

observing God, and no approaching judgment; as if the blood-ransomed soul were worthless; the doctrine of immortality a pagan fable, and heaven and hell mere chimeras of insane religionists. The eternal punishment of the damned, is not half so terrible to him as present want; and the imperishable inheritance of the blessed, not half so attractive as the sheen of his silver, and the glitter of his gold. He should be christened Balaam, and surnamed Judas; for a little shining dust would tempt him to curse the Israel of God, and sell the God of Israel; while a few dollars, or a few dimes is sufficient inducement for him to barter away his own blood-redeemed immortality!

Such is the run-seller, and such is his work. He is the enemy of our interests, in time, and the destroyer of our hopes for eternity. He carries the fatal box of Pandora; and wherever he goes, lets out the winged ruin, multi-form and fierce, among the children of men. Pestilence breathes from his lips and desolation lingers on his footsteps. His person is an embodied curse; his presence a withering sirocco; the atmosphere in which he moves, the very prelude of hell. Peace flies at his approach, and despair triumphs in his train. Brothers and sisters, parents and children, husbands and wives, and neighbors, lovers and friends, mourn with immitigable anguish, over his innumerable victims. He has dug millions of graves, tolled millions of knells enveloped millions of our race in a moonless and starless night. Many a Jacob has he bereft of his Joseph and his Benjamin, bringing down the gray hair of the patriarch, with sorrow to the grave, and obscuring the sunny hopes of gifted and aspiring youth, with the blackness of darkness forever. Look abroad over the earth, and what do you behold? Hearts crushed and bleeding; honest laborers stripped of their last hard-earned dollar; widows and orphans turned out, penniless, and shelterless, upon the cold charities of the world; the virtuous and respectable despoiled of a stainless reputation; and covered with a cloud of infamy; and man, by the myriad, wearing the image of his God, murdered soul and body, on the high road to immortality! Cast your eyes over this reeking Acedania; and as you behold, once more let me whisper—may, let me speak in a tone that shall wake the echoes of the mountains—All this is the work of the run-seller!

The run-seller has a variety of pleas in extenuation, or vindication of his business. Let us look at a few specimens of his logic.

"I was bred to the business." So pleads the pickpocket, the highwayman, the gambler, the burglar, and the pirate. If the plea is good for you, it is equally good for them.

"I must provide for my family."—But is the manner of no consequence? Will you do evil, that good may come, and justify the means by the end?—Will you steal to clothe your wife, and feed your children with blood?

"If I do not sell, somebody else will." But if it would be wrong in another, it is wrong in you. Another's sin is no justification of yours. You may not commit a crime, even to prevent another from committing it. What! May I steal a horse because another will if I do not? May I forge a note, because another will if I do not? May I fire a dwelling, because another will, if I do not?—May I kill my neighbor, because another will if I do not?

"I am in a free country, and you shall not abridge my liberty." But your freedom is no license to pick your pocket, or cut my throat; and if you do so the law will abridge both your liberty and your life. You have no right to use your own property for the injury of others. You may not incenselessly blast the ponderous rock, though it lie within your own field. You may not fell a tree upon your neighbor's fence, though it stand in your own forest. You may not move a natural embankment, and turn a stream upon another's farm, though you operate entirely upon your own premises. And do you imagine, that you have no right to administer poison for refreshment, and scatter fire-brands, arrows, and death around you?

The law protects my business; the law sanctions my trade; I am licensed according to law. What law? The great principles of all law are against it—and were there no other, there is a law in your conscience which condemns it. If you have not obliterated that God's writing by your sin. What is the design of law? The protection of our property, our characters, our happiness, and our lives. But against all these have you conspired, and are waging the deadliest warfare. Are you not therefore, fighting against the law? Why are mad-dogs, gun-powder, noxious diseases subject to the vigilant scrutiny of the law? Why have we specific enactments in regard to the sale and use of poisons? Why is a man punishable for poisoning a fountain or stream; or carelessly administering a pernicious drug to a patient? And does not your business come within this category?—Sanctioned by law? Authorized by license? What will either law or license avail you, "when God maketh inquisition for blood? Can those who framed the law, or signed the license; stand between you and the Eternal Justice, or shield you from the burning curses of the ruined? What will such authority avail you when the vagabond husband with his laggard wife and beggared children, shall cry to Heaven for vengeance upon the man that pilfered them of bread, clothed them in rags,

you remember me?" said a run-seller to a dying drunkard. "O yes!" was the reply; "I can never forget you! it was at your bar I bought my ruin! I shall remember you to all eternity! Ah if he had a particle of conscience left, how terribly must the avenger have lashed the murderer! Who are they that have licensed you to vend damnation by the gill? If sent to hell with you, will their presence mitigate your woe! Ah your license may do well enough in a human court, but will not answer at the bar of God. The fires of the eternal law will turn it quickly to tinder, and scathe, the temerity that presents it there. Go and get your instrument ratified from the throne of Heaven! Suspend your infamous traffic, till the mysterious hand that wrote upon Belshazzar's palace wall shall inscribe a license for you, in appropriate fire-characters, upon every cask in your cellar, and every bottle in your bar!

THE REGISTER

LIGONIER, JULY 8, 1858.

Republican State Ticket.

FOR SUPREME JUDGES.

1st Dis.—HORACE P. BIDDLE, of Cass;

2d.—ABRAM W. HENDRICKS, of Jefferson

3d.—SIMON YANDES, of Marion;

4th.—WILLIAM D. GRISWOLD, of Vigo.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

WILLIAM F. OTTO, of Floyd;

TREASURER OF STATE.

JOHN H. HARPER, of St. Joseph.

AUDITOR OF STATE.

ALBERT LANGE, of Vigo.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

WILLIAM A. PEELE, of Randolph

SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

JOHN YOUNG, of Marion.

Congressional Convention.

The Republican Convention to nominate a candidate to represent the tenth Congressional District in the next Congress, will meet at Kendallville, Noble Co. on Thursday the 12th day of August next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

All who are willing to unite in the overthrow of the present corrupt Administration of the general government are cordially invited to attend and participate.

By order of the Central Committee,
B. W. OAKLEY, Chairman.
Fort Wayne, June 29, 1858.

Our Paper—County—its Interest.

There are some, we know not how many, who think that a public press should only advocate and urge one branch of the numerous subjects, which take hold of man's destiny in his present state of being.

For instance, it is held that if you adopt the principles of an organization, called a party—that you must be blind to everything else but the interest of that party—that no fairness or candor should allow you to perceive anything good in the opposite party, although such good might exist. But on the contrary you are to class good and bad together in one indiscriminate denunciation.

In this one idea fierce contest, you are to pass every other interest by, and may wreck every other consideration but that of party principles.

This, in the judgment of many, is the true mission of a public press, and very many, too many are conducted upon just such a programme.

This is why so much evil exists in our body politic—this is why men of the very same interests do not see "eye to eye." Party presses and party leaders justify with vehemence what is wrong in themselves, and with just the same vehemence, misrepresent and defame what is really right in their opponents.

They use sophistry and prevarication and falsehood to accomplish this, but it does not impede them any in their course. This is the principle upon which a great many papers are conducted, and many think they are the models upon which the rest should be. If this end is the object of the "lever" that moves the world, then its discoverers misapprehended its mission. Humble as we may be, this abuse of the press does not apply itself to our convictions and judgment—but we look upon it as a criminal violation of all laws of honor, decency and right.

Strong in the conviction that our position is right, and that the present party in power is one of the most corrupt as well as most dangerous to true Democracy, we shall oppose it with an honest zeal and effort. But to do this we shall not consider it necessary to misrepresent them in the least, or defame them in any particular—the truth unvarnished, if they will only let it be believed, is convincing enough to an unbiased mind. But at the same time we cannot shut our eyes to every thing else that surrounds our pathway, and that takes hold of our every day interests and prospects—the interests of so-

have a lively interest in the welfare of our town and county. Who would not like to see our county, so long a "his-sing and a byword" take its place, in credit and reputation with the other prominent places of the country. We own to this pride—that of wishing to see this one the most prosperous county in the State. And why may we not be? We have some of the most fertile land in the west; some of the best natural advantages; streams of water sufficient for many mills and manufactories; a direct east and west railroad running throughout the whole length of the county, and another one located thro' from north to south.

With these and other advantages favoring our development, we have felt like making any sacrifice consistent to advance in any way the best interests of the county. This has been perhaps the strongest consideration in laboring to found this press.

Thus while we shall be earnest and decided upon national questions, we shall be sadly deficient if we sacrifice the interests of the county, of society and community to ensure political success. We deny the proposition that gross immorality and good Republicanism, or good Democracy can go together. Believing that public violations of good order are sadly detrimental to all the political and social interests of society, we believe that all good men should frown down upon them. Where the public morals of a people are not cared for, you need not look for a healthy growth of any one redeeming principle, be it political or otherwise. Then as a foundation of everything else valuable to be hoped for, you must have a decent state of morals—without it everything else is valueless. This has been the inciting reflection which has caused us to touch upon the moral subjects, which we have heretofore done. We know of the bitter feelings which have so lately been indicated by those who felt the application of these subjects to themselves.

Now far be it from us to wish to cause an unnecessary pang—but when the point is reached, that moral subjects are not allowed to be noticed, or discussed, then the history of the dark ages has a second time begun. The very upheaving and oppositions to them which we referred to, shows more emphatically than pen can express it, the absolute necessity of their discussion and application. To those who realize the difference between a good and bad state of public morals, there cannot be one found who will tell you that there are too many adulteries heaped upon these redeeming traits, which make society intelligent and honorable.

Whenever we have deemed it necessary to encourage a given course, or to discourage the opposite, we have done it, because we thought the public interest required it.

That we shall never err in judgment, we should be worse than infatuated to believe, but they shall be the errors of the head, and not the intention, we solemnly affirm.

As a public agent, we would only war against those things which war against the public interest, welfare and reputation, nor would we in this connection affiliate with the mere scandal of the day, which disgraces all who encourage it—but only such realities which really affect the public character.

A Change in the Richard Co. Times

We see by the last Times, that Judge Metcalf has retired from the editorship of its columns—his professional business requiring a more undivided share of his attention. It is not too much to say of Judge M. that he has filled the place he has just vacated with credit and ability. The spirit with which he has written, has been of that positive energetic character which we should like to see instilled into all of the efforts of our public men. There is not anything that is in come with half a heart and half a soul that is any more than half done. There is nothing more hopeful in this world, than to see men conscious of rectitude and right, enter into their work with a zeal and energy which betokens that the whole soul is engaged.

Hon. E. W. H. Ellis succeeds Judge M. in the editorship of the Times. He is known very extensively as an able writer, and will no doubt, continue to make the Times one of the best papers of the country.

The Lockport Advertiser says the work of putting the new truss rods, and otherwise strengthening the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls is progressing rapidly, under the supervision

DOUGLAS PORTRAYED.

A Change from the old Tune.

Our readers will well remember how to a great extent, S. A. Douglas has been the idol of his party. He has been, and is a man of considerable talent, and whenever that talent has been used, as it very often has been, in bitter invective coupled with extravagant misrepresentations of his opposers in politics, then has the whole Democratic press shouted glorious peans of praise to their hero. No words in the English language were too expressive, too extravagant to express their admiration of their idol.

But now, how has the tune changed. Mr Douglas, for reasons, that it is not necessary now to explain, has taken the liberty to express an opinion different in some respects from that promulgated by the Administration at Washington. And what is the result? Stun-ple this. The song about Douglas is of a different nature, subject and character.

As a specimen of this latter part we insert the extract below from the National Union. (Democratic paper.)

By the extract it will be seen that Mr Douglas is not charged with suddenly changing his character and assuming a new one—no this is his settled organized nature—therefore this picture drawn of him in the Union was true of him in years gone by—all of the time when they were writing all of the fulsome adulations, of him that they were capable of inflicting.

Now let us see from the following extract, how these men own that they have been for years most extravagantly glorifying a man who they now say was and is of the character portrayed by them in the extract below. The last expression is we believe always taken to be the truest. Therefore we bid our readers to notice the kind of a man which they in their latest confession say their former champion was—the man who they have always delighted to honor.

"Pope said, of Lord Bacon, that he was the wisest and the meanest of mankind." We are glad to say we know of but one modern character that approaches a realization of this celebrated paradox. He is a pious and prominent politician, whose acknowledged tact & talent, tho' far too limited to constitute him the wisest of mankind, and united to certain moral qualities which have already achieved for him a distinguished pre-eminence as one of the "meanest." While his abilities we are free to confess have been somewhat overrated by foolish followers we must insist as an impartial tribute to the illustrious man, that his bitterest enemies have hitherto failed to do justice to his extraordinary littleness of spirit, and his defect with which this distinguished trait in his character has been treated seems to have seriously offended him, if we may judge from his recent strenuous efforts to bring that trait in all its natural exuberance prominently before the public. Great men generally have great faults, often great follies, but seldom any low, petty or mean instincts. Such unique foils to brilliant talent are reserved to the favored few. Our Senator is one of these rare and refreshing phenomena. Proud of being a leader, he has not pride enough to be honest. Ambitious of being President, he has not ambition enough to be honorable. Arrogant as a Pharisee, he will stoop to the humiliation of untruth. A distinguished Senator, he has not the dignity of an ordinary Alderman. Generous to promise, firm never to perform, he demands more from, and does less for, his friends than any man living. With a will that knows no sincerity, the hypocrisy with which he will win a man he would use, is only equalled by the coolness with which he will sacrifice him when no longer useful.

"His lust of power, his hunger and thirst after unrighteous preferment, his tyranny of ambition, unalloyed save by its own energies, disclose in habitual acts of ingratitude, insincerity, falsehood, the moral meanness of the man in melancholy contrast with his intellectual calibre. But the saddest and most repulsive feature in Judge Douglas' character is his utter want of truth. He will pledge his word of honor with the fervor of a Roman patriot, and break it with the calmness of a French philosopher. Truth for the good that is in itself as truth, he never knew. When truth will serve him better than a lie, he will tell it, when it won't, he won't."

"His bravery of denial, his daring of assertion, when knowing both are false, his admirable as specimens of mendacious courage, though melancholy as efforts of an American Senator. He is audacious, arrogant haughty and triumphant in his manner of telling lies. He does it with the air of a monarch. He tells them as though he were counting over his royal prerogatives. They are his shield, his armor, his swift steed and his good sword. He conquers by them. They are not silken, soft, felt-footed lies, insinuating and genteel. They are solid, brave and formidable lies, full of the strength and lustiness of their sin—the sturdy, truculent, double-faced women of mendacity."

Independence at Toledo.

A few of our citizens went down to Toledo on Monday, on the excursion train to see the city, do a little business and attend the celebration of our National Anniversary.

The day was fine and clear, and not so warm as the preceding days. There was not as great a number attended as last year. Very many of the towns along the road, had had public celebrations on Saturday, and therefore very many did not feel like incurring a further expense, and loss of time, to visit Toledo on Monday. There were enough however, attended to make it pleasant, as it obviated the uncomfortableness of a dense crowd, and made room and comfortable accommodations for those who did attend. The oration was delivered by Mr. Bissel, a young gentleman of that city and was a very creditable effort. The public exercises were held in an enclosed grove, about half a mile from the business part of the city.

The different military and fire companies were out in uniform, with different bands of music.

In this brief notice we must not neglect to speak of the "Young America" Military Company, composed of boys from 8 to 14 years of age.

There was a company of about 80 of these little fellows, dressed in uniform of U. S. Soldiers, "armed and equipped as the law directs." Most of them had miniature guns, sabres, &c., of United States pattern and metal. The company had doubtless lately increased, and the recruits, a few of them, were obliged to appear and parade with wooden guns.

The company were drilled and officered by those of their own age, and it was highly interesting to notice the dignity and good order which the little officers and their command maintained.

In fact, it was said by some that they were the best disciplined troops of the day.

There were fire works, music and balloon ascensions in the evening.

We publish the following as a fair and truthful exposition of the professions and subsequent acts of the present administration. Look at it reader and see whether you will let party sophistry and party feeling do away with the realization of the plain facts in them contained.

Our President.

He entered the White House, says the Albany Evening Journal, with a promise of freedom to Kansas on his lips, and a scheme for enslaving it in his pocket. He declared war against "Circulating Notes"—and in six weeks was issuing them himself. Before the ink was dry with which he pledged "Economy"—he had drained the Treasury of its last dollar. Before the printers were done stereotyping his inflexible determination never to borrow—he was in Wall street soliciting a Loan!

He congratulated the Country on the final end of Slavery agitation—and he has been agitating it ever since. He ordered Paulding to stop the Filibusters—and then recalled him for doing it. Walker of Nicaragua he pronounced an outlaw—and tendered him the hospitalities of the White House. Walker of Kansas he furnished with written instructions and turned him out for obeying them. In 1857, he took off the heads of all Postmasters who co'd not "hurrah for Popular Sovereignty." In 1858, he takes off the heads of all who repeat the cry of 1857.

He withheld Troops from Utah, where he proclaimed there was War—in order to keep them in Kansas, where he insisted all was peace. He sells Forts at the West for a tithe of their cost, in order to buy sites for Forts at the East at ten times their value—his subordinates, in both cases, pocketing the difference. He is continually asking for new Steam Frigates—but he will not use those he has, either on the Coast of Africa or in the Gulf of Mexico. He sends out a steamer, ostensibly to catch the Styx—but with private orders in the Captain's Desk, to do nothing of the sort. Claiming to be the most frugal of Presidents—he has spent more than any of his predecessors. Assuming to be above party prejudices, he makes partisanship the basis even of his invitations to dinner.

Murder in Chicago.

There was a brutal murder committed by a husband upon his wife in Chicago, last week. He had savagely beaten and mutilated her and dragged her from one room of the house to another, in sight of two small children—then went down to a livery stable where he was employed, and told them that he waked up in the morning and found his wife dead, from what cause he knew not.

Is not hanging too good for such a monster?

P. P. Hull, long connected with the press of California, and one of the husbands of the notorious Lola Montez lately died at Marysville. Mr Hull had been sick for a long time.

From the Red Wing Republic, July 1. TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE!!

STEAMER GALENA BURNED! FIVE LIVES LOST!

Mails, Freight and Baggage Destroyed

Loss from 50 to \$75,000!

This morning, at about one o'clock, as the U. Mail Packet Galena landed, at our levee, a fire broke out about her smoke stacks, which soon spread, and resulted in her total destruction. The origin of the fire no one is able to ascertain, though it is supposed it was communicated to where it was first discovered from the furnaces of the boilers below. None but an eye witness can realize the scene.

The greatest terror seems to have seized upon the passengers and the utmost confusion immediately followed the alarm. Men, women and children rushed down the gangway, and overboard from all sides of the boat, many of them with nothing but their night clothes on. The rush was so great that the stage plank could not be landed and but for the remarkable coolness and prompt action upon the part of the officers of the boat, more lives would have been lost. A strong breeze was blowing down the stream, which soon spread the flames to all parts of the cabin.

The loss of the boat is complete; little or no baggage was saved, and the freight and mails with the exception of a portion of the latter destined for Red Wing, wholly consumed. The passengers, many of them, are in a destitute condition, having lost their all even to their last garment. No effort will be spared upon the part of our citizens to alleviate their condition. The expression of the passengers is universal that Captain Laughton and the officers of the boat did all that could be done to save the passengers even at great risk to themselves; and particular credit is awarded to the pilot, for the heroic manner in which he maintained his post, until driven away by the flames.

Most providential was it that the fire did not break out before. Had the boat been a half below, or even a few feet from a good landing, the loss of life must have been great indeed; as it is, five human beings were hurried from existence, leaving among the survivors friends to mourn their loss.

The loss of the boat is estimated at \$50,000; no insurance.

From the Detroit Advertiser, July 3. Burning of the Propeller N. America.

Commendable Conduct of Captain Atwood of the Steamer Ariel.

About twelve o'clock on Thursday night, the propeller North America was discovered to be on fire on the St. Clair Flats, where she lay at anchor. The steamer Ariel, Capt. Atwood, in the Detroit and New Baltimore line, was lying at New Baltimore, and immediately got up steam and went to her relief. The distance was six miles to where she lay, near the "elbow," on the Flats. When Capt. Atwood arrived, the crew consisting of thirteen and two passengers, had been picked up by a boat from the schooner Wm. R. Williams anchored some two miles off. Capt. Atwood took them on board and provided for their wants as far as possible, with clothing &c., and yesterday brought them to this city, when the fire was discovered it had made considerable progress, and those on board were forced to jump overboard, the small boats then being in flames. Some of them were in nothing but their shirts, and some had on pantaloons. Capt. Atwood at some risk to his own boat, run her bows up to the propeller and played on the fire with his excellent fire engine, but had no effect in checking the flames, and left the wreck burnt nearly to the water's edge, about daylight yesterday morning.

The North America was a first class propeller, of about 400 tons, and valued at \$25,000. She is about two years old and was in the employ of the government in the Light-House service, and her time of service would have expired on the 4th inst. No one on board could give any idea of the origin of the fire. The first engineer attended personally to putting out the fires and throwing water in the ash-pans about 11 o'clock.

She was owned by parties in Cleveland, where she was built, and was chartered for an indefinite period by Capt. Jack Wilson, and Mr. M. W. Seranton, and by them re-chartered to run in the lighthouse service. She left this port Thursday afternoon, for Point aux Barques, with no cargo except a quantity of cedar posts and shingles. She was burned to a complete shell and sunk in 11 feet water. All that can ever be saved from her will be some portions of her machinery. Neither Capt. Wilson nor Mr. Seranton were on board of her at the time. The time. The crew lost everything they had on board, most of them saving not even a rag of clothing, and it was with difficulty that they saved their lives.—Capt. Driscoll, who was in command and also all the crew speak in the best terms of Capt. Atwood and his Mr. Blanchard, both of whom did everything in their power to relieve them, and provide for their wants. Much credit is due them for their prompt and well rendered assistance.

The North America was insured for \$17,000, of which \$10,000 was in the Ocean and North Western, and we believe the remainder is in the Cleveland Mutual.