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VAN BUREN COUNTY OFFICERS.

S. H. BLACKMAN, Register of Deeds, Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

A. W. NASH, Judge of Probate and Notary Public.

J. M. RIDLON, County Treasurer, Van Buren County.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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FARMERS' UNION INSURANCE CO., Athens, Pa.

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DRS. ANDREWS & WOODMAN, Have formed a partnership for the practice of Medicine and Surgery.

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A. HINGS & CO., Proprietors of Paw Paw Livery Stable.

S. C. GRIMES, Dealer in Groceries and Provisions.

S. A. TRIPP, LASH AGENT, will attend to the business of Copying, Drawing, Contracts, etc.

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HENRY STERN, Dealer in Ready Made Clothing.

ISMON, WARREN & CO., Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods.

T. R. HARRISON, Plain, Fancy, Job, News and Ornamental Printer.

MELODIANS, The cheapest Music, Mason & Hamlin, and Prince & Co's.

G. M. ODELL, M. D., Homoeopathic Physician.

W. B. HAWKINS, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready Made Clothing.

HUBBARD'S GREAT WESTERN SHAVING SALOON, FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

FRED. W. WILCOX, Successor to D. A. McNair, WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRUGGIST.

KATE SEVERN'S WEDDING.

From Godey's Lady's Book, for Feb.

Aunt Keturah Hemmenway always objected to my reading stage plays. Like a great many other people, however, she quotes Shakespeare herself without knowing it.

"The dew don't drop from heaven, when cousin Zadoc, who has been reading agricultural science, broke in upon me."

"It is Shakespeare, aunt," I answered. "Well, Shakespeare, must have read his Bible then," said Aunt Keturah.

"No doubt of that," I replied. "But the reader will not think I have the quality of mercy, if we are kept so long upon the introduction. I was thinking of Shakespeare, because it is he who talks about the folly of those who attempt to add a perfume to the violet."

and I was wondering what, did he live now, he would say about shooting a brace. Kate Severn and I were schoolmates and maidens together. I have done my last duty to the daisied, as a daisied, having stood up as one of her bridesmaids, and borne my share of the expense.

"I must call her Kate, however, and always shall, though Aunt Keturah had her characteristic fling, when the wedding cards came in. 'Kate Severn,' she said, with a malicious weight on the offending title of endearment. 'Why don't the girl keep her given name, since she is so soon to throw away the other?'"

"Kate Severn," she continued, with her nose turned up. "Why did not the bridegroom have his card engraved Johnny Jones, to be uniform? And what was the need of her printing at all what will be a lie next week? I wonder if Aunt Keturah does not object to contractions because the system would make her own name of affection, Tury? From that to Furry would be an easy transition, and sometimes I think not inappropriate. Still, she is a dear old lady, and who can blame her, if with our recent experience, she does not like innovations?"

She is principled against all changes. She thinks the world is in a decided state of decadence; and that nothing now is half as well done as in the days of her youth. But there is one institution which has existed from the beginning of the world, and for which modern ingenuity has been able to devise no substitute. It is destiny that men and women cleave to each other; and the most sensible way of proceeding under this necessity is to make the yoking as cheerful as possible, and invest the nuptials with all the pleasant circumstances that can be summoned. There certainly is nothing like a wedding to wake up the echoes of the country side. Even Aunt Keturah has a keen relish for matrimonial news, though she will have it that the accessories of the weddings are not half so sensible as they used to be.

she retorted. Bygones are bygones; and since she is married now, there is no harm in confessing that Zadoc came a very little in the way of more than one of us. I did think she was quite as much pleased with him as became a young woman as good as married to another. These maidenly jealousies are pleasant to talk of, and all the danger is over. But let us "haste to the wedding."

There was another thing that Aunt Keturah did not like. John Jones married out of meeting; for Katie had her preference for a "hiring minister." Aunt Keturah told John Jones, if he would only insist upon it Katie would take him on his own terms; but somehow or other the attractions of the young woman prevailed over the counsel of the old, and Catherine had it all her own way. A day or two after the wedding John Jones was waited upon according to custom by a committee of reproval and remonstrance. Katie knew well enough what they came for and as John was going in to receive his reprimand she said to him putting her hand in plain language: "John Jones, if he tells them that's sorry I'll make thee so!"

"In hastening to the wedding" we have pushed beyond it, and must now return and begin at the beginning. Catherine is not one who has grown up without enlightenment upon the sayings and doings of the fashionable world, and how they are said and done. She has usually spent her winters in the city, under some excuse or other, and has kept up read in the fashions, fast as they came in. Her was the first hoop ever seen in our village; and if Aunt Keturah's eyes did not reveal her circumference in roundness and distention, it was not because she was not astonished, but because the force of staring could no father go. All the latest inventions, all the proper ceremonies at the table and at reception from high-heeled shoes to dusting mustard out of a paper-box Catherine Severn brought to the country for a "Dear me" said Aunt Keturah, "I wish she'd get married and settle down!" The old lady did not imagine what she was wishing for. She could not have dreamed of what was coming, or she would not have desired to hasten the catastrophe. Of course, when the wedding came it must be perfectly en regle. Zadoc and I were first man and maid; the other two couples were from town. Katie had no small experience herself, having been three times bridesmaid. Aunty warned her the last time that she had better beware, or it might spoil her market. "Three times bridesmaid," they say "never a bride." But Katie has falsified the proverb, I am glad to say; for having twice obliged a friend and knowing others are waiting, I should neither like to refuse nor to lose my own chance.

Three times a bridesmaid is making a toil of a pleasure. In the city it is something even more oppressive. No lady could appear on two bridal occasions in the same dress; nor in the round of parties consequent on one wedding, could any one wear the same costume too often. Now, neighbor Severn is not mean or small, but he did begin to object. He complained not only of the wardrobe for Katie's ownself, but of the sum it cost to enable Katie to comfort her disconsolate friends the brides. "Never mind father," said Catherine "my turn will come presently."

We were all in a tremendous flutter for weeks before the wedding. I don't know how the subject became so well understood; but the impression was pretty generally circulated through the neighborhood what a wedding ought to be in these days of progress. It is learned that city bridesmaid number one intended a tea-pot and number two a sugar-bowl to match. Groomsman number was good for a cake-basket and number two for silver salt-cellars. On these hints and on shadowy intimations of what the other distinguished guests from town would do, we invited country folk had to act. The standard of gentility not only of the wedding party but of the whole neighborhood, would rest upon the show of spoons. It was a direful necessity and must be met. Nobody dared complain except Aunt Keturah; and was not she behind the age? There was nothing for it but to submit with the most ready apparent acquiescence and simulated cheerfulness. But I suspect that there were scenes between papas and mamas and their children which quite equalled the tooth-drawings by which the old barons were wont to compel money-lenders to extend their line of discounts. The sweep of a hurricane and the march of fashions are not to be checked however by any expostulation. Both are resistless; and people must submit. It is the fashion, no matter how foolish. It is the fashion no matter how expensive. Such thinking and seeking and buying and wondering and so many trips to town as were made! Our unsophisticated villagers were not at all fit to the modern gift rule. "What do you intend to present the bride?" was asked of a crusty old bachelor in town on the eve of the marriage of the first niece out of a baker's dozen. "I don't know," he answered. "If I could only find out what she don't want that would be the very it." A curmudgeon!

I won't undertake to describe the ceremony at which Zadoc and I participated, under Aunt Keturah's protest, to save appearances. She could not countenance the ceremony; but she could come to the breakfast, and did. But she said *déjeuner à la fourchette* must be French for dinner. She had breakfasted long before, and did not care who knew it. After the entertainment, Katie and her husband started on a bridal journey to the next village. It was the way to get rid of the guests, being the only approved mode of dispersion. And, after they were gone, Katie's sister undertook to show Aunt Keturah and I THE PRESENTS. Zadoc came sneaking in after us, with a strange look of half fun, half fear on his face. The bed (a present) was covered with gawaws; the toilet-table, another, stood six rows deep in trinkets; the dressing-bureau, a present also, as Miss Severn informed us was loaded; the carpet was hidden with various commodities. "Is the sister going to open a variety store?" asked Aunt Keturah, as she took a hasty survey.

Miss Severn could do nothing but acknowledge with a smile this nearest approach to a compliment which could be expected from the plain-spoken lady. Zadoc whispered to me: "It had better be an exchange bazar, where fifteen salt-spoons, six plated castors, five toast-racks, eight syrup-cups, four sugar-sifters, ten table-calk-bells, nine cork-screws, for nursery-lamps, ten pap-spoons—"

"Be still you thing!" I interrupted. "Could be changed for something she has not got, or traded for buckwheat," he persisted. "It was a various and glittering display. Napkin-rings by the dozen, from boxwood up to silver—cary-tires, two or three sets—duplicates of heavy things—and of small articles, stacks, I expected much, lavish parade astonished even me. Our village had outdone the metropolis in this its first attempt; and it was well, perhaps, for we never shall know again what can be done in this neighborhood in the way of 'silvering the bride.'"

"Well, well!" said Aunt Keturah, "this exceeds! What did the hiring minister get for his share, Zadoc? Thee knows, I suppose." "I do know, as first groomsman. It was a two-dollar-and-a-half-gold-piece, clipped at the edges." "De-vo-tion!" cried Aunt Keturah, lifting up both hands. "Don't thee swear, mother!" said Zadoc, edging towards the door, and disappearing just as the old lady seemed to be drawn towards some object which had a particular fascination. "Mr. Hemmenway's present," said Miss Severn, as Aunt Keturah held up a silver teapot, good as new, though of antique pattern—"Mr. Hemmenway's present, and universally admired as the most *recherché*. 'Re-fid-dlestick's end!' cried Aunty Tury, now fairly fumed Fury. "It's my own old ruy, that never was used since Zadoc Hemmenway that boy's father, sent it home from Paris. He never returned to see it on his own table." "Never thee mind, mother," said Zadoc, putting his head in at the door. "It's to be sent back to the owner, like everything else, except the big silver Katie bought herself, and the little knick-knacks that cost nothing."

The Frenchman turned on his heel—"Ah, my frien' zat may be ze good oys-tair, I no like him—I swallow dat oys-tair tree time."

"Blu-u-u-p," and up came the oyster, and the Frenchman danced with delight. "Ah, Monsieur! zat bad oys-tair! oui, certainment." The guest speechless with horror, ran to the bar, seized the brandy decanter, swallowed about half a pint, and mizzled—"The Frenchman followed, saying: 'Zat dam bad oys-tair.'"

[Correspondence of the Daily Pennsylvania.] WASHINGTON, January 16, 1853. Treasury Notes—The Female Lobby—The Red Petticoats, &c., Treasury notes of the denomination of \$100 are being issued rapidly—at the rate, it is said, of \$100,000 per day—and this must soon relieve the pressure. But the difficulty attending this kind of currency is that the notes are too large for every day business, and the holders of them are compelled to submit to a "shave" to get them "changed." The receipts at the treasury during the week just ended, show a steady increase, and it is generally believed that the pressure will soon be over. From every quarter of the country intelligence reaches us that the spring business promises to open well. If this should prove correct, the demand for imported goods will necessarily bring an increased revenue to the national treasury, and we may reasonably hope that a brighter day is dawning upon us, nationally and socially.

Among the institutions of Washington, is a class of female "diplomats"—"intriguers," "politicians," or "office-beggars," as you may please to call them, which, as a class, cannot be paralleled in the world. These women are generally strong minded in the fullest sense of the term. No little feminine scruples among them; no blush of modesty ever comes between them and success, but they "go in to win," on the principle that "When a woman will, she will, You may depend on't; And when she won't, she won't, So there's an end on't."

A few days ago one of these amazons arrived here to secure a position for her son, who seemed to inherit all those feminine traits which his mother lacked. True to the principles of her class she went to work. If she caught a glimpse of a cabinet officer she hailed him, if she met a senator she buttonholed him, and if she came in contact with a poor "member" she collared him. All were alike attacked and had to suffer the infliction of a woman's tongue, for half an hour at least. Heaven's, what misery! Even the President was not safe, and rumor has it that the war was carried into his sanctum, and the statesman of half a century, had to quail before the modern Xantippe. At last, in the course of events, she met a distinguished Senator from the New England States, who has a tongue of his own, and knows how to use it. Her battery was at-once opened. Round shot, bombs, shells, canister, grape and "B. B." were poured into the dignitary, without mercy, and without even a pause for breath. When she had literally "ginned out," as Sam Slick would say, the Senator asked if her son was with her. She replied by calling Spoony to her, who came like a "Squeezers" boy for his molasses and brimstone, and was duly presented.

"Is this the young man whom you want appointed," asked the Senator. "Yes, sir," the mother "and oh, sir, he'd set his heart upon it, and it will be a great disappointment, and I hope—" "Beg pardon, madam, but did you say you wanted him to enter the army?" "Yes, sir, the dragons if you please." "Well, madam, my influence is not great, but I will endeavor to serve you if you will take a suggestion of mine." "Oh! with pleasure, sir, you are so very kind." "Then, madam, from what I see of yourself and son, allow me to recommend that you apply for the commission in the dragons, and that your son be sent back to serve with the home infantry. I am sure the country would gain by the change. Xantippe glowed and swelled, but before she had time to explode the Senator was gone.

There is an English literary lady now in this city, whose dress, known in London as the "peasant costume," has caused quite a stir among the fashionables. The dress consists of a red and black striped petticoat, descending within six inches of the feet, over which is worn a dress of usual length, but looped up to the height of the skirt. A "dreadnought" overcoat, with gilt buttons, serves to keep out the cold and damp; while a straw hat screens the head, and red, genuine long-legged boots protect the feet. I do not think the dress is very neat or pretty, but it is novel and that is something. It is considered an improvement on the Bloomer costume. In all the land of a Washington winter, it is a much better dress than the street sweeping ugliness which have so long prevailed.

SCENE—An oyster cellar. Enter Frenchman.—"Sar, you keep de raw oys-tair?" Opener.—"Yes, sir; fine, fat, Prince's Bay." Frenchman.—"Tres bien, I will eat some raw oys-tair." The man opens a fine fat one, and puts it on a plate before the Frenchman, who eyes it sometime and says: "Monsieur, you call dis de good oys-tair?" "Yes sir, prime." The Frenchman swallowed it, (it was the first he ever ate,) opens his eyes and mouth, puts his hand to his bread-basket and 'Blu-u-u-p' and up comes the 'oys-tair on the plate. "Sacre dam! by gar, zat is no de good oys-tair!" "You don't put on salt and pepper, sir." "Oh! pardonnez moi!" Puts pepper and salt on the same one and swallows it—and 'Blu-u-u-p,' up it come again. "How you tell me zat oys-tair, bien?" "Why, sir, you must use vinegar." "Oh! oui! certainment! be-ne-gar-oi," and he swallows the same one again. "Blu-u-u-p" and up it comes again on the plate. Just then a gent enters. "Give us a dozen o'raw." The Frenchman turns to him. "Ah! my frien', you eat so raw oys-tair?" "Of course." "You call zat ze good oys-tair?" "Yes, fine fat one." "Ha, you tink dat is good oys-tair? suppose you eat him."

"With pleasure sir!" and the gent gave it a dart of pepper sauce and bolted it. The horrified opener stood aghape; he didn't mind 'sawing' a Frenchman, but an old customer was another thing.

Henry Ward Beecher. On our last page we publish a comment on Beecher and his preaching, from Ferguson a late Scotch traveller, which seems to us rather unjust.

We have often listened to Mr. Beecher's preaching, and our impressions were of an entirely different character. We can readily conceive that Mr. Beecher's preaching must be extremely distasteful to a certain class of churchgoers. We mean those who attend as a duty, and who prefer an easy cushioned seat, a preacher, whose sermon of measured length, is monotonously intoned in regular cadences, which have as much soniferous effect as the sleepy drone of a distant bag-pipe; whose sermons are always aimed above the heads of their audience, at some far distant sins or sinner, or who perhaps tithe the mint and cummin by putting their broadsides against the sin of dancing, or some other pretty peccadillo, leaving the sins of every business life unnoticed.

Such preaching suits the sleepy extortioner, the knavish usurer, the wily trickster, and, in short, that large class of hearers who prey upon their fellow men through the week, and go to Church on the seventh day, and lay a piece of silver on the plate for the poor, to commute for their six days knavery. Our first visit to Mr. Beecher's church was after this wise. We inquired of our landlord in New York City, the proper route to find the Plymouth church, in Brooklyn. His reply was very significant. He said, "Go down to the Fulton ferry. Cross over, and then follow the crowd." Following his direction, we found ourselves at a large, plain brick church.—Entering, we were given a seat, at once, and as we were quite early, the bell being still ringing, we had abundant leisure to observe the filling up process. First, all the pews were filled. The sextons took the liberty of filling them up, whether their owner had arrived or not. On entering we had noticed two enormous piles of chairs in the lobby. These were now brought in, and the aisles were filled.—Meanwhile, the gallery was crammed, and a sort of second gallery, or cock-loft, was also filled. Even the steps leading to the platform which serves as a pulpit, were all occupied as seats before the service commenced. After the hymn was given out, Mr. Beecher made some characteristic remarks to the members of the church and society present. It would seem that some had complained of finding their seats occupied by strangers, and of the inconvenient crowding. His remarks were slightly ironical, yet there was nothing approaching levity. After this, we had congregational singing, aided by a powerful organ and good choir, to lead and harmonize the great mass of music, as it were; the effect was very fine. The opening prayer, was in the commencement a labored strain, a sort of half-sermon, addressed, as many prayers are, to the ears of his audience; this completed, he closed with a simple touching appeal in which a large part of the audience seemed to join most heartily, and many were so much affected as to shed tears.

The sermon was plain, simple and practical. There was none of the ribaldry which others charge him with uttering in the pulpit. His action, though energetic, was natural. We saw nothing of theatrical exaggeration in his gestures or voice. He is one of the most correct speakers we ever heard. The beauty of an illustration or of a comparison is never marred by an ill chosen word, or an incorrect expression. No man possesses more fully the power of carrying with him the sympathies of his audience. We defy the hardest old shell who has a single spark of humanity left in him, to go to sleep under his preaching; and it would not be creditable to any man's candor or honesty to attempt to find fault with the precepts, or the application of the sermons we have heard from his lips.

His faults are those of an ardent, impulsive, generous nature. It would not be strange that a man who has reached such a height of popularity so young, should be egotistical. Nor is it surprising that one so ardent and impulsive should follow some jack o' lanterns in the way of Esharpe rifle meetings, showing up fugitive colored ladies, and Maine law gatherings and political stamping. We can bear with some fanaticism in one possessing so many good qualities, and with all his faults, we wish there were more such preachers. But take the narrow minded bigot whose whole being centres in a little point of intense fanaticism, and he is the most troublesome and mischievous of humans.—Omaha Register.

Split in the Nebraska Legislature. Burlington, Iowa, Jan. 16. The Omaha *Nebrascian* of the 8th contains an account of a split in the Nebraska Legislature. Twenty-one members of the Assembly and eight of the Council had gone to Florence. The majority remained at Omaha, in possession of the journals.

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to regulate when open set a-going.