East Saginaw Courier.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY

East Saginaw Courier,

GEO. F. LEWIS, Proprietor.

published every Tuesday morning at the City of East Saginaw, Michigan.

TERMS:—$1.50 a year Invariably in advance.

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One square (16 lines or less) 1 week,	$1.00
" " each succeeding week,	25
One fourth Column, 1 Year,	$20.00
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D. W. C. GAGE, P. M.
East Saginaw, Feb. 19, 1862.

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East Saginaw, August 1, 1860.

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The attention of the public is respectfully called to the advantages offered by this well known Company. With solid cash assets amounting to nearly One Million Dollars, and a successful business experience of more than half a century, a security is offered to the assured second to none. Dwellings and Farm property insured for a term of years at reduced rates of premium

CHARLES B. MOTT, Agent.
East Saginaw, Nov. 22, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

THE SHADOW ON THE WAY.

"The angel of the Lord stood in the way."

Lighted by a light mild and fair,
I see my path a little way;
There is no fairy brightness there,
But the blue skies of quiet day—
The morning light, the common air,
Are over it alway.

I have my griefs, I have my fears—
Share of the storms that come to all;
But the strong arm of love upbears
My heart, whate'er befal.
My soul is prodigal of hope,
My life doth sit and watch intent
To see some special blessing drop,
Whence all good things are sent.
Yea, of such wishes, giant-strong,
Some one or two lay hands on me;
Hard would the combat be, and long,
My heart from their close grasp to free.
Even though God's voice, the strife among,
Sent its last call to me.

O quiet days, O gentle life,
O love, most dear and kind of all!
Mercy and hope, and blessings rife,
Make shadows slow to fall.
Yet sometimes clouds, a frowning line,
Will steal across those kindly skies;
And now and then some tears of mine,
Under this fair and soft sunshine,
Make rainbows to mine eyes.

I see my path a little way,
Unburdened upon any hand,
And smile's of April's coming day
Steal, gleaming, o'er the land.
What is it, then, amid this light,
That stands upon the road afar,
Both in the day and through the night,
Outwatching every star?
A thing of dimness and of shade,
The hidden face I cannot see;
But only feel my steps waylaid,
And know he waits for me.

Nor voice, nor speech, nor any sound,
Comes through this softening air of spring,
No forward footsteps o'er the ground
On the still echoes ring.
No haste—O heaven! faint grows my heart,
To see the calm of this sure fate:
We haste on our uncertain part,
But God's fixed will can wait.

Morning and night, and joyous noon,
Unchanging here his place he holds,
Hiding his form from sun and moon,
In these great mantle folds.
My thoughts have failed in every wile;
No choice is mine; faint as I may,
I cannot 'scape one lingering mile,
I must not bate one timid day;
My path is on, till, frown or smile,
I meet him in the way.

Death has ne'er crossed our household gate,
Nor ever once came near to me;
Methinks it were a happy fate,
To know him first, if this were he.
While yet no vacant place is here,
While yet no hope is hopeless grown,
Shadow, if this be thou, appear
In thine own shape—I will not fear
To go with thee alone.
O ye who know his mien of old,
Who have looked in, with bated breath,
Within his mantle's solemn fold!
Tell me if this be death?

I see thee in the evening glooms,
O shadow of my onward way!
Clouding these quiet household rooms
Through many an undawned day:
There's weeping on some dearest faces,
Some hearts are sad and silent grown;
And out from these familiar places
Myself am past and gone.

Yet are my thoughts not always thus;
I see thee in another time,
Thy veil'd hands full of flowers for us,
Gifts of life's flush and prime.
Sometimes, while one may draw a breath,
An angel, gliding on the way,
Holds back thy veil, and lo! beneath
Thou art not grief, thou art not death,
But in thy mantle grey
Dost only shroud and hoard awhile,
Such gifts of price, most sweet and bright,
As make thee fain to veil with guile,
Through many a lingering day and night,
The beaming of the conscious smile
With which thy face is bright.

O shadowed form! O hidden face!
Thou mak'st no haste approaching me,
But day by day, with steady pace,
Nearer I draw to thee;
And whatsoe'er thy name may be,
Whithersoe'er thy coming tends—
Or if my pathway passes thee,
Or at thy fated station ends—
Thou know'st what 'tis thou bring'st to me,
I know who 'tis that sends.

"I HOLD STILL."

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULICS STURM.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in angu'sh shivers
And trembles at the fiery glow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be:
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me:
So I say trusting, As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master-hand:
So I say praying, As God will!
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

THE SNOW-STORM.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN OF POUSHKINE.

About the year 1811—a period so memorable in the history of Russia—there lived on his domain of Nenaradof a rich proprietor named Gabrilovitch.—He was noted for his kind disposition and hospitable habits. His house was at all times open to his friends and neighbors, who resorted there in the evenings—the elder ones in order to enjoy a quiet game of cards with their host and his wife Petrowna; the younger, in the hope of gaining the good graces of Mari, a fair girl of seventeen, the only child and heiress of Gabrilovitch.

Mari used to read French romances, and, as the natural and necessary consequence, was deeply in love. The object of her affection was an almost penniless young ensign belonging to the neighborhood, and then at home on leave, who returned her love with equal ardor. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the young lady's parents had strictly forbidden her to think of such an alliance; and whenever they met the lover, they received him with about that amount of friendliness which they would have bestowed on an ex-collector of taxes. Our young lovers, however, managed to keep up a correspondence, and used to meet in secret beneath the shadow of the pine-grove or the old chapel. On these occasions, they, of course, vowed eternal constancy, accused fate of unjust rigor, and formed various projects. At length they naturally came to the conclusion that, as the will of cruel parents opposed their marriage, they might very well accomplish it in secret. It was the young gentleman who first propounded this proposition, and it was most favorably received by the young lady.

The approach of winter put a stop to their interviews, but their correspondence went on with increased frequency and fervor. In each of his letters, Vladimir Nicolevitch conjured his beloved to leave her home, and consent to a private marriage. "We will disappear," he said, "for a short time; then, some day, we will go and throw ourselves at your parents' feet, who, touched by our heroic constancy, will exclaim: 'Children, come to our arms!'" For a long time Mari hesitated. At length it was agreed, that on a certain day she should not appear at supper, but retire early to her room, on the pretext of a violent headache. Her waiting-maid was in the secret, and they were both to slip out through a back-door, near which they would find sledges waiting to convey them to the chapel of Jadrino, about five versts distant, where Vladimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations, and written a long letter of excuse to her parents, Mari retired at an early hour to her room. During the day she had complained of a headache, which was certainly more than a pretext, for nervous excitement had made her really ill. Her father and mother watched her tenderly, and constantly asked her: "How do you feel now, Mari; are you still suffering?" Their fond solicitude went to the young girl's heart, and with the approach of evening her agitation increased. At dinner she ate nothing, and soon afterwards rose to take leave of her parents. They embraced her, and, according to their usual custom, gave her their blessing.—Mari could scarcely refrain from sobbing. When she reached her chamber, she threw herself into an arm-chair, and wept aloud. Her waiting-maid tried to console and cheer her, and at length succeeded.

There was a snow-storm that night: the wind howled outside the house, and shook the windows. The young girl, however, as soon as the household had retired to rest, wrapped herself up in thick mufflings, and, followed by her maid, carrying a valise, gained the outer door. They found a sledge, drawn by three horses, awaiting them; and having got into it, they started off at a rapid pace. We will leave them to pursue their journey, while we return to Vladimir.

All that day he had been actively employed. In the morning, he had visited the priest of Jadrina, in order to arrange with him about performing the ceremony; and then he set off to procure the necessary witnesses. The first acquaintance to whom he addressed himself was a half-pay officer, who willingly consented to what he wished. "Such an adventure," he said, "reminded him pleasantly of the days of his youth." He prevailed on Vladimir to remain with him, promising to procure for him the other two witnesses. Accordingly there appeared at dinner the geometrician Schmidt, with his moustaches and spurs; and the son of Captain Ispravnik, a lad of seventeen, who had just entered the Uhlan corps.—Both promised Vladimir to stand by him to the last; and the happy lover, having cordially embraced his three friends, returned to his dwelling, in order to complete his preparations. Having despatched a servant on whom he could rely with the sledge for Mari, he himself got into a one-horse sledge and started for Jadrino. Scarcely had he set out, when the storm commenced with violence; and soon every trace of the road disappeared. The entire horizon was covered with a thick yellow cloud, whence fell masses rather than flakes of snow; and soon all distinction between land and sky was lost. In vain did Vladimir try to find his way. His horse went on at random, sometimes climbing over heaps of snow, sometimes falling into ravines. Every moment the sledge was in imminent danger of being upset; and, in addition, the pleasant conviction forced itself upon Vladimir that he had lost his way. The wood of Jadrino was nowhere to be seen; and after two hours of this sort of work, the poor horse was ready to drop from fatigue.

At length a sort of dark line became visible in front; he urged his horse onwards, and found himself on the borders of a forest. "O," he exclaimed, "I am all right now; I shall easily find my way to Jadrino." He entered the forest, of which the branches were so thickly interlaced that the snow had not penetrated through them, and the road was easy to follow. The horse pricked up his ears, and went on readily, while Vladimir felt his spirits revive.

However, as they say in the fairy tales, he went on, and on, and on, and yet could not find Jadrino. His poor tired steed with the utmost difficulty dragged him to the other side of the forest; and by the time he arrived there, the storm had ceased, and the moon shone out. No appearance, however, of Jadrino: before him lay extended a large plain, towards the centre of which the poor traveller descried a cluster of four or five houses. He hastened towards the nearest, and, descending from the sledge, knocked at the window. A small door in the shutter opened, and the white beard of an old man appeared.

"What do you want?"

"Is it far to Jadrino?"

"Jadrino! about ten versts."

At this reply, Vladimir felt like a criminal condemned to execution.

"Can you," said he, "furnish me with horses to go there?"

"We have no horses."

"Well, then, a guide: I will give him whatever he asks."

"Wait, then," said the old man; "I'll send you my son."

The window was carefully closed, and a considerable time elapsed. Vladimir, whose impatience became quite uncontrollable, knocked again loudly at the shutter.

The old man re-appeared.

"What do you want?"

"Your son."

"He's coming; he is dressing himself. Are you cold? Come in and warm yourself."

"No, no; send out your son."

At length a young lad, with a stout stick in his hand, made his appearance, and led the way across the snow covered plain.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Vladimir.

"Day will soon break."

The sun's rays, indeed, had begun to gild the east, and the village cocks were crowing when they arrived at Jadrino.—The church door was closed. Vladimir, having paid and dismissed his guide, hastened towards the priest's dwelling.—What was he about to hear?

Let us first inquire what was going on in the mansion of the master of Nenaradof. Just nothing at all. In the morning, the husband and wife got up as usual and went into the eating-room—Gabriel Gabrilovitch in his woollen vest and his night-cap, and Petrowna in her dressing-gown.

Tea was served, and Gabriel sent a maid to inquire for Mari. The girl returned with a message that her young mistress had passed a restless night, but that she now felt better, and was coming down. In a few minutes Mari entered and embraced her parents.

"How do you feel, my poor little one?" asked her father.

"Better," was the answer.

The day passed on as usual; but towards evening Mari became very ill and feverish. The family physician was summoned from the nearest town, and when he arrived he found his patient in a high fever. During fourteen days she continued on the brink of the grave.

Nothing was known of her nocturnal flight, as the waiting-maid, for her own sake, was prudently silent on the subject; nor did any of the other accomplices, even after having drunk wine, breathe a word on the subject, so much did all parties dread the wrath of Gabriel. Mari, however, during her delirium, raved so incessantly about Vladimir, that her mother could not doubt that her illness was caused by love. She and her husband consulted some of their friends on the subject; and, as the result of the conference, it was unanimously decided that Mari was destined to marry the ensign—that one cannot avoid one's fate—that riches do not insure happiness—and other fine maxims of the same kind.

The invalid recovered. Vladimir, during her illness, had never appeared at the house; and it was determined that his unexpected good-fortune should be announced to him—that he should be told that he was now free to marry his beloved. What was the astonishment of the proud owners of Nenaradof, when they received in reply a letter from the young ensign, in which he declared that he would never enter their dwelling again, and prayed them to forget an unhappy being, for whom death was the only refuge!

A few days afterwards, they learned that Vladimir had rejoined the army. It was in 1812. No one ever mentioned his name to Mari, nor did she herself allude to him in any way. Two or three months elapsed, and one day she saw his name mentioned amongst the officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Borodino, and who were mortally wounded. She fainted, and had a relapse of fever, from which she slowly recovered.

Not long afterwards, her father died, leaving her the reversion of his whole property. Wealth, however, brought her no consolation; she wept with her mother, and vowed never to leave her. They left their residence at Nenaradof, and took up their abode on another estate. Numerous suitors thronged around the rich and lovely heiress, but to none of them did she vouchsafe the slightest encouragement. Her mother often implored her to choose a husband: but she silently shook her head. Vladimir was do more: he expired at Moscow on the eve of the day the French entered that city. To Mari, his memory seemed sacred: she treasured up the books they had read together, his drawings, and the notes he had written to her—everything that could perpetuate her remembrance of the unhappy young man.

About that time a war, glorious for our country, ended. The triumphant regiments returned from the frontiers, and the people rushed in crowds to greet them. The officers who had set out as mere striplings, came back with stern martial countenances, their brave breasts covered with orders. Time of ineffaceable glory! How the heart of the Russian then bounded at the name of his country.

A colonel of hussars, named Vourmin, wearing in his button-hole the Cross of St. George, and on his face an interesting paleness, came to spend a few months' leave of absence on his estate, which joined that where Mari was residing.—The young girl received him with far more show of favor than she had hitherto bestowed on any of her visitors. They resembled each other in many particulars: both were handsome, pleasing, intellectual, silent, and reserved. There was a species of mystery in the demeanor of Vourmin, which piqued the curiosity and excited the interest of the heiress. He evidently admired her, paid her every possible attention—why did he never speak of love? He had acquired a habit of fixing his bright dark eyes on hers, half in reverie, and half with an expression that seemed to declare the approach of a decisive explanation. Already the neighbors spoke of the marriage as a decided business; and Petrowna rejoiced at the thought that her daughter would at length have a husband worthy of her.

One morning, when the good lady was seated in her drawing-room, Vourmin entered and inquired for Mari.

"She is in the garden," replied Petrowna. "You will find her there, if you wish to see her."

The colonel went out hastily; and Petrowna, making the sign of the cross, murmured to herself: "God be praised! I hope everything will be arranged today."

Vourmin found his lady-love dressed in white, seated beneath a tree, close by a lake, with a book on her knee, like any heroine of romance. After the interchange of a few commonplace sentences, Vourmin, with considerable agitation, told her that for a long time he had been desirous of opening his mind to her, and now prayed her to listen to him for a few moments. She closed her book, and cast down her eyes in token of assent.

"I love you!" exclaimed Vourmin—"I love you ardently!"

Mari bent down her head a little more.

"I have committed the imprudence of seeing you, of listening to you, every day." (Mari recollected the first letter of St. Preux.) "Now it is too late to resist my destiny. The memory of your sweet face and gentle voice will form henceforward the joy and the torture of my existence; but I have a duty to fulfil towards you. I must reveal to you a strange secret, which places between us an insurmountable barrier."

"That barrier," murmured Mari, "has always existed. I could never have become your wife."

"I know," replied Vourmin in a low voice, "that you have loved; but death, and three years of mourning——dearest Mari, do not take from me my last consolation; do not deprive me of the happiness of thinking that you might have been mine, if not"——

"Hush!" cried Mari. "Cease, I conjure you; you pierce me to the heart."

"Yes, I *have* the consoling thought that you would have been mine. But I am the most unfortunate of men—I am married!"

Mari raised her eyes with a look of amazement.

"I am married," resumed the colonel—"married these four years, and I neither know *who* my wife is, nor *where* she is, nor whether I shall ever meet her."

"What can you mean? What is the mystery? But go on, I beg of you; I will tell you afterwards"——

"Here, then," said the colonel, "are the facts. In the year 1812, I was going to Wilna, to join my regiment. I arrived one evening at a station, and had just given orders to have the horses immediately harnessed, when suddenly there arose a violent snow-storm. The master of the house and the postillion both strongly advised me to defer my journey; but, tempest or no tempest, I was resolved to push on. The postilion took it into his head that he could shorten the way by crossing a river whose banks he knew very well. However, he missed the right ford, and brought me to a place which was totally strange to him. The storm continued to rage, but at length we descried a distant light. I hastened towards it, and found myself outside a church, whence the light proceeded.—The door was open. Sledges were waiting outside, and several persons were standing in the porch. One of them called to me: 'This way! This way!' I got out of my sledge, and entered the church. One of the people in the porch said:

"'In the name of Heaven, what has delayed you? The bride has fainted and we were all on the point of returning home.'

"Half bewildered and half amused, I resolved to follow up the adventure. Indeed, I was allowed no time to deliberate, for my impatient friends hurried me into the interior of the church, which was faintly lit up by two or three torches. A girl was seated on a bench in the shadow, while another standing beside her was rubbing her temples.

"'At length,' said the latter: 'God be praised that you are come! My mistress was near dying.'

"An old priest approached, and said: 'Shall we begin?'

"'O, begin by all means, my reverend father!' replied I, giddily.

"They assisted the young girl to rise; she seemed very pretty. Through a levity quite unpardonable, and, as it now seems to me, inconceivable, I advanced beside her to the altar. Her servant and the three men who were present were so much occupied about her, that they scarcely glanced at me; besides, the light, as I have said, was very dim, and my head was enveloped in the fur hood of my travelling pelisse.

"In a few moments we were married.

"'Embrace each other,' said one of the witnesses. My wife turned her pale face towards me. For an instant she gazed as if petrified, then, falling backwards, she exclaimed:

"'It is not he! It is not he!'

"Out of the church I rushed, before the astounded priest and the bridal-party had time to think of arresting my flight. I jumped into the sledge, and soon left all pursuit behind."

"And," said Mari, "did you never ascertain what became of the poor woman?"

"Never. I do not know the name of the village where I was married, nor can I recollect that of the station where I last stopped. At that time, so little importance did I attach to my criminal levity, that, when all danger of pursuit was over, I fell asleep in the sledge, and did not awake until I found myself at another station. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle, so that every clue seems lost by which I might discover the scene of that folly which I now expiate so dearly."

Mari turned her pale face fully towards him, and seized his hands.

"What!" cried Vourmin, "was it you?"

"Don't you recognize me?"

A long and close embrace was the reply.

SOUND SENTIMENTS.—With all of Henry Ward Beecher's idiosyncrasies, he has said some sensible things during the war, and the following are some of them. In a discourse on Sunday, the 13th inst., at Brooklyn, New York, he said:

"In alluding to such as are confined in our military prisons, unconscious of what is charged against them, he deprecated in unmeasured terms the action of any government, and especially of this government, which should take away, without trial and without verdict, the dearest rights and liberties of the people. He did not believe that it was well, or in any way justifiable, to confine for weeks and months, in the dark depths of a dungeon, men who might, if opportunity was offered, prove themselves absolutely guiltless of the crime charged upon them.—He considered such trifling with the rights of the people dangerous to our liberties and dangerous to our institutions, and when people were found willing to submit to it, it was more dangerous yet.

"Nor did he believe in the muzzling of the press. Under certain extreme conditions he thought it might with moderation be tried, but it was far better to let the press alone; it was with us an absolute necessity, and it would be as senseless to take away the air from our prisons as from us the right of printing. 'If this is treason,' said he, 'I shall be a traitor again and forever.'"

There are no real, genuine lovers of the Union and of our free institutions, who will not applaud the sentiments above expressed, and insist that they be practically carried into execution.

THE LITTLE ONES.—Do you ever think how much work a child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter round—to us, so aimlessly. Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling, reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as, with one arm over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. Tireless through the day, till that time comes, as the maternal love that so patiently accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real or fancied.

A busy creature is a little child. To be looked upon with awe as well as delight, as its clear eye looks trustingly into faces that to God and man have essayed to wear a mask. As it sits down in its little chair to ponder precociously over the white lie you thought it 'funny' to tell it. As rising and leaning on your knees, it says, thoughtfully, in a tone that should provoke a tear, not a smile—"If I don't believe it." A lovely and yet a fearful thing is that little child.

A correspondent of the Jackson *Mississippian* promises to take the stump to raise volunteers if his friends will find him a horse. Certainly if he does take the stump, his friends will find him an ass.

A physician accounting for the Southern rebellion ascribes it to the heat of the sun, as it was nothing but a rash breaking out.