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T. R. Harrison

The True Northerner,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

By T. R. HARRISON,

TERMS:

One Dollar per year in Advance.

One Dollar and fifty cents if not paid in six months

JOB WORK.

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True Northerner.

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Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. Goods sold at the lowest figures, all kinds of produce taken in exchange. Store at the old stand of E. Smith & Co. Please give them a call.
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Manufacturer of and dealer in Winsor Cottage and common chairs. Turning repairing, &c. executed at short notice. Stone lime for sale and constantly on hand. Shop opposite the Methodist Church, in the new cabinet shop.
Paw Paw, July 30, 1857 120ly

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Opposite the Court House, in Paw Paw, may be found a good assortment of BOOTS & SHOES, manufactured to suit the trade and warranted to suit. Also, a choice selection of FAMILY GROCERIES for sale cheap by T. A. GRANGER,
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Have formed a co-partnership for the practice of medicine and surgery. All calls promptly attended to day or night. 10

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Late of the firm of White & Metcalf, Utica, N.Y.,) Surgical and Mechanical Dentist. All operations performed in the best manner, and with new and improved instruments. Office over J. M. Hubbard's Music Store, corner of Main and Burdick streets, Kalamazoo. 21tf.

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Of the best quality, latest styles, and of superior finish, manufactured to order at the shortest notice, and the lowest possible price at my shop.
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Manufactured to Order, from Eastern Tanned Stock, and warranted to suit. Also a choice assortment of Ladies' fine Gaiters suited to the season, and prices to correspond with the times. Shop opposite the Court House, Paw Paw, adjoining the Post Office. Cash paid for Hides and Pelts.
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BY
H. M. AUSTIN,
MATTAWAN, MICH.

Exchange Hotel,
BY
A. V. PANTLIND.
Corner of Main and Kalamazoo Streets,
PAW PAW, MICH.

CLIPPINGS.

☞ A lady's pocket was picked in Cincinatti in a very adroit and scientific manner. The lady had, in buying something, taken out a well lined pocket-book; a stylish young man saw her and the pocket-book, and when the lady stopped next, to examine some edibles, he dropped a dime in front of her. She thought it came from her purse, stooped over to pick it up, and in so doing the pocket of her dress opened wide enough for the fellow to insert his hand and abstract the pocket-book. Before the spectators of this piece of audacity recovered their surprise, the thief was gone.

The great trial of steam plows at Decatur, Ill., has resulted in the complete triumph of Fawke's plow. The correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* closes his letter thus:

"You can now say to the farmers of Missouri and Kansas, that the steam plow is a fixed fact, and that the day of oxen and prairie plows is near its close; that like the old stage coach, they must move further west, for the iron horse has been hitched to the plow and trained to furrow and the time of mules and oxen shall be 'no more forever.'"

USE OF A COMMA.—A clergyman was lately depicting before a deeply interested audience, the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by saying:

"A young lady in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sabbath, while I was preaching the Gospel in a state of beastly intoxication!"

☞ The committee on banks in the Indiana legislature has been instructed to report a bill prohibiting the circulation by the banks of that or any other State within the limits of that State of bills of a lesser denomination than ten dollars.

The French flag waves over London and the Britishers are agitated. The Duke of Malakoff hoisted the French Flag over his residence at the Albert Gate. The papers say no other ambassador ever did such a thing. They don't like it.

POETRY.

The "Washing of the Feet," on Holy Thursday, in St. Peter's.

Once more the temple-gates lie open wide:
Onward, once more,
Advance the Faithful, mounting like a tide
That climbs the shore.

What seek they? Blank the altars stand to-day,
As tombstones bare:
Christ of his raiment was despoiled; and they
His livery wear.

To-day the puissant and the proud have heard
The "mandate new":
That which He did, their Master and their Lord,
They also do,

To-day the mitred foreheads, and the crowned,
In meekness bend:
New tasks to-day the sceptred hands have found;
The poor they tend.

To-day those feet which tread in lowliest ways,
Yet follow Christ,
Are by the secular lords of power and praise
Both washed and kissed.

Hail, ordinance sage of hoar antiquity,
Which She retains,
That Church who teaches man how meek should be
The head that reigns!

Arrest of an Indiana Wife-Poisoner at Windsor!—Full Particulars in Regard to the Prisoner!

Yesterday officer Tuttle, of the detective Police of this city, arrested a man from Montgomery county, Ind., charged with poisoning his wife, and placed him in the hands of the Sheriff of that county, who departed with his prisoner last evening.—The circumstances of the case are as follows:

The prisoner, whose name is Jonathan S. Owen, is about fifty years of age, and owns a farm of two hundred acres, worth $6,000, in a township in the county of Montgomery, Ind., where he has resided for thirty years. He has been for a long time an active member of the Methodist church, and always maintained a high character for integrity and uprightness, until the unfortunate affair transpired for which he has been arrested. About fifteen years ago his first wife died very suddenly, having been in apparent health up to the time of her death—though on account of the respectable standing of Owen, little suspicion of foul play was excited among his neighbors at the time. After a decent period had transpired, he was married again, and the sudden and unaccountable death of his first wife became forgotten, or only alluded to by the incorrigible old gossips, who never allow such occurences to sink into oblivion, as long as they can find listeners around "the winter's hearth," in whose wondering ears they may pour their doubts, fears and horrible surmisings. So long had Owen occupied a prominent position in the church, where he was a constant attendant, making long prayers and giving liberally, and so firmly was his reputation for honesty and integrity established in the community where he dwelt, the faintest breath of suspicion could not reach him. For fourteen years Owen lived with his second wife in apparent domestic felicity. A smiling Providence seemed to attend him in all his undertakings—his worldly possessions increased, he ranked high in community for probity and honor, and he was looked upon by his neighbors as a prominent example of the happy results of a virtuous and peaceful life.

Some time during last fall his wife was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. Physicians were sent for, who after inquiry into her symptoms, administered the proper antidotes for poison, and she recovered. The neighbors thought she had taken some kind of poison accidentally, and suspicion never once fell upon the upright and remarkably pious Owen. A few weeks after she was picking up chips near where her husband was chopping wood, and the sharp axe descended and struck her *accidentally* on the side of the head, inflicting a dangerous but not mortal wound. The husband was grieved beyond all measure, and excited universal commisseration in the neighborhood, by his fears lest it should result in the loss of his wife. Being of a vigorous constitution, she recovered from the effects of the blow, and resumed her accustomed health. It was observable then that in relating the circumstance Owen told two different stories. One was that she got under the axe accidentally as it was descending, the other that the axe flew off the handle and struck her, but this discrepancy was easily attributed by his unsuspecting neighbors to the disturbed condition of his mind, caused by the unfortunate calamity. So universally kind had he been to her during the many years they had been married, that the woman herself had no misgivings on the subejct, and was satisfied with any explanation he might make.

On the 27th of November last, the poor wife, who had twice stood at the very portals of eternity, died. People insisted on talking about it. They said it was very sudden and very singular. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that she was perfectly well the day before, and wove one-and-a-half yards of carpeting. Then her former unaccountable sickness, and the blow on the head with an axe, were remembered. Old gossips recalled the singular death of his former wife, and horrid surmisings and whisperings of dreadful deeds began to fill the air. Owen said he thought she must have died from the effects of the blow with the axe, and after she was buried stated that he himself removed a piece of the skull one inch long by half an inch in width. Strange the doctors hadn't observed it! Evidently reading suspicion in the faces of his neighbors, and desiring to allay it, he was the first to broach the subject of a *post mortem* examination, and expressed a regret that it had not been held before interment.

After four days had elapsed, and the neighbors were satisfied he had no intention of acting in the matter, the Coroner came, and the body was exhumed While the examination was being held, Owen mounted a horse and made post haste to the residence of a brother of his, in a neighboring county. From there he went to the nearest railroad depot, and left the horse at a hotel, with orders that it should be delivered to certain parties, if called for. In the bar-room he was reported to have swaggered, talked politics, laughed, drank, and acted very unlike the pious and orderly citizen he had been so long *acting*.

About the 9th or 10th of this month, a son of Owen, living at home on the farm, received a letter from Detroit, enclosing a power of attorney, certified to by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of this county. The letter [illegible] Owen, directing the son to sell the [illegible] what he could get, and send the [illegible] to him at once.—This furnished [illegible] his whereabouts which resulted [illegible] discovery and arrest.

We should [illegible] before that the *post mortem* [illegible] of his wife established the [illegible] she had been poisoned beyond a doubt [illegible] the presence of a large quantity of [illegible] was discovered in her stomach, [illegible] where he bought it was [illegible] there was no fracture of the skull [illegible] his story about removing a portion [illegible] a sheer fabrication.

A warrant was [illegible] procured by the Sheriff of the county, Wm. H. Schoolar, who proceeded to Indianapolis and obtained a requisition from Gov. Willard, for the arrest of Owen. He arrived in this city [illegible] and called at once upon Tuttle & Champ, the excellent detective officers of this city, and secured their services. Officer Tuttle being furnished with a minute description of the man, went across the river, and, aided by officers Brandt and Rost, soon got track of Owen. They traced him to Sandwich, where he hired a horse and buggy to ride into the country a dayor two before. Believing that he was expecting a letter from his son, either at Detroit or Windsor, officer Tuttle placed Brandt on the watch at the latter place, who, yesterday afternoon, had the satisfaction of seeing him enter the Essex House.

Information was at once brought to officer Tuttle and Sheriff Schoolar, who proceeded to Windsor and arrested him, he being instantly identified as Jonathan Owen, charged with the murder of his wife. As soon as his eyes fell upon the Sheriff, who was a neighbor and acquaintance, his knees shook and the perspiration started out in large drops all over him. His agitation was painful to behold

He is a large man, young looking for his years, and has few of the appearances usually ascribed to "Bluebeards." As our Indiana neighbors have few scruples on the question of capital punishment, he will doubtless expiate his crimes upon the gallows.

Like most affairs of the kind, there is a woman at the bottom of it. Developments have been made since the flight of Owen, which show improper intimaces with a young woman of the neighborhood, and which may furnish a clue to his conduct.

☞ Several clergyman in New York have initiated the practice of preaching to the people at places of popular resort.—On Sunday, four thousand people assembled at the Academy of Music, where Piccolomini had reigned in opera all the week, to listen to a sermon of the Rev. Dr. Adams. Hereafter, there is to be religious service every Sunday on the stage of the National Theatre, Chatham street, where during the week evenings the most intense blood-and-thunder dramas are presented, for the delectations of the rough b'hoys and g'hals who frequent that section of the city.

☞ The Louisville *Journal* says: The Indiana Senatorial question has not yet become a finality in the United States Senate, for its Judiciary Committee on the last day of its last session was instructed to inquire whether further legislation on that subject was necessary, and it should be borne in mind that a majority of the Senate never voted on the admission of Messrs Bright and Fitch.

☞ Mr. Buchanan has a well known aversion to hairy-faced people, and it is stated that the office-seekers acting upon the hint, present themselves invariably smooth shaven. It is noted in this connection that the practice of shaving in Europe originated in a desire to please a French monarch whose beard was not yet grown.

Religious Exercises in the New York Theatre.

Some evangelical clergymen of New York are attempting to do good by using places of popular amusement, as a means of reaching classes which cannot be drawn into the churches. For this purpose they have obtained permission to preach at convenient times at some of the theatres.—The exercises at the National Theatre on Sunday Evening, are thus described by the *Post*:

At seven o,clock last evening, the National Theatre was crowded, many of the audience not being able to get seats.—The pit was crowded with the boys, who seemed to be of opinoon that they were to have an entertainment without being obliged to pay the preliminary shilling, and were ready to make up the deficiency by acting as *claquers*. Scattered among them were some dozen policemen, with bamboo wands, which might have been used to a good purpose. Captain De Camp had attempted to preserve order by keeping out all but 'respectable boys.' As the hour approached, the call for the performers, usual to the theatre, was made.—Presently four gentlemen entered from the northern side of the stage. "Which is he?' asked one boy. "That fourth Shanghai,' said another. "Fetch him out,' was the reply. A hearty cheer was now given. Conspicuous on the stage were captains Hartt and De Camp.

The Rev. Mr. Hiscock, of the Station Street Baptist Church, advanced to the desk and was greeted with applause. He paid a tribute to the generosity of Mr. Purdy, in permitting the use of his theatre gratuitously, and said that so long as the attendance and interest would justify, the Sabbath evening meetings would be continued He also thanked the police for their interest, and dilated on the benefit of having a Church and Sunday School in every block in the 4th Ward; to which Captain De Camp bowed assent. He then gave out the hymn:

"This is the day the Lord hath made," &c.

Which was sung by the congregation, the boys swelling the chorus, rather unmusically, [illegible] hurrah rent the air.

The speaker then said he would read a few verses from the 7th chapter of Matthew. The restlessness continued, unawed by the police, or the presence of the volunteers who attempted to aid in producing order. Prayer and singing followed, and the preacher announced his text—"The wages of sin is death." He was narrating the anecdote of the boy who carried his mother's Bible with him, and became a good and rich man; when the boys, delighted at the climax, endorsed the sentiment by prolonged applause. This was too much for De Camp; he left the stage and appeared in the rear a few minutes afterward, a proceeding which was followed by a thinning out of the congregation in the pit.

The rest of the services were continued with more quiet; but the singing, no matter how denunciatory the hymns, were favorites with the juveniles, who declared that they beat everything at the Bowery. The boys seemed to like the preacher, but could not resist their propensity for uproar and fun. At half past eight the benediction was pronounced.

A ROYAL GOURMAND.—The present king of Naples is said to be the greatest gourmand in the world. At one time, not many years ago he invented a particular *consomme* for his own particular enjoyment, the mode of making which was as follows: You took a round of beef, into which you introduce a round of veal, which in its turn served as the envelope to a turkey, whilst inside the turkey lay fowl, inside the fowl a pheasant, then a partridge, then a wood cock, then an ortolan, and last of all—what think you?—why, last of all, just filling up the almost impossibly small place—an anchovy! Here lay the great art, and a certain famous cook named Beppo, was the individual whose special business it was to send up to the king once a day the phenominal teacupful of gravy produced, as the above mentioned cook of cooks used to observe, "by an anchovy encased in an ox!"

☞ The South is looking up! It is announced with due flourish, that the screw steamship, Scotia, from Havana, has arrived at Savannah, Ga., in search of freights for Liverpool. She was the first steamship seeking freight for Europe ever in Savannah! According to the Richmond Enquirer, an attempt is to be made to establish a line of screw steamers between New Orleans and Liverpool.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—The present military force of the United States consists of nineteen regiments of the line, composed of the following corps: Five regiments of cavalry, four regiments of artillery, ten regiments of infantry—making a grand aggregate of thirteen thousand rank and file of all arms. This little army covers an area of over two millions of square miles being equal to two-thirds the area of all Europe.

Punch gives a whole homily when it says:—"Scandal is a visitor who never calls without bringing her work with her."

Old Hundred.

If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to Heaven, how often has he heard the declaration—"They are singing Old Hundred now." The solemn strain carries us back to times of the reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his stentorian lungs rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch, the eternal heavens. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with the faith's immortality. Hence it cannot die. Neither men nor angels will let it pass into oblivion.

Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lay, that have not sung that tune? If they were gray old men, they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babies, they smiled as their mother rocked them to sleep, singing "Old Hundred" Sinner and saints have joined with endless congregation where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on the sacred air.

The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it. The sweet young girl, whose tombstone told of sixteen summers—she whose pure innocent face haunted with its mild beauty—loved "Old Hundred," and she sang it, closed her eyes, and seemed communing with the angels who were soon to claim it. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of God, and he who, with the white hand placed over his laboring breast, loved "Old Hundred;" and though sometimes his lips only move, way down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding.—The dear white-haired old father, with his tremulous voice, how he loved "Old Hundred." Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm-chair; his hands crossed over the head of his cane, his silvery locks floating off from his hallowed temples, and a tear stealing down his care-worn, furrowed cheeks, that thin, quivering, faltering sound, now bursting forth, now listening for in vain? If you do not, we do, and from such lips, hallowed by four score years' service for the master's cause, "Old Hundred" sounds, indeed, a sacred melody.

You may fill your choirs with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost most as much—but give us the spirit-tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by old and young together.—Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the bed of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation have worshipped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried and laid before the alter, where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower top; the air is haunted with its spirit.

Think a moment of the assembled company who have at different times and in different placed joined in the familiar tune. Throng upon throng—the strong, the timid the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, the rapt faces all beaming with inspiration of the heavenly sounds.

"Old Hundred!" king of the sacred band of "ancient airs!" Never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee. And when we get to Heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strains that welcome us may be—

"Be thou, O God! exalted high!"

☞ Some plodding genius has discovered, while spending his own time, that the word time itself, when artificially transpared or metagramatized, will form the following words meti, emit, item. And if the afore-named and its anigrams be placed in the following quadratic position, they will form what may be termed an angramic palindrome.

TIME,
ITEM,
METI,
EMIT,

This word is the only word in the English language that can be thus arranged, and the different positions, therefore, are all at the same time Latin words. These words in English, as well as in Latin, may be read either upwards or downwards.—The English word time, item, meti, and emit (to send forth,) are mentioned above and of the Latin, ones: 1. Time signifies fear thou; 2. Item, likewise. 8. Meti, to be me sured; 4. Emit, he buys.

MARRIAGE OF KINDRED.—A bill has passed the House of Representatives of Georgia by a vote of 57, prohibiting the intermarriage of first cousins, under a severe penalty, and cutting off the inheritance of issue. The Preamble to the bill assert, that many deformations of mind and body are of congenital origin from the practice of near kindred's intermarriages with each other.

☞ New York has had eighteen Governors since she became a State, nine of whom are still living, viz: Seward, Van Buren, Throop, Bouck, Fish, Hunt, Seymour, Clark and King.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—A lady in Portland, Me., has just returned a few beets she borrowed fifty years ago of a neighbor, promising to return them in a few days.