THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

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

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THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN.

EASTMAN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

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One week.	50	1 00	1 50	2 00	2 25	3 50	4 25	5 00
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BUSINESS DIRECTORY-1857.

AUGUSTUS W. TAYLOR,
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.

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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,
Manfacturer 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.
THOS. W. FERRY, NOAH H. 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. [263 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.

THE PERPLEXED LOVER.

Two Annies keep this heart of mine
In sweet subjection bound;
One in a rural spot resides,
The other dwells in town.

My country Annie's fair and good—
A child of rustic grace;
The joy that lights a happy heart,
Beams ever in her face.

All free from those designing arts,
Which coquettes know so well;—
I love her, and her love to me,
Her rising blushes tell.

My country Annie's love I prize,
As something near divine;
I look into her deep-blue eyes,
And pray she may be mine.

My city Annie, too, can boast
Of charms and beauty rare—
A pair of merry, jet-black eyes,
And locks of raven hair.

She has a thousand winning ways,
To make one call her dear,
And she has all this heart of mine,
When t'other is not near.

Which one to choose I can't decide—
To give up either loth;
Yet choose I must one of the two—
I cannot marry both.

THE INEBRIATE'S DEATH.

A TRUE SKETCH.

"Farewell mother, a long farewell."

"Farewell my son," said the aged matron, while a tear glistened in her eye, and her voice trembled with emotion. "Farewell; never more will thy voice sound in my ears, never more will thy form gladden my aged eyes, for my days are numbered—death, the relentless monarch of mortals, stands in readiness to summon me away. Would that you could stand by my side to soothe my last moments, yet it is for the best. Farewell, God bless you, and aid you to keep your parting vow."

A low, solemn 'Amen' fell from the young man's lips, but he could find no farther utterance, and turning away with a lingering step, he left the home of his birth.

David Blakely, for that was the youth's name, was blessed with the kindest of parents. His youth had passed in pleasant occupation and instructive study, until at the age of twenty he was possessed of a rare education. With a mind thoroughly disciplined, he had studied law, and was now starting for the far west, to establish himself in business, determined to be the architect of his own fortune and fame. At the time of which I write, Michigan, our own dear state, was an unbroken wild. Where now the busy hum of industry is, borne upon every breeze, was then one vast solitude, broken only by the war song of the Indian, and the music of the wind as it swept through the stately forests. Emigration was just beginning to pour its living tide into the bosom of our fair Peninsula, and with it he came.

While studying his profession, he was necessitated to be from home, and mingling in the world's gay throng, he had formed many new habits, among them was that of using intoxicating drinks. True, he had drank nothing but the ruby wine, fragrant with delicious sweetness, with an occasional glass of brandy; but even this had a visible effect upon him. At first he drank only in the social circle, or with an esteemed friend; but soon that deadly scorpion—a pampered appetite—threw its glittering folds around him, binding him in its deadly embrace, until he loved the intoxicating beverage.

With anguish, his mother saw that he was treading the path that leads to sure destruction, and with gentleness, besought him to abandon the death-giving dreg. "I shall never be a drunkard," he would say when she besought him to abandon his cup. "Fear not, that I shall so debase myself as to wallow with the brute, and in my degradation forget that I am a man. I shall never be more than a *fashionable drinker*."

O, infatuating thought! Still, did that fond mother beseech to desist, until he swore never more to touch the intoxicating bowl, calling upon high-heaven to witness the sanctity of his vow. This was the vow which his sainted mother with tearful eyes had asked God to aid him in keeping inviolate; and many were the prayers which ascended from the parental roof, that the ruler of mankind's destiny would watch over and protect their son.

Time rolled on, and two years had elapsed since David Blakely left his eastern home for the west. He had established himself in business; prosperity smiled upon him—the land of his adoption was fast changing from its primeval state—the inhabitants were advancing in opulence, and he, having as it were, identified himself with the progress of the country, had already gained somewhat of fame. The smiles of a young and beautiful wife cheered him on to renewed exertion; and with such fair prospects the sky of his future could but be cloudless and cheering. Various were the posts of honor conferred upon him—the duties of which he discharged fully to the satisfaction of his constituents.—Michigan had become a state—a legislature was to be chosen, and David Blakely was a candidate for office. As the day of election dawned, the excitement was intense, but night proclaimed Blakely to be the victorious candidate. Political victories were then (as is too often the case now), celebrated by drunken carousels. That night the newly elected representative was carried to his pleasant home in a state of beastly intoxication. He had fallen—that solemn vow was broken!

Reader! picture to your mind the heart-felt agony of that gentle wife, as she sat by the side of her husband whose faculties were benumbed by the poison he had sipped. She was proud of the honor conferred upon him—yet would she have willingly given them all to obliterate the present blight from her husband's character.

Morning came, and with it a return of his sensibility. He listened with tears to the fond admonition of his wife, who kindly endeavored to win him back, striving to elicit from him a pledge of total abstinence for the future. He replied, that he had "already broken one pledge, another he could not make."

O! the agony that crept over the heart of his young companion! Nothing but darkness was visible upon the sky of her future existence!—that sky which but a short period before was crimsoned with high hopes, was now enshrouded in gloom. Far in the gloomy future she cast her anxious gaze, and fancied that she beheld herself standing beside the death-bed of an inebriate husband, and dropping a tear into a drunkard's grave!

Blakely continued the use of intoxicating drink, and the period which should have been the dawning of a glorious career, was but the beginning of after wo. Useless would it be to trace him through the vicisitudes of years, for his history was but the history of thousands who have fallen from a like cause.—Blighted hopes, lost confidence, wretched home, squallid poverty, and in fact, all the long list of evils that cluster around those who worship at the shrine of a perverted appetite, were visited upon him. Once, he rode high upon the wave of popular favor, and the tongue of flattery was eloquent in his praise—now, the vilest beggar that walked the streets was more honorable than he.

Such is thy work, O, rum! such, the devastation, with which thou art delugeing the land! thy most ardent worshipers are those whom thou debasest the lowest!

In the outskirts of one of our flourishing villages, in a low and desolate hovel, upon a bed of straw, lay the emaciated form of a man, over whom stood a female in the meridian of life. Ruin and decay were pictured upon every object within sight, the last sparks of fire had long since expired, and the cold bleak wind of a November evening, as it came whistling through the dilapidated dwelling, sounded like a requiem to the expiring mortal. No light illuminated the gloomy apartment save the cold pale moonbeams as they came struggling through the openings of the decayed hovel. Yet, this miserable abode is the home of the living, and the habitation of the dying!

Reader, that poor wreck of humanity upon whose forehead is gathering the death-sweat, is all that is left of the once proud, ambitious, and talented David Blakely.—The frenzied agony that flashes from his eye, the piercing, heart-rending shrieks that he utters, the fierce gesticulation, and the deep horror with which he gazes with mad despair upon the vacant air, which to him is alive with hideous demons, are all evidences that he is expiring, racked with the agonies of that most terrible disease, that offspring of rum, the delirium tremens. The female bending over him is the companion of his bosom. Once, she was the fairest of the fair, and the gayest of the gay; now, she is clad in tattered vesture; a thin, torn shawl thrown over her shoulders is insufficient to protect her from the cold rude blast. Thus transformed, she stands gazing upon the form of her dying delirious husband, who was the cause of all her wretchedness and wo! Suddenly he springs into a sitting posture upon his couch, he is convulsed with the most agonizing terror, fearful forms float before his vision, death in every hue surrounds him, and ten thousand demons howl in his ears—his fevered imagination pictures it all—he utters an awful oath, falls back upon his couch, and is dead! His soul has gone to the eternal world!—his body is fitted for the drunkard's grave! yet this was the work of an honorable traffic—clothed with the sanctity of law;—a traffic which annually drags thousands of our most promising sons from the high pedestal of manhood, forcing them to drink the very dregs of human misery and degradation—a traffic which blasts fond hopes and pure aspirations, which transforms man from an angel of light to a demon incarnate—a traffic which hurles desolation into the fireside circle, prostrates the family altar, and lays waste the domestic affections—in short, a traffic which stands god-father for a great share of the wretchedness, misery and crime of the human race!

The celebrated Nettleton adopted the following as a maxim for the government of all the acts of his life.

'Do all the good you can in the world, and make as little noise about it as possible.'

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be who find it.

We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature gave us;
For life hath here no charms so dear
As home and friends around us!

BIRDS AND THOUGHTS.

Birds are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard;
And I hang my cage there daily,
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long;
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of song!

ANGRY WORDS.

Poison drops of care and sorrow;
Bitter poison drops are they;
Weaving for the coming morrow
Sad memorials of to-day.

Angry words! O, let them never
From the tongue forbidden slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, e'er they soil the lip.

MRS. JORDAN, THE ACTRESS.

The following anecdote is related of the benevolent and distinguished actress, Mrs. Jordan. It has the merit of being a true narrative, although it may not be considered as otherwise remarkable:

While the celebrated Mrs. Jordan was performing at Chester, her laundress was arrested for a debt of eight pounds sterling, which Mrs. Jordan paid. Walking out in the afternoon of the same day, she was compelled to seek shelter from a shower of rain, under a porch, where she was espied by the now joyous laundress who fell upon her knees at the feet of the actress, and blessed her; the children, bewildered by the new position of their mother, and not knowing how to express their gratitude, contributing to make up a very affecting scene.

Mrs. Jordan could not conceal the tear of feeling. Stooping to kiss the children, she slipped some money into the hands of the widowed mother, saying:

"There, its all over now; go, good woman; God bless you; don't say another word."

This interesting episode was witnessed by another person who had also taken shelter there, who now came forward and said:

"Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger, but would that the world were all like thee!"

The practiced eye of the actress soon discovered the profession of the stranger. He was a minister. After listening to a brief sermon from him, on the sisterly love that she had manifested, and the command to relieve the hungry and distressed which she had obeyed, Mrs. Jordan interrupted his discourse, by saying:

"Ah! you are a good soul, I know; but you will not like me when I tell you that I am an actress."

The minister, with a smiling countenance, replied:

"The Lord bless thee; whoever thou art! and as to thy calling, if thine own soul upbraideth thee not, the Lord forbid that I should. Is it not written, 'judge not, that ye be not judged'? then why should mortal man presume to judge his fellows. Lady, ever follow the promptings of thy inmost soul; and thou shalt never go astray; for 'to the pure, all things are pure.'"

Being thus reconciled, and the rain having ceased, they left the porch together, on the way to Mrs. Jordan's dwelling. She accepted the offer of the preacher's arm, and the old streets of Chester beheld the serious disciple of Wesley walking arm in arm with the female Roscius of comedy.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—The solid rock which turns the edge of the chisel, bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent which fertilized the land with its copious streams, or sweeps over it with a devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in crystal drops from some mossy crevice among the distant hills, so too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep all the barriers of the sole and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of home. "I should have been an atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time, when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven!'"

FASHION.—There is one fashion that never changes. The sparkling eye, the coral lip, the rose-leaf blushing on the cheek, the step full of elasticity, are always in fashion.—Health, rosy, bouncing health is never out of fashion. What pilgrimages are made, what prayers are uttered for its possession. Failing in the pursuit, what treasures are lavished in concealing its loss, or counterfeiting its charms.

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 15, 1857.

From Our Eastern Correspondent.

CITY OF ELMIRA, N. Y.,
Friday, P. M., July 3, 1857.

EDITOR TIMES:

I have lately returned from a journey of 1,200 miles; and what is the use of traveling, if one can not have the pleasure of *writing* the incidents of his v'y'ge, for the edification and amusement of those who are compelled by the pressure of business, or emptiness of pockets, to remain at home.

Starting from this pleasant city, on Tuesday, June 23d, on board the spacious and magnificent cars of the New York and Erie Railroad, I soon found myself in the far-famed city of New York, *the* city of modern America. Of the incidents of the way, it will be sufficient to put on record the fact that the N. Y. & Erie R. R. Co. are this season as mindful as ever of the comfort and wishes of the traveling public, leaving nothing undone that can add to the speed and safety of their well-known route; and, also, to say of the beauties of the scenery, that they are unsurpassed in loveliness, by but very few sections of the United States. A glorious state is New York; rightly named the *Empire State*. The prospect of the part through which I traveled, was most cheering to the farmer, giving promise of abundant crops of grain and fruit; God's rich reward to earth's children of toil.

The citizens of New York city are now, as ever before, immersed in speculative schemes and money making projects. Little time have they to appreciate or enjoy the riches and blessings of a high and true life. With truth, perhaps, the same might be said of the people of many other states.

From New York I went to Albany on one of the Hudson river steamers. The beauties of this route are so well known, and so generally spoken of, that 'the deponent' deems best to testify not further. At Albany, the general aspect of the city and its suburbs has its old look of quietness and tranquility.—In many respects Albany is a model city; a very 'paragon' of beauty, as we typos would call it; a 'nonpareil' it can not claim to be. Not so much 'haste to get rich,' here, as in New York; nor as much go-a-head-itiveness as in the western states, yet I believe that the people have a more correct appreciation of true enjoyment.

Returning to New York, I made but a brief stay, and then went to Morristown, N. J., 61 miles from the city; mainly to get a glimpse of the much praised scenery of the state of New Jersey. But it turned out to be about as unprofitable a 'wild-goose chase' as I ever performed. I did not like the country, and the journey was devoid of pleasurable incident. Had you been with me, perhaps we could have enjoyed the ride; and indeed, now that we have been so long parted, I believe that, if once more together, we could find pleasure even in a journey across the desolate Sahara.

What a pleasure in seeing the face of a schoolmate of youth's bright days. What memories are awakened, o'er which the soul leaps with silent joy.

Even now I am reminded, that just two years ago this very P. M., aye, this very hour, 'your humble servant' in company with your editorial self, getting wearied of type-setting, *dropped down* in the heart of one of the empryo 'cities' of Iowa, in order to celebrate the 'glorious fourth.' (Don't get out of patience at my free use of 'quotations' and *italics;* without them a printer would be 'out of sorts'!) I remember, too, how we shouldered our guns the next morning, and stalked forth on the wide prairie, with 'murderous intent.' How the prairie-hens cackled and scattered; how the quails ran and hid their 'diminished heads;' how many we killed, or if you prefer, how many we *didn't*. All these things I remember.

But my pen will sometimes wander. To return then, to my subject; I returned from my journey, safe and sound. Found the *Times*, as usual. It is said that no two editors can make their papers alike. Of one thing I am certain; that out of a multitude of papers, I could easily select the one over whose columns you preside. *