

# Noble County Register.

VOL. 1

LIGONIER, IND. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1858.

NO. 84

## THE Noble County Register

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### HENRY HOSTETTER,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

OFFICE on Main Street, Ligonier, Indiana.

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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.

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.

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DEALER IN Clocks, Watches, Jewelry & Patent Medicines. Kendallville, Indiana.

Any person wishing to purchase any of the above variety of Goods, are invited to call and look at this stock. Kendallville, March, 1858.

## "DOWN HILL."

A Life Picture.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Not long since I had occasion to visit one of our courts, and while conversing with a legal friend I heard the name of John Anderson called.

"There is a hard case," remarked my friend.

I looked upon the man in the prisoner's dock. He was standing up and he pleaded guilty to the crime of Theft. He was a tall man, 30 years of age, and though not old, his garb was torn, sparse and filthy; his face was all bloodshot; his hair matted with dirt; and his bowed form quivering with delirium. Certainly I never saw a more pitiable object. Surely that man was not born a villain. I moved my place so as to obtain a fairer view of his face. He saw my movement and turned his head. He gazed on me a single instant and then, covering his face with his hands, he sank powerless into his seat.

"Good God!" I involuntarily ejaculated, starting forward. "Will you have half spoken his first name when he quickly raised his head and cast upon me a look of such imploring agony that my tongue was tied at once. Then he covered his face again. I asked of the prisoner had counsel. He said no. I then told him to do all in his power for the poor fellow's benefit, and I would pay him. He promised, and I left. I could not remain and see that man tried. Tears came to my eyes as I gazed upon him, and it was not until I had gained the street and walked some distance that I could breathe freely.

John Anderson! Alas! he was doomed to be known as his mother's son! That was not his name; but you shall know him by no other. I will call him by the name that now stands on the records of the court.

John Anderson was my school mate; and it was not many years ago—not over twenty—that we left our Academy together—he to return to the home of wealthy parents; I to sit down in the dingy saloon of a newspaper office for a very few years and then wander off across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and when I returned I found John a married man. His father was dead, and left him a princely fortune.

"Ah, C—," he said to me as he met me at the railway station, "you shall see what a bird I have caged. My Helen is a lark, a robin, a very princess of all birds that ever looked beautiful or sung sweetly.

He was enthusiastic but not mistaken, for I found his wife all he had said, simply omitting the poetry. She was truly one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. And so good too—so loving and so kind. Aye—she so loved John that she really loved all his friends. What a lucky fellow to find such a wife. And what a lucky woman to find such a husband; for John Anderson was as handsome as she. Tall, straight, manly, high browed, with rich chestnut curls, and a face as faultlessly noble and beautiful as ever artist copied. And he was good, too; kind generous and true.

I spent a week with them, and I was happy all the while. John's mother lived with them—a fine old lady as ever breathed, and making herself constant joy and pride in doating upon her "darling boy," as she always called him. I gave her an account of my adventures by sea and land, in foreign climes, and she kissed me when I left. She said she kissed me because I loved her "darling."

I did not see John again for four years. I reached his house in the evening. He was not in, but his wife and mother were there to receive me; and two curly headed boys were at play about Ellen's chair. I knew at once they were my friend's children. Every thing seemed pleasant until the little ones were a-bed and asleep, and then I could see that Ellen became troubled. She tried to hide it, but a face so used to the sunshine of smiles could not wear a cloud concealed.

At length John came. His face was flushed and his eye looked inflamed. He grasped my hand with a happy laugh—called me "Old Fellow," "Old Dog," said "I must come and live with him, and many other extravagant things." His wife tried to hide her tears, while his mother shook her head and said—

"He'll sow these wild oats soon. My darling never can be a bad man." "God grant it!" I thought to myself; and I know the same prayer was upon Ellen's lips.

It was late when we retired, and we might not have done so even then had not John fallen asleep in his chair.

On the following morning I walked out with my friend. I told him I was sorry to see him as I saw him the night before.

"Oh," said he with a laugh, "that was nothing. Only a little wine party."

We had a glorious time. I wish you had been there."

At first I thought I would say no more; but was it not my duty? I knew his nature better than he knew it himself. His appetites and pleasures bounded his own vision. I knew how kind and generous he was—alas! too kind—too generous!

"John, could you have seen Ellen's face last evening you would have trembled. Can you make her unhappy?" He stopped me with—

"Don't be a fool! Why should she be unhappy?"

"Because she fears you are going down hill," I told him.

"Did she say so?" he asked with a flushed face.

"No—I read it in her looks."

"Perhaps a reflection of your own thoughts," he suggested.

"I surely thought so when you came home," I replied.

"I shall never forget the look of reproach, surprise, and pain that he gave me then."

"C—, I forgive you for I know you to be my friend; but never speak to me again like that. I going down hill? You know better. That can never be. I know my own power. I know my own wants. My mother knows me better than Ellen does."

Ah—had that mother been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that the wild oats her son was sowing would surely grow up and ripen only to furnish seed for re-sowing! But she loved him—loved him almost too well—or I should say—too blindly.

But I could say no more. I only prayed that God would guard him; and then we conversed upon other subjects. I could spend but one day with him, but we promised to correspond often.

Three years more passed, during which John wrote to me at least once a month and sometimes oftener; but at the end of that time his letters ceased coming, and I received no more for two years, when I again found myself in his native town. It was early in the afternoon when I arrived, and I took dinner at the hotel.

I had finished my meal, and was lounging in front of the hotel, when I saw a funeral procession winding into a distant churchyard. I asked the landlord whose funeral it was.

"Mrs. Anderson's," he said, and as he spoke I noticed a slight drooping of the head; as though it cut him to say so.

"What—John Anderson's wife?" "No," he replied. "It is his mother." As he said so he turned away; but a gentleman who stood near, and had heard our conversation, at once took up the theme.

"Our host don't seem inclined to converse upon that subject," he remarked, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Did you ever know John Anderson?"

"He was my school-mate in boyhood, and my bosom friend in youth," I told him.

He led me one side, and spoke as follows:

"Poor John! He was the pride of this town six years ago. This man opened his hotel at that time, and sought custom by giving wine suppers. John was present at most of them—the gayest of the gay, and most generous of the party. In fact he paid for nearly every one of them. Then he began to go down hill! And has been going down hill ever since. At times true friends have prevailed on him to stop; but his steps were of short duration. A short season of sunshine would gleam upon his home, and then the night came, more dark and drear than before. He said he would never get drunk again; but he would take a glass of wine with a friend! That glass of wine was but the gate that let in the flood. Six years ago he was worth sixty thousand dollars. Yesterday he borrowed fifty dollars to pay his mother's funeral expenses! That poor mother bore up as she could. She saw her son—her 'Darling Boy,' she always called him—brought home drunk many times, and—she even bore blows from him! But she's at rest now! Her darling wore her life away, and brought her grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Oh! I hope this may reform him!"

"But his wife?" I asked.

"Her Heavenly love has held her up thus far, but she is only a shadow of the wife that blessed his home six years ago."

My informant was deeply affected and so was I, and I asked him no more. During the remainder of the afternoon I debated with myself whether to call on John at all. But finally I resolved to go, though I waited till after tea. I found John and his wife alone. They had both been weeping, though I could see that Ellen's face was beaming with love and hope. But, oh! she was changed—silly, painfully so. They were glad to see me, and my hand was shaken warmly.

"Dear C—, don't say a word of the past," John urged, taking my hand a second time. "I know you spoke the truth five years ago. I was going down hill. But I've gone as far as I can. I stop here at the foot. Everything is gone but my wife. I have sworn and my oath shall be kept. Ellen and I are going to be happy now."

The poor fellow burst into tears here. His wife followed suit; and I kept them company. I could not help crying like a child. My God, what a sight! to see the noble, true man so depraved and fallen—become a mere broken glass, the last fragment only reflecting the image it once bore!—a poor suppliant at the feet of Hope, begging a grain of warmth for the hearts of himself and wife. And how I had honored and loved that man—and how I loved him still! Oh! I hoped—aye, I more than hoped—I believed—he would be saved. And as I gazed upon that wife—so trusting, so loving, so true, and so hopeful still, even in the midst of living death—I prayed more fervently than I ever prayed before that God would hold him up—keep him up—lead him back to the top of the hill!

"Trust me. Believe me now. I will be a Man henceforth while life lasts!"

A little over two years more had passed, when I read in newspaper the death of Ellen Anderson. I started for the town where they had lived as soon as possible, for I might help—some one. A fearful presentiment possessed my mind.

I stopped at the stately house where they had dwelt, but strangers occupied it.

"Where is John Anderson?" I asked. "Don't know. I'm sure. He's been gone these three months. His wife died in the mad-house last week!"

"And the children?"

"Oh—they died before she did."

I staggered back and hurried from the place. I hardly knew which way I went, but instinct led me to the churchyard. I found four graves which had been made in three years. The mother, the wife and two children slept in them!

"And what has done this I asked myself. And a voice answered from the lowly sleeping places—

"The Demon of the Wine Table!"

But this was not all the work. No, no. The next I saw—Oh, God!—was far more terrible! I saw it in the city court-room. But that was not the last—not the last!

I saw my legal friend on the day following the trial. He said John Anderson was in prison. I hastened to see him. The turnkey conducted me to his cell—the key turned in the lock—the ponderous door swung with a sharp creak upon its hinges—and I saw—a dead body suspended by the neck from the grating of the window! I looked at the horrible face—I could see nothing of John Anderson there—but the face I had seen in the court-room was sufficient to connect the two; and I knew that this was all that was left on earth of him whom I had loved so well!

And this was the last of the Demon's work—the last act in the terrible drama! Ah—from the first sparkle of the red wine it had been down—down—down until the foot of the hill had been finally reached!

When I turned away from that cell, and once more walked amid the flashing saloons and revel-halls, I wished that my voice had power to thunder the life story of which I had been a witness into the ears of all living men!

Instructions to a Jury.

Judges, in this part of the world, are sometimes far from lucid in their charges; and, in reality, quite as foggy, the seldom as truthful as his honor, who addressed the patient twelve at the conclusion of a long trial somewhere "out west."

"If the jury believe, from the evidence, that the plaintiff and defendant were partners in the grocery, and that the plaintiff bought out the defendant, and gave his note for the interest, and the defendant paid for the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted 'not breechy,' and the warranty was broken by reason of the brawniness of the cow, and he drove the cow back and tendered her to the defendant, but the defendant refused to receive her, and the plaintiff took her home again, and put a heavy yoke or pole upon her to prevent her from jumping the fence, by reason of the pole or yoke, broke her neck and died; but if the jury further believe that if the defendants interest was worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worthless, and the cow good for nothing, either for milk or beef, then the jury must find out for themselves how they will decide the case; for the court if it understands itself, and it thinks that it does, it don't know how such a case should be decided."

Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins, for it only ruins those that are not particularly virtuous; while it saves multitudes whom wealth would have ruined.

Better a bare foot than none.

## The Printer and Type.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise, whose details are less understood by intelligent people than the "art preservative," the achievement of type.

Every day, their lives long, they are accustomed to read the newspapers, to find fault with its statements, its arrangement, its looks, to amuse themselves upon the discovery of some rogueish and acrobatic type that gets into a frolic and stands up on its own head; or of a word with a waste letter or two in it—but the process by which the newspaper is made, or the myriads of motions, and thousand of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little, but think less.

They imagine they discourse of a wonder indeed, when they speak of the fair white carpet woven for thought to walk on, of the rags that fluttered on the back of the beggar yesterday.

But there is something to us more wonderful still. When we look at the hundred and fifty-two little boxes, somewhat shaded with the touch of the typographer's ink fingers, that compose the printer's "case," noiselessly, except the clicking of the type, as one by one they take their places in the growing line, we think we have found the marvel of the art. Scrawled in those little boxes are thin parallel organs of metal, every one good for something that goes to make up written languages, the visible foot prints of thought upon the carpet of rags. We think how many fancies of fragments there are in the boxes, how many atoms of poetry & eloquence the printer can make here and there, if he only has a little chart to work by, how many facts in small handbills, how much truth in chaos!

How he picks up the scattered elements until he holds in his hands a stanza of Gray's Elegy, or a monody upon a Grimes, all buttoned up before. Now he sets up a "puppy missing," and now "Paradise Lost." He arrays a bride in "small caps," and a sonnet in "nonpareil." He announces that the languishing "live," in one sentence; transposes the word; and he deplores the day that are few and "evil" in the next.

A poor jigg ticks its way into the printer's hand, like a little clock just running down, and a strain of eloquence marches into line, letter by letter. We fancy we can tell the difference by hearing, but perhaps not.

The type that told a wedding yesterday announces a burial to-morrow, perhaps in the self-same letters.

They are the elements to make a word of—those types are a world, with something in it as beautiful as spring, as rich as summer, and as grand as autumn, flowers that frost cannot wilt, fruit that shall ripen for all time.

The newspaper has become the log book of the age; it tells us at what rate the world is running; we cannot find our reckoning without it.

True, the grocer may bundle up a pound of candles in our last expressed thoughts; but it is only coming to base uses as its letters has done times innumerable. We console ourselves by thinking that one can make of that newspaper what he cannot make of ribs of living oak; a bridge for time, that he can fling over the chasm of the dead years, and walk safely back upon the shadowy sea of the far past. The singer shall not end his song, and the true soul be eloquent no more.

The realm of the press is enchanted ground—something the editor has the pleasure of knowing, that he has defended the right, exposed the wrong, protected the weak—that he has given utterance to sentiment that is not lost—a sentiment that has cheered somebody's solitary hours, made somebody happier, kindled a smile upon a sad face or hope in a heavy heart. He may meet with the sentiment in months, years after, it may have lost all traces of paternity, but he feels an affection for it. He welcomes it as a long absent child. He reads it as for the first time and wonders if indeed he wrote it, for he has changed since then. Perhaps he could not give utterance to the sentiment now, perhaps he would not if he could. It seems like the voice of his former self calling to his present, and there is something mournful in its tone. He begins to think to remember—remember when he wrote it, and who were his readers then, and how much he has changed. So, mused, till he finds himself wondering if that thought of his will continue to float on until after he is dead, and if he is really looking upon something that will survive him. And then comes the sweet consciousness that there is nothing in that sentence that he could wish unwritten that is a better part of him—a shred from the garment of immortality he should leave behind him, when he joins the "innumerable caravan," and takes his place in the hall of death.

Were there no hearers there would be no backbiters.

Virtue never grows old.

## More than he Bargained for.

In one of the interior towns of New England, a story is told of an old deacon, who has a couple of mischievous boys, and a spunky old ram. The deacon's farm had a stream of water running through it, on the bank of which there is a rock extending close to the water for some distance, and about ten feet above it, and which cannot be seen from the house.

The boys were in the habit of driving their father's sheep to this spot, and then coaxing the old ram until he would pitch at them with all his might, when they would drop flat down, and let the old ram go headlong over them, from the top of the rock, into the deep water below.

This was rare sport for the boys, but one day the old deacon caught them in the very act of giving old "Thumper" a bath, and dealt with them as he felt in duty bound to do, for such wicked-mindedness.

Sometime afterwards, the deacon chanced to go to the aforesaid rock, and seeing the sheep feeding near it, he felt a strong inclination to see his ram make another plunge into the water.

After looking about, to make sure that no one was in sight to witness his folly, he crouched down on the edge of the rock, and made a show of fight against old "Thumper," who accepted the challenge, and charged with all his force so rapidly, that the deacon, being rather slow, failing to drop in time, went over the rock headlong into the water along with him!

Here was a fix for a deacon to be caught in, sure enough; and to add to his mortification, by the time he and the ram had got out of the water, the boys were standing on the rock above him, laughing most boisterously. The deacon sneaked off home—the boys told of his mishap—and the old man is called "Deacon Slow" to this day.

The following *jeu d'esprit* or *morceau de humor*, found, during last week upon the attorney's table within the bar of Wells Circuit Court and which passed between two visiting attorneys is too good to escape publication.

Circuit Court Room, Wells Co., Ind. Aug. 27th, 1853.

Bro. —, Dear Sir:—It is hoped by your friends that you will see the error of your way and reform speedily. If, however, you should persist in your gross iniquities, we will have to telegraph to that bad old gentleman to make arrangements in the lower regions as the present ones are not adapted to your circumstances. May the good Lord deliver you! Amen.

Dear Sir:—Thanking you for the advice, I am the more indebted because I am aware it is the result of your personal observations in that climate.

The following libelous scrap was found in the same place.

Bluffton is in Harrison township, in the county of Wells, in the State of Indiana, is a flourishing place, containing many fine stables, old sheds and slab side-walks. It is noted for the great quantity of "red eye" drank by a portion of its inhabitants, and the peculiar—

Here, doubtless the libeler became fully conscious of the iniquity of his act, and grew so justly pained with shame as to be unable to complete it.

## Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R.

This community feels a deep interest in the success of the great enterprise indicated by the caption to this notice, for by its completion, we are to have a direct line of railroad with Mackinaw, and when the Cincinnati road is completed which we look forward to with confidence, this city will be the centre of another of the important railroad lines of the country.

The Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, we learn from Dr. Jewett, of Lima, one of the directors is progressing with its work very satisfactorily to all concerned. From Wolcott Mills, north to LaGrange the road bed is about half graded and about ninety men are employed on the remainder of the work. From LaGrange to Sturgis the whole is about finished up and ready for the iron. From Sturgis to Kalamazoo, about half of the route is graded. From Kalamazoo to Grand Rapids—forty-eight miles—a good force is employed on the work. From the latter place to Muskegon River, a distance of about fifty miles nearly eight miles of this is graded, and a good force employed on the work. Between Wolcott Mills, in this and Muskegon River, in Michigan there is altogether a force of about five hundred men employed. All this is encouraging for it argues well for the energy of the directors who have the management of the road and gives promise of an early completion of the whole enterprise.—*Fort Wayne Republican.*

A man ceases to be a good fellow the moment he refuses to do precisely what other people wish him to.