

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and prices for various services like printing, bookbinding, and stationery.

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

VOL. 4. NO. 9. PAW PAW, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1858. WHOLE NO. 165.

JOB WORK.
Plain, Fancy, Ornamental, (in colors or not),
executed with neatness and despatch, 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.

CHANDLER RICHARDS,
Attorney, Solicitor and Counsel at Law.

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

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

DR. W. BROWN,
Dentist, Dr. W. Brown can be found at all times at his rooms.

S. C. GRIMES & CO.,
Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Fish, Fruit, Nuts.

P. W. BELLECK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready Made Clothing.

HENRY LUCAS,
Manufacturer of and dealer in Winsor Cottages and cane-seat chairs.

AT THE CITY STORE,
Opposite the Court House, in Paw Paw, Mich.

E. G. BUTLER & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in American, English and German Hardware.

G. P. GORTON,
Dealer in Crockery, Glass and China-ware, Paper Hangings.

C. M. ODELL, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician, Surgeon, and Obstetrician.

E. SMITH & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods.

M. P. ALLEN,
Manufacturer of and dealer in all kinds of Cabinet Ware.

A. BANGS & CO.,
Proprietors Paw Paw Livestock, Horses and Carriages.

BENJAMIN SIMMONS,
Clock and Watch maker, and Jeweler, Mattawan, Michigan.

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

DRS. ANDREWS & WOODMAN,
Have formed a co-partnership for the practice of medicine and surgery.

AMBIOTYPES,
Taken in the most superb and life-like manner, and put up in superior.

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.

G. P. SMITH & BRO.,
Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Fish, Fruits, Confectionary, Cigars, Paints, Oils, Glass, Dye Stuffs.

MONUMENTAL MARBLE,
Of the best quality, latest styles, and of superior finish, manufactured to order at the shortest notice.

J. L. CHASE,
Commission Merchant, and Dealer in all kinds of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries, &c.

SIMMONS & DARLING,
Dealer in Sash, Blinds and Doors, and all kinds of Cabinet Ware.

HAMILTON ROSSNE,
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Cabinet Ware, consisting of Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables, Lounges, Stands, &c.

DRS. SEXTON & DEWEY,
Have formed a co-partnership for the practice of Medicine and Surgery in all its departments.

A. T. METCALF,
(Late of the firm of White & Metcalf, Utica, N. Y.) Surgical and Mechanical Dentist.

KALAMAZOO BAKERY,
SEYMOUR & Co., are prepared to fill all orders for Crackers, Cookies, Cakes, Rolls, and all kinds of Bread.

RICH AND POOR.
A MOTHER'S STORY.

BY ELLEN L. CHANDLER.
"Oh! mine was a perjured faith,
And mine a broken vow;
Else he I loved, and who loved me,
Were here beside me now."

"Come hither, Hanna, my poor, proud child!"
There was a world of music in my mother's deep, sorrowful voice, and I crossed the room in twilight, and threw myself on a low stool at her feet.

I had been a long time loved by one good and noble, and more than worthy. He was like some poet artist's conception of morning with his calm high brow, his clear blue eyes, and golden tresses.

Another lover came, and this one was rich, the gold lay deep in his iron coffers, and the broad lands that called him master, all were green and fair.

With him I could realize every dream of my youth—I could cross the Eastern desert—bivouac among the Bedouins—stand among the ruins of Jerusalem—and weep over the fallen grandeur of Greece and Rome.

"I shall be Hunt Hensley's," and then my mother called me to her side. I thought, as I sat down at her feet, how beautiful she still was, with her great sorrowful black eyes.

"I declare, mother," said a petted little girl in a pettish little way, "tis too bad, mother; you always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and you always make me get up when I am sleepy."

"I know Hunt Hensley loves you also, and I will not counsel you. Your own heart will be your safest guide, if you will only follow it. Only, Hanna, my child, do not let ambition, power, luxury, or anything tempt you to marry without love.

"I will tell you, my poor girl, a story of my own youth. You need the lesson and you shall have it."
"I was motionless. I have the picture of the beautiful being who died that I might live, but she passed from earth ere she had clasped me to her breast. I was my father's idol, but at fifteen he died, and left me poor.

"I was beautiful, the world said, and I knew it well. The face that met my gaze as I stood before the mirror, was bright and bewilderingly lovely. I had been educated in conventional retirement and my heart was fresh and pure. I loved! Hanna, you have never known such a passion. It was worship—it was idolatry—it was the life of my life. And he I loved was poor. Allen Greame was fatherless like myself, but I was an inmate of his mother's cottage. Very tenderly they cherished the orphan child to their charge. I knew that Allen loved me. I

read it in every act; in the appealing tenderness with which his blue eyes rested on my face; in the care with which he anticipated my wishes, and in every intonation of his voice as he addressed me.

"But another suitor came. Allen Greame had never asked my love, and I never promised in so many words to be his bride, but for many months he had believed me all his own, and when your father visited the cottage, his eyes sought my face with a kind of questioning sadness.

"Allen never reproached me, but the stony hopeless sorrow in his blue eyes was more bitter than the most terrible words. His mother was kind as ever, but I could see the hot tears fall upon the bridal garments she was making.

"I married him. The ceremony was over and he turned to kiss his wife for the first time, when a shriek ran through the church—a piercing, terrible shriek.—Then there was a heavy fall. Allen was borne senseless. My husband might have suspected when he saw my anguish, that he was more than a brother I called him, but he said nothing. He even acceded to my wild prayer that our bridal journey might be postponed until he was better, and permitted me to be a constant watcher at his bedside.

"Katrine," he said, looking mournfully into my eyes, "Katrine, it is very sweet to die thus with you beside me. I am dying of your love. I shall be happy, dearest, for an angel whispers you will be mine in Heaven. Who have never said you loved me, but I know it. I know that my dying love is more to you than all this bright living world, and I am where no shadows fall. Kiss me, Katrine, and then sing me that dear old song."

"I had kissed him many times before as a sister might—the free innocent kisses of childhood; but then drawing his head to my bosom, I sang. It was a ballad we had sung many times together, when the stars were climbing up into the quiet sky. And I sang it now to the soul above the throne, even to the foot of the great white throne. He looked at me with floods of light swelling into his large blue eyes. Every moment he grew more beautiful, till I was frightened with his unutterable glory. I ceased, and his low voice whispered—"Katrine—Heaven."

"The lids closed over those earnest eyes, peaceful as a child lays down to dream, and the golden head grew cold upon my bosom. I was alone with my dead."
"My mother paused and clasped me to her heart, then releasing me she continued:

"Hanna, I knew in these early days your father loved me as he could love—not with the worship of the dead, but he was proud of me and tried to make me happy. He suffered much. The wife who rested on his bosom, slept in her dreams upon another's heart mixed with grave mould. When he clasped his arms around me, ever between their folds and my slender waist, where those cold arms of the dead. I pitied him, but my very soul was sick unto death, I could not feign the love which my heart could never feel.

"It was two years, Hanna, before you were born. He had learned of late to seek happiness otherwise. I did not trouble myself to inquire after the nature of his pursuits; I was grateful to be left alone. When you was put into my arms, I rained tears of blessings over you, thanking God that my heart could love. As I lay there in silence, with my eyes shut, holding you on my heart, I heard my husband say: "Perhaps this child will win her love for me. God grant it; we may be happier."

"It was a vain hope, Hanna; I was colder to him than ever. We both loved you. I would hold you. I would hold you in my arms hour after hour, raving over the dead who should have been your father.

One night as I held you thus, my husband entered.
"Katrine," said he, "I shall die to-night—die by my own hand. I have lost my all at the gaming table, whither your coldness has driven me. I am sorry for your sake, and for the sake of our innocent child; but you deserve little else who could sell yourself for station, when your being was another's."

"I know his reproaches were just, and I sat still in defiant silence, holding you to my heart. For five minutes he stood silently looking on us. Then he spoke again with a softened tone:
"Katrine, forgive me. Perhaps you did not know your heart till it was too late. Let not our parting be in anger; I have done you many wrongs, but I have suffered terribly—God will judge me, and he is merciful. Katrine, kiss me once before I die. Once let me hold you to my heart. You are my wife. Your hatred cannot be so deep that you will refuse me this, my last request."

"Hanna, I know not what demon ruled me, but I sprang up from my seat and held you aloft in my arms and cried:
"Go! do not touch me! I loathe you! I hate you! But for my darling would not have died. Before your coming I was happy. Go! You cannot suffer as I have suffered, ever since your hateful lips called me wife!"

"Then holding you still, I sank down upon the floor weak and helpless. I can remember nothing distinctly, but I have a faint, indistinct memory of a kiss of fire upon my forehead—of seeing your baby face covered with caresses and of being aroused from the darkness of my long fainting by the report of a pistol.—Your father was dead.

"Hanna, do not quite hate me. I have loved you, suffered for you, lived in your life. If my crime was great, the punishment of my life-long remorse is most terrible."
I clasped her bowed form in my arms, and pressed my lips again to her flushed brow, shuddering at the thought that terrible had been my fate but for the story and its warnings. Oh, how much dearer my heart acknowledged her in the utter hopeless of her faithful sorrow than she had ever been in what I had supposed the cold perfectness of character.

"There was a quick ring at the door.—My mother gathered about her the heavy fold of her shawl and then turning upon me the appealing glance of her tearful eyes, passed from the room. Hunt Hensley entered. He knelt at my feet, and whispered pleadingly of the future his care should make so bright. Involuntarily I shuddered as I drew my hand from his clasp.

"Mr. Hensley," I said in a low earnest tone, "I have heard that to-night which makes the distinction of this world seem of little moment in contrast with a calm true love which shall last for eternity. I do not so love you. I cannot be your wife."
My words left no room for hope, and he went out silently into the storm. I never looked upon his face again.

Before the evening was over, Morgan Phillips also sought my presence, and his errand was to say farewell. Sitting beside me, my hand in his, he said:
"Hanna, my beloved, I dare not ask you to be mine, but I will not stay and see you given to another. I leave you to your bright destiny."
There was not much pride left in my heart then, and I said in a whisper so low that only ears of love could catch the sound:
"Morgan, stay, for my sake, stay!"
"Oh! what an expression of beautiful light and eagerness, of morning sunshine, broke over his face then. But the rest is my secret. I am Mrs. Morgan Phillips now. I hear of Hunt Hensley sometimes, standing among the proudest and noblest of the land. But his name brings with it no regrets. Dearest, then the bright skies of far-off Italy, are the blue eyes that meet my own so homely; sweeter than the whole world's homage, the tones which murmur, as I stand among idols—"my wife, my beloved!"

Judges of the Supreme Court of Michigan.

Chief Justice—HON. GEORGE MARTIN. Judge Martin is a native of Middlebury, Vt.; and graduated at Middlebury College, at 18 years of age. His law studies were pursued, partly in Middlebury, and partly in Montpelier. He was known then as a young man of clear mental perceptions, remarkable firmness of character, and a close student. Those who were intimate with him at that time—of whom we had the pleasure to be one—are not surprised at the distinction to which he has risen. Immediately on his admission to the bar in 1846, he removed to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he still resides. In 1848, he was elected County Judge of Kent county. In 1851, he was elected Judge of the Circuit Court under the new Constitution, and upon the organization of the independent Supreme Court in 1857, he was elected the first Chief Justice of that Court, by about thirteen thousand majority over a strong and popular opponent. We believe the members of the legal profession throughout the State, all concede his eminent fitness for the dis-

tinguished position he now occupies. His present term closes in two years. The next election will be for eight years.

Judge Martin is now 43 years of age, has a family, and we trust a long, useful and honorable life before him.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICES.

Hon. Randolph Manning.
Judge Manning is the oldest man upon the Bench—being 54 years of age—though in appearance some years younger. He studied law in New York City, and was admitted to the bar in 1827. He commenced practice in the then small village of Utica; but it was too far from the bustle of civilization, and he soon returned to New York, where he came to Pontiac, where he has since resided. He was a member of the Convention in 1835, and took an active part in that body, in framing the first Constitution of Michigan. In 1837, he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1838, he received the appointment of Secretary of State, by Governor Mason. In 1842, he was appointed Chancellor; which office he resigned in 1846, since which time, he has devoted himself to the practice of law at Pontiac, till called from his retirement to take a seat upon the Bench of the Supreme Court. Mr. Manning's term closes in four years.

Hon. J. V. Campbell.

Mr. Campbell is the youngest man upon the Bench. He was born at Buffalo, N. Y. in 1823, but has been a resident of Detroit since 1826. He graduated at St. Paul's College, Long Island, at the age of 18. He studied law with Samuel T. Douglas and Henry N. Walker, in Detroit, and became a partner with them upon his admission to the bar in 1844.—He continued in partnership with Judge Douglas until the election of the latter to the Bench, in 1851. He has a family.—He was a member of the Board of Education of Detroit for many years. In 1848, he was elected President of the Detroit Young Men's Society—an election which is often contested with all the zeal and energy of a political campaign. He is a member of Vestry of St. Paul's Church in Detroit, and of the standing Committee of the Episcopal Church for the Diocese of Michigan. His appearance and manner indicate the gentleman of true refinement, while a modest dignity and unostentatious affability, are good for man's friendship "at sight." Mr. Campbell's term closes in six years.

Hon. Isaac P. Christy.

Judge Christy is 45 years of age, a native of Montgomery Co., N. Y. In early life he shared the lot of thousands subject to the disabilities of poverty. His father was physically broken down by the hardships of his former pioneer life, and Isaac was obliged to labor hard to aid in the support of a large family. But his was not a mind to lie still under any burden. He studied nights, and lost no spare moments; and by labor and teaching school, while devoting a part of his earnings to the support of the family, he paid his way to a good education, and at 22 he commenced the study of law with Hon. John Maynard, of Ovid, Seneca Co.—to which place the family had removed three years previously. The next year, however, 1836—he came to Monroe, in this State, and completed his studies with Hon. Robert McClelland. He was admitted to the bar in 1838, and has continued to practice at Monroe since that time.—He was married in 1838, and has a family. Several of his father's family have died of Consumption, and during long years of feeble health, depended much upon Judge C's assistance, which he was ever ready to give. But an indomitable energy and integrity bore him through every trial, and his influence has been felt in moulding the laws and institutions of this State. In 1849 he was elected to the State Senate—receiving the votes of all parties. He was in the Senate three sessions—to wit: in 1850, 1851 and the special session of the latter year. At the election of U. S. Senator in 1857, he was urged as a candidate by his friends, and amidst a number of candidates in the nominating convention, he stood next to the successful candidate, Hon. Z. Chandler. It was a generous compliment on the part of Mr. Chandler's friends, that they were ready to pledge him their support for the nomination which resulted in his election to the Bench. Mr. Christy drew for the full term of eight years.

An Irishman attending a Quaker meeting, heard a young friend make the following announcement—
"Brethren and sisters, I am going to marry a daughter of the Lord."
"Faith and be jakes, and it will be a long time before you will see your father-in-law!" cried Pat.

New York, May 31st.
The Evening Post understands that Gen. Houston immediately after the adjournment of Congress, contemplates an expedition into Mexico with a company of four thousand or five thousand men, for the purpose of cutting off another slice of territory, and bringing it into the Union.

It is reported that the election board under the English bill, have organized and appointed the second day of August, for voting upon the lead ordinance bribe, offered to Kansas to accept of the Leecompton Constitution and Slavery.