

One Dollar per year in Advance. One Dollar and fifty cents if not paid in six months.

Plain, Fancy, Ornamental, (in colors or not,) executed with neatness and dispatch, at this office.

DIRECTORY.

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, Van Buren Co. Conveyancing and other business...

CHANDLER RICHARDS, Attorney, Solicitor and Counselor at Law, Prosecuting Attorney, and Circuit Court Commissioner...

J. M. RIDLON, County Treasurer, Van Buren County, Notary Public, &c., will attend to the purchase and sale of Real Estate...

T. R. HARRISON, Plain, Fancy, Job, News and Ornamental Printer, Handbills, Posters, Cards, Ball Tickets, &c....

Dr. W. Brown can be found at all times at his rooms over Isison, Warren and Co's Store, and is prepared to execute elegantly and well, all kinds of work in the line of his profession...

S. C. GRIMES, Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, Fish, Fruit, Nuts, Palets, Oils, Yankee Notions, Woolen and Cotton Goods, Confectionery, Cigars, Drugs and Medicines, Books and Stationery...

F. W. SELLECK, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Goods sold at the lowest figures...

HENRY LUCAS, Manufacturer of and dealer in Window Curtains and Case work, and in repairing, &c., executed on short notice. Stone line for sale and constantly on hand...

E. G. BUFLER & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in American, English and German Hardware; also, Iron, Nails and Glass; Cooking, Parlor and Box Stoves; Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware...

A. T. METCALF, (Late of the firm of White & Metcalf, Utica, N. Y.) Surgical and Mechanical Dentist. All operations performed in the best manner...

C. M. ODELL, M.D., Homoeopathic Physician, Surgeon, dentist, and Obstetrician. Also, dealer in Books & Stationery. He may at all times be found at his Residence on the corner of Niles & Paw Paw at directly south of Chas. Sellick's.

E. SMITH & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Groceries, &c., &c. Long Brick Store, Corner of Main and Kalamazoo sts., Paw Paw, Michigan. 151.

M. P. ALLEN, Manufacturer of and dealer in all kinds of Cabinet Ware, consisting in part of Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Lounges, Toilet, Washing and Light Stands, &c., &c. Coffins made to order. Ware-rooms opposite the M. E. Church, Main-st. 27.

A. BANGS & CO., Proprietor Paw Paw Livery Stable. Horses and Carriages at all times to let. Passengers conveyed to any part of the country with dispatch. Stable in rear of Exchange Hotel. Terms moderate. 283 1/2.

BENJAMIN SIMMONS, Clock and Watch maker, and Jeweler, Mattawan, Michigan. Repairing done in the best manner and on reasonable terms. 150-1/2.

W. R. HAWKINS, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, &c. Store, south side Main street. 4-1/2.

SHINGLES Wanted in old and new subscriptions, at the NORTHERNER'S OFFICE.

True Northerner.

VOL. 4. NO. 5.

PAW PAW, MICH., FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1858.

WHOLE NO.

LAWTON BUSINESS CARDS.

D. E. SWEET, Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of Cabinet Ware, consisting in part of Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Lounges, Toilet, Washing and Light Stands, &c., &c. Coffins made to order...

G. P. SMITH & BRO., Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Fish, Fruits, Confectionery, Cigars, Palets, Oils, Glass, Dye Stuffs, Yankee Notions, Perfumery, Drugs and Medicines, Wooden and Willow ware, Pure Liquors for Medicinal and Mechanical purposes...

MONUMENTAL MARBLE, 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...

J. L. CHASE, Commission Merchant, and Dealer in all kinds of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries, &c., &c. All of which will be sold to suit customers.

SIMMONS & DARLING, Dealer in Sash, Blinds and Doors, and all kinds of Cabinet Ware, at the Steam Saw Mill.

DRS. SEXTON & DEWEY, Have formed a co-partnership for the practice of Medicine and Surgery in all its departments. All calls promptly attended to, day or night.

Stratagem. Three ragged, wretched toppers stood shivering upon the street corner; they had not a penny between them, and neither had drunk a drop—within half an hour...

"I have an idea! We'll all go into the next shop and drink." "Drink!" replied his companions, "that's easily said; but who's to pay?"

Following the speaker's directions, his two companions entered an adjoining rummery and called for whisky skins. The place was kept by a Dutchman.

"How are ye?"—to the Dutchman. "How do ye?" said the Dutchman. "Toper No. 1 glanced suspiciously at toppers No. 2 and 3, and beckoned the proprietor aside."

"Do you know these men?" he asked, mysteriously. "The Dutchman stared. 'I know no more as dat dey call for de whisky skins.'"

"Don't take any money of them," whispered No. 1. "Sir? I not take money for the whisky skins?" said the astonished landlord.

"No. They are informers." "Hey Informers?" "Yes; they buy liquor of you so as to inform against you."

"Ah! I understand," said the Dutchman. "Dey not catch me." Thank you, sir. You take sometin?"

"I don't object;" and topper No. 1 took a swig with his companions. "What's to pay?" quoth topper No. 2, putting his hand in his empty pocket.

"Nothing," said the Dutchman. "Me no sell liquor. Me keeps it for my friends." And having smiled the supposed informers out of the door, he manifested his gratitude by generously inviting the supposed anti-informer to take a second glass.

A farmer in Virginia, who had been digging a well, was called away from home, leaving none but two boys on the premises. During his absence, a favorite horse by accident got into the well which was about twelve feet deep, and of sufficient diameter to allow the horse standing room. The boys set their young brains to work to get him out.

"The youngest only nine years old, suggested an amendment, which was immediately adopted. Large quantities of straw were convenient, which the boys pitched in to fill the well, the prisoner tramping it down until he could walk right out upon straw bail.

AN ITEM FOR BEER DRINKERS.—In Chicago, the other day, a lager manufacturer was caught bathing in his vat by one of his customers, who inquired: "For heaven's sake, sir, what are you doing in there?"

"I ish makin' myself vell," said the bather. "I ish very pad mit the scratches, an' so I puts myself in every day dis tree week, an' de scratches ishy no pad. In mine gootry ve knows peer ish goot for de skin, an' it don't hurt to peer—shust as goot for frink."

POETRY.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYNS. She is modest but not bashful, Free and easy but not bold, Like an apple, ripe and mellow, Not too young and not too old.

She has studied human nature; She is schooled in all her arts, She has taken her diploma, As the mistress of all hearts.

When to sigh, and when to smile, Oh, a maid is sometimes charming, But a widow all the while.

Are you sad? how very serious Will her handsome face become: Are you angry? she is wretched, Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb; Are you mirthful? how her laughter, Silver-sounding will ring out; She can lure, and catch and play you Like the angler does his trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty, Who have grown so bald and wise, Young Americans of twenty, With the love-locks in your eyes, You may practice all the lessons Taught by Cupid since the fall, But I know a little widow Who could win and fool you all.

A FORCED SALE.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

It was a tempestuous night, the winds whispered fearfully—and hailstones whose size threatened to demolish, the windows rattled against them with a pertinacity, as if to test their strength. In the parlor of an old-fashioned house beside rather a comfortable fire on such a night, was seated the family of Mr. Sutherland, consisting of himself, wife, daughter and a faithful maid servant.

"This had the desired effect, no one seemed willing to bid against the unfortunate man, who started it at ten dollars. Twenty was bid by Mr. Clifford; twenty-five by Mr. Sutherland; and the bidding was silenced the anxious parents, and the family piece of furniture was knocked down to the new possessor of the house.

"Sir," said the stranger, as much as I respect your feelings, and the sympathy of this good company, I cannot, may, I will not alter the determination made when I first entered this house.

"And pray what may that be?" "To purchase everything in it, and by heaven I'll go though I pay double the price."

"Strange," muttered Mr. Sutherland as he found his family in another part of the room. The stranger fulfilled his promise, actually brought everything from the house itself, down to the very axe in the cellar!

"After the sale was over, and the company had retired, Mr. Clifford requested the auctioneer to go with him into an adjoining room, after the lapse of a few moments, they both returned to the parlor, where the family still remained. The auctioneer looked around and gave them a knowing smile, and as he left the room was heard to say, 'I never heard of such a thing as a forced sale. Ha! ha! ha!'

"You are now, observed Mr. Sutherland to Clifford, the owner of this house and furniture; they were mine once—but let that pass."

"I understand you, sir, but will not long remain your tenant, I was going to observe however that here are a few articles which I am anxious to purchase. That side-board for instance is a family relic, I will give you fifty dollars the price you paid for it, and I feel assured under the circumstances, you will not refuse me this man."

"I cannot take it, sir." "Obdurate, ungrateful man!" "Will you not let me buy my piano sir?" "Lambly asked Ellen, he will give you the price at which it was sold."

"It is painful to me young lady, to refuse even this. I will sell nothing—not even to a wood-saw in the cellar."

"Then Mr. Clifford," said Mr. S. "we have no father business here. Come, my dear Ellen, get your bonnet—that is your band box—let us quit the house; we are not even free from insult. Where is Mary?"

"I am here, sir, the key of my trunk is lost, and I am fastening it with a rope." "Stop my girl, methinks I purchased that trunk," coolly observed the stranger. "Mr. Clifford, I am not so old but that I can resent an insult—nay, will if you

ple flocking to the house of Mr. Sutherland—some out of sheer, heartless curiosity, friends of the family, who come with mockery on their lips, and empty purses, others with an interest to purchase; but among the crowd showed the least desire to aid, assist or sympathize with the distress of the family. This is the world; we laugh at the misfortunes of our fellow creatures, and ever work their distress, by witnessing in silence their misfortunes. The auctioneer was now making his arrangements by flourishing his hammer, riling his eyes and using his tongue to the crowd gathered around him. The house was put up first, it was accurately described—free from all incumbrance and subject to a very small house rent.—It was started at five thousand dollars.—There were several bidders, all of whom seemed desirous to purchase it.

Seven thousand five hundred dollars was at last bid, upon which he dwelt for a moment. Mr. Sutherland compressed his lips together, and muttered to himself "It cost my father fifteen thousand dollars."

Seven thousand five hundred dollars, going—once—twice—three times—for the last time going—"Eight thousand."

Thank you sir, going at eight thousand once—eight thousand, twice—eight thousand three times, going, gone! What name?

Clifford, was the response; and all eyes rested on a tall, noble looking man, who remained silent during the rapid bidding of the speculators, and who, as the whisper went round, was a total stranger.

"It is gone," whispered Mr. Sutherland to his wife as he pressed her hand in silent grief, "we have no home now."

Now gentlemen, said the auctioneer, we will sell the side-board, in regard to which I am requested to say by the creditor, it is an old family piece, and it is the wish of the owner to retain possession of it if possible. I merely mentioned it as it is known to you under what peculiar circumstances the things are sold.

This had the desired effect, no one seemed willing to bid against the unfortunate man, who started it at ten dollars. Twenty was bid by Mr. Clifford; twenty-five by Mr. Sutherland; and the bidding was silenced the anxious parents, and the family piece of furniture was knocked down to the new possessor of the house. A gentleman who stood by remarked that the act was a cold heartless one.

"Was it?" sarcastically asked Mr. Clifford, then sir why did you not buy it for him?"

"Mr. Sutherland was much affected by this incident. He little knows how he lacerated his heart. But I will purchase the piano for my child."

He stepped up to Mr. Clifford and told the desire he had to purchase the piano for his daughter, and he hoped that he would not bid against him.

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carry this arrogant and to conduct, much farther, it has been to me and my may say the oldest I have maintained with us through our us in our distresses, not our purse but with her hands; she as a servant, but one of the there is, thank heaven, not tinction in poverty that exists of blessed wealth. Here, here nothing but what we are on our master and servant are equal. She is a part of my family, and I will protect her from insult. That trunk is hers and who dare to take it from her? Not you sir!"

Mr. Clifford arose cast his eyes upon Mary, who at that moment, rose from the floor, for a moment they gazed on each other in silence.

"And she, you say, has been to you a friend?"

"Indeed she has, a kind and noble one."

"Mr. Sutherland stay one moment; my good girl put down that trunk; take a seat madam; permit me to hand you chair; Mr. Sutherland will you be seated? I have yet something more to say. When you requested me to give up the wish I had to purchase that side-board, I told you it was my determination to buy it, and I tell you now that I will not sell it."

"This Mr. Clifford, need no repetition."

"Aye, but it does; and when that young lady made the same request for her piano, my answer was the same. Stop sir, hear me out; no man would act so without a motive; no one, particularly a stranger would court the displeasures of a crowded room and bear up against the frowns of many with out an object, now I had an object, and that was—be seated sir; Madam, your attention—that object was to buy this house and furniture for the sole purpose of restoring them to you and to yours again?"

"Sir, is not this cruel jest?" "Is it possible?" exclaimed the mother and daughter.

Amazement took possession of Mary, and her trunk fell to the floor, with a crash which she gathered up and thrust back without any regard to the manner in which it was done.

"The auctioneer," continued Mr. Clifford, "has my instructions to have the matter arranged by the morrow. In the meantime you are at home, Mr. Sutherland—you are in your own house, and I the intruder."

"Intruder, sir? Oh, say not that! I will not tell you what a relief it is to me but I am yet to know how I am to repay you for all this—and what could have induced you, a total stranger, thus to step forward. Ah, a thought strikes me—gracious heaven! Can it be! Look on Mr. Clifford—nay, start not." The stranger actually recoiled from the glance of Mr. Sutherland's eyes. "Look on me, sir; has that girl—that innocent girl—who stands trembling there, any interest in this generous act of yours? I speak sir, that I may spurn your offer, resent the insult."

"I will not deny, sir, but she has."

"Me father—dear father! I never before saw that gentleman's face!" "Say not so, Miss—"

"Sir—I—indeed father, I—"

"Remember ten years back; call to mind a light haired boy, who you called—"

"Brother?" "Gracious heavens! Henry my boy—"

"Is here; I am your long lost son."

Need we add more? Our readers can readily imagine that a more cheerful fire blazing on the earth, and Mary the faithful servant, was not forgotten in the general joy which prevailed on the occasion.

WESTERN ENTERPRISE.—The following extract, taken from the message of the Mayor of Quindaro, K. T., will give our readers a pretty good idea of the character of our enterprise and progress.

"The growth of our city is a compliment to the energy and enterprise of our citizens. Aside from what the 'Quindaro Town Company' has done, there have been improvements which to any people save those who have witnessed the rapid changes which transpire in the west, would seem incredible. One year ago the eye was greeted only by rugged hills covered with a dense and stately forest through which ran a few Indian trails; now instead of these trails, there are regular laid out streets, and the hills have been and are being graded; the primal forest has been supplanted by buildings, erected at an aggregate cost of one hundred thousand dollars, the majority of which are substantial, and some of which are ornamental structures, comprising two churches, one school house, one steam saw and lath mill, one brewery, two hotels, several mechanic shops, twenty-three mercantile houses of various kinds, and nearly one hundred private residences. These of one year's labor are proud evidences of the energy which nerves, and the spirit of enterprise which animates our people."

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and prices. Includes 'One square, (12 lines or less), one insertion', 'One square, each subsequent insertion', etc.

Table with 2 columns: Description of blank forms and their prices. Includes 'Warrant Deeds', 'Bill Heads', 'Blank Notes', etc.

Description of Jesus Christ. The following letter is said to have been written by Publius Lentulus, while governor of Judea, and to have been sent to the Roman Senate. The translation we give is free, but as it is the popular one, we adopt it:

"There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the Immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped; his aspect amiable and reserved, his hair flows in beautiful shades, which no united colors can match, falling in graceful curls below his ears, agreeably crouching on his shoulders, and parted on the crown of his head, like the head-dress of the sect of the Nazarenes. His forehead is smooth and his cheeks without a spot, save that of a lovely red. His nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin, and parted in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear and cerulean. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, brave and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh, but the world has frequently seen him weep; and so persuasive are his tears, that the multitude cannot withhold their sympathy with him. He is very modest, temperate and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may be in the end, he seems at present a man of excellent beauty and divine perfections, every way surpassing the children of men."

This letter, which has done more than any document now in existence, to form the opinion of the world as to the personal appearance of the Savior—it being the source from which painting and sculpture have drawn the beautiful and god-like images, which they have transferred to marble, was first found in a manuscript of the four gospels executed in the fifteenth century, and preserved in the library of Sena. The letter is given as a sort of preface or introduction to the gospels, and is beautifully written out in letters of gold—with that species of golden ink known in the "dark ages," the art of manufacturing which has since been lost. It is introduced with these words inscribed: "We are assured that in the times of Octavianus Caesar (Augustine,) Publius Lentulus, proconsul of Judea under King Herod, wrote to the Roman Senators the following letter, which was found later by Eutropius, and published in his annals of Rome."

Who this Eutropius was, is not settled. There was a historian of the name who wrote an abridgement of Roman history in the fourth century, and who died in 390; of whom some say he was a christian, from the circumstance that he relates that Julian persecuted the christians, but without shedding their blood. However this may be, it is certain that the latter, so far as ascribed to Publius Lentulus, is not genuine. There never was a Publius Lentulus proconsul, or more properly procurator of Judea, at any rate not during or shortly after the birth of Christ. The immediate predecessor of Pontius Pilate was Valerius Gratus, who was sent out to Judea in the year 15, and was succeeded by Pontius Pilate, A. D., 26; who continued procurator of Judea till the year 38, four or five years after the death of Christ, when he was sent into exile.—His successor was Marcellus, so that history says nothing of Publius Lentulus in this connection.

Nevertheless, though not genuine, the letter embodies the substance of the ancient tradition in regard to the person of Christ. Its description tallies in the main with that presented by all the oldest portraits of the Savior, particularly with that the very ancient and interesting one found in the Roman catacombs in the chapel of the cemetery of St. Callixtus.—The famous French antiquary, Raoul Ruyter, gives the following account of it: "The most ancient image of Christ, executed by a Christian pencil, which the ravages of time have permitted to come down to our day, is, without doubt, that which is seen on the vault of a chapel in the cemetery of St. Callixtus, and which is published in the collection of Boetard. The Savior of men is therein represented in bust, after the manner of the ancient *imagines Apollonae* of the Romans. Under this hieratic, or sacred priestly form, which appears to have been already fixed at that early epoch, just such as is found in the monuments of Christian art throughout the entire Byzantine period, Christ is represented with the face of an oval figure, somewhat elongated; his physiognomy grave, sweet and melancholy, his beard short and sparse, his hair separated at the middle of the forehead, and falling upon his shoulders in two long masses; precisely as you see him represented five on different car-