

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME II.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1852.

WHOLE NUMBER 61.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
HARRIS & ANGELL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.

Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, \$1.00.
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, 1.50.
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less), first insertion, fifty
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements
as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00. 1 square 1 year, \$5.00.
1 " 3 " 2.00. 1 column 1 " 20.00.
1 " 6 " 3.00. 1 " 1 month, 5.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-
ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-
dered out, and charged for. When a postponement
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1852.

WILLIAM HENDRICK, Dealer in ready made
Clothing; can suit the most fastidious, both as
to price and quality. Call at the first door below
J. T. Davis' Tailor shop, Washington street,
Grand Haven, Michigan.

WHITE LAKE HOUSE, By Clements & Bowers.
The proprietors having recently newly fitted
and re-furnished this House, feel confident
that visitors and travelers will find this House to
compare favorably with the best in the State.—
The traveling community are invited to call.

HENRY MARTIN, successor to Ball & Martin.
Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant.
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forward-
ing and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,
&c. &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—
Store, corner Washington and Water streets.
Grand Haven, Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

FERRY & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots
and Shoes, Crockery and Medicines—also man-
ufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber.
Water Street, Grand Haven.
WM. M. FERRY, JR. }
THOS. W. FERRY. }

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fancy
Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groc-
eries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groc-
eries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and
Provisions. Washington Street, second door
East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOY-
ER. The proprietor has the past Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL HOTEL, By HARRY EA-
TON. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-
ton Street, Grand Haven.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at
Law, Solicitor in Chancery and Circuit Court
Commissioner for Ottawa County. Office first
door west of H. Griffin's store.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, will attend
promptly to collecting and all other professional
business intrusted to his care. Office over H.
Griffin's Store, opposite the Washington House,
Grand Haven, Mich.

H. G. SMITH, Blacksmith. All kinds of work
in my line done to order, and no trust for pay.
Shop south of C. B. Albee's Tannery, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

H. MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots
and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders promp-
tly attended to. Shop one door below the Wash-
ington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Grif-
fin's Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney
for Ottawa County. Residence at Charlestown
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

CHOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

LIZZIE IN THE MILL.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Many years ago, in a pleasant village of New
England, lived the little girl whose true story I
am about to relate, Lizzie Stone, the only daugh-
ter of the miller.

Lizzie was a child whom every body loved;
not only because she was so pretty, lively and
intelligent, but for her being so sweet, gentle
and peaceable—so truly good. Lizzie had two
brothers a few years older than herself, who
were very fond of her, and of whom she was
very fond. These three children always went
to school and to church together, and played in
perfect agreement.

It happened that one sunny summer after-
noon they had a visit from two little girls, their
cousins, who lived about a mile distant. They
had a wild, joyous time. They played in the
yard, in the barn, and all over the house. Mrs.
Stone, who was a kind, pleasant woman, look-
ed on and laughed, if she did not mingle in their
sport. She got them a nice early tea by them-
selves; and when the visitors, after one last
merry game, were about leaving, she said to Liz-
zie—

"Your brothers will go home with Alice and
Celia. You may go with them as far as the mill,
but be sure you stop there, and come home with
your father."

As the cousins set out, laughing and frolick-
ing along, Mrs. Stone stood in the little front
porch of her cottage, looking after them as
they went down the lane, and thinking what
handsome, and above all, what good children
they were. She smiled at Lizzie's affectionate
way of taking leave of her, though she was to
be gone for so short a time. Lizzie never parted
from her mother, even for a half-hour, with-
out kissing her lovingly, and bidding her good-
bye in a voice as sweet and tender as the cooing
of a dove. Now, as Mrs. Stone went into the
house, she said softly to herself, "It is nearly
ten years since God gave me that child, and
she has never yet caused me one moment's
sorrow."

The cousins played so much along the road,
and stopped so often to pick up flowers and ber-
ries, that it was nearly dark when they reached
the mill. Then, when the girls came to part,
they had yet so many things to tell to each other,
so many invitations to give, so many good-
byes to say, it was no wonder they lingered
awhile.

It seemed that Lizzie could not let her cous-
ins go. She parted from them, in her loving
way, so many times, that her brothers grew a
little impatient, and George, the eldest, said—
"Why, sister, I don't see but that Ned and I
will have to help you in your kissing, or you'll
never get through."

Then Alice and Celia, blushing and laughing,
broke away from their cousins, and ran fast
down a little hill towards their home. The
boys soon overtook them, and Lizzie, after watch-
ing the group awhile, and thinking how good
God was to give her such amiable cousins, such
noble brothers, and such dear parents to love,
turned and went into the mill. She found it
going, and was almost frightened by the din it
made, and by the darkness; for night was fast
coming on. She called her father's name, and
he answered, but the machinery made so much
noise that she did not hear. Thinking that he
had already gone, she turned to go home alone.
She took a way she had often taken safely, over
the flume, by the great water-wheel. But to-
night she was bewildered—lost her footing, and
fell off on the wheel which whirled her down,
crushing and tearing her in a shocking manner!
It happened just at that moment, her father think-
ing that Lizzie had been sent to call him home,
stopped the mill, and began to search for her.
Led by her cries, he came to the wheel, and there
found what had occurred.

"Are you badly hurt, my daughter?" he asked
in great grief and terror.
"Yes, father. I seem to be all crushed to
pieces, and I cannot stir; but I shall live till
you get me out. Leave me here, and go for
help."

The neighborhood was soon roused, and man-
ny men hurried, with saws and axes, to the mill.
But they found that only one or two could work
at a time in cutting away the strong, heavy tim-
bers, and that it would be some hours before
Lizzie could be taken from the place where she
was held so fast, and crushed so dreadfully; and
they said that to move the wheel backward or
forward might kill her at once!

When Mrs. Stone came, one of the men let
down a light into the wheel, so that she could
see her poor child. When she saw Lizzie's
white face, and the bleeding arms held toward
her, she shrieked and cried bitterly. But Lizzie
called up to her as sweetly and cheerfully as she
had ever done in her life, and said—
"Don't cry, mother! They will get me out
before long; keep up good courage and pray to
God for me."

And so she continued to talk, hour after hour,
while the men kept cutting and sawing at the
great timbers; so she cheered and comforted her
parents, and her poor brothers, who then too
had come to the mill.

Once her voice grew very low and indistin-
ct—then it ceased altogether; the doctor looked
down, and said she had fainted away, and they
sprinkled water upon her. As soon as she re-
vived, she began again to say comforting things,
and to beg her mother and brothers not to cry.

She said she did not suffer as much pain as at
first, and that she was sure she should live to be
carried home.

It was midnight when the last timber that
held her was sawed away, and a workman lifted
her gently up, and laid her in her father's arms.
The pain of being moved caused the poor child
to faint again, and she did not revive until she
had been carried home. When she opened her
eyes, she found herself on her own little bed,
with her dear father and mother and brothers at
her side.

The doctor carefully dressed Lizzie's wounds,
and gave her some opium to make her sleep;
but he told her father and mother that she
could not possibly get well. When he heard
the dreadful words, Mr. Stone groaned and cov-

ered his face with his hands; and, for a few mo-
ments, Mrs. Stone leaned her head on her hus-
band's shoulder and cried. Then, lifting her
eyes, and clasping her hands, she said, "Thy
will, oh! Lord, be done!" and went and set down
calmly by Lizzie's side, and watched her till she
slept.

The poor little girl remained sleeping most
of the next day. She would often wake and ask
for water; but she then seemed hardly to know
where she was, or who was with her. Her cous-
ins, Alice and Celia, came to see her; but she
did not recognize them, and they went away,
sobbing bitterly.

Early in the night, however, she awoke and
seemed better. She knew all about them, and
smiled on them, but said she must leave them,
and go to a better world very soon. She told
her father that she wanted to hear him pray
once more; and Mr. Stone knelt down by her
bedside, and asked God to take safely home the
little daughter He had given them, and thanked
Him for leaving her with them so long. Then
Lizzie said to her mother, "Will you just sing
me one verse of the hymn I love so much,
'Jesus sought me?'" Her mother tried but she
could not for weeping, and Lizzie said, "Never
mind—where I am going, there is beautiful sing-
ing. Yet it seems to me, I shall hear no voice
so sweet as yours, mamma. Why do you cry?
Only think, mamma, if I should live, now, how
crooked and sickly I should be. I might be a
poor hunchback, and give a great deal of trouble
and sorrow to you all. Will it not be better to
bury up this crushed body, and let the pleasant
grass grow over it, and have a new glorious body
such as the angels have?"

As she spoke these words, she smiled and did
not weep; but when, afterwards, she asked for
a faithful house-dog, and her pretty Maltese kit-
ten, and they were brought her, she burst into
tears. "Good-bye, old Bose? good-bye, Kitty!"
she said. "I cry, mamma, to part from these,
because I never, never shall see them
again; for they have no souls, poor things! But
you and papa will come to Heaven before man-
ny years, and you, too, brothers, if you are good
boys."

A little while after this, she said, "Georgie,
give my love to Alice and Celia, and tell them I
am glad I kissed them so many times last night.
Eddie—take care of my flowers; and boys don't
miss me too much in your play."

After lying very quiet for some moments, she
spoke, and said:
"Mamma, are the shutters open, and has the
morning come very brightly?"

"No, my daughter," her mother answered, "it
is still dark night."

"Oh, then," said Lizzie, "it must be the win-
dows of God's beautiful palace I see, with the
pleasant light shining through. I am almost
there! Good-bye, mamma and papa; and brothers,
good-bye!" And, with a smile spread over
her face, Lizzie stretched out her arms, looked
upward, and so died!

When Lizzie lay in her coffin, that smile was
on her sweet face still—brighter and purer than
the white roses that lay upon her pillow—and
Mrs. Stone tried not to let her tears fall upon it;
for she said, "God has taken back a little angel,
He lent me for a few years, and why should I
weep for my happy, happy child?"

FEMALE SOCIETY.—No society is more pro-
fitable, because none more refining and pro-
vocative of virtue, than that of a refined and sen-
sible woman. God enshrined peculiar good-
ness in the form of a woman, that her beauty
might win, her gentle voice invite, and the de-
sire of her favor persuade men's souls to leave
the paths of sinful strife for the ways of pleas-
antness and peace. But when woman falls
from her blessed eminence, and sinks the guardian
and the cherisher of pure and rational enjoy-
ment, into the vain coquette and flattered idol-
ater of fashion, she is unworthy of an honorable
man's admiration. Beauty is then but at best,
—a pretty plaything,
Dear delect.

We honor the chivalrous deference which is
paid in our land to women. It proves that our
men know how to respect virtue and pure affec-
tion, and that our women are worthy of such
respect. Yet women should be something
more than mere women to win us to their so-
ciety. To be our companions, they should be
fitted to be our friends; to rule our hearts they
should be deserving the approbation of our
minds. There are many such and that there
are not more, is rather the fault of our own sex
than their own; and despite all the unmanly
scandals that have been thrown upon them, in
prose and verse, they would rather share in the
rational conversation of men of sense, than listen
to the silly compliments of fools; and a man
dishonors them as well as disgraces himself,
when he seeks their circle for idle pastimes, and
not for the improvement of his mind and the
elevation of his soul.

"Diseases are various," said Mrs. Partington,
as she returned from a street door conversation
with Dr. Bolus. The doctor tells me that poor
old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs!
It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The de-
vise is so various! one way we hear of people's
often dying of hermitage of the lungs, another
way of the elementary canal being out of order,
and there, about tonsors of the throat; here we hear
of neurology in the head, there, of an embargo;
one side of men being killed by getting a pound
of tough beef in the sarcophagus, and there, another
kills himself by discovering his Jocular vein.
Things change so that I declare I don't know
how to subscribe for any disease, now-a-days.—
Names and new nostrils takes the place of the
old, and I might as well throw my old herb bag
away.

Jenny Lind, it appears, has concluded to quit
the world of song and turn authoress. At last
accounts a contemporary says she was prepar-
ing a small edition of "Goldschmidt's Animated
Nature." [Ex. Paper.]

We believe the fair songstress has not yet de-
termined whether this new work will make its
appearance in one volume or two.

[Grand Rapids Enquirer.]

THE CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM.

* * The Jews, who were in the Temple,
uttered a piercing cry of horror, when they first
beheld the fire issuing from the sanctuary, which
they esteemed the most august and holy place
on earth, in which all their feelings of veneration
and piety were concentrated, and with the
preservation of which they had lately associated
their strongest hopes of deliverance from the
arms of their heathen invaders. The terrified
spectators in the city returned in lamentation
when they saw the holy mountain enveloped in
flames; and many, whose strength and power
of utterance had been almost destroyed by the
famine, opened their lips once more in shrieks
of uncontrollable anguish. The hills around
Jerusalem echoed the dreadful tumult which
was made by the noise of the irresistible flames,
the crash of falling buildings, the shouts of the
infuriated legions, and the groans of those who
sank into the conflagration or were transfixed
by the sword.

An unsparing carnage was made of many
thousands of the Jews; for the Temple, it
should be remembered, was the place of worship
not merely of a single city or province, but of a
whole nation; and a great multitude had assem-
bled in it this very day, trusting to the declara-
tion of an impostor or enthusiast who had prom-
ised them they should receive some extraordinary
tokens of deliverance. The impious rulers
had suborned many false prophets, for the sake
of reviving the hopes and supporting the cour-
age of the people; and now the end of their de-
lusions had arrived. Josephus said that the
blood which was shed was sufficient to exting-
uish the fire, while the number of the slain ap-
peared to be greater than the number of the
slayers, so prodigious were the heaps of dead
that every where covered the ground. Old and
young, women and children, soldiers and priests,
were massacred immediately. The seditious
leaders with their troops fled, during the tumul-
tuous conflict, into the outer door of the Tem-
ple, and afterwards escaped to the Upper City.
Some of the priests defended the Holy House
until the last moment, tearing up the spikes
which were on the top of it and hurling it at the
Romans.

As the conflagration spread, two of the most
eminent threw themselves into the flames, and
the rest retreated to a wall which was eight cu-
bits thick, where they were able for a time to
defy the attacks of the Romans. Famine how-
ever, compelled them to surrender in a few days,
and Titus refused to spare their lives, urging
that priests ought not to survive the Temple in
which they served. At the first assault, about
six thousand of the mixed multitude who had
been surprised in the Temple took refuge in one
of the cloisters in the outer court; but the ex-
asperated Romans set fire to it, and forced them
to perish in its ruins. They began to burn all
the cloisters, gates, and other parts of the spa-
cious edifice, which had hitherto resisted their
destructive attacks. Even the treasury cham-
ber, where the Jews had deposited great stores
of money, vestments, and other valuable prop-
erty was consumed. But the love of plunder
was not quite absorbed in the rage of destruc-
tion; for the soldiers enriched themselves to such
an extent that in Syria, the price of the pound
weight of gold was diminished one half.

[History Roman Empire.]

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.—Louis Joseph
Papineau, in a recent address to the electors of
the Montreal District, has the following views
upon the destiny of Canada in connection with
the United States:

"Our social condition is very analogous to
that of the American, but very different to that of
England. Our interests are much greater and
more numerous in America than in England.—
Colonial inferiority cannot and should not last
forever. The separation is a question of time.
It has its indiscriminate time, but it is as in-
evitable and certain as death to all men. And
when we ask ourselves what is better for our
descendants—the struggles and the rivalries of
different nationalities, or their aggregation in
this beautiful confederation, there can be no
hesitation in the presence of the spectacle which
American power gives us, who is already the
second among the civilized nations of the earth,
and who if she continues to progress during the
next 50 years to come as she has done during the
last half century, will become the most nume-
rous and powerful nation of the civilized race.—
What pigmies would our children be near such
colossal statues! Must we allow them to be
exposed to the danger of an unequal and unfa-
vorable contest? Is it not better to associate
them to the future as glorious as that which
will prevail in a state so vast, that many young
men of the present day will see it peopled with
50,000,000 of prosperous and enlightened in-
habitants."

"My dear boy," said a kind-hearted school
mistress to an unusually promising scholar,
whose quarter was about up—"My dear boy,
does your father wish you should tread the ex-
tricate and thorny path of the legal profession,
the straight and narrow way of the ministry, or
level amid the flowery fields of literature?"—
"No, marm," replied the juvenile prodigy, "dad
says he's going to set me to work in the tater
patch."

An affectation of knowledge is disgusting.—
A person lately called on a friend and complain-
ed that he had received an insulting letter.

"Was it anonymous?" asked the other gen-
tleman.

"Yes, sir," said the insulted party, with the
utmost gravity, "it was very anonymous, indeed,
I assure you."

Muggins says he never tried bark but once,
and then it was so mixed with bite, that it is
questionable whether it did him much good.—
It was recommended by a gardener as a cure
for a depraved appetite for other people's cher-
ries.

Not neat but expressive—Mrs. Harris says
the first time she read the story of the Murder-
ed Coward, she crawled all over like an old
cheese in August.

BARNUM'S OPINION OF ADVERTISING.

The following extract is taken from Freed-
ley's Practical Treatise on Business; it is from
the pen of the celebrated P. T. Barnum:

Advertise your business. Do not hide your
light under a bushel.—Whatever your occupa-
tion or calling may be, if it needs support from
the public, advertise it thoroughly and efficien-
tly, in some shape or another, that will arrest
public attention. I freely confess that what
success I have had in life may fairly be attrib-
uted more to the public press than to nearly all
other causes combined. There may possibly
be occupations that do not require advertising,
but I cannot well conceive what they are. Men
in business will sometimes tell you that they
have tried advertising, and that it did not pay.
This is only when advertising is done sparingly
and grudgingly. Homopathic doses of adver-
tising will not pay perhaps—it is like half a
portion of physic—making the patient sick, but
effecting nothing. Administer liberally, and
the cure will be sure and permanent. Some
say "they can't afford to advertise;" they mis-
take—they cannot afford not to advertise. In
this country, where everybody reads the news-
papers, the man must have a thick skull who
does not see that these are the cheapest and
best mediums throughout which he can speak to
the public, where he is to find his customers.—
Put on the appearance of business, and gener-
ally the reality will follow. The farmer plants
his seed, and while he is sleeping his corn and
potatoes are growing. So with advertising.—
While you are sleeping or eating, or conversing
with one set of customers, your advertisement
is being read by hundreds and thousands of per-
sons who never saw you, nor heard of your
business, and never would, had it not been for
your advertisement appearing in the newspa-
pers.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS PUPILS.—"Jo-
seph where is Africa?"

"On the map, sir."

"I mean, Joseph, in what continent; the East-
ern or the Western continent?"

"Well, the land of Africa, is in the Eastern
continent; but the people, sir, are all of 'em
down South."

"What are its products?"

"Africa, sir, or down South?"

"Africa, you blockhead!"

"Well, sir, it hasn't got any; it never had
any."

"How do the African people live?"

"By drawing."

"Drawing what—water?"

"No sir; by drawing their breath!"

"Sit down, Joseph!"

"Thomas, what is the equator?"

"Why, sir, it's a horizontal pole running per-
pendicularly through the imaginations of as-
tronomers and old geographers."

"Go to you seat, Thomas."

"William Stiggs, what do you mean by an
eclipse?"

"An old race horse, sir."

"Silence. Next. Jack, what is an eclipse?"

"An eclipse is a thing as appears when the
moon gets on a bust, and runs again the sun;
consequently the sun blacks the moon's face!"

"Class is dismissed."

Mrs. Eleanor Parke Lewis, a lady not more
distinguished for her uncommon endowments of
intellect than for the historical reminiscences at-
tached to her family, died at Audley, Clarke Co.,
Va., on the 15th ult. Mrs. Lewis' maiden name
was Custis, a daughter of Mrs. Martha Wash-
ington, by her first marriage with Daniel P. Custis,
of Virginia. Mrs. Lewis' husband was Lawrence
Lewis, of Woodlawn, Fairfax Co., Va. He was
one of Gen. Washington's executors, and son of
the General's sister. Mrs. Lewis was born on
the 31st of March, 1779. She leaves an only
daughter, Mrs. Francis Parke Butler, wife of
Col. E. G. W. Butler, of the parish of Iberville,
in Louisiana; also a sister, Mrs. Thomas Pe-
ter, of Tudor Place, D. C.; and an only brother,
George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington
House, Va. Mrs. Martha Washington, it may
be remembered, was of the old Calvert family,
and a direct descendant of the celebrated Lord
Baltimore.

A SUBLINE INCIDENT.—When the well known
Dr. Barth preached for the first time in the city
of Leipzig, he disdained the usual precaution of
having his sermon placed in his Bible before
him, to refer to in case of need. A violent
thunder storm suddenly arising, just as he was
in the middle of his discourse, and a tremen-
dous peal of thunder causing him to lose the
thread of his argument, with great composure
and dignity he shut the Bible, saying with
strong emphasis:—"When God speaks, man
must hold his peace." He then descended from
the pulpit, while the congregation looked on
him with admiration and wonder.

BE INDUSTRIOUS.—Every body knows that
industry is a fundamental virtue in the man of
business. But it is not every sort of industry
which tends to wealth. Many men work hard
to do a great deal of business, and, after all
make less money than they would if they did
less. Industry should be expended in seeing
to all the details of business; and carefully fin-
ishing up each separate undertaking, and in the
maintenance of such a system as will keep every-
thing under control.

We met a gentleman in a book store the
other evening searching for the author of the
multiplication table. It was invented by Pyth-
agoras, the Grecian philosopher, 528 years be-
fore Christ, and is thus 2391 years old. It has
done service in the world in the study of math-
ematics. [Portland Eclectic.]

The lightning acts queer "down east." At
Williamsburgh, Me., on Friday, it knocked down
three women, tore a gown sleeve, and a shoe
upon the foot all to pieces, a bonnet all to pic-
ces, broke and melted a watch in the pocket,
smashed all the glass in the room and rushed
out of a chimney.

Proud men never have friends; either in pros-
perity, because they know no body; or in ad-
versity, because then nobody knows them.