

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE: INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 296.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

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EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY-1857.

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Judge of Probate for Ottawa county, Michigan. Office with the County Treasurer, Grand Haven. Papers and business communications transmitted to the Court, through favor of H. D. Post, Holland, or left with Mr. Henry Brower, Grand Haven, will receive prompt attention. Court days, first and third Mondays of each month. P. O. address, Ottawa Center, Ottawa Co. Mich.

JAMES P. SCOTT,

Clerk and Register of Ottawa county, Michigan, and Notary Public. Grand Haven.

TIMOTHY FLETCHER,

Treasurer of Ottawa county, and Notary Public.

CURTIS W. GRAY,

Sheriff of Ottawa county. Grand Haven.

M. B. HOPKINS,

Prosecuting Attorney and Circuit Court Commissioner, for Ottawa county. Grand Haven.

R. W. DUNCAN,

Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery; also Agent for obtaining Bounty Lands, and collecting claims against the United States, in connection with a general agency at Washington. Office third door below the Washington House. Grand Haven.

GROSVENOR REED,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. All business entrusted to me will be promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Residence, Charleston Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

J. B. McNETT,

Physician and Surgeon. Dr. McNett is now permanently located in this village, and will attend to all calls in his profession. Office at the residence of Mr. Hiram Bean, corner of Washington and Water streets, Grand Haven.

STEPHEN MONROE,

Physician and Surgeon. Office one door west of J. T. Davis' Tailor shop, Washington street. Grand Haven.

DR. L. A. ROGERS,

Surgeon Dentist. May be found during business hours, at his office, in Dr. Shepard's New Block, Monroe street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

FERRY & WALLACE,

Dealers in Fancy Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hardware and Groceries. Water street, Grand Haven.

CUTLER & WARTS,

Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, of all kinds, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Water street, Grand Haven.

ALBEE & HUNTING,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Corner of Washington and Water Sts. Grand Haven.

HENRY GRIFFIN,

Commission Merchant and General Ag't. Dealer in Salt, Flour, Dry and Green Fruits, Provisions, Family Groceries, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, etc., etc. Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven.

W. D. FOSTER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hard and Hollow-Ware, Iron, and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, foot of Monroe street, Grand Rapids.

C. DAVIS & CO.,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Muskegon, Mich.

A. L. CHUBB,

Manufacturer of Plows, Cultivators and Grain Cradles, and Dealer in all kinds of Agricultural Implements and Machines. Agricultural Warehouse, Canal street. Grand Rapids.

FERRY & CO.,

Manufacturers of Lumber, and Dealers in all kinds of Merchandise, Provisions, Shingle Bolts, and Shingles. White River, Ottawa Co., Mich.

THOS. W. FERRY,

White River, Ottawa Co., Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHER,

Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, General Dealers in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain and Provisions, Manufacturers and Dealers wholesale and retail in all kinds of lumber. Mill Point, Mich.

LAMONT MILLS,

LAMONT, OTTAWA COUNTY, MICHIGAN. Thomas B. Woodbury, Proprietor. Cash paid for wheat. [233 tf.]

Ottawa Iron Works,

FERRYSBURG, OTTAWA CO., MICH. WM. M. FERRY, Jr., Manufacturer of Stationary and Marine, high or low pressure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass Castings.—Post Office address, Grand Haven, Mich.

1857. CUTLER & WARTS, 1857.

DEALERS IN General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt, Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath. Grand Haven, Water street, Mich.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the incense of the soul,
The odor of the flower;
And rises as the waters roll
To God's controlling power!
Within the soul there would not be
This infinite desire
To whisper thoughts in prayer to thee,
Hadst thou not lit the fire.

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth
To thee, whose love divine
Steals gently down like dew to soothe,
Or like the sunbeam shine;
For in the humblest soul that lives,
As in the lowliest flower,
The dew-drop back his image gives,
The soul's reflects his power!

At night, when all is hushed and still,
And e'en soft echo sleeps,
A still small voice doth o'er me thrill,
And to each heart-throb leaps;
It is the spirit-pulse that beats,
Forever deep and true;
The atom with its Author meets,
As sunlight greets the dew.

THE HUMP-BACKED COUSIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Behold an extraordinary adventure of these latter days. If it were not an extraordinary occurrence, one need not relate it.

A father of a family who inhabited the Rue de la Michodiere, received last summer, a letter from his nephew, who was in the employ of Hyder Abad. The letter concluded thus:

"I have received the portraits of my two cousins, Marie and Margaret. I have never had the pleasure of seeing them, as I have lived with Hyder Abad since my youth, but I am sure that those two portraits are resemblances. I will arrive at Havre by the ship Inos Ego, about the first of October, and on my arrival I am determined to marry the beautiful Mar."

The breaking open of the letter had destroyed the rest of the name. The two sisters united previous to this time, have commenced to live in misunderstandings, each of them positive that it was the part of her name which was torn off in the breaking of the seal.

The father employed his eloquence in calming the anger of his daughters, when a servant sent in advance, arrives from Havre with the evening train.

The servant, overwhelmed with questions, replied that his master was ruined, and that moreover, on his left shoulder, was the horrid protuberance which had caused according to Plaudo, so many misfortunes to Aesop, the Phrygian.

The two sisters determined, hereupon, to remain single forever, before marrying a cousin hump-backed and ruined.

As they take oath for the thirtieth time in twelve hours the cousin arrives. His uncle warmly embraces him, the cousins make him a polite bow and turn away their eyes.

The uncle then explains the incident of the torn letter, and asks the matrimonial intentions of his nephew.

"It is my cousin Marie whom I come to marry," he replied.

"Never! never!" screamed Marie, "I am contented with my condition, and I will remain in it."

"Mademoiselle," said the nephew, "I have adopted the customs of the country where I have been educated. Read the customs of Hyder Abad, in Travernier. There when a young man is refused in an offer of marriage, he withdraws himself from society as a useless being.

"He kills himself!" exclaimed the other sister the good Margaret.

"He kills himself?" replies the nephew in the tone of a man who was about to commit suicide.

"The poor cousin," said Margaret, weeping, "to come from such a distance to die in the bosom of his family.

"I know," continued the nephew "that my deformity afflicts the sight of a woman, but in time the eyes of a woman, becomes habituated to all things. I know, also, that my commercial position is not prosperous.—Thrown very young in the diamond business, the only occupation of Hyder Abad, I lost there all the fortune of my father; but I have acquired experience; I am young, active and industrious. These are riches in themselves."

"Yes, yes, hump-backed and ruined!" muttered Marie aside, in a bantering tone.

"Poor young man!" said Margaret, and she added, "my cousin, I am refused and you pay no attention to it."

"And by whom refused?" inquired her cousin.

"By your choice, since you have preferred my sister to me."

"Eh, mein" said the cousin, "will you accept me if I ask you in my marriage from my uncle?"

"I will engage my father to let my cousin live."

"What exclaimed the hump-backed; "you consent my lovely Margaret, to—"

"Save the life of a relation! Indeed I will not waver a minute."

"This is very well my daughter," said the uncle, affected by this scene. "Romances

have not spoiled you." I have a very small income, but I ought not to abandon the son of my brother in misfortune. I will keep him here, as kindred, for there is enough for four."

The cousin threw himself at Margaret's feet saying:

"You have saved an unfortunate man from destruction and death."

At a little distance Marie muttered to herself, "my sister has courage, but for me, I would let all hump-backed cousins die."

"Uncle," said the young man, "allow me to make a slight tiolet before breakfast."

He pressed Margaret's hand, bowed to Marie, and left to change his travelling attire.

The uncle and his daughters were at the table and awaited their fourth guest.

The servant announced the cousin of Hyder Abad.

The two girls uttered screams, but on different keys.

They see a charming young man, tall, and without any hump-back, who embraces Margaret and placing before her a basket, he says to her: "Behold your marriage portion."

It was a basket full of diamonds. It was moreover, the hump, which has thus arrived free of duties.

"See what I have carried on my shoulders," said the cousin, "from Bombay to Havre, to offer it to that one of my cousins who would accept me with my false poverty and my feigned deformity."

There was great joy in the house, which was, astonishing as it may seem, participated in by Marie. It is true, that Marie loved her sister dearly without detesting the beautiful diamonds.

THE STRANGER.

Deal gently with the stranger. Remember the severed cords of affection, still bleeding, and beware to wound by a thoughtless act, or a careless word. The stranger! he, perchance has lived in an atmosphere of love as warm as that we breathe. Alone and friendless now, he treasures the images of loved ones far away, and when gentle words and warm kisses are exchanged, we know not how his heart thrills and the hot tears drop start. Speak gently. The impatient word our friend may utter, does not wound, so mailed are you in the impenetrable armor of love. We know it was but an inadvertent word that both will forget in a moment after; or, if not, you can bear the censure of one, when so many love you; but keenly is an unkind remark felt by the lone and friendless one.

Like a clinging vine torn from its support, the stranger's heart begins to twine its tendrils around the first object which is presented to it. Is love so cheap a thing in this world, or have we already so much that we can lightly cast off the instinctive affection thus proffered? O, do not. To some souls an atmosphere of love is as necessary as the vital air to the physical system. A person of such a nature may clothe one in imagination with all the attributes of goodness, and make his heart's sacrifices at the shrine. Let us not ungratefully and cruelly destroy the illusion by unkindness.

Let the name of stranger be ever sacred, whether it is that of an honored guest at our fireside, or the poor servant girl in our kitchen—the gray-haired, or the young, and when we find ourselves far from friends, and the dear associates of home, sad and lonely, may some kind, some angel-hearted being, by sympathizing words, and acts, cause our hearts to thrill with unspoken gratitude and thus will we find again the "bread" so long "cast upon the waters."—H. R.—Chicago Ledger.

THE WARREN STATUE.—This statue is a finely executed representation of the hero whose memory it is intended to honor.—The material of which it is composed is pure marble. The statue is seven feet high, and is represented in the continental costume, bearing a sword. It is a splendid specimen of the sculptor's noble art, from the chisel of Henry Dexter, esq., of Cambridgeport.

The pedestal was cut from a block of pure Verd antique marble, furnished by the Roxbury Verd antique marble company, and is preferred by many to the richest Italian marble. For fineness, color, finish and durability, it is superior to any other. This company is now filling orders from all sections of this country and Europe. The quarries are located in Roxbury, Vermont, and were first discovered in 1851. At present a very large business is carried on by the company, whose energy and enterprise have developed this hidden resource of the country, and added a staple article to the swelling list of American productions.

PERSEVERANCE.—Mirabeau once said of Robespierre, "He will succeed in his undertaking, for he believes every word he says." It is remarkable, on scanning history, to find what great works have been accomplished by the perseverance of single individuals. To a man setting out to achieve an object with the determination, "I will accomplish it," all obstacles are as chaff before the wind. When a man is in earnest, and knows what he is about, his work is more than half done.

WHO ARE THE LONGEST LIVED?

There appears to be a wide difference of opinion between some of our cotemporaries in regard to this subject. We copy some of their remarks:

The Americans are the longest lived of people, notwithstanding all the humbug about the great age to which the English live, their superior stamina, etc. And the longest lived of Americans are to be found here in this very New England, although such a mess of stuff is said about the yankees working themselves to death, being half starved, and depriving themselves of the enjoyments of life, thus tending, to abbreviate it; and despite the arguments which are based upon the changeability of the climate, the east wind and all that. These are but windy arguments. Statistics tell a different story.—Boston Evening Ledger.

Americans are not the longest lived people, and we much mistake if we are ever destined to be a long lived nation, even! The Irish, of whom the writer claims to be a descendant, are the longest lived; but we don't know whether to attribute it to their climate or the simple diet to which the general poverty confines them.—Charleston Mercury.

You should have confined yourself, brother Mercury, before you delivered that sapient opinion. Humboldt has placed it beyond doubt that the mountaineers of Peru can contest the palm of death longer than anybody else.—N. O. Picayune.

That's a lie, Humboldt says no such thing anywhere.—N. Y. Evangelist.

Tut, tut, tut. What language for an "evangelist" to use! Can their be any wonder that naughty boys curse and swear, when they have such examples from such quarters?—Life Illustrated.

Keep cool, gentlemen, or none of you will be long lived. We believe the greatest age of man to be obtained by the Hindostanees, and refer the curious in such matters to Buffon's interesting account of the people.—N. Y. Herald.

Our American friends are having a dispute as to what people present the most numerous instances of advanced age in man. Cold regions we believe to be the most favorable to the prolongation of life, but we have nothing to disprove that the Dutch live longer than other races—too long for their own good, perhaps.—London Times.

The London Times has been having a fling at the Dutch, referring to the great age to which some of the Myhneers attain, though nothing is mentioned about old Rip Van Winkle. The Times is famous for wholesale slurs upon nations, though just now it has not a word to say against its dear neighbor, France. If we were asked who lived the "longest" of all people, we should say the Patagonians, for numbers of them stand full eight feet high.—Boston Post.

The Boston Post thinks the Patagonians live the longest of all mankind. That may be; but it is certain that the inhabitants of the Himmaleh Mountains live the highest.—Boston Herald.

That may be too, neighbor; but a still surer thing is, whether the yankees live the longest or not, they are destined to live the broadest, for eventually their institutions will spread throughout the earth.—Parlor Casket.

All right gentlemen, but our opinion is, that those of our subscribers who pay their subscription in advance, will live the longest. If they don't, it will not be what we don't sincerely wish them "long life and prosperity."—Weekly Gazette.

O short-sighted mortals and blundering newspapers! Away with this nonsense about high winds, cold regions, hot climates, tall mountains, deep valleys, English lords, French ladies, Yankee men, Dutch women, Irish girls, Peruvian boys, and Patagonian giants. Good actions live forever. Those live longest who do the best. "We live in deeds, not years."—Life Illustrated.

TROUBLE AMONG THE CATHOLICS.—The two following suggestive items we take from the columns of the Boston Investigator:

A *Rebellious Priest*.—An Austrian priest M. Braun, of the diocese of Passau, has been excommunicated for refusing to read in his church the bull of the pope in reference to the immaculate conception. He has published a book, in which he boldly charges with heresy all who have received the dogma, including the pope. He says that thousands of priests if they dared, would act as he has done.

Hopeful.—The leading organ of the romanists in Bavaria, complains that the catholics read more protestant than catholic papers; that there is no catholic party in the legislature; that the catholic associations have nearly died out, and that the people show but little interest in questions of vital importance to the church. Three roman catholic papers have been discontinued since the new year, and the editor of another has been compelled by the archbishop to quit, for apologizing for the assassination of the archbishop of Paris. The king has filled a number of vacant chairs in the university of Munich with protestant professors, as there were more eminent scholars among them than among the romanists.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on the dial. We should count time by heart-throbs; he most lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN: WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 8, 1857.

CHEERFULNESS.

What a blessing is a cheerful heart! It is like a perpetual spring whose deep fountains send up life and health to invigorate nature, and make the surrounding wastes smile and leap with renewed youth and merry life.

An angel is she, whose ministrations are good and not evil. Beneath her influence, the human nature is purified; the soul grows strong, its God-like faculties kindle and beam with re-inspired vigor, its every nerve pulses with holier life, and the fountains of joy and youth are opened to shadow forth a glimpse of heaven's glories; while the base passions are quenched, and unholy desires restrained, for the deadly night-shade flourisheth not in the rays of the life-giving sun.

Truthful and beautifully uttered are the following remarks on this subject, which we copy from the *Cayuga Chief*:

A sanctimonious form of manner and tone of voice, and a gloomy cast of countenance, are traits out of way in the make-up of humanity. People of this stamp are like icebergs drifting in the realms of tropical luxuriance and beauty, their words and looks like the chill winds which check by their coldness. Their footfalls have the sound of a knell, and their appearance is always a shadow which darkens the sunniest flow of spirits.

Men born with this gloomy dignity, cannot always remedy the misfortune. But in a majority of cases it is put on—artificial—false. With the latter class, it is an effort to move through the world with an air of superior wisdom. To act naturally, would make no impression. They must assume an air which shall attract. They must sit down with dignity, and get up with dignity.—They speak with deliberation and solemnity, and lay out more preparation to spit with propriety, than a natural man would do to do a day's work.

It is no crime—no impropriety to laugh. The world is full of laughter. It gleams in the sunshine wherever it falls; its music is in the summer wind and in the trill of waters; there is a chuckle in the sound of rain-drops on the roof; the flowers bloom with laughter, and every leaf and blade smiles in its pulsing joy; the blue sky laughs down upon us from above, and even the stars through the long night wink mischievously at each other, as they keep their watch and sing together.—There is laughter in the song of the birds, and the sweet hum of the insects; and in the floods, from the ponderous leviathan to the tiniest of the race, sport and leap like children at play.

Some people stamp their religion with this air of gloom. If they smile it only sets in mockery upon the elongated features, and renders the solemnity more ghastly. With them, an outgushing of full-hearted mirth would be a sin. A sad mistake. If there is a person in the world, who should be cheerful and moving about like a sunbeam, through the world, it is the man or woman whose souls are buoyant with the hope of an immortality whose sky is cloudless.

"DOWN THE RIVER."

The editor of the Grand Rapids *Eagle* congratulates himself on having lately made good his escape from his sanctum, on which occasion he enjoyed the luxury of a trip "down the river," and paid a visit to Grand Haven, of which place he says:

At Grand Haven, we found agreeable quarters at the Washington House, which has been much improved in its interior arrangement since our last visit, last season, and is kept in the best style, by the LEGGAT BROTHERS, whose reputation, as caterers to the comfort and tastes of the traveling public, we think must be of a highly favorable character. Our friend, CHARLEY FARMER, is here engaged; and the proprietors are fortunate in having secured the services of so attentive and agreeable an *attache*. Travelers may be certain that they will meet a warm reception, and find a genial hospitality at the "Washington".

The steamer *Huron* is now running regularly between Grand Haven and Chicago, leaving Grand Haven each alternate evening upon the arrival of the *Olive Branch*, with which she runs in connection. The *Huron* is not a large boat, but she is now, neat and tidy and is said to be eminently seaworthy. Those of our citizens who have occasion to visit Chicago will find this equally quick and by far the most pleasant route.

The propellers *Barber* and *Ottawa* are also running between Grand Haven and Chicago, each making two trips a week, the latter touching at Muskegon. So, among them all, one is not liable to be detained over night, at Grand Haven for want of a boat.