

Noble County Register

VOL. 1

LIGONIER, IND. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1858.

NO. 8

THE
Noble County Register
ESTABLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

J. PALMITER & CO.
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Physician & Surgeon.
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Real Estate Agent, and Notary Public.
LIGONIER, INDIANA.

WILL acknowledge deeds and mortgages
and take depositions.

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LIGONIER, INDIANA.
MANUFACTURER of different varieties
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Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass, Yankee Notions, Books, Stationery, Wall and Window Paper, &c. &c. Also, a large supply of Choice Family Groceries, constantly on hand.

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LEWIS COVELL,
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Ligonier, Indiana.

COLLECTIONS in Noble and adjoining
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S. J. STOUGHTON, F. B. WOODWARD,
STOUGHTON & WOODWARD,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law.
LIGONIER, INDIANA.

WILL promptly attend to all business
that pays.

V. C. MAINS J. W. BEYANT
MAINS & BRYANT,
Attorneys at Law, Albion, Ind. Co., Ind.

WILL attend promptly to all Legal Business
entrusted to their care in the
courts of Noble and adjoining counties.

J. E. BRADEN,
DEALER in the different varieties of
FAMILY GROCERIES, also a full assortment of Wines, Liquors, Domestic and Imported, Refreshments of all kinds always on hand.

J. RIPPERTON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Ligonier, Indiana.

R. SPECIALLY offers his professional
services to the citizens of Ligonier and vicinity.

CLIFTON HOUSE.
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T HIS House is the general Stage office.
Passengers conveyed to and from the cars free.

F. PRICKET,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

O FFICE in the Court House, Albion, Indiana. Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to his care.

E. B. WOODWARD,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
WILL ATTEND PROMPTLY TO
all kinds of conveyances, and to all other business pertaining to that office.

OFFICE over Fisher & Hostetter's store,
Ligonier, Noble Co., Ind.

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

LAND AGENCY.

T HE 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, sold, and obtained for those entitled to the same under the late act of Congress.

JAMES McCONNELL,

L. H. STOCKER, W. C. MCGONIGAL,
STOCKER & MCGONIGAL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

AND General Agents for Buying and Selling Real Estate, Examining Titles, Making Collections and Paying Taxes.

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J. BARRON,
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, with bent and infirm though not old. His garb was torn, sparse and filthy; his face was all blotted and 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.

I had 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 if 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

reclaimed 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 sanctum 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

modest fortune.

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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 reproof, surprise, and pain that he gave me then.

"O, 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 eat 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 stops 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

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 characters, and, in reality, quite as foggy, though as true 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 breeness 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 poke upon her to prevent her from jumping the fence, by reason of the poke or yoke, broke her neck and died; but if the jury further believe that if the defendant's 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."

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 it, but a face so used to the sunshine of smiles could not wear a cloud concealed.

"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—sadder, 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 degraded 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.