

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME II.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1852.

WHOLE NUMBER 74.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
J. W. BARNES & Wm. N. ANGEL.

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 villages, . . . 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, twenty-five cents for each subsequent inser-
tion. Legal advertisements at the rates prescribed
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 written or
verbal directions, will be published until ordered
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.

L. K. DEVELLY, Tailor and Cutter. The sub-
scriber has opened his shop, and would respect-
fully invite the attention of the citizens of Mus-
kegon and vicinity who are in want of a first
rate garment, good and stylish. I feel confident
in giving entire satisfaction to those who may
favor me with their patronage. Muskegon,
October, 1852.

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, Forwarding
and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

J. 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. } Wm. M. 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, Gro-
ceries 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.

J. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

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 HERMAN JOACH-
IM. 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. Wash-
ington Street, Grand Haven.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counselor 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 entrusted to his care. Office over H.
Griffin's Store, opposite the Washington House,
Grand Haven, Mich.

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. Griffin's
Store.

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

HOYT 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.

J. O. F. Regular meetings of Ottawa Lodge
No. 45, is held every Wednesday evening, at their
Lodge Room in the W. side of the Washington
House. Members of the Order are cordially in-
vited to attend. Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Mich.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S EARLY LIFE.

The New York Commercial has been favored
with the perusal of a letter written by Mr. Web-
ster to an intimate friend in New York, dated
Franklin, N. H., May 3, 1846, from which we
make the extract below, and which we are sure
will be read at this time with unusual interest:

"I have made satisfactory arrangements re-
specting my house here, the best of which is,
that I can leave it where it is, and yet be com-
fortable, notwithstanding the railroad.

"This house faces due North. Its front win-
dows look toward the river Merrimack. But
then, the river soon turns to the South, so that
the Eastern windows look toward the river, also.
But the river has so deepened its channel in this
stretch of it, in the last fifty years, that we can-
not see its waters without approaching it, or go-
ing back to the higher lands behind us. The
history of this change is of considerable impor-
tance in the philosophy of streams. I have ob-
served it practically, and know something of the
theory of the phenomena; but I doubt whether
the world will ever be benefitted, either by my
learning or my observation, in this respect.

"Looking out at the east windows, at this
moment, (2 P. M.) with a beautiful sun just
breaking out, my eye sweeps a rich and level
field of 100 acres. At the end of it, a third of
a mile off, I see plain marble grave stones, de-
signating the places where repose my father-
my mother, my brother Joseph, and my sisters
Mehitable, Abigail and Sarah; all good Scrip-
ture names, inherited from their Puritan ances-
tors.

"My father! Ebenezer Webster!—born at
Kingston, in the lower part of the State, in 1739
—the handsomest man I ever saw, except my
brother Ezekiel, who appeared to me, and so
does he now seem to me, the very finest human
form that ever I laid eyes on. I saw him in his
coffin—a white forehead—a tinged cheek—a
complexion clear as heavenly light! But where
am I straying?

"The grave has closed on him, as it has on all
my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be al-
together. But this is melancholy—and I leave
it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you
all!

"This fair field is before me—I could see a
lamb on any part of it. I have ploughed it, and
raked it, and hoed it, but I never mowed it.—
Some how, I could never learn to hang a
scythe! I had not wit enough. My brother Joe
used to say that my father sent me to college
in order to make me equal to the rest of the chil-
dren!

"Of a hot day in July—it must have been one
of the last years of Washington's administration,
I was making hay, with my father, just where I
now see a remaining elm tree, about the middle
of the afternoon. The Hon. Abiel Foster, M. C.,
who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at
the house, and came into the field to see my fa-
ther. He was a worthy man, college learned,
and had been a minister, but was not a person
of any considerable natural powers. My father
was his friend and supporter. He talked awhile
in the field, and went on his way. When he
was gone, my father called me to him, and we
sat down beneath the elm on a hay-cock. He
said, 'My son, that is a worthy man—he is a
member of Congress—he goes to Philadelphia,
and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It
is because he had an education, which I never
had. If I had had an early education, I should
have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came
near it as it was. But I missed it, and now I
must work here.' 'My dear father,' said I, 'you
shall not work. Brother and I will work for
you, and wear our hands out, and you shall
rest—and I remember to have cried—and I cry
now, at the recollection. 'My child,' said he,
'it is of no importance to me—I now live but
for my children; I could not give your elder
brother the advantage of knowledge, but I can
do something for you. Exert yourself—im-
prove your opportunities—learn—learn—and
when I am gone, you will not need to go thro'
the hardships which I have undergone, and
which have made me an old man before my
time.'

"The next May he took me to Exeter, to the
Phillips Exeter Academy—placed me under the
tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. Benjamin
Abbott, still living.

"My father died in April, 1806. I neither left
him, nor forsook him. My opening an office at
Buscowan was that I might be near him. I
closed his eyes, in this very house. He died at
sixty-seven years of age; after a life of exertion,
toil and exposure—a private soldier, an officer,
a Legislator, a judge—every thing that a man
could be, to whom learning never had disclosed
her ample page.

"My first speech at the bar, was made when
he was on the bench—he never heard me a sec-
ond time.

"He had in him what I recollect to have been
the character of some of the old Puritans. He
was deeply religious, but not sour—on the
contrary, good humored, facetious—showing even
in his age, with a contagious laugh, teeth, all
as white as alabaster, gentle, soft, playful—
and yet having a heart, in him that he seemed
to have borrowed from a lion. He could frown,

a frown it was, but cheerfulness, good humor
and smiles composed his most usual aspect.

"Ever truly, your friend,
DAN'L WEBSTER."

A NUPTIAL TRAGEDY.—A wealthy American
merchant of the city of New Orleans has mar-
ried a Creole lady of fortune, and with the es-
tate and servants came into his possession a
mulatto seamstress and her daughter, a child
of seven years. The gentleman was so much
struck with the extraordinary beauty of the
child, which had the purest Italian features and
complexion, that he resolved to save it from
degradation which was before it, and to free it
and educate it. He sent the child to a North-
ern school, and there it remained until her six-
teenth year, by all supposed to be a patrician
Creole maiden. She herself knew not to the
contrary, so young was she when sent north.—
Beloved by all her companions, the idol of the
institute, and carressed by every one, she left
it to return South, as she supposed, to the roof
"of her uncle." A young Louisiana gentleman
who had seen her in Philadelphia, and loved
her, and beloved by her, sought her hand on her
return. The marriage day was fixed, long ar-
rived, when the mother, who had been long
sold away in La Fourche interior, in order that
she might never appear as a witness against
her child, re-appeared, and in the bridal hall, in
the very hour after the ceremony had been per-
formed, and claimed the magnificent and now
miserable, as her own daughter—a bond slave
by birth, and an African by blood! The scene
as described to me by one who was present, sur-
passes the power of a pen to portray. That
night the bridegroom, after charging the adopt-
ed father of his bride with gross deception, shot
him through the body and disappeared, carry-
ing, no one knew whither, his infamy and bitter
sorrow. The next morning the bride was found
a disfigured corpse, in the superb nuptial
chamber which had been prepared for her re-
ception. She had taken poison! Education, a
cultivated mind and taste, which made her see
and understand how great was her degradation
now armed her hand with ready means of death.
The unhappy planter recovered from the wound
and has gone to the North, where he resides,
buried in the deepest seclusion, the residue of
his years embittered by the keenest regret.

One fountain there is whose deep lying vein
has only just begun to throw up its silver drops
among mankind, a fountain which will alay the
thirsts of millions, and will give to those who
drink from it peace and joy. It is knowledge;
a fountain of intellectual cultivation, which gives
health to mankind—makes clear the vision,
brings joy to his life, and breathes over his
soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink
therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored,
and thou wilt soon find thyself rich! Thou
mayest go forth into the world, and find thyself
everywhere at home; thou canst cultivate in
thine own little chamber; thy friends are ever
round thee, and carry on wise conversations with
thee; nature, antiquity, heaven, are accessible
to thee? The industrious kingdom of an ant,
the works of man, the rainbow, and music's
sweet chorus, offer to thy soul hospitality.

[Frederika Bremer.

The following are the correct tactics for stylish
church-goers:

Let the lady advance one pace beyond the door
of the pew she wishes to enter, halt, about face
and salute. The pew must then be vacated by
such gentlemen as are in it, by a flank move-
ment. The squad should raise simultaneously,
when the lady presents herself, and face by the
right flank, then deploy into the aisle, the head
man facing the lady, and the rest passing to his
right and rear, the direction of the line being
changed by a right countermarch, and forming
again in a line, up and down the aisle, still faced
by the right flank.

The lady, when she sees the coast is clear,
completes her salute, and advances to her posi-
tion in the pew. The gentlemen break off by
angles from the rear, and resume their places.
Great care should be taken, of course, by other
parties, not to enter the aisle, when this evolu-
tion is in progress, until it is completed.

The writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is thus
described in the Boston Herald:

"Mrs. Stowe is about forty years of age, low
in stature, having a brilliant, expressive eye,
short features, hair thin and dark, with an occa-
sional tint of gray, and her whole contour, as the
French would say, being expressive of a highly
nervous temperament, with quick perceptive
powers of reading the minds of all present at a
glance. All in all, however, she is not so good
looking as her writings had led us to suppose."

EXPENSIVE BOARDING.—In an article relating
to the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, the In-
gleside says:

"In the matter of prices, few pay less than
\$25 a week; and one foreign emissary, who has
taken rooms for the season, is paying at the rate
of \$30 per day, besides a very liberal expendi-
ture for the very choicest of antique wines. One
gentleman pays \$50 per week. The bills of
others amount to \$200, \$250, and \$300 per
week! The bridal chamber is constantly occu-
pied at the rate of \$20 per day."

BLESSINGS BRIGHTEN AS THEY TAKE THEIR FLIGHT.

Who has not felt in the recesses of his own
soul, thousands of times, the deep meaning of
the idea so beautifully expressed in these words?
And how many times has the heart throbbled
with sadness at the thought that these bless-
ings we so highly prize as they take their de-
parture, were so little regarded when fully with-
in our grasp. I have witnessed many scenes in
the lives of others as well as in my own, where
the truthfulness of the theme I have chosen has
been portrayed in most vivid colors. But I will
refer to my own experience only.

I well remember an intimate friend of my
boyhood, whose laughing eyes, rosy lips, and
sunny brow, made him the sweetest picture of
earthly perfection my eyes ever rested upon,—
whose throne in my own heart and the hearts
of his dotting parents, was as fixed as the ever-
lasting hills. He was as constantly my com-
panion in all boyish sports and innocent plea-
sures, as the pure air of heaven, and almost as
necessarily so. His clear ringing laugh was as
musical as the songs of the birds at dawn, when
all nature unites in the swelling anthem that as-
cends to God. Hand in hand and heart in
heart we roved to and fro in those happy days
of childhood, which will return—never! At
school we studied the same books, sat in the
same desk, and wept in sympathy for each other
when our delinquencies were visited in wrath
upon our heads.

As we grew older, we used to ramble with
book in hand to a lofty hill, crowned with a ma-
jestic grove of maple and birch, a little in the
rear of the village, and store our opening minds
with the beauties of literature and the poetry
of nature. These were my happiest days; and
now that they are gone, memory reverts to them
with a pleasure which present joy cannot awa-
ken.

We had reached the age of fifteen years, when
my friend—my idol,—was to leave the place of
his birth, and seek a home on the ocean bil-
lows. It was a warm, delightful day in Octo-
ber, when with a sad heart and moistened eye
I took his arm for the last time to walk in our
pleasant haunts, hallowed by more than earthly
friendship. We took our way to the maple-
crowned hill, near the close of the afternoon,
and seated ourselves in our accustomed place.
We thought to watch the setting sun, and let
his last glorious beams cheer our hearts with
the hope of a happy meeting in after life, when
my friend should return from his wanderings
on the drear tempestuous sea. The forests
were smiling, dying, "passing away," but in
their glorious decay were brighter than the tints
of the heaven born rainbow—far brighter than
when kissed by the balmy breath of June. We
gazed on those glowing pictures with swelling
hearts, and burying our faces on each other's
shoulders—wept! We talked of pleasant days
gone by, but looked with hope on the deeply-
veiled future. Our countenances brightened as
we communed with each other, and we gazed
calmly on the "king of day" as he slowly but
surely sunk beneath the horizon. "How bright
the sun is this afternoon," said my companion;
"he seems all the more smiling because it is the
last time he will smile on us together;—does it
not seem so to you?" I could only answer with
tears,—and through those tears the sun seemed
to grow brighter and brighter, until the calm
twilight followed in his track. "I never saw so
glorious a sunset," said he; "his smile seemed
to linger with such an unearthly radiance upon
us as he took his last parting glance that it seemed
as though the gate of heaven was opened
and a flood of glory from the throne of God had
burst upon us in all its fulness." Thus we talk-
ed, as reluctantly we bent our steps to his home,
where I was to bid him a bitter farewell on the
morrow.

He left me; but his barque went down amid
the swell of the ocean billow, and the sea-weed
is now his winding-sheet! and I never think of
his pure spirit as he left me at that time, without
comparing his departure with the setting of the
sun on that beautiful autumnal evening, which
grew brighter and brighter, till his last ruddy
beam faded from our sight.

Thus in this slight sketch I have endeavored
to show how the happy hours of childhood,—
the dying autumnal foliage,—the "king of day"
—and my dearly cherished friend, all seemed to
brighten as they took their final flight to return
no more.

The newspaper is emphatically the poor man's
lyceum, his library, and his best instructor. The
weekly sheet brings to him a vast treasure of in-
formation, which he cannot read without being
a wiser and better man. It has been aptly said
that a newspaper is as good as a sermon for the
thoughtful. Where a newspaper is seen upon
the table in the family circle, there will always
be found virtue and intelligence. Take a paper,
and you will be happy.

The expense of governing the city of New
York, is stated to be \$8,500 per day, or \$354
per hour.

Every tick of the town clock, says the N. Y.
Times, scores down a dime against the tax pay-
ers, for which they are called to an account once
a year.

Extract from Thackeray's Lectures—Sterne
and Goldsmith.

Mr. Thackeray delivered his concluding lec-
ture on Friday night to an audience larger than
on any previous evening. He discoursed on
Lawrence Sterne and Oliver Goldsmith. In tra-
cing the early life of Sterne's parents, he attrib-
uted the interest which attached to most of his
descriptions in the wandering military life he
led with his father, who was a soldier, and fought
in Queen Anne's wars. His estimate of Sterne
as a man was exceedingly low, and he dwelt
most roughly with him, from the picture he had
left us of himself in his letters to Eliza, and the
manner in which he treated his wife. He died
at last a wretched, worn-out old scamp; and
this bale of cadaverous goods, to use his own
expression, descended to Pluto. Of his works,
also, Mr. Thackeray entertained a poor opinion.
He had a power of weeping on any and every
occasion—he blubbered in his study; and as he
found that it brought him popularity, he put it
into action whenever an opportunity presented
itself, and the reader always felt that it was so
—that he was always experimenting upon the
depth of his sentimentality, uncertain whether
he was regarded as an impostor or not.

The humor of Swift and Rabelais, whom he
pretended to succeed, poured heartily from them
and they lost no dignity by it; but Sterne, while
he moved to laughter or to tears—for he could
do both—never let his readers alone; and when
they were quiet, he thought it necessary to turn
head over heels. He was a great jester and
mountebank, as well as a wit, and he went to
work to produce his effects with the utmost
coolness. His sentimental journey was a delib-
erate attempt, as a whole, to make points and
seek applause. Having treated of the Lyons
donkey from Tristram Shandy, and his fellow
animal in the Sentimental Journey, in a some-
what contemptuous style, Mr. Thackeray con-
cluded his notice of "the Rev." Lawrence Sterne
by expressing his thankfulness that instead of
his pages, not one of which but had something
in that would be better out, a sort of latent pru-
dence, his children had the sweet unsullied pa-
ges which the author of David Copperfield had
given them. In Oliver Goldsmith Mr. Thack-
eray found a more congenial spirit; and as he
traced his chequered life, he excused his faults
and dwelt upon his virtue. If in early life he
was reckless and wayward, he was full of affec-
tion, and he quitted the village in which his
youth had been spent with keenest regrets,
which his verses had made every one feel. If
he was prodigal in his expenditure, he was kind
in his actions; and when he died, upon the steps
of that staircase in the Temple which led to his
chambers, sat the widows weeping whose neces-
sities he had relieved. A kinder heart never
beat than that within the breast of Oliver Gold-
smith.

Mr. Thackeray dwelt long and lovingly upon
the productions in prose and poetry of "poor
Noll," and described in feeling terms the difficul-
ties to which he was exposed for years through
his habits of dissipation and love of fine clothing
—habits which clung to him through life with
such tenacity, that though he lived in compar-
atively good means for some time before his death
he left behind him debts to the amount of
£2,000. Mr. Thackeray concluded by deprecating
the tone of complaint assumed by some
authors, that the world did not reward the liter-
ary profession. Not one of those whose names
he had mentioned but had received his due and
proper share of reward; and as it had been, so
it would be now—all would receive what was
their due.

Ignorance takes to dirt as naturally as it does
to ugliness. In proof of this, we would men-
tion that a dealer in ashes informed us that
the opening of a public school in a Ward in-
creases the sale of "yallar soap" twenty-five
per cent. From this it will be seen that the
more people read, the more they think—and the
more they think, the more frequently they in-
dulge in wash basins and clean towels.

GREAT SPEED.—The special train on the Con-
necticut River Railroad, running between South
Vernon and Springfield for the purpose of car-
rying the returns of the election on Monday,
ran 51 miles in 57 minutes, and 174 miles of
this distance in 16 minutes. The train made
stopages to receive returns of the election in the
various towns on the route.

STAMPED ENVELOPES.—The contract with
Mr. Geo. F. Nesbitt of New York city, for the
supply of these envelopes, lasts till June, 1857.
A correspondent of Washington, to whom the
Philadelphia Ledger applied for information,
says the stamped envelopes will only supersede
the use of the present stamps as far as persons
may prefer them. The consumer is to pay the
price of the stamp, with the cost of the envel-
ope added. The difference is not yet deter-
mined, but will be very trifling. The object of
the law was not to supersede the present stamps,
or to interfere with them, but to afford to par-
ties wishing it an opportunity of sending their
letters by mails without any infringement upon
the Revenues of the Department.

Medicine is an article that lazy people make
use of as a substitute for fresh air and exer-
cise.

If you cannot bite never show your teeth.