly replied the Parson; "it is the will of God, and you must consent."

"I can't! I ain't a goin' to," sobbed Josh—"I ain't no use talkin'; if I'd only expected somethin', its that d—d doctor! Oh Lord! I've sworn, and Miss Eunice is dead! Oh, gracious goody! what be I a goin' to do on dear! Oh dear! oh Miss Eunice!"

Parson Pitcher could not even smile—the poor fellow's grief was too deep! What could he think of to console him but that deepest comfort to the bereaved, her better state. "My dear friend, be comforted! Eunice is with the blessed in heaven!"

"I know it! I know it! she allers was nigh about fit to get there without dyin'! Oh Lordy! she's gone to heaven and I ain't!"

No—there was no consoling Uncle Josh, that touch of nature shows it. He was alone, and refused to be comforted; so Parson Pitcher made a fervent prayer for the living, that unawares merged into a thanksgiving for the dead, and went his way, sorrowfully convinced that his holy office had in it no supernatural power to aid, that some things are too deep and too mighty for men.

Josh's grief raved itself into a worn-out dejection, still too poignant to bear the gentlest touch; his groans and cries were heart breaking at the funeral, and it seemed as if he would really die with agony, while the despairing wretchedness of the funeral hymn, the wailing cadences of "China," poured round the dusty and cobwebbed meeting house

to which they carried his wife in her coffin one sultry August Sunday, to utter prayers and hymns above her who now needed no prayer, and heard the hymns of heaven.

After this, Josh retired to his own house, and according to Mrs. Casey's story, neither ate nor slept; but this was somewhat apocryphal, and three days after the funeral, Parson Pitcher, betaking himself to the Crane farm, found Uncle Josh whittling out a set of clothes-peg on his door-step, but looking very downcast and miserable.

"Good morning, Mr. Crane," said the good divine.

"Mornin', Parson Pitcher! how's a cheer?"

The Parson sat down on the bench of the stoop, and wistfully surveyed Josh, wondering how best to introduce the subject of his loss; but the refractory widower gave no sign, and at length the Parson spoke.

"I hope you begin to be resigned to the will of Providence, my dear Mr. Crane."

"No, I don't a speck!" honestly retorted Josh. Parson Pitcher was shocked.

"I hoped to have found you in a better frame," said he.

"I can't help it!" exclaimed Josh, flinging down a finished peg, emphatically. "I ain't resigned! I want Miss Eunice! I ain't willin' to hev her dead; I can't and I ain't, and that's the hull on't! and I'd a d—d eight rather—oh goody! I've sworn agin—Lord-a-massy! 'n she ain't here to look at me when I do, and I'm goin' straight to the devil. Oh lord! there it goes! oh, dear soul, can't a fellow help himself no how?"

And with that Josh burst into a passion of tears, and fled past Parson Pitcher into the barn, from whence he issued no more till the minister's steps were heard crunching on the gravelled path towards the gate, when Josh, persistent as Galileo, thrust his head, out of the barn window, and repeated in a louder and more strenuous key, "I ain't willin', Parson Pitcher!" leaving the Parson in a dubious state of mind, on which he ruminated, for some weeks, finally concluding to let Josh alone with his Bible, till time should blunt the keen edge of his pain, and reduce him to reason; and he noticed with great satisfaction that Josh came regular to church and conference meetings, and at length, resumed his work with a due amount of composure.

There was in the village of Plainfield a certain Miss Ranney, daughter of the aforesaid Mrs. Ranney, the greatest villain in those parts, and, of course, an old maid. Her temper and tongue had kept off suitors in her youth, and had in no wise softened since. Her name was Sarah, familiarized to Sally, and as she grew up to middle age, that pleasant, kindly tide being sadly out of keeping with her nature, every body called her Sally Ran, and the third generation scarcely knew she had another name.

Any apron in the village always began with Sally Ran, and woe be to the unlucky lad who pilfered an apple under the overhanging eaves Mrs. Ranney's house, or by the road, or tilted the well sweep of her stony curbed well to get a drink; Sally was down on the offender like a hail-storm, and cuffs and shrieks mingled in wild chorus with her shrill scolding, to the awe and consternation of every child within half a mile.

Judge then, of Parson Pitcher's amazement, when, a little more than a year after Miss Eunice's death, Josh was ushered into his study one evening, and after stroking a new stovepipe hat for a long time, at length said he had "come to speak about bein' published." The Parson drew a long breath, partly from the mutability of man, partly of pure wonder.

"Who are you going to marry, Mr. Crane?" said he after a pause.

"Another man might have softened the style of his wife to be—not Josh."

"Sally Ran," said he undauntedly.

Parson Pitcher arose from his chair, and with both hands in his pockets, advanced, upon Josh like horse and foot together; but he stood his ground.

"What in the name of common sense and decency do you mean by marrying that woman, Joshu-way Crane?" thundered the Parson.

"Well, of you'll set down, Parson Pitcher, I'll tell the rights on't; you see I'm dreadful pestered with this here swearin' I've got; I kinder thought it would wear off if Miss Eunice kept a looking at me, but she's dead," here Josh intercalated a great blubbering sob. "And I'm gettin' so d—d bad! there! you set Parson I do swear dreadfully, and I ain't no more resigned, to her dyin', then I used to be, and I can't stan' it, so I set to figgerin' on it out, and I guess I've lived too easy, hain't had enough 'fictions and trials; so I concluded I hed order put myself to the wind'ard of some squalls, so's to learn navigation, and I could not tell how, till suddenly I brought to mind Sally Ran, who is the devil and all, oh dear! I've nigh about swore agin' and I concluded she'd be the nearest to a cat-nine-tails I could get to tow me, and then I reckoned

what old Cap'n Thomas used to say, when I was a boy aboard of his whaler: 'Boys,' says he, 'you're allers sot to hev' yer own way, and you've got to hev' mine, so its pooty clear that I shall flog you to rope-yarns, else you'll hev' to make b'f'ev my way's yourn, which'll suit all around.' So you see Parson Pitcher, I won't goin' to put myself in a way to quarrel with the Lord's will agin', and I don't expect you'll hev' no such trouble with me twice, as you've hed since Miss Eunice up and died.—I swan I'll give up reasonable next time, sein' its Sall!"

Hardly could Parson Pitcher stand this singular creed of doctrine, or the shrewd and self-satisfied, yet honest expression of face with which Josh clinched his argument. Professing himself in great haste to study, he promised to marry as well as to publish Josh, and when his old parishioner was out of hearing, indulged himself in a long fit of laughter, almost inextinguishable, over Josh's patent Christianizer.

Great was the astonishment of the whole congregation on Sunday, when Josh's intentions were given out from the pulpit; and strangely mixed and hesitating the congratulations he received after his marriage which took place the following week. Parson Pitcher took a curious interest in the success of Josh's project; and acknowledged its beneficial effects, rather against his will.

Sally Ran was the best of housekeepers, as scolds are apt to be; or is it in reverse that the rule began? She kept the farm house Quakerly clean, and every garment of her husband's scrupulously mended and refreshed; but if the smallest profanity escaped Uncle Josh's lips, he did indeed hear thunder, and, with the ascetic devotion of a Cuyonist, he endured every obligatory torrent to the end, though his soft and kindly heart would now and then cringe and quiver in the process.

It was all for his good, he often said, and by the time Sally Ran had been in Miss Eunice's place for an equal term of years, Uncle Josh had become so mild spoken, so kind, so meek, that surely his dead wife must have rejoiced over it in heaven, even as his brethren did on earth.

And now came the crowning honor of his life. Uncle Josh was made a deacon. Sally celebrated the event by a new black silk frock, and asked Parson Pitcher home to tea after church meeting, and to such a tea as is the great glory of a New England housekeeper.

Pies, preserves, cake, biscuit, bread, short-cake, cheese, honey, fruit and cream were pressed, and pressed again upon the unlucky Parson, till he was quite in the condition of Charles Lamb and the omnibus, and gladly saw the signal of retreat from the table, he withdrawing himself to the bench on the stoop, to breathe the odorous June air, and talk over matters and things with Deacon Josh, while Mrs. C. cleared off.

Long and piously the two worthies talked, and at length came a brief pause, broken by Josh.

"Well Parson Pitcher, that 'ere calculation of mine about Sall did come out nigh onto right, didn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, my good friend!" returned the Parson; "the trial she has been to you has been really blessed, and shows strikingly the use of discipline in life."

"Yes," said Josh, "if Miss Eunice had lived, I don't know but what I would a ben a swearin' man man to this day; but Sall, she's rated it out to me; and I'm gittin' real resigned, too."

The meek complacency of the confession still gleamed in Uncle Josh's eyes, as he went into prayers, but Sally Ran looked redder than the crimson peonies on her posy-bed.

Parson Pitcher made an excellent prayer, particularly descending on the use of trials; and when he came to an end, and arose to say good-night, Mrs. Crane had vanished, so he had to go home without taking leave of her. Strange to say, during the following year, a rumor crept through the village that Mrs. Deacon Crane had not been heard to scold once for months; that she even held her tongue under provocation; this last fact being immediately put to the test by a few evil minded and investigating boys, who proceeded to pull her fennel-bushes through the pickets, and nip the yellow heads, receiving for their audacious thieving no more than a mild request not to do that, which actually shamed them into apologizing.

With this confirmation, even the Parson began to be credulous of the report, and sent directly for Deacon Crane to visit him.

"How's your wife, Deacon?" said the Parson, as soon as Josh was fairly seated in the study.

"Well, Parson Pitcher, she's most unsartainly changed. I don't believe she's got riled more'n once, or gin it to me once for six months."

"Very singular!" said Parson Pitcher. "I am glad for both of you; but what seems to have wrought upon her?"

"Well," said Uncle Josh, with a queer glimmer in his eye, "I expect she must a ben to the winter that night you a I sot a talkin on the stoop about fictions and her, for next day I stumbled, and spilt a lot o' new milk onto the kitchen floor, that allers riled her, so I began to say—Oh, dear I'm sorry, Sall! when she ups right away and sez, sez she you hain't no need to be skeered, Josh Crane; you've done with fictions in this world; I shan't never scold you no more; I ain't a goin to be made a pack-horse to carry my husband to heaven; and she never said no more to me, nor I to her, but she's ben nigh about as pretty behaved as Miss Eunice ever since, and I hope I shan't take to swearin'. I guess I shan't, but I do feel kinder crawley about bein' resigned."

Poor Boys and Great Men.

A hundred years ago there lived a poor boy in the city of Oxford, England, whose business it was to clean the boots of the students in the University. He was compelled to resort to this menial occupation to obtain the necessities of life. He was an active, energetic, bright generous lad, and he soon won the confidence of the students. Some of them proposed to instruct him for a short time, every day, which proposition he accepted with delight. He surprised his teachers by his rapid progress. He lost not argument, but gave himself so diligently and perseveringly to his studies, as to excite the admiration of all. Of course he was eminently successful. Every youth with the same excellent qualities will succeed in any laudable undertaking. This lad became the eloquent George Whitefield, who preached the gospel to thousands upon thousands in the open fields. The favor of the students we'd have availed him nothing without his energy, industry and perseverance. Indeed, it was these qualities in the boy, in connection with others, which first attracted the attention of the students.

Eighty years ago a boy was born in Salem, Massachusetts, of obscure parentage, and in very lowly circumstances. His mother died when he was ten years of age, though she lived long enough to impress his heart with the love of truth. His father was so poor that he could afford his boy but limited advantages to acquire an education. On account of his poverty this lad wore his summer clothes to school one winter, and became the laughing stock of the whole school. When only eleven or twelve years of age, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, who kept him in the shop, though he allowed him a slate and pencil on his bench. Yet this boy improved every opportunity, and without teachers advanced daily in knowledge and finally became the renowned mathematician Nathaniel Bowditch.

Patrick Henry was the son of a poor man in Virginia. In early life he struggled, hard with poverty, and gave little promise of distinction in any pursuit. But he finally devoted himself with energy and perseverance to his studies, and became the most gifted orator of his age.

Benjamin Franklin was the son of a tallow-chandler in Boston. He was the youngest but two of seventeen children, and having a poor father, penury was his lot. At ten years of age, he was taken from school, and placed in his work-shop. Of course his early advantages were few, but he triumphed over every obstacle, by his own exertions, and placed himself in the front rank of philosophers and mathematicians. Here, then, is a divine, a mathematician, a statesman, a philosopher, each of whom distinguished himself with untold of those worldly advantages to which you often attach so much importance. The above names taken as a few illustrations of a large part of honored men in the various department of human effort.

We may add, in a word, that Virgil's father was a Potter. Luther was the son of a poor miner, and Quinguus of a shepherd. Butian's father was a travelling tinker. Columbus was the son of a weaver, and Milton a scrivener. Bloomfield, Gibbon, Gifford, Linnaeus, Dr. Carey, and Roger Sherman, were shoemakers. Cowley was the son of a grocer, Pope of a linen draper, Collins of a hatter, and Akenside and Henry Kirke White of Butchers. Jeremy Taylor was the son of a barber; John Hunter of a carpenter, and Scott the commentator of a glazier. The father of John Opie, the great English portrait painter, was a carpenter, and Opie was raised from the bottom of a saw-pit, where he was employed in cutting wood to the Professorship of Painting in the Royal Academy.