THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

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

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THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

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EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN.

EASTMAN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

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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.

CROSVENOR REED,
Attorney and Counselor at Law. All business entrusted to me will be promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Residence, Chepleston 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.

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,
THOMAS B. WOODBURY, PROPRIETOR.
LAMONT, OTTAWA COUNTY, MICHIGAN.
☞ Cash paid for wheat. [263 tf.

OTTAWA IRON WORKS,
FERRYSBURG, OTTAWA COUNTY, 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.
Water street, Grand Haven, Mich.

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew,
Which trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled, to fall anew,
In summer's thunder shower—
Perchance to shine within the bow,
That fronts the sun at close of day:
Perchance to sparkle in the flow,
Of fountain far away.

Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed,
By wild birds borne, or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
The language of some household song.
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong,
To memory's after hour.

So with our words; or harsh or kind,
Unuttered, they are not forgot;
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not.
So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will,
To make them rife with good.

Finding a Husband.

BY PEGGY M.

"Uncle, may I ride Milo?" I said one bright June morning, as he sat at the breakfast table.

"Ride Milo?"

"Yes. It's such a beautiful day."

"But he'll throw you."

"Throw me!" And I laughed merrily and incredulously. "Say yes, dear uncle," I continued coaxingly, "there's no fear, and I'm dying for a canter."

"You'll die of a canter, then," he retorted, with his grim wit, "for he'll break your neck. The horse has only been ridden three times, twice by myself and once by Joe."

"But you've often said I was a better rider than Joe." Joe was the stable boy. "That's a good uncle, now do." And I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him.

For I knew by experience, that when I did this I generally carried the day. My uncle tried to look stern; but I saw he was relenting. He made a last effort, however, to deny me.

"Why not take Dobbin?" he said.

"Dobbin! I cried. "Old, snail-paced Dobbin, on such a morning as this! One might as well ride a rocking-horse at once."

"Well, well," he said, "if I must, I must. You'll teaze the life out of me if you don't have your way. I wish you would get a husband, you minx, you are growing beyond my control."

"Humph! A husband. Well, since you say so, I'll begin to look about for one to-day."

"He'll soon repent of his bargain," said my uncle; but his smile belied his words. "You are short as pie-crust, if you can't have your own way. There," seeing I was about to speak, "go and get ready, while I tell Joe to saddle Milo. You'll set the house afire if I don't send you off."

Milo was soon at the door, a gay, mettlesome colt, who laid his ears back as I mounted and gave me a vicious look I did not quite like.

"Take care," said my uncle. "Its not too late yet to give it up."

I was piqued.

"I never give up anything," I said.

"Not even the finding of a husband, eh?"

"No. I'll ride right down to the poorhouse and ask old Toney, the octogenarian pauper to have me; and you'll be forced to hire old Poll Wilkes to cook your dinners."

And as I said this, my eyes twinkled mischievously, for my uncle was an old bachelor who detested all strange women, and held an especial aversion to Poll Wilkes, a sour old maid of forty-seven, because, years ago, she had plotted to entrap him into matrimony. Before he could reply I gave Milo his head.

John Gilpin, we are told, went fast, but I went faster. And it was not long before the colt had it all his own way. At first I tried to check his speed; but he got the bit in his teeth, and all I could do, was to hold on, and trust to tiring him out. Trees, fences and houses went by us like wild pigeons on the wing. As long as the road was clear we did well enough, but coming suddenly to a blasted oak that started out, spectre-like, from the edge of a wood, Milo shied, twisted half round, and planted his fore feet stubbornly in the ground. I did not know I was falling, till I felt myself in a mud-hole that lay on one side of the road. Here was a fine end to my boasted horsemanship! But as the mud was soft, I was not hurt, and the ludicrous spectacle I presented soon got the upper hand of my vexation. "A fine chance I have of finding a husband in this condition," I said, recalling my jest with my uncle. "If I could find some mud-nymph, I might have a chance." And I began to pick myself up.

"Shall I help you?" suddenly said a deep, rich, manly voice.

I looked up and saw a young man, the suppressed merriment of whose black eyes brought the blood to my cheeks, and made me for an instant, ashamed and angry.—But on glancing again at my dress, I could not help laughing in spite of myself. I stood in the mud at least six inches above the tops of my shoes. My riding skirt was plastered all over, so that it was almost impossible to tell of what it was made. My hands and arms were mud to the elbows, for I had instinctively extended them as I fell, in order to save myself.

The young man, as he spoke, turned to a neighboring fence, and taking off a rail, he placed it across the puddle, then putting his arm around my waist, he lifted me out, though not without leaving my shoes behind. While he was fishing them, which he began immediately to do, I stole behind an enormous oak, to hide my blushing face, and scrape the mud from my stockings and riding skirt. I had managed to get the first a little cleaner, but the last was still as thick as ever, when my companion made his appearance with the missing shoes, which he had scraped till they were quite presentable, and leading Milo by the bridle.

"Pray, let me see you home," he said, "if you will mount again I'll lead the colt; and there will be no chance of his repeating the trick." I could not answer for shame, but when in the saddle, murmured something about "not troubling him."

"It's no trouble in the least," he replied, standing hat in hand, like a knightly cavalier and still retaining his hold on the bridle, "and I can't really let you go alone, for the colt is as vicious as he can be to-day. Look at his ears, and the red in his eyes. I saw you coming down the road, and expected you to be thrown every minute, till I saw how well you rode. Nor would it have happened if he hadn't wheeled and stopped, like a trick horse in a circus."

I cannot tell how soothing was this way of excusing my mishap. I stole a glance under my eyelids at the speaker, and saw that he was very handsome and gentlemanly, and apparently about six and twenty, or several years older than myself.

I had hoped that uncle would be out in the fields overlooking the man; but as we entered the gate, there he was sitting, provokingly, at the open window; and by the time I had sprung to the ground, he came out, his eyes brimful of mischief. I did not dare to stop, but turning to my escort, said, "my uncle, sir—won't you walk in?" and rushed up stairs.

In about half an hour, just as I had dressed, there was a knock at my door,—my uncle's knock—and I could not but open.

He was laughing a low, silent laugh, his portly body shaking all over with suppressed merriment.

"Ah, ready at last," he said, "I began to despair of you, you were so long, and came to hasten you. He's waiting in the parlor still," he added in a malicious whisper. "You have my consent, for I like him hugely, only who'd have thought of finding a husband in a mud-puddle."

I slipped past my tormentor, preferring to face even my escort than to run the gauntlet of uncle's wit, and was soon stammering my thanks to Mr. Templeton—for so my uncle, who followed me down, introduced him.

To make short of what else would be a long story, what was said in jest, turned out to be in earnest; for in less than six months, in that very room, I stood up to become Mrs. Templeton. How it all came about, I can hardly tell, but I certainly did find a husband on that day. Harry, for that is the name by which I call Mr. Templeton, says that I entered the parlor so transformed, my light blue tissue floating about me so like a cloud, my cheeks so rosy, my eyes so bright, my curls playing such hide-and-seek about my face, that not expecting such an apparition, he lost his heart at once. He adds, for he has not forgot how to compliment as well as ever, that my gay, intelligent talk, so different from the demure miss he had expected, completed the business.

Harry was the son of an old neighbor who had been abroad for three years, and before that, had been at college, so that I had never seen him; but uncle remembered him at once and had insisted on his staying till I came down, though Harry, from delicacy, would have left after an inquiry about my health. My uncle was one of those who will not be put off, and so Harry remained. "The luckiest thing," he says, "I ever did."

Milo is now my favorite steed, for Harry broke him for me; and we are all as happy as the day is long, uncle included; for uncle insisted on our living with him, and I told him, at last we would, "if only to keep Poll Wilkes from cooking his dinner." To which he answered, looking at Harry,—"You see what a spitfire she is, and you may bless your stars if you don't rue the day she went out to FIND A HUSBAND."

MEASURING HAY.—The editor of the *New Jersey Farmer* gives his rule, based on a large experience, for measuring hay. He formerly weighed his hay, but repeated trials told him it was unnecessary. Take a mow which has lain through the winter, and ascertain its amount in cubic feet, (multiplying its width by its depth, and this product by its length,) and then divide by 700, and the quotient gives the number of tons. The upper third takes 800 feet to the ton; the lower 600 feet, making an average of 700 feet.—If the mow is only five or six feet deep, however, it takes an average of 800 feet to the ton.

NOBILITY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

What's a fair and noble face,
If the mind ignoble be?
What though beauty, in each grace,
May her own resemblance see?
Eyes may catch from heaven their spell,
Lips the ruby's light recall;
In the home for love to dwell,
One good feeling's worth them all.

Give me virtue's rose to trace,
Honor's kindling glance and mien:
Howsoever plain the face,
Beauty's where these two are seen!
Raven ringlets o'er the snow
Of the whitest neck may fall;
In the home of love we know,
One good feeling's worth them all!

THAT'S A FACT.—A venerable old man says:

'Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones.'

The old man is right. Who ever saw thieves throwing stones at the birch, maple, or elm? The more fruit the tree bears, the richer it is—the more it is likely to attract the attention and labor of the thief.

No man who tries to do his duty to his fellows, and endeavors to live so as to bear the fruits of true religion in his daily conduct, can for a moment suppose that he will pass along through life without being slandered more or less. Such a man will, of necessity, have some enemies; and those enemies will try in every way to injure him, and among others they will not be slow in stirring up the polluting and polluted waters of defamation and slander.

A man who has no enemies, is merely a milk and water nothing. We would not give a fig for such a man. He who is anything, who makes his mark in the world, who does good, will have enemies—and if he has them he will be sure to be slandered.

Let him then be comforted in the reflection of the venerable old man quoted above; it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones. —*Olive Branch.*

'Most natures,' says Emerson, 'are insolvent—cannot satisfy their own wants—have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually.'

MORMONISM GOING TO SEED.—A train consisting of one hundred persons with twenty wagons passed through Plattsmouth, Nebraska, lately, on their return from Utah to the states. They formed part of a company of two hundred persons and forty teams; but some distance back the others took the road to Leavenworth. They left Salt Lake about the 20th of April, and were on the road some two months. They bore the appearance of persons who had seen much trouble and privation—being reduced in body and dejected in mind. A more pitable set of persons we never beheld. They rejoiced that they had at last reached a land where they could once more live at ease.

The account of their experiences in Utah was touching in the extreme. In the narration of what they had endured, they seemed to approach the subject with reluctance, and feelings of horror, in calling to mind their sufferings, but in the course of their remarks would invariably become animated, and then break out in expressions of indignation at the cruelty and oppression which they had endured. They declared the whole system to be but a grand scheme of robbery and sensuality on the part of those in authority.—It is not by direct compulsion, they stated, that the property of their followers is taken, but by means of religious enthusiasm. This is inspired by the promise of great spiritual rewards, and by setting before them the example of scripture characters; that as Job received an increase above all his former possessions, so should they, by their self-sacrificing, reap an increased reward, both of spiritual and temporal possessions.—*Platt. Jeff.*

YE MAYDE SERVANT.—A damsel of a pleasante dysposytion ys a verie great helpe to ye goode Hovsevvyfe. Ye chearfvl Mayden vvyll synge righte merrielie abovt ye Hovse. She lyketh better a merrie songe than ye Psalms of Sternholde & Hoppykys. She lykevvyse loveth not to abyde jn ye Hovse of ye Lorde vpon a plesant Sabbathe; bvt yf soe be that she myght, vvolde readylie vvalke jn ye Fields and Woodes vvith herr svvetehearte, & sit vvith hym jn some shadie playce, vntl ye going dovvn of ye svn.

Novv take ye heede, liste & hearken vnto me, alle ye Hvsbandes;—yt ys nott vvyse for ye Goodemann of ye Hovse to have mvch talke vvith ye Damsel—more especiallie yf she be comlie & faire to looke vpon—leaste peradventvre, ye goodevvyfe shovld be trovbelled vvith jealovsie thereatt—the vvich ys nott goode yn mayntaynyng ye peace of ye Hovseholde.—*Boston Post.*

Don't you remember old Towser, dear Kate—old Towser, so shaggy and kind?—How he used to lay day and night by the gate, and sieze interlopers behind?

A steam fire engine in Cincinnati, the 'Citizens' Gift,' will throw seven streams of water, all at once, one hundred and sixty feet high!

How to Make Boys Love Home.

On this subject a writer in the *Ohio Cultivator* makes the following sensible remarks:

"I wish those boys loved to stay at home in the evening," said a mother in my hearing, last night; and the sigh and look of distress which accompanied her words, told plainly that her heart was deeply pained by their oft repeated absence, and she watched their retreating footsteps with a troubled countenance—and knew not what might be the company they sought, nor what evil influence might be thrown around them.

They were industrious boys of sixteen and eighteen, just beginning to fancy they were too large and too old to be longer subject to parental authority. They were not vicious or idle, but worked with a willing hand through the day, doing the work of men; but when evening came, they sought pleasure abroad, unmindful of a father's advice, or a mother's entreaty. I glanced around their home, a comfortable, farm-like dwelling, where all the wants of the physical nature were well supplied,—but as is too often the case, the food for the mind was less abundant.—A few school books, which the boys had never learned to love, a bible, and a hymn book, constituted the family library, and I was not surprised that they should leave the circle at home, and seek the cheerful throng that was lounging in the store, or join in the vulgar mirth and profane jests that went round the boisterous group.

"You are seeing your happiest days with your boy," said the mother to me, as my baby clung to my arm with the sweet confidence of infancy; "you know *where he is*, now, and have no anxiety for him now, but when he is older, he will be beyond your influence, and go, you know not where."

I thought of the old proverb, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it," and I shook my head doubtingly and said nothing. But I asked myself is it really true, as I have often heard it remarked, that parents enjoy more pleasure in the society of children in their infancy, than in youth and maturity? If so, surely there is a reason, and that reason too often the result of parental mistakes, in the early discipline of their children. We watch with delight the first dawning of intellect, await with impatience the first indistinct effort to talk, are pleased with their infantine prattle, and it seems strange that the pleasures of social intercourse should diminish with their growing intelligence.

But we cannot expect children to be, like ourselves, steady, old and careworn. Fun and frolic are essential to their happiness, and it is no injury to any one to join heartily in these sports. If we enter into their sports in childhood, and take the lead of their joys and pleasures in youth, we shall keep our own hearts young and joyous, make home the centre of attractions, and while doing much to educate their mental faculties, we shall find a far greater satisfaction in their society, than we can possibly find in the artless trust of infancy.

A few dollars judiciously expended in books and engravings suitable for your children, will do much to awaken a love of home, and I venture to assert, there is nothing will have a stronger influence in keeping "those boys" quietly at home, than to cultivate a TASTE FOR READING. Begin early. Read to them before they can read for themselves; explain what you read, and encourage them to converse with you about it. Teach them to observe the common phenomena of nature, and to study into the causes which produce the effects they see. A mother may do this herself without being a philosopher. She may awaken their curiosity upon the various objects around them, and direct them where this curiosity may be gratified, place within their reach useful and instructive books, and show by example as well as by precept that she appreciates them, and the pleasures of home will be purer and sweeter to every one of the family, and the children will seldom have occasion to seek evening amusement away from the charmed circle of home. It has been truthfully said "a good book is the best of company;" and the earlier we introduce our children into the society of *good books*, the greater will be the benefit derived from them, and the stronger will be their attachment to the social circle around the evening fire, and there will be less danger of their seeking diversion in the company of the idle and vicious. But if we neglect to make home happy, and to furnish entertainment for the intellect, be assured that the restless desire of the human mind for "some new thing," will frequently attract "those boys," and girls too, away from home in search of amusement.

Nothing ever grows *old* in memory; the little boy that died, so long ago, is an eternal child; and even as he crept over the threshold of God's gates ajar, at the beckoning of the Lord, so ever in the heart his parting look, with heaven shining full upon his brow; the beauty that the heart grew warm beholding, in life's forenoon, when dews were on the world, and played the truant with some angel, remains untouched by time, even as the unrent sky that let the wanderer in.