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CLIPPINGS.

An impatient Welshman called to his wife, "Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be third day. This is equal to the call of the sinner's house with, 'Come, Budget, get up! Here 'tis Monday morning; to-morrow's Tuesday, next day's Wednesday—half the week gone—and nothing done yet.'"

PRENTICE pitches into a religious contemporary as follows: "The Christian editor of the Louisville Guardian says that we are doing the work of the Devil. We should be, if we had that editor upon the tines of a long pitchfork over a pile of coals."

ONE OF HIS BEST.—Everybody will recognize Prentice's wit flashing through the following:—"A Southern editor says that Mr. Buchanan is the head of the Democratic party, and Glancey Jones is tall. If that's the case, we would advise the party to shake its head and switch its tail."

It is astonishing how 'toddy' promotes independence. An old Philadelphia 'brick,' a day or two since, was found in the gutter, in a most spiritual state and was advised, in a friendly manner, to economize, as flour was going up. "Let it go up," says old Bottle-nose, "I kin git as high as flour kin, any day."

ANSWER THAT.—Clergy to a dying Miser—"You brought nothing into the world, and it is certain you can take nothing out."

What's the use then of my getting religion, to leave for my heirs to quarrel about?"

The position of the Democracy, North and South, on the English bill, reminds us of the answer given to a lawyer who asked a witness "which way did the stairs run?" The witness replied that "one way they run up stairs, but the other way they run down stairs."—Prentice.

PRETTY BAD.—A clergyman gave the following notice for a woman's right lecture: "At half past six o'clock, at the School house in the first district, a hen will attempt to crow."

Punch says, "to find out whom a child loves make it a present and notice to whom it is most eager to show that present exultingly. To find out whom a woman loves do exactly the same thing."

POETRY.

GONE. List to the midnight lull. The church-clock speaketh with a solemn tone; Both it no more than tell the time?

The air is hushed again, But the mute darkness woo to sleep in vain, O, soul! we have slept too long.

Yes, dreamed the morrow away, In visions false and feverish unrest, Wasting the work-time God has given and blest.

Conscience grows pale to see How, like a haunting fiend, My youth staves at me out of gloom profound, With rayless eye blank as the darkness round, And wailing lips which say:—

Gone—gone! The morrow is gone—the morrow is gone, Pray.

Woe for the wasted years Born bright with smiles, but hurried with sad tears!

Their tombs have been prepared By Time, that grave-man gray—Soul we may weep to count each mournful stone; And read the epitaph engraved thereon.

By that stern career's hand, Weepest not long, far Hope, Steadfast and calm, holds an heroic stand, Gaining on Time, with upward pointing hand, Take with his happy sign, Up, let us work—and pray.

Time, in whose sight the heavy ages fly Swift as a muffled snail, put where's your eye? Doth one such moment last, so let me live that no one hour may be spent, Happy in judgment on me, penitent, But in the silent land, For in my raptur'd soul, That every hour I spend, you may be To crown the bliss of Liberty.—Cassius M. Jewell.

THE LAW OF DIVORCE. CHAPTER I. "Harry, Harry, dearest, what can you be dreaming over?—you don't take the least notice of me, and I have wished you a Happy New Year half a dozen times—How stupid to keep poring over that nasty old paper, while—"

"While you want me to give you my morning's kiss, eh?" exclaimed Harry Herbert, jumping up, and hastily suiting the action to the word.

"Well, I'm sure I was there ever—and with a smile that displaced the gathering frown, the young wife playfully boxed for handsome husband's ears, and then prepared to dispense the luxuries that steamed upon her well-ordered breakfast table.

"What is it, that you find so amusing in the paper, Harry?"

"The new law of divorce, dear."

"That horrid, immoral law!"

"It's important that every one should understand it," suggested Harry.

"In case they should require to avail themselves of it!" satirized Caroline.

"Exactly?"

"Harry!"

"Yes, love."

"Why, surely you are not going to do so?"

"Indeed, I am!"

"What divorce me?"

"Not that I know of?"

"What can you mean? What have you to do with such a vile, abominable piece of nonsense?"

"You should read it, Carrie."

"Not I! I wouldn't read it on any account!"

"Ah! you little know the grievances of your sex. However, be satisfied, the interests of the children will be in good hands!"

"Good hands, indeed! This is turning marriage into a farce. To be married in a corner by a registrar—no marriage ceremony—no consecration!"

"Very convenient, when a fellow hates a fuss!" said Harry.

At this moment a servant entered, and presented a note for her master. The young counsellor started as he recognized the writing, and quickly scanning the few lines it contained, crushed it in his hand.

Then, assuming to be for a few moments lost in thought, he flung it into the grate, and rising absently, was leaving the room.

"Harry! Harry! are you going to chambers?"

"Yes, dearest! a business appointment!"

"You return to dinner?"

"No; I have an important case which will detain me to a late hour."

"But you promised to take me to the theatre."

"That must be postponed."

"Provoking!" exclaimed Carrie.

"To-morrow will do as well."

"Where are you going this evening?" asked Carrie.

"To see a strong-minded woman!"—There was a sadness in his tone, though he spoke playfully.

"You are laughing at me!"

"No, indeed! It is not a laughing matter, I assure you."

"Go along! There, fold your comforter closely; the morning is cold. But, dear Harry, pray come back as soon as ever you can."

"Yes, dearest!" and he pressed a kiss upon her lips. Before, however, he reached the hall-door, he turned, "Carrie, how about that strong-minded belle of mine?"

"Nonsense!"

"Divorce or no divorce! A two years' coming, you know! Don't forget that!"

"With you never so steady! Go, go!—that hall-door is letting in a current of air that freezes me."

"As ever, Carrie! Good morning, Mrs. Hawkeye. You'll find Mrs. Herbert in the sitting-room. I'm off to chambers."

"Exemplary young man!—always in-tent on business. Well! good morning! I'll not detain you. I've said a word to Mrs. Herbert; so, adieu! adieu!"

The visitor was a tall, raw-boned woman with thin lips, straight nose, and quick-cut eyes. She had a stealthy step too; and, hastily laying aside her bonnet, she followed Mrs. Herbert into the sitting-room, as though she were about to commit a crime.

"He's a good husband!" soliloquized the young wife. "What should I do if I were to be separated from him? Bless him! I wouldn't be divorced from him if I were to hear ever such a thing!—no, not even if I were to see—Bless me! Mrs. Hawkeye!—I was not aware you were in the room. Who let you in?"

"Don't be frightened, dear! it was Mr. Herbert."

"Harry? Yes, he's gone to chambers?"

"Men think that they can do what they will with impunity; but there are eyes and ears—and when gentlemen make love in the Hall—"

"The Hall!" exclaimed Caroline.

"Passers by can't help seeing;—and if it were my husband—"

"My husband!" the words seemed to come from the depths of the young wife's heart, and for a moment, she was transfixed; but suddenly a glow spread over her cheeks and brow, and an electric spark flashed from her eyes, as she drew herself up, and ordered Mrs. Hawkeye to quit her presence.

"This is my husband's house, madam! I am the guardian of his honor, and of his name. No aspersion on his character must be uttered in my presence. Good morning, madame!"

"Poor fool!" sneered the scandal-monger, as she unwillingly turned to follow the servant who waited to show her out.—"She had rather be deceived than convinced! What a model wife!—what a strong-minded woman!"

Caroline relaxed not a muscle until she heard the door close upon the departure of her mischievous visitor; then she despairingly threw her hands above her head, and in a very torrent of tears, sank down among the cushions which the beloved form of Harry had so lately pressed.

The indulgence of this frantic ebullition lasted, however, but a few moments.

"Convinced!" she exclaimed; "I will be convinced! I must be!—to doubt the man I love is agony! Convinced I will be!—but how? How? what was it she asserted? A lady!—kissing in the Hall! Shameless! But I'll not believe it. My Harry is the soul of honor! Yes, yes, it must be true—the world not have dared—Oh, husband, husband! What cruelty of the heart! What shall I do?—what can I? I must know all—I must or I cannot bear it!"

Suddenly, as she sat rocking herself to and fro, her eyes fell upon the crumpled note, which lay still unburnt among the ashes. To snatch it from the grate was the impulse of the moment. The writing was a woman's! One line met her eyes—only one! she staggered, as though she had received a blow. "An appointment,"

she murmured, "for what?—for what?—for a moment. There was a fierce struggle going on in her breast—face and brow flushed, then suddenly grew pale. A proud look stole over her fine features; then turning away her head, and holding the paper at arm's length, she slowly dropped it into the fire; then, placing the poker upon it, held it firmly down till it turned to ashes. Then, with a deep-drawn sigh, she turned and sought her chamber."

CHAPTER II. The evening was cold, and the winty sleet bled into the faces of the passers by as they hurried through Lincoln's Inn Fields—and the neighboring clocks were striking eight, as a lady, well shawled and veiled, passed the Turnstile, and took her way down the least frequented side of the square; until, when she had arrived at the southern corner, she drew from her bosom a small tablet, and stopped beneath a lamp to read the address which it contained.—Having done so, and carefully replaced the tiny remembrance, she hastily moved on until she came to a building where a light dimly visible, gleamed from an upper chamber. Quickly she ascended the steps, and seemed to trace with her fingertips rather than her eyes, the name of the occupant of these lighted chambers.—Scarcely had she time to accomplish this ere a cab, driven at a great speed, was heard dashing through the square, and the body could hardly start across the road and gain the shelter of the trees before it pulled up with a jerk, and Harry Herbert sprang to the ground. As the cab departed, another form glided up the step. She went on without pause, as if treading an accustomed way, looking neither to the right nor to the left, until she actually ran into Harry's outspread arms; who, greeting her with a fond embrace, seemed almost to bear her in his arms into the house.

"My poor, darling Alice!" he exclaimed,—"my suffering angel! be at peace!—You are safe within my sheltering arms!"

A sob was the reply, and then the closing of the heavy doors concealed them from the piercing eyes of the watchful wife, who stood like a pale statue, grasping the iron railing, and struggling to keep down the convulsive ebullitions of her inward suffering. Presently the light from the upper window expanded into a brighter power, and she could see the two figures reflected on the blinds.—her husband, her own Harry, with his arms entwined round the waist of his companion, who seemed to rest her forehead on his shoulder, while he read over to her a document, which, to the impatient, distracted Caroline, seemed like the fiat of eternal doom.

"Will this trial never end?" she muttered between her clenched teeth. "Yes, they are extinguishing the lights." The door opens; they issue forth; her Harry supporting still the female form who leans on him with assured familiarity; they proceed on, on, followed by the wife; who is close upon them; she hears words of en-

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and prices.

Table with 2 columns: Description of blank forms and their prices.

couagement—words of affection; she could almost touch them but they see her not. She follows on. "I will see the end although I die at their feet," she murmured. Ah! they turn down a mean street—they stop. The house is small; the door is open; they enter; the wife stealthily creeps on up the narrow stairs. They pause; it is at the door of a small back chamber. They pass in, but not before Caroline's eagle glance had scanned the interior. Her knees are knocking together—her heart leaps as though it would burst its bounds, and then suddenly stands still—her mouth is parched; and, if it was to save her life, she could not utter a sound, or move from the spot, where she is alone sustained by grasping the banisters. Suddenly, Harry speaks; "What says he?" It was Caroline's heart that asked. The reply! life hangs on the reply! Ah! the blood flows again; it circles through her veins; it flushes her pale cheek; it is a man who answers.

The apartment into which Harry Herbert was conducted by his companion, was small, but neatly furnished, yet it bore strong evidence of the intellectual struggle between refinement and poverty; a bright fire, however, glared in the grate, and a cherub boy reclined upon the rug, busily engaged in copying his mother's drawings.

As they entered, a man met them from an inner apartment; he looked wasted and worn; his feet pained him; he left their traces upon his features; still, there were present the remnants of remarkable beauty; and though his eyes sunk before the stern gaze of Harry Herbert, he struggled to control his inward emotions, and to put on an air of hardihood. He even attempted to extend his hand; but Harry seemed not to perceive it, as in a hasty tone he inquired, "How is it that see you here?—here, in the presence of the woman you have disgraced?"

"Wherever my wife is, there I have a right to be!" said the ruffian, with a defiant gesture; "and I dare you, lawyer as you are, to put me out!"

"I am here, sir!" indignantly exclaimed Harry, "to protect my sister!" A low sigh might have been heard; but those in the chamber were too excited to notice it.

"She married you much against my advice, for your youth gave no good promise; but had I known even a tithe of her distress, you should never have had the opportunity to oppress her, as you have done!"

"You dare not prevent my doing what I please with my own. She is my property, as much as if she were my dog or my horse! I can chastise either as I please!"

"Miscreant! twice you have robbed your poor victim of her home, twice driven her forth with her child, friendless and homeless!"

"Why didn't her friends take her in?"

"Because they did not choose to shelter you!"

"Ah, be sure you know right well that wherever she was, I could not be refused admittance."

"We will help her, but we will not support you!"

"Wherever she has a home, there I go. Whatever she earns, I put in my pocket, and no law nor judge can prevent me."

"And this is your determination?"

"It is."

"This day, released from a degrading punishment for a brutal assault upon your helpless wife, you returned for the third time to renew your persecutions?"

"'Tis my right, if I choose to do it. I don't say that I mean to do it; but, if I choose, I can."

"And so, because your friends are disgusted with your conduct, and society closes its doors against you, you presume to believe that your victim will still receive you?"

"She can't help herself—she must, whether she likes it or no!—and he laughed a mocking laugh. "She has no resource but the work-house, and I don't suppose her relations will let her become a pauper to get rid of me."

"Better that than your slave, Frank," exclaimed Alice.

"Be silent, woman," shouted Frank, "and speak when you're spoken to."

"Such was indeed the law," said the young counsellor; "but, by the document I hold in my hand, all that is altered. She has appealed to the law, and she is relieved from your tyranny. Only by her own weakness can she ever again be subjected to your vile presence. Cheer up, Alice,—for she had sunk; trembling, into a chair,—"none dare molest you.—Be but true to yourself, and the laws of your country will finally relieve you from an unworthy husband."

Frank looked from one to the other, doubtfully. "Is this true, Alice? I know you would not deceive me?"

"Quite true, Frank. You know my provocation!"

"Yes, yes; I don't deny I've been a villain to you!"

Harry put into his hands a legal document. Frank slowly read it to the end; then it dropped upon the floor.

"Will you then, cast me off? Can you Alice? Look at our boy! Does he not plead for his father?"