

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

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

VOL. VI. NO. 46.

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 306.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN.

EASTMAN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

\$1.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. Is, in addition to the above, will be charged for every 3 months that payment is delayed.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

TIME.	SIZE OF ADVERTISEMENT.				COLUMN.			
	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
One week.	50	100	150	200	2	3	4	5
Two weeks.	75	150	225	300	3	4	5	6
Three "	88	176	264	352	4	5	6	7
One month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Two months.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Three "	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Six "	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Nine "	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
One year.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

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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.

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County Surveyor. P. O. Address, Eastmanville.

COMER B. SHAW,

Notary Public for Ottawa Co. Eastmanville.

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 sts., 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 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 Groceries, 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.

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,

THOMAS B. WOODBURY, PROPRIETOR. LAMONT, OTTAWA COUNTY, MICHIGAN. Cash paid for wheat. 1233 ft.

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, Flour, Salt, Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath. Water street, Grand Haven, Mich.

For the Eastmanville Times.

New England.

I've wandered far away from thee, Where childhood's hours flew by so free, Yet thou shalt ne'er forgotten be,

New England.

Thou art not like the prairied west, In nature's wide-spread beauty drest, Yet ever be thy memories blest,

New England.

Thou art not like the south, I know, Where choicest fruits in plenty grow; But still I love thy drifting snow,

New England.

I miss thy sparkling, dancing rills, The cool, sweet zephyrs on thy hills— Each thought of thee my bosom thrills,

New England.

When scorched by summer's heat I pine To seek some cool retreat of thine, And drink where sparkling waters shine,

New England.

CATO.

Here lies a FORM; place no IMPOSING STONE To mark the BED where it has lain!

'Tis MATTER DEAD! its mission all is done, To be DISTRIBUTED to dust again.

The BODY'S but the TYPE, at best, of man, Whose IMPRESS is the spirit's deathless PAGE:

Worn out, the TYPE is thrown to P1 again, The IMPRESSION lives through an eternal AGE.

Bread Upon the Waters.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be the inmates, of the poor-house. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?"

The old white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat trembling upon him.—Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and while fortune smiled upon him he had ever been among the first to lend a helping hand to the call of distress; but now misfortune was his. Of his four boys, not one was left. Sickens and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless. Various misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True, we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken Jacob?" "Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling fingers towards heaven.

"Ah, Jacob! I know God is our friend; but we should have friends here. Look back, and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"Hush, Susan, you forgot what you say. To be sure, I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. Oh! of all kind deeds I have done for my suffering fellows; I would not for gold have one blotted from my memory.—Ah! my good wife, it is the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy. Even now I can hear again the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I see their smiles!"

"Yes Jacob," returned the wife in a lower tone, "I know that you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is a present upon which we must look—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food or starve!"

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg," he replied with a quick shudder.

"No, Susan—we are—"

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are what, Jacob?"

"We are going to the poor-house!"

"Oh, God! I thought so," fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought; but my poor heart will not bear it!"

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm.—"It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain upon earth, and let us not wear out our last days in useless repinings. Come, come."

"But when—when shall we go?"

"Now—to-day."

"Then God have mercy upon us."

"He will," murmured Jacob.

That old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts, it was by the stopping of a light cart in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the porter of the poor-house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the guardians have managed to crowd you into the poor-house. The cart is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he would need for this ordeal.—

There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-bolt to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back in his seat.

"Come—be in a hurry," impatiently urged the porter.

At that moment a carriage drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?" This question was asked by a man who entered from the carriage. He was a kind-looking man, about forty years of age.

"That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the new comer. "Are you from the work-house?" he continued, turning towards the porter.

"Yes."

"Are you after those people?"

"Yes."

"Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor-house while I live."

The porter gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him, and then left the house.

"Don't you remember me?" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to my memory now."

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?"

"Williams!" repeated Jacob, starting up from his chair, and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams. That little boy whom, thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction; that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on board one of your own vessels."

"And are you—"

"Yes—yes—I am the man you made.—You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and bad example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet flowing waters of moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in my early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted up in my bosom has grown brighter ever since. With an affluence for life, I have settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such good work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and bereavements.—I knew that the children of your flesh are all gone, but I am a child of your bounty—a child of your kindness, and now you shall be still my parent. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter, and happier.—Come, my more than father—and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred tottered forward, and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again, he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said, in a choking trembling tone, "My bread has come back to me!"

"Forgive me, Jacob."

"No, no, Susan. It is not I who must forgive—God holds us in his hands."

"Ah!" murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt Him again."

Fate of the Apostles.

St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was put to death by the sword in the city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria in Egypt till he expired.

St. Luke was hanged to an olive tree in Greece.

St. John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus in Asia.

St. James the greater was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the lesser was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple and was beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis in Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive at the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body by a lance near Malipah, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was put to death with arrows.

St. Simon Zelotes was crucified in Persia.

St. Matthias was stoned and beheaded.

SYMPATHY.—Give sympathy to the afflicted, erring brother; his troubles are more than he can bear, and he needs your heart sympathies to sustain him. It may arouse him from that slumbering apathy by which he seems surrounded, and kindle a flame of love and gratitude which ascend to heaven, as the incense of a poor crushed flower, that has been revived by the dewdrops of heaven, and gives us its sweet fragrance in return.—Then pour out thy sympathy without fear, nor mind the draft, for the fountain is inexhaustible.—The Circular.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled, by the outward touch, as the sunbeam.—Milton.

The Ocean Wave.

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.

Like an eagle caged I pine
On this dull unchanging shore—
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar;—
A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift gliding craft;
SET SAIL! farewell to the land,
The gale follows far abaft.

We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean bird set free;—
Like the ocean bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.
A life on the ocean wave, &c.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown,
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say let the storm come down,
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and waters rave;—
A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the bounding wave;
A life on the ocean wave, &c.

CURIOUS SPANISH INVENTION.—A gentleman residing in Cuba has invented a new and peculiar system of propelling vessels, and which, so far as experiments have been instituted, promises to be successful. His plan proposes the building of windmills on the decks of ships, with great wings, from which the motion is communicated to side wheels, similar to those of steamships. The models have been successfully worked; and it only remains to be seen whether the force of the wind will be sufficient, when applied, to give the vessels the velocity of ordinary sailing ships. If this problem is satisfactorily solved it is alleged that a windmill-ship will be able to sail just as well with a contrary as with a fair wind, because, it being perfectly easy to alter the position of the wings, they may always be kept contrary to the wind, from whatever quarter it may blow. The inventor has asked for the protection of a patent from the Cuban government, and as soon as it is granted, he will commence to make his experiments upon a large scale.

When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you that you may learn contentment.

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

Memory is the cabinet of imagination, the treasury of reason, the registry of conscience, and the council chamber of thought.

Flowers are the alphabet of angels, where they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.

The following passage from Carlyle is as eloquent as it is beautiful and truthful:

"There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Work, never so mammoth, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work done, will lead one more and more to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

"Consider how, even in the meanest sort of labor, the soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the day-laborer, as of every other man; but he bends himself with free vigor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves.

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness."

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

He that hath money needeth no purse.

Few things are impossible to industry and skill.

The best mode of revenge is not to imitate the injury.

Laziness travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes her.

If there be no faith in our words, of what use are they?

Among the base, merit begets envy; among the noble, emulation.

The weakest spot in any man is where he thinks himself the wisest.

Most men employ their first years so as to make their last miserable.

Past events are clear as a mirror; the future as obscure as a varnish.

Brave actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

Self-Culture.

By Miss CARRIE E. PATRICK, of Hinesburg, Vt.

A Prize Essay, read at the annual exhibition of the Green Mountain Liberal Institute.

Self-culture is the developing and bringing into symmetrical and harmonious action, all the powers of mind and heart with which the infinite Father has entrusted us. He has given us natures capable of making the highest attainments in knowledge, truth and the divine life; or of being led into the lowest depths of degradation and crime. A high and responsible trust is imposed upon us then, to which we must be faithful or the great purpose of our existence will not be accomplished. To make us faithful to this high trust is the true object and mission of self-culture.

The faculties of our nature were given us for cultivation and improvement, and unless we endeavor to develop them by every means in our power, we are recreant to duty, and unworthy of the gifts which God has bestowed upon us. This work devolves upon ourselves alone—it cannot be left for another; no one can help us in the work, if we refuse to help ourselves. It is then fitly called self-culture.

Its highest mission is the development of the intellectual, social and religious elements of our being. Each of these must receive its appropriate share of attention, as no one of them can be neglected without detriment to all.

One thinks that to cultivate the intellect is all that is necessary. To discipline the reason—make it capable of investigating and searching out the hidden lore of past ages—of understanding and originating the most abstruse theories of the present; to be able to appreciate the best thoughts of great minds; to admire the noblest works of poetry and art—this is enough to enable us to attain to the highest degree of culture. The social and religious powers of his nature are deemed unworthy of his attention. Of the sympathies and affections which bind heart to heart in social life, he knows little and cares less. He looks upon them as trifles of too little value to attract his attention.

Religion, he thinks, may do for the weak and ignorant, but not for the man of keen and cultivated intellect and enlightened reason. Speculation and the truths of philosophy are more precious than the truths of christianity or the informed life of christian faith. But he who cultivates his intellect to this extent, and neglects his other faculties which are just as much the gift of God, and just as much worthy of culture, "he has not learned to live." His fearful intellect is a worthless gift, if it is not consecrated to the benefit and improvement of humanity. It is a fearful thing, if it is not guided and subdued by religion. He may school his heart in cold philosophy; he may bow before the altar of knowledge, sacrificing everything upon its shrine; he may trample under his feet the duties and pleasures of social life, and scorn the holy and sublime truths of religion, but he leaves himself poor, weak and ignorant at last. When the hour of weariness comes—when the burden of life grows too heavy, and speculations and theories tiresome—where can he seek repose? He has neglected the sympathy of human hearts—scorned that source of strength which never fails, and in bitterness of spirit he finds that he has not yet learned the true idea of self-culture.

Another, who cultivates the social faculties only, is also left in a no less deplorable state of weakness. If he endeavors only to make the passing hour pleasant depending upon society and surrounding circumstances alone, for his happiness—he, too, fails. Every change in society effects him; the first shadow of affliction will unman him—the first blast of misfortune overpower him.

Again, the man who thinks that the culture of the religious faculties should exclude all other culture, makes a sad mistake. He cannot with impunity neglect the social and intellectual powers of his mind, even for religion; for unless both these faculties are developed he cannot receive a rational and healthy religious culture, but will prove to be an ignorant and superstitious bigot, or a blind worshipper of forms and ceremonies. If he neglects the social to cultivate both the religious and intellectual nature, he is still unfaithful to the high trust imposed upon him; for to do this he must withdraw himself entirely from society and the world. This our Creator never designed us to do, for it is precisely in the world that all these faculties should be exercised. The recluse has little to call forth admiration, or merit our gratitude; he may be ever so great, if he does not use them, and make them conducive to the well-fare of his fellow men, he is not worthy of them. Let him cultivate all the faculties of his mind in their due proportion; let the intellectual, the social, and the religious nature be brought to the highest state of perfection possible; let the intellect be strengthened by all the discipline attainable; let the social feelings have a generous and healthy action; over all the pure halo of religion and divine truth be spread—then will the noblest powers of the soul be awakened, and the true idea and mission of self-culture will be realized.—Christain Repository.