

Aoble County Register.

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LIGONIER, IND. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1858.

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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.

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Any person wishing to purchase any of the
above varieties of Goods, are invited to call
and look at this week.

Kendallville, March, 1858.

How to Make up a Quarrel.

William Ladd was the President of the American Peace Society, and he believed that the principle of peace, carried out, would maintain good will among neighbors as well as nations. But there was a time when he had not fully considered this subject—had not thought much about it—as I dare say many of my young readers have not, and he believed that if a man struck him a blow, it was best and fair to strike back again, without considering if there was not some better way of overcoming the offender, or if a man did him an injury, why, as people commonly say, he would "give him as good as he sent."

He then had a farm, and a poor man who lived on land adjoining his, neglected to keep up a fence which it was his business to keep in order; and in consequence, his sheep got into William's wheat field, and did much mischief.

William told his man Sam to go to the neighbor, and tell him he must mend the fence and keep the sheep out. But the sheep came in again, and William, who is a very orderly man himself, was provoked.

"Sam," said he, "go to that fellow, and tell him that if he don't keep his sheep out of my wheatfield, I'll have them shot."

Even that did not do—the sheep were in again.

"Sam," said William, "take my gun and shoot those sheep."

"I would rather not," said Sam.

"Rather not, Sam? why there are but three; it's not a great job."

"No sir, but the poor man has but three in the world, and I'm not the person that would like to shoot a poor man's sheep."

Then the poor man should take proper care of them, I gave him warning; why did he not mend his fence?"

"Well sir, I guess it was because you sent him a rough kind of message; it made him mad and he wouldn't do it."

I considered a few minutes, said William Ladd, and then I told Sam to put the horse before the buggy.

"Shall I put in the gun?" said Sam.

"No," said I. I saw half smiled; but I said nothing. I got into my buggy and drove up to my neighbor. He lived a mile off, and I had a good deal of time to think the matter over.

When I drove up to the house, the man was chopping wood. There were a few sticks of wood, and the house was poor, and my heart was softened.—"Neighbor!" I called out.

The man looked sulky, and did not raise his head.

"Come, come, neighbor," said I, "I have come with a friendly feeling to you, and you must meet me half way."

He saw I was in earnest, laid down his axe and came to the wagon.

"Now neighbor," said I, "we have both been in the wrong; you neglected your fence, and I got angry, and sent you a provoking message. Now let's face about and both do right. I'll forgive you. Now let's shake hands."

He didn't feel quite like giving me his hand but he let me take it.

"Now," said I, "neighbor, drive your sheep down to my pasture. They shall share with my sheep till next spring; and you shall have all the yield, and next summer we will start fair."

His hand was no longer dead in mine, and he gave me a good friendly grasp. The tears came into his eyes, and he said—"I guess you are a christian, William Ladd, after all."

"And the little fracas with my neighbor about the sheep, was the first step to my devoting myself to the Peace Society."—Cleveland Leaflets.

A Terrible Duel.

A few years since as a new England gentleman, whose name we shall call Brown, was passing a few days at one of our western cities, he had the misfortune unintentionally to offend the susceptible honor of a tall militia Col. who was one of his fellow boarders.—

His apologies not being satisfactory, a challenge was sent him, which, however, he declined upon conscientious scruples. The colonel who, by the way had won in two or three encounters quite a reputation as a duelist, at once conceived the idea that his opponent was a coward, and resolved to disgrace him in the presence of all the assembled wisdom of the house. Accordingly the next day at dinner time, in marched the duelist, armed with a cowhide, and advancing to Brown's chair, prepared to dust his jacket in the most approved style. Brown was astonished. Luckily he had been a lieutenant of militia in his native State and he knew the importance of incommoding his enemy by a diversion. So, seizing a gravy tureen he tossed the contents of it full in the face of the belligerent colonel, and before he could recover from the drowning sensation thus occasioned he sprang upon the table and began to shower upon him with a liberal hand the contents of the dishes around.

"You are an infernal—"

"Coward!" the Colonel was about to say, but at that moment a plate of greens struck full upon his mouth, and the word was blockaded, lost forever.

DISCOVERY & SETTLEMENT of AMERICA.

An Oration delivered at Ligonier, by A. M. Latte, Esq., on July 4th A. D. 1858.

Believe me, fellow-citizens, I rise with no pretensions to eloquence in addressing you upon this 82d anniversary of our National Independence, for it is not possible for any eloquence to equal the rising majesty of the people's spirit—but I come before you as a citizen—one who loves his country and her institutions, and my tongue is fraught with the spirit of American liberty. In this, and this alone, consists my eloquence, for this has its seat in the hearts of the people. Were I asked to give the key to our National eloquence I would instinctively point you to the Declaration of our Independence—that great and measurable charter of our civil and religious liberties, bequeathed to us as a rich legacy, baptised in the blood of our revolutionary heroes, for there, there is the embodiment of American eloquence—every line, every sentence and every word has a tongue of flame and a voice of inspired oratory—speaking forth the long cherished sentiments of the great American heart.

But although the colonel escaped from the pudding, he did not escape from the ridicule which the affair occasioned. He subsequently challenged four persons against whom his ire was particularly excited, and they consented to fight, but availing themselves of the privilege of the challenged party, appointed pudding bags for the weapons.

At length the unhappy duelist finding that no one was willing to shoot or to be shot at, was obliged to quit the State.

Shelly and the Yankee Captain.

The following is a description of a visit made by Shelly and Trelawny to an American vessel lying in the port of Leghorn:

"It is but a step," I said, "from these ruins of the worn out Greece to the New World; lets board the Yankee clipper."

"I had rather not have any more of my hopes and illusions mocked by sad reality," said Shelly.

"You must allow," I answered, "that graceful craft was designed by a man who had a poet's feeling for all things beautiful; let's get a model and build a boat like her."

The idea so pleased the poet that he followed me on board of her. The Americans are a social, free and easy people, accustomed to take their own way, and to readily yield the same privilege to all others, so that our coming on board and the examination of the vessel, fore and aft, were not considered as intrusive. The captain was on shore, so I talked to the mate—a smart specimen of a Yankee. When I commended her beauty, he said—

"I believe the secret spring to American power, American influence, American enterprise and intelligence, consists in the isolated fact that each and every American citizen is a sovereign freeman, and as such has a voice in the councils of his Nation. His interest is the interest of the Government, and in the turn of the Government is his interest, and believing himself in possession of the power to exercise an influence, in the deliberative assemblies of his country, he devises plans, adopts measures for its promotion and well being, shuns alike in its prosperity and adversity, and here arises our jealousy as Americans, for our own peculiar institutions, for the interest of one is the interest of all in a National point of view; we are impelled onward by the same common motive to obtain the same common end. The individual heart of every member of society beats in union with the great National heart—blending together as part and parcel of the same, so that an approving or disapproving chord cannot be touched, but what it will send an electric thrill vibrating through the whole body politic and corporate; and being thus united and woven together, gives to us our power, stability and reputation.

And this all is the result of liberty for eighty two years standing—the liberty for which our forefathers, many of them, fought bled and died to achieve, for themselves, for us and all coming generations. Those old patriots have fallen asleep, and entrusted their sacred charge to our keeping, with directions to care for and to foster, and, I believe, the result shows that we are obedient sons, and that their exertions were not thrown away upon an idle speculation; these then are the fruits of liberty in 1858.

But there is another view of this question underlying liberty, long before its birth and coronation, which we do not so fully realize—for the most of us have been rocked in the cradle of liberty from our earliest infancy, and know but little about the trials and sufferings incident to its achievement. We, today, enjoy liberty in its realization, connected with all its pleasures and blessings, while our forefathers knew it only in anticipation, connected with all its trials, sufferings, and apparently insur-

mountable obstacles, in the way of its achievements.

Then pause with me, my fellow citizens, for a few moments, while we roll back the ear of time, throw up the curtains which divide us from the past ages, and resurrect our early fathers to life; and by reason of liberty and the oracles of reason, take a panoramic view of America as it was; and in order to do this effectually we must wipe out all the cities and towns of America—blot out the present inhabitants, and again draw the dark mantle of the forest all over this western continent—clothing it in all its original majesty, ofullen gloom, filled with its hordes of savages and wild beasts.

I am one of those who believe that

there was an overruling providence

guiding and directing men and circum-

stances to the sure attainment of civil

and religious liberty in America, and I

shall endeavor to present the links, and

put together the chain of facts contrib-

uting to this end.

Look back, if you please, with your

mind's eye, nealy four hundred years,

and you will discover a Christopher

Columbus, of Genoa, in Italy, poor

wool-comber, disrespected by many, re-

spected by a few, but denounced by

most, as a crazy fanatic, yet he, rises

majestically as the first beacon light,

like some tall seraph, pointing away

down through the vista of coming time

with the unerring finger of inspiration

to American liberty, for had there been

no Christopher Columbus, we have no

reason to believe this continent would

have been discovered, and were it not

discovered then we could have no A-

merican liberty. His very resolution—

the character of his mind, and the con-

ceptions of his mighty genius, added

to his unyielding perseverance. All,

all point with a mathematical certainty

to the fact that he but fulfilled, the de-

sign of his creation in the discovery of

this continent. For twenty long years

he was projecting this voyage and ap-

plying to the different courts of Eu-

rope for pecuniary aid, and as often re-

fused, yet he did not despair. No,

there was a living coal, like prophetic

inspiration, burning upon the altar of

his heart, that could not be quenched;

as fixed and definite in its purpose as

the flat of the Eternal. No one can