

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No article will be paid to anonymous correspondents. We thank those who do not sign their names, but we can no longer demand an evidence of good faith. We hope our readers will be as honest and upright as we are.

We particularly solicit contributions regarding local events in all parts of the country.

THANKSGIVING.

O men! how art with toil and care,
For a while the crowded mart;
O women! seeking with despair,
Wary of hub and fain of heart;
Forget your fears to-day, and come—
As children back to childhood's home!

Fellow again the winding rills,
Go to the places where you were,
When climbing up the summer hills;
The green grass, though you are content;
And kindly called your head to rest
On Nature's calm and peaceful breast.

Walk through the sere and fading wood,
So lightly trodden by your feet,
When all you knew of life was good,
And if you dreamed of life was sweet;
And let long memory lead you back
O'er joyful love a vanished track.

Taste the ripe fruits of orchard-boughs,
Break from the many well once more,
Beneath fragrance from the crowded maws,
With fresh, sweet clover running over;
And count the treasures of your feet
Of golden and golden wheat.

Go sit beside the hearth again,
Whose circle once was glad and gay;
A seat from out the precious chair,
Some shining links have dropped away;
Then guard the tenderer heart and head
The emblem of thy household bread.

Dine near the board with plenty spread,
And sit in the accustomed place,
You see the father's reverend head,
Or mother's patient-loving face;
Whate'er you see may have or had
Thine food—these are left you still.

And though where home has been so stand
Today in skin loneliness; if
You may step no brother's hand,
Or strain another's slender tie;
Though, with no friend but over high
The piteous at your coming.

Thank God for friends you'll be known,
For every dear departed day;
God gave you but does not now say;
In secret keeps before
For us the hours that we love.

Mother Pater's Pumpkin—A Thanksgiving Story.

BY ERANK R. STOCKTON.

Long ago, in a year when pumpkins were very cheap, and sugar cost but little, and nearly every body could buy them, and better was not more than

apples, etc.

On the outskirts of a small village there lived at that time an old woman named Mother Pater. In her garden was a pumpkin-vine on which had grown quite a number of pumpkins; but as the old lady only desired two of these vegetables, she had picked off all the rest when they were but little green things.

"One of these pumpkins," said she, "is for my Thanksgiving-pies. The other is shaking now." If this he merely wished to convey the idea that if one of these pumpkins failed at the usual period, she would fall sick upon the other, I do not know. At any rate, it always made herself under cover of the subject or not. At any rate, one of these pumpkins did fail—failed indeed, for she died; so all her hopes were centered on the other one. Her son, however, a fine boy of fourteen, a unusually old for his age, tended this solitary vegetable (or fruit—whatever it was) with a special care; but when the day which was the day before Thanksgiving arrived, it became evident to his mind that that "sinkin' load punkin'" would not be ripe in time (it may be here remarked that Thanksgiving-day used to come a good deal earlier in the year than it does now). When Mother Pater came out and looked at her pumpkin it became evident to her mind that her son was right; there was no hope of the pumpkin ripening in three days. Mother and son looked at each other. What was to be done? They were both persons of resolution and energy, never accustomed to giving way to obstacles. Folding their arms as they stood in the little garden, they busied themselves in thought. In a few moments they both came to the same conclusion—there was nothing to be done—but to ask the Governor, to postpone Thanksgiving-day.

Accordingly, Mother Pater went into the house, but on her mod-cap, her spectacles, her Sunday short-gown and petticoat, and with her umbrella in one hand, and her trusty staff in the other, she set off for the Governor's house. As she went out of her little gate, her son put into her hand a card on which he had written the earliest date at which, in his opinion, the pumpkin could possibly ripen. The old lady put this in her pocket, and told him that when she was in his place, she would gravel the front path, and wash the fence that morning.

"To be sure," said she, "nobody may come, but although the Governor will be here me, of course, when I tell him about my punkin', still, to satisfy the people as the State House may have to come and see it himself."

So off went she, trudging bravely along the road, but as for Isham, he only waited until she was out of sight, and then instead of trying to fix up the old home-wood, he ran off to tell all the village that Thanksgiving-day was to be put off. Mother Pater was going to the Governor's to have this done, they mourned from the bottom of their hearts, for they knew that she never undertook anything that she did not carry out. And what would become of them? Every thing prepared or nearly so; in some houses the pies were made, and the turkeys and geese already killed and hung up to dry, and all arrangements made to celebrate the following Thursday. If Thanksgiving-day was put off a good week, there would settle over the entire community.

So, from every hill-top, bonfires blazed, and bells were rung, and horns blown, and men mounted in hot haste and rode hither and thither to arouse the populace, and bring them together to consider their impending fate. Everything was shortly in an uproar; all business was neglected, and the roads were crowded by the crowd of people hurrying into town.

In the meantime, Mother Pater walked along the direct road to the town, and marched up the main street to the Governor's house. On the way, she met a good many persons whom she knew, and when they asked her what brought her to town, she told them right out. It seemed as though the whole town were more excited about the matter than the country people. They rang their alarm-bells, and fired off cannon on the green, and shut up their stores, and the circulating library closed,

and free lunch was given at all the taverns, and the firemen got out their apparatus (for who knew what might happen?), and the schools were closed. Such a hubbub as arose in that town, in about an hour, you never heard.

When Mother Pater reached the Governor's door, she knocked on the knocker, and then, straightening herself up, she wanted to be let in. In a few moments an Irish girl came to the door, and Mother Pater informed her that she wished to see the Governor.

"And where's your card?" said the servant.

"My card?" replied Mother Pater. "How in the world you should have found out I had a card, I don't know; but here it is. What do you want with it?"

"Take it to him, he means well, but art is folly to him—he only understands groceries. He thinks you would starve me."

"Confound his wisdom—it savors of inspiration. Why am not I a money-making, bowdlerized grocer, instead of a divine-gifted sculptor with nothing to eat?"

"Do not despise, George, dear—all his prejudices will fade away as soon as you shall have acquired fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand dollars? Child, I am in arrears for my board!"

"CHAPTER I.

[Scene—An Artist's Studio in Rome.]

"Oh, George, I do love you!"

"Bless you, dear heart, Mary, I know that—why is your father so obdurate?"

"George, he means well, but art is folly to him—he only understands groceries. He thinks you would starve me."

"Confound his wisdom—it savors of inspiration. Why am not I a money-making, bowdlerized grocer, instead of a divine-gifted sculptor with nothing to eat?"

"Do not despise, George, dear—all his prejudices will fade away as soon as you shall have acquired fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand dollars? Child, I am in arrears for my board!"

"CHAPTER II.

[Scene—A Drawing in Rome.]

"My dear sir, it is useless to talk."

I haven't anything against you, but I can't let my daughter marry a hash of love, art and starvation—I believe you have nothing else to offer."

"Sir, I am poor, I grant you. But is

name nothing? The Hon. Bellamy Fodder of Arkansas, says that my new statue of

America is a clever piece of sculpture, and

he is satisfied that my name will one day be famous."

"Boss! What does this Arkansas as

know about it? Name's nothing—the market price of your marble scare-crow is

the thing to look at. Took you six months to chisel it, and you can't sell it for a hundred dollars. No, sir! Show me fifty thousand dollars and you can have my daughter—otherwise she marries young Simper. You have just six months to raise the money in Good morning, sir."

"Alas! Who is me?"

"CHAPTER III.

[Scene—The Studio.]

"John, friend of my boyhood, I am the unkindest of men."

"You're an ass!"

"I have nothing left to live but my poor statue—and see, even she has no sympathy for me in her cold marble countenance—so beautiful and heartless!"

"You're a fool!"

"Oh, John!

"Oh, Judge! Didn't you say you had six months to raise the money in?"

"Don't ride my agony, John. If I had six centuries what good would it do? How could it help a poor wretch without name, capital or friends?"

"Idiot! Coward! Baby! six months to raise the money in—and five will do!"

"Are you insane?"

"Six months—an abundance!" Leave it to me. I'll raise it."

"What do you mean, John? How on earth can you raise such a monstrous sum for me?"

"Well, you let that be my business, and not mine!" Will you give me the thing in my hands? Will you swear to submit to whatever I do? Will you pledge me to find no fault with my actions?"

"I am dizzy—bewildered—but I swear!"

He took a pen and two of his fingers telling the door—another, and part of an ear came away—another, and a toe of toes were missing and dismembered—another, and the last, from the knee down, lay a fragment on the floor.

He put on his hat and departed.

George gazed speechless upon the battered and grotesque nightmare before him for the space of thirty seconds, and then waded to the door, and went into convulsions.

John returned presently with a carriage,

the boy-kenchanted artist, and the broken-legged statue abashed, and drove off whistling low and tranquilly. He left the artist at his lodgings, and drove off and disappeared down the Wall Street with the statue.

CHAPTER IV.

[Scene—The Studio.]

"The six months will be up at 2 o'clock to-day! Oh, agony! My life is blighted.

I would that I were dead. I had no super yesterday. I have had no breakfast to-day. I dare not enter an eating house.

And hungry?—don't mention it. My bootmaker dung me to death, my tailor

duns me: my landlord harras me. I am miserable! I haven't seen John since that awful day. She smiles on me tenderly when we meet in the great thoroughfares, but she old hint of a father makes her

look like a scold. Now who is knocking at that door? Who

is come to prosecute me? That malignant villain, the bootmaker! I'll warrant him!"

"Ah, happiness attend your highness!

Heaven be propitious to your grace! I have brought my lord's new poison, an

say nothing about the pay: there is no

bogus, none in the world. Shall be proud

if my noble lord will continue to honor me with his custom. Ah, aden!"

"Brought the boots himself! Don't

want his pay? Take this leave with a bow

and a scrap! Sit to honor majesty withal!

Desires a continuance of my custom! Is

the world coming to an end? Of all the

come in!"

"Pardon, sir, but I have brought

your new suit."

"Come in."

"A thousand pardons for this intrusion,

your worship! But I have prepared

the beautiful suite of rooms below for

you—this wretched den is but un suited to—"

"Come in."

"I have called to say that your credit at

our bank, sometime since unfortunately

interrupted, is entirely and most satisfactorily restored, and we shall be most happy if you will draw upon us for say—"

"Come in."

"My noble boy, she is yours! She'll

be here in a moment! Take her—marry her—love her—be happy! God bless you both! Hooray! Hooray!"

"Oh, George, my own darling, we are

saved!"

"Oh, Mary, my own darling, we are

saved—but I'll swear I don't know why."

CHAPTER V.

[Scene—A Room in Cope.]

One of a group of American gentlemen

reads and discusses from the weekly

THE LEGEND OF THE CAPITOLINE VENUS.

BY MARK TWAIN.

CHAPTER I.

[Scene—An Artist's Studio in Rome.]

"Oh, George, I do love you!"

"Bless you, dear heart, Mary, I know that—why is your father so obdurate?"

"George, he means well, but art is folly to him—he only understands groceries. He thinks you would starve me."

"Confound his wisdom—it savors of inspiration. Why am not I a money-making, bowdlerized grocer, instead of a divine-gifted sculptor with nothing to eat?"

"Do not despise, George, dear—all his prejudices will fade away as soon as you shall have acquired fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand dollars? Child, I am in arrears for my board!"

CHAPTER II.

[Scene—A Drawing in Rome.]

"My dear sir, it is useless to talk."

I haven't anything against you, but I can't let my daughter marry a hash of love, art and starvation—I believe you have nothing else to offer."

"Sir, I am poor, I grant you. But is

name nothing? The Hon. Bellamy Fodder of

Arkansas, says that my new statue of

America is a clever piece of sculpture, and

he is satisfied that my name will one day be

famous."

"Boss! What does this Arkansas as

know about it? Name's nothing—the market

price of your marble scare-crow is

the thing to look at. Took you six months to

chisel it, and you can't sell it for a hundred

dollars. No, sir! Show me fifty

thousand dollars and you can have my

daughter—otherwise she marries young

Simper. You have just six months to

Wayne County Record.



SAMUEL H. LITTLE, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HOME PATRONAGE.

There are many ways in which a town can be made, that will result either for the good, or disadvantage, of a town; and the latter alternative is too often the case. There are probably, not one among us, rich or poor, but what feel elated when a move is made that we know will cause the village to improve. We cherish an ambitious desire to look upon a new store, or new dwelling, and gladly point a stranger to them, as an evidence of our town's growth and enterprise. Yet even with this love of home, and apparent preference for its surroundings, there is a sort of pride within us, that if indulged, must prove rather a drawback than a help to the place; and that is the desire to purchase, or use foreign products; and thus throw away the very means that would be likely to push us ahead. It is too much the habit of people to look with distrust or disrespect upon home manufacturers, and to entertain the idea that nothing can be good or reliable that has not a metropolitan endorsement. This is often found to be a mistake. No town or village can prosper unless the business men prosper. And by business men we do not mean merchants only, but mechanics and manufacturers of all kinds. Every industrious mechanism is a blessing to the town. Every manufacturing establishment, however humble, is a public benefit. Every chair, table, bedstead, bureau, wheel barrow, harness, pair of books, or any other article, made at home, keeps money from going abroad, and to just that extent, helps the town generally.

The man who patronizes home merchants, mechanics and manufacturers acts wisely, for he thus promotes his own interests. All whose interests are in any way identified with this town, desire its growth and prosperity. They will do well to consider the above facts and act accordingly. Let our business men, too, see that they offer those inducements that will tend to keep the trade and business that should be done at home from going abroad, and thus promote the public good."

NORTHVILLE PRODUCE MARKETS.

NORTHVILLE, No. 1, 27, 1859.	
Better—per lb.	30
Eggs—per doz.	2
Apples—dried, per lb.	10
Potatoes—per lb.	35
Onions—per lb.	10
Wheat—No 1 white per lb.	10
Do—Red—per lb.	10
Flour—white per lb.	7 50
Do—Red per lb.	6 50
Buckwheat—per lb.	50
Cats—per lb.	50
Pork—per cwt.	11 00
Beef—per cwt.	5 00 to 8 00
Tallow—per lb.	10 to 11
Lard—per lb.	20
Beets—per doz.	2 25

Best Pump Made!

DOUBBLE ACTION—NON-PREPZINGO

FORCE PUMP

This pump will raise water from any depth, and bring it fresh from the well. It is WARRANTED NOT TO FREEZE IN ANY CLIMATE. It has no rubber or leather valves, nor any bolts, screws or rivets to wear loose about the plunger. It is so arranged that a hose can be attached to it; making it just the thing for washing wagons, extinguishing fires, watering gardens, washing windows, etc., etc. It is pronounced by every one that has examined it, to be the most complete and durable pump ever brought before the public. Call and see for yourselves.

Apply to
MESSRS OLNEY & HASKINS,
103 Northville, Mich.

New Stage! HUTTON & BEDFORD.

Will call the attention of the citizens of Northville, and the public in general, to the fact that they are now

Manufacturing

Wagons, Buggies, Carriages,
Carts, Sleighs

AND
VEHICLES of all kinds, in the best and LATEST IMPROVED STYLES,

at rates as reasonable as can be bought in New York.

41

Oldpapers for sale at this office.

NORTHVILLE UNION SCHOOL.

The Trustees herewith present their 5th annual announcement to the patrons of the School and to all who may be interested in educational matters. We feel much gratification in the high position which this Institution has attained, and in the success which has attended our efforts hitherto.

We hereby tender our thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore received, and trust that the School will merit its full proportion the coming year.

1st Term commences September, 6th 1859.

Closes December, 3rd 1859.

2nd Term commences December, 6th 1859.

Closes April, 1st 1860.

3rd Term commences April, 1st 1860.

Closes June, 24th 1860.

With a New Corps of Teachers, whose successful experience and high recommendations are a guarantee that the grade of excellence which the School has attained, will be fully maintained in all the departments, including Ornamentals and Languages Ancient and Modern.

The attention of Students, wishing instruction in the higher branches, or desiring a course preparatory to entering College is invited to the facilities here offered, and which we believe are second to none in the country.

Prof. A. G. Jepson, A. B., Principal,
Mrs. N. E. Jepson, Preceptress,
Miss Libbie Blackwood, Intermediate,
Mrs. Eliza B. Durham, Primary,
Miss S. E. Smith, Music.

TUITION:

Higher Branches \$6 50 per Term of 13 weeks.

Common English 3 50

Second Academic 4 00

Primary..... 2 50

BOOK KEEPING AND PENMANSHIP

ONE DOLLAR PER TERM.

A receipt from the Treasurer for payment of tuition is a franchise for (at least) each half term, must be presented to the Principal before registration.

Any information desired will be given on application to the Principal, or any member of the Board.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

J. M. SWIFT, CHAS. J. C. BAYER,
F. R. LEAL, Secretary, J. W. HUTTON,
D. CLARKSON, Treas. J. F. LATHAM

111 Lansing Real Estate Agency.

100

J. CORNELL,

Real Estate Agent, for purchase and sale of Real Estate, Relating to City Properties, Payment of Taxes, &c. Full satisfaction given on no charge. Lansing, Mich.

HARDWARE.

A full stock of

FARM TOOLS,

TIN WARE,

STOVES,

NAILS,

GLASS,

—exp—

GENERAL

Hardware,

Always on hand at our Store. We are

now making a specialty of the

DETROIT STOVES!

Made of

LAKE SUPERIOR CHAR COAL IRON,

and WARRANTED not to CRACK by FIRE. We have a Stock of them now in store well worth looking at before you buy.

Special attention paid to Furnishing Builders.

'F. R. BEAL & CO
451 Northville, Mich.

DAILY STAGE.

NORTHVILLE and WAYNE

Don't forget that Myers, Perrin and Bailey's Stage leaves here Daily for Wayne, connecting there with the trains east, thus furnishing an easy, and expeditious way to Detroit. Fare to Wayne, and back—only \$2.00.

Stage leaves here at 5:45 A. M.

Special Notice.

W. H. HOLCOMB & CO.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

—exp—

MILLINERY.

FALL STOCK! NEW STYLES!!

Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons and Flowers.

Mohair Switches and Braids.

Many new and elegant fashions and

cards close up in the latest style.

I would say to the public that I have

a good stock as ever has been introduced here.

Yester evening and see for yourself.

Store in PERRIN BLOCK. 1-719

Mrs. W. H. SERVIS, NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Now is the time to subscribe for the RECORD.

J. BAUER & CO.,

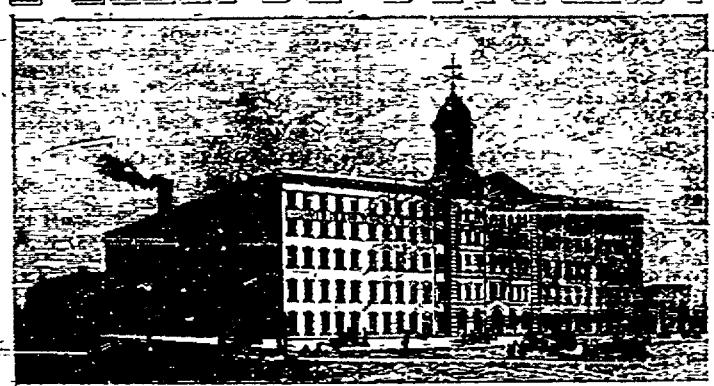
PIANO MANUFACTURERS,

Also General Agents for

WM. K. N. ABE & CO'S

and other First Class

PIANOFORTES!



E. F. Needham & Son and B. Shoninger & Co.'s
ORGANS, MELODEONS & C.

Manufacturers and Importers of

BAND INSTRUMENTS, STRINGS,

AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.

650 Broadway, NEW YORK. 1 WAREROOMS { 69 Washington St., CHICAGO.

DETROIT, MICH.

WE SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

PLYMOUTH MARBLE WORKS.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PORCELAIN & MARBLEWARE.

MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMBS, MARBLES,

AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

DETROIT, MICH.

PLYMOUTH MARBLE WORKS.

PLYMOUTH, MICH.

DETROIT, MICH.