

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Volume 2.—Number 100.

Grand Haven, Mich., December 12, 1860.

Terms:—\$1.00 per Annum.

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Published every Wednesday.
BY J. & J. W. BARNES.

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
\$1.50 when left by the Carrier.

Office, on Washington Street,
(First door above the Post-Office.)
Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

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1 m.	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	40.00	45.00	50.00	55.00	60.00	65.00
2 m.	20.00	30.00	40.00	50.00	60.00	70.00	80.00	90.00	100.00	110.00	120.00	130.00
3 m.	30.00	45.00	60.00	75.00	90.00	105.00	120.00	135.00	150.00	165.00	180.00	195.00
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All kinds of Book, Card, Post-Bill, Catalogue or Fancy Printing done on short notice, and at reasonable rates. Blanks of all kinds, printed to order, with neatness and dispatch.

Patrons are respectfully solicited.
Letters relating to business, to receive attention, must be addressed to the Publishers.

J. & J. W. BARNES, Publishers.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. R. Sanford, Sheriff of Ottawa Co.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

James P. Scott, Clerk and Register
of Ottawa County, and Notary Public, Office
at the Court House.

Timothy Fletcher, Deputy County
Clerk and Register of Deeds, Justice of the
Peace and Notary Public.

George Parks, Treasurer of Ottawa
County, Grand Haven, Mich.

Atwood Brothers, Counselors at
Law, Office, up stairs, 2nd door above the
News Office, Washington St., Grand Haven.
W. S. ATWOOD. J. L. ATWOOD.

Rasch & Flebig, Wagon-Makers—
in all of its departments. Shop, corner of
Canal (west side), and Bridge Streets, Grand
Rapids, Mich. [1y n6]

American House, Muskegon, Mich.
H. W. Sears, Proprietor. This House is now
well furnished in all respects for the accommo-
dation of the public and pleasantly located
opposite the Steamboat landing. Persons visit-
ing Muskegon are invited to call. [1y n6]

Frank C. Stuart, Watch and Clock
Maker, and Repairer, Washington Street Gr.
Haven, Michigan. A New and select assort-
ment of Clocks, Jewels, Yankee Notions, &c.,
just received. Prices low and terms cash.
Patrons of the Public respectfully solicited.
Grand Haven, March 21st, 1860.—[1y n6]

J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon,
Office, second door above News Office, Wash-
ington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon,
Office at his residence, Washington street,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Augustus W. Taylor Judge of
Probate, Ottawa County. Post-Office address
Ottawa Center. Court days, First and Third
Mondays of each Month.

Charles E. Cole, County Surveyor,
Civil Engineer and Leveller. Post-Office Ad-
dress: Berlin, Ottawa County, Mich.

George E. Hubbard, Dealer in
Stoves, Hardware, Guns, Iron, Nails, Spikes,
Glass, Circular and Cross-cut Saws, Butcher's
Files; and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper, and
Sheet-Iron Ware. Job work done on short
notice. Corner of Washington and First sts.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Wm. M. Ferry Jr., Manufacturer
of Stationary and Marine, high or low pres-
sure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass
Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferryburg,
Ottawa Co., Mich. Post-Office address, Grand
Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry
Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hard-
ware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street,
Mill Point, Mich.

William Wallace, Grocer and Pro-
vision Merchant. One door below the Post
Office, Washington Street.

Cutler, Warts & Stedman, Deal-
ers in General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt,
Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath. Water St.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Miner Hodges, Proprietor of the La-
mont Furnishing Mills, dealer in Merchandise,
Groceries and Provisions, Pork, Grain and
Mill Feed, Shingles, &c., &c. Lamont, Otta-
wa County, Michigan.

Noah Perkins, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware,
Boots and Shoes, &c. Opposite the store of
J. H. Newcomb, State st., Mill Point, Mich.

J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer
in Gent's Furnishing Goods, Broadcloth, Cas-
simeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St.
next door to the Drug Store.

Lewis Porter, Manufacturer of and
Dealer in Clothing Goods. No. 16, Canal St.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shin-
gles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Of-
fice, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and
236, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Robinson & Co., Billiard Saloon, (up-
stairs), second door east of the Ottawa House,
Water street, Grand Haven, Mich.

If we Knew.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on his heart a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the checks, tear-washed are whiter—
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to others lives,
And with love toward suffering nature,
Clerical good that still survives:
So that when our derelict spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father judge us
As we judge our fellow men.

GOING ALOFT—A TRAGEDY.

Captain Basil Hall, in his miscellane-
ous writings relates an incident on board
of a British frigate to illustrate the terri-
ble cruelty inflicted upon seamen, in the
name of discipline, during the early years
of the present century. He describes a
timid boy who was so cruelly lashed be-
cause he was afraid to go aloft, that he
became a maniac, and ever afterwards ap-
peared to act without fear, running like
a monkey from mast-head to mast-head
and along the yards.

An old man-of-war's man told the
writer of this the same story many years
ago, with a sequel, which Capt. Hall has
not given. The sailor's story was in sub-
stance as follows:

"A timid boy, about fourteen years of
age, hesitated to go aloft, but by the Cap-
tain's orders was forcibly put in the main
rigging, and then a boatswain's mate was
commanded to lash him like a dog, until
he learned to run aloft. The poor fel-
low's legs and arms trembled, he grasped
the shrouds, he cried, he prayed the in-
human Captain for God's sake to have
mercy on him; but all in vain. The
boatswain's mate was ordered to lay on
harder and harder, regardless of the boy's
piercing screams, which made even veteran
seamen turn from the brutal scene with
disgust. His clothes were rent from his
back, the blood followed the lash, and
still the tyrant roared out, 'Lay on, boat-
swain's mate!' With one wild scream he
sprang from under the lash, and bounded
up the rigging like a cat, passed up the
topmast and topgallant rigging with un-
drominal speed, shinned the unrattled
royal rigging, and perched himself like a
bird alongside of the pendant which
streamed from the mast-head. Here he
paused, looking fearlessly upon the deck
below. All hands came up to see him—
his cries and cruel treatment had already
enlisted their sympathy, and if possible
had increased their hatred of the Cap-
tain.

"The monster was smiling complacent-
ly at the success of his experiment—for
he was one of those tyrants who boasted
that the cat, properly applied, could make
men do anything. Still he was appre-
hensive that the boy might destroy him-
self, and the circumstance he used against
him at the admiralty, where he knew
representations of his cruelty had already
been made. The men gazed in silence,
looking first at the boy and then at the
Captain, who was seated near the taffrail.
They dared not be seen speaking to one
another; it was a floggable offence; even
at night, spies passed under their ham-
mocks to ascertain if they whispered.
The officers walked the lee side of the
quarter deck, occasionally casting their
eyes aloft, but were as silent as the men.

"Still the boy clung to the mast head,
playing with the pendant, apparently un-
conscious of the interest he excited below.
Tired with gazing aloft, the Captain sung
out through the speaking trumpet—
'Down from aloft! Down!'

"The boy sprang upon the truck at a
bound, and raising himself erect, waved
his cap around his head, and stretched
his arms out, gave a wild, laughing
scream, and threw himself forward. The
Captain jumped to his feet expecting to
see the boy dashed in pieces on deck;
but when clear of the shade of the sails,
he saw him sliding along the main royal
stay toward the foretopgallant mast head,
and heard him laugh and chatter like a
monkey, as if enjoying the sport. He
reached the mast-head in safety, and then
descended along the topgallant backstay
hand-over-hand. The Captain looked at
him, and was about to speak, but could
not find words. The boy frothed at the
mouth and nose, his eyes seemed starting
out of his head, he reeled upon the deck

in convulsions, staining it with the blood
which still trickled from his back. He
was a maniac. The surgeon's skill in the
course of a few weeks restored his health
but not his reason. From that time for-
ward he was fearless. In the darkest
night, in the fiercest gales, he would
scamper along the decks like a dog, and
bound aloft with a speed which no one
on board could equal. He would run
over the yards without holding, pass from
mast to mast on the stays, ascend or de-
scend by the lances of the sails, and run
upon the naked studding-sails' booms.—
He was nimble as a cat, and had forgot-
ten fear. Some of the light duties aloft,
he learned to discharge in company with
the men—he did as they did, but could
not be trusted to do anything himself.
One order he always obeyed without hesi-
tation. At the command, 'Away, aloft!'
he was off and never paused until he had
reached the mast head. As he was harm-
less and rarely spoke, the Captain kept
him on board, and, in the course of the
year, sent him often aloft, for amusement.
His strength increased with his years,
but his bulk and height remained nearly
the same at eighteen as when he became
a maniac. His ribs, breast and back,
seemed one case of bone, and his sinews
and muscles made his legs and arms ap-
pear like pillared columns. He was fair,
with light blue eyes and delicate skin,
his face was oval and full, but void of ex-
pression—neither love, fear, revenge nor
pleasure could be traced in its stolid out-
lines. His eyes stared at everything
without appearing to see, and when he
spoke, there was rarely any meaning in
his words. He followed the men in their
various duties, like a dog following his
master. Whenever he was struck or
scared by a boatswain's mate, he ran up
the main rigging screaming at the top of
his lungs, and never paused until he had
performed the first evolution, which had
made him a maniac.

"As the sailor's story runs, the ship ar-
rived at Plymouth to be docked and re-
fitted. The Captain availing himself of
the leisure, was going to be married, and
the news was communicated by his ser-
vant to the cook, who soon circulated it
on the berth deck, among the men who
curse him and all his kin.

"His servant came on board the hulk
where the men were lodged, the evening
when the Captain was to be married.—
Crazy Joe, (the name the boy was known
by), met him at the gangway, and asked
intelligently if the Captain would be
married and where? The servant gave
him the information he desired, and went
about his business.

"That night, while the Captain was
undressing, he was seized by the throat
and dragged to the bridal-bed.

"'Look! fair lady on me,' said crazy
Joe, 'but do not scream, or I kill you.
Look on me! I hold within my grasp a
devil, who delights in cruelty—a merci-
less fiend who has scourged the backs of
hundreds of brave men—a ruffian who
robbed me of my reason, I hold him with-
in the grasp of death, at the very mo-
ment his black soul thought itself within
the reach of bliss. Monster! look upon
your lady—think a moment of the heav-
en of earthly joy almost within your
reach—then think of me, poor, crazy
Joe, and to the hell which I send you!'
Die, wretch, die!

"When the alarm was given the strag-
gled body of the Captain was found ly-
ing along side of the bridal-bed; but the
maniac who killed him was never recog-
nized afterward. He belonged to Corn-
wall, and probably found shelter from pur-
suit in the mines, until the excitement
passed away.

"The lady stated at the time, and many
years afterward, that the attack of the
maniac was so sudden and silent that she
knew nothing of it until the curtains were
pushed aside and she felt the pressure of
the Captain's body bent over the edge of
the bed. Joe held his victim around the
neck with the right hand and turned him
from side to side as easily as if he had
been a child, while the forefinger and
thumb of his left hand grasped her own
throat, ready to extinguish her life, if
she attempted to raise an alarm. His
face was pale and death-like, his eyes
stared, but were motionless, and every
word he uttered seemed to issue from the
depths of his soul. The Captain's looks
were terrible beyond description; death
left the impress of ferocity upon his dark-
ened features. How the maniac entered
or left the room she never knew—his de-
parture was as noiseless as his entrance.
So paralyzed was she with fear, that an
hour elapsed before she could muster cou-
rage to call for help, but she thanked God
when the Captain's cruel character be-
came generally known ashore, that she
had been rescued from his alliance.

FRUIT TREES.—There seems to be
quite a fruit fever prevailing at present.
We understand that Mr. Elliott, an agent
for the sale of fruit trees, disposed of over
10,000 trees this fall at Newark and Al-
began. Mr. Mann, another agent, has
sold some 2,000 trees here, besides what
our local nurseries have supplied. Fruit
will become one of our most important
exports.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—The editor of the
Cleveland Herald, writing home about
the ball at the opera house, Cincinnati,
given in honor of the Prince of Wales,
relates the following incident:—

Miss Groesbeck, who was the belle of
the evening, wore a white tulle dress. A
little incident connected with the fact may
not be out of place. Previous to the ar-
rival of the Prince, your correspondent
was sitting immediately behind Miss
Groesbeck and her mother. The latter
lady wore elegant diamond ear drops,
rings, and pins, while Miss Groesbeck, as
already mentioned, has not a particle of
jewelry about her person, being noticeable
from the almost entire absence of extra-
neous ornament of any kind. When one
of the officers of the evening announced
that she was to be honored with the
Prince's hand for the second dance, of
course there was a flutter among her party.
Mrs. Groesbeck quietly took off her
own jewelry and passed them to her fa-
vored daughter, but she declined them.
Her mother insisted, but with equal de-
termination and great good sense, po-
sitively refused to wear any kind of orna-
ment other than her simple dress and the
wealth of beauty which nature had be-
stowed on her.

THE FATHER OF RIVERS.—The Miss-
issippi River extends 2,100 from the frozen
regions of the North to the sunny
South, and with the Missouri river is 4-
500 miles in length. It would reach
from New York across the Atlantic ocean,
and from France to Turkey and the Cas-
pian Sea. Its average depth is fifty feet
and its width over half a mile. The
floods are more than a month traveling
from its source to its delta. The trappers
can exchange the furs of animals caught
by them on the Upper Mississippi, for the
tropical fruits gathered on the banks be-
low. The total value of steamers, boats
on the river and its tributaries is more
than \$60,000,000, numbering 1,600
boats, with more than twice the steam-
boat tonnage of England. It drains an
area of 1,200,000 square miles, and
washes the shores of twelve powerful
States. In one single reservoir at Lake
Pepin, between Wisconsin and Minne-
sota, 2,500 miles from the sea, the navies
of the world might all safely ride at an-
chor.

BUFFALO KILLED NEAR ST. JOSEPH.—
Enoch Hoyt, Esq., of this village, while
out with his rifle, a few days since, espied
a large buffalo in his path, and, without
more ado, shot him down. He was a
monstrous, shaggy fellow, and did not
succumb till three bullets had been shot
into his head. This is the first buffalo,
it is believed, ever shot in this State, and
rather larger game than is generally found
this side of the vast prairies east of the
Rocky Mountains. The huge carcass,
when dressed, weighed four hundred and
eighty pounds, and was extremely fat.
[St. Joseph Traveler.]

THE PEOPLE, says the New York
Times, are not aware of the amount of
capital lying behind the "cigar-shaped"
steamer enterprise, started sometime
ago by Mr. Winans, of Baltimore. Mr.
Winans holds property of the value of
\$12,000,000, the whole of which will be
held in readiness (though of course not
necessary) for the further prosecution of
his mania. His recent contract calls for
a steamer 600 feet in length, proportion-
ed to correspond, and finished so as to
cross the Atlantic Ocean in five day's
running time.

"Have you any domestic manu-
factures to report?" asked a census mar-
shal of the female head of a family re-
joicing in the bloom of health.

"Well, yes," said she, with some em-
barrassment in her voice and countenance,
"we have eight, with a continued pros-
pect." The marshal, who was a modest
man, blushed slightly, made the entry in
the schedule with his pencil, and asked
how many yards of rag carpet she had
made during the year!

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.—
One of the most remarkable events in ev-
ery-day life that has ever come under
our observation occurred in the suburbs
of this city during the present week. A
lady gave birth to a child, was married
and died the same day.

[Louisville Journal.]

COCKADES IN THE PULPIT.—The Clay-
ton (Ala.) Banner says that on Sunday
last, the Rev. Alexander McLendon, of
the Methodist persuasion, preached in the
Methodist church of that town, with "the
tri-color rosette conspicuous upon his
vest."

They have a mountain in Oregon
which the settlers believe to be a mass of
silver, and worth, at a low calculation, \$1-
066,600,000,000! Claims are 100 feet
front, and run to the top of the moun-
tain.

"We see," said Swift, in one of
his sarcastic moods, "what God Almighty
thinks of riches by the people to whom
he gives them."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

— Better wear out shoes than sheets.
— A man with music in his soul—A
chap with a pair of squeaking boots.

— Why is a tooth drawn like a thing
forgot? It is out of the head.

— It is asked what kind of pencil
Britannia used when she ruled the waves.

— Some people admire lightning, but
we were never struck by it.

— One old woman kissed a cow; thou-
sands of young ones kiss calves.

— Said a conceited young lady, "You
men are a covet-us set."

— Receipt for making pantaloons last:
Make a coat and vest first.

— Remember that a tremendous tho't
may be packed into a small compass.

— A good way to light some cities
with gas would be to set fire to their or-
ators.

— Life's contradictions are many.—
Salt water gives us fresh fish, and hot
words produce coolness.

— When have married people passed
through the alphabet of love? When
they reach the ba-be.

— An old bachelor is a traveler on
life's railroad, who has failed to make
proper connections.

— The old fog who poked his head
from behind the times, had it knocked
soundly by a passing event.

— The man who minds his own busi-
ness was in town the other day, but he
left immediately, he felt so lonely.

— If the bills before Congress are not
counterfeit, why should there be so much
difficulty in passing them?

— One of our exchanges has a para-
graph headed "New Publications." He
should publish a cat-alogue of them.

— "What did you give for that horse
neighbor?"

— "My note."

— "Well, that was cheap."

— A negro being caught stealing from
a hen-roost, excused himself by saying,
"Dat he only came dar to see if de chickens
sleep wid der eyes open."

— There is something inexpressibly
sweet about little girls.—Ex.

And it grows on 'em as they grow big-
ger.

— The census-taker in New Milford,
Conn., found three old maids, each two
years younger than they were ten years
ago.

— An Irishman tells of a fight in
which there was but one whole nose left
in the crowd "and that belonged to a tay-
kettle."

— Pat O'Flaherty said his wife was
very ungrateful, for when I married her
she hadn't a rag on her, and now she's
covered with 'em.

— A young lady who was perfectly
thunderstruck on hearing of her friend's
engagement, has since been provided with
a lightning-rod.

— "Wake up and pay for your lodg-
ings," said the deacon, as he nudged a
sleepy stranger with the contribution box
last Sunday.

— Mrs. Partington, hearing that a
young man had set up for himself, said:
"Poor fellow, has he no friend that will
set up with him part of the time?"

— An editor says: "On our outside
will be found some fine suggestion for
raising peaches." We suppose that on
his inside may be found the peaches them-
selves.

— An Albany barber having an im-
temperate man to shave on Sunday, beg-
ged him to keep his mouth shut as it was
a public offence to open a "run hole" on
the Sabbath.

— The following touching stanza, sign-
ed "A Scythian One," is copied from a
young lady's album:

"Fair made, when I B held ere face,
A gaze in two ere azure ice,
My love is warmed in 2 a blaze,
& thence within my bosom rise
2 big fat not week tung 2 utter,
which leaves mi hart awl in a futter."

— A swell clerk from the city of New
York, who was spending an evening in a
country tavern, cast about him for some
amusement. Feeling secure in having
the most money, he made the following
offer:

"I will drop money into a hat with
any man in the room. The one who
holds out the longest takes the whole and
treat the company."

"I'll do it," said an old farmer.

The cockney dropped in a quarter;
the countryman followed with a bung-
tong copper.

"Go on," said the cockney.
"I won't," said the farmer, "take the
whole and treat the company."

Death of Young Henry Clay.

The following extract is from the pen
of George Lippard. It recites in thrill-
ing words and with burning pathos the
circumstances attending the death of
young Henry Clay at the battle of Bu-
ena Vista:

"But most sad and yet most glorious
of all was the death of the second Henry
Clay. You should have seen him, with
his back against yonder rock, his sword
grasped firmly, as the consciousness that
he bore a name that must not die inglori-
ously seemed to fill his every vein, and
dart a deadly fire from his eyes.

"At this moment he looked like the
old man. For his brow, high and retreat-
ing was swollen in every vein, as though
his soul shone from it, ere she fled fore-
ever. Lips set, brow knit, hand firm—a cir-
cle of his men fighting around him—he
dashed into the Mexicans until his sword
was wet and his arm weary with blood.

"At last, with his thigh splintered
with a ball, he gathered his proud form
to its full height and fell. His face ashy
with intense agony he bade his compan-
ions to leave him there to die. That ra-
vine should be the bed of his glory.

"But gathering around him, a guard
of breast and steel—while two of them
bore him tenderly along—these men of
Kentucky fought around their fallen hero,
and as retreating step by step, they launch-
ed their swords and bayonets into the
faces of the foe, they said with every
blow—'Henry Clay!'

"It was wonderful to see how that
name nerved their arms and called a smile
to the face of the dying hero. How it
would have made the heart of the old
man of Ashland throb, to have heard his
name yelled as a battle cry, down the
shadows of that lonely pass.

"Along the ravine and up the narrow
path, the hero bleeds as they bear him
on, and tracks the way with his blood.—
Faster and thicker the Mexicans swarm,
they see the circle around the fallen man,
even his pale face uplifted as a smile
crosses its fading lineaments, and like a
pack of wolves scenting the frozen travel-
er at the dead of night, they come howl-
ing up the rocks and charge on the de-
voted band with one dense mass of bay-
onets.

"Up and on! The light shines yon-
der on the topmost rocks of the ravine.
It is the light of the setting sun. Old
Taylor's eye is on that rock, and there we
will fight our way, or die in the old man's
sight.

"It was the murderous way, that path
up the steep bank of the ravine! Litter-
ed with dead, slippery with blood, it grew
black as every moment with Mexicans and
the defenders of the wounded hero fell