

The Northville Record

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TWENTY SEVEN YEARS AGO.

"Mr. Little," remarked Mr. C. E. Clark, "to us, the other day while setting glass in our new (old fitted up) office, 'I was born in this same house just twenty seven years ago.'

"Twenty seven years ago. Who of us expect to be here twenty seven years hence? Who of us that to-day help to make up the population of this thriving little village, will expect that twenty seven years from now will find them still enjoying a citizenship and the acquaintance and esteem of their neighbors? Is it not possible, aye, probable, that ere that period may, if not all of us, will be counted as denizens of the unknown world, leaving behind us but the foot-prints of a misspent life, with scarcely a virtue that will recall us to remembrance. The leading men of our town, whose very presence seem to infuse life and activity into any project, or enterprise, will probably be gone and forgotten. Look into the past. Where is our Cochran, Howard, Gentry, Amherst, Rutherford, and many other leading spirits of those days all gone to the sleep that knows no waking. Do we think of them now, and recall the cheerful 'good day?' or the friendly shake of the hand, as we meet on the street? Do we remember their kind voices, their charming deeds, their unselfish and undesignated interest for the prosperity of our place? Ah, this is a changeable, forgetful, unhappy world; we are too liable to forget the fact that we, too, are traveling the road to eternity; that we, too, are destined to bid good-bye to these busy scenes, and sink forever behind the veil of immortality, and be forgotten. What twenty seven years will bring about is sad to contemplate."

The Spirit World.

To me the spirit world is tangible. It is not peopled with ghosts and specters, shadows and outlines of beings, but with persons and forms palpable to the apprehension. Its multitudes are visible, its society natural, its language audible, its companionship real, its love distinct, its activities energetic, its life intelligent, its glory discernible. Its union is not that of associations, but of variety brought into harmony by the great law of love; like notes, which, in themselves distinct and different make, when combined, sweet music. Death will not level and annul those countless differences of mind and heart which make us individual hero. Heaven, in all the mode and manner of expression, will abound with personality. There will be choice and preference and degrees of affinity there. Each intellect will keep its natural-bliss each heart its elections. Groups there will be, and circles; faces known and unknown will pass us; acquaintance will thrive on intercourse, and love deepen with knowledge, and the great underlying law of mind and heart prevail and dominate as they do here, save in this that sin, and all the repellance and antagonism which it breeds, will be unknown, and holiness supply in perfect measure the opportunity and bond of brotherhood—K. W. H. Murray.

Hope and Courage.

True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to any particular objects; and if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself. It is not the man who is most courageous, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good, the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is its best physician. To seek to govern men by their fears and their wants is an unworthy purpose; the desire to rule by means of cowardice is of itself cowardice. Love inspires courage and hope, and this is doubtless the giver and preserver of life. Whatever teaches us bodily to combat the manifold evils and assaults of life, enables us to win the crown of victory. Special care, therefore, ought to be taken in education to teach what true courage is as well in social and domestic as in public affairs—and by what means it may be best sustained. Exchange.

GOT MAD ABOUT IT.—A Canadian who came across on the railroad ferry boat yesterday morning walked up to the ticket office window of the Michigan Central railroad and undertook to shove a big satchel through the window. "Here, take that back," yelled the clerk. "Well, then, call the nigger and have him take it up stairs," said the traveler. "Call him yourself," replied the ticket man. "Now, see here," said the Canadian, taking a long squint at the clerk. "I did intend to take breakfast here and pay the bill like a man, but now I won't. When a tavern keeper's clerk insults me I'm just fool enough to know it, and you can take your darned old hotel and go to Texas with it!"—Free Press.

STATE ITEMS.

The Saginaw Enterprise says that there have been recorded in the office of the County Clerk 334 marriages for the year 1871. The oldest man married during the year, was 76; the youngest, 19; the oldest female was 61, and the youngest 14. One man, 76 years old married a woman of 29, and one woman of 45 took under her protecting wing a young man of 25. Two couples aged 50 years, each united their fortunes; likewise two couples aged 19 years. There were 14 men and 6 women upward of fifty, also one girl but 14 and six but 15 years of age. Fourteen men married women older than themselves; the greatest difference being 20, and the next greatest 17 years. There were 890 births reported in the county—504 male and 386 female—including seven pairs of twins.

The Lansing Republican says, the City Marshall has been unjustly blamed for inactivity in prosecuting the liquor-sellers. But is he deserving of blame for going slowly, when he gets a "set back" like the following letter from the wife of an inebriate? We copy it exactly as written:

Lansing Monday Aug 15.—Mr. Hutchinson it has not bearing with it for you or any body else to forbid drinking you have done so a number of times you are not making him better in doing so we are not suffering here we have enough to eat and to wear and when we want Complaints made will make them my self.

BR.

As James Faurot, of Gaines, Genesee County, was out hunting with his son, a young lad, on the morning of the 15th instant, he met with an accident which resulted in his death. It appears that while going through the woods, the son being somewhat in front and carrying his gun on his shoulder, the gun in some manner was discharged and the whole charge lodged in Mr. Faurot's breast, killing him instantly. The corpse was taken to Canandaigua, N. Y., for burial.

On Saturday night the 3d, while the Pacific express was about two miles west of Cheyenne, and running at the rate of about forty miles an hour, a woman left her seat and, walking deliberately out on the platform, jumped from the car. She was afterwards found alive and uninjured.

Levi Loveland was instantly killed on Saturday afternoon while engaged in digging a well, a mass of dirt falling and striking him on the head. He was dead when taken out. Mr. Loveland was an old resident of Ionia, a good and worthy citizen.

At Manchester on the 21, while its mother left the house to see the down-od son of a neighbor, a little child pulled a nail of wire over itself and received such injuries that it died the following day.

At Battle Creek Saturday Guy Palmer, a youth of seventeen years, was stabbed by George Cooper, a lad of fifteen. The wound was made with a pocket knife, which entered his side to the depth of about three inches.

On Friday last a little son of Mr. Turo, of Genesee, Livingston County, aged about three years while at play in a field of spring wheat, had one of his legs cut off by the reaper used in harvesting.

A Man Instantly Killed.

Order of the Lansing Republican.

On Saturday last the news reached Bath that George Harrington, a resident of that village, had been instantly killed in a saw-mill, at Saginaw, where he was employed to take charge of a saw. His wife, who with two children remained at Bath, had received a letter that morning from him, stating that he was well and hoped soon to be home. In the same mail came a letter from another person, directed to one of the villagers, announcing his instant death by an accident at half past 2 in the morning.

The news was broken to his wife as carefully as possible, but when fully conscious of the fact, she was nearly frantic.

It seems that while at work his arm was caught by a belt, which hurled him with great violence against an iron frame, splitting his head open, breaking his neck, arms, legs, and ribs, and crashing in his breast. His head was separated literally between the eyes, and the part that was torn off hurled to another part of the mill. His brains were scattered beyond the possibility of being collected. The saw did not touch him. His body was placed in a casket with the several parts in due position, by kind hands, and the evening train from Saginaw brought his mutilated remains to his mourning wife and fatherless children.

Religion.

Religion is not a matter of intellectual luxury to those of us who are interested in it, but something very different. It is our life, and more than our life, for that is measured by pulse-beats, but our religious consciousness partakes of the infinite, towards which it is constantly yearning. It is very possible that a hundred or five hundred years from now the forces of religion may be so altered that we should hardly know them. But the sense of dependence on Divine influence, and the need of communion with the unseen and eternal, will be just that they are now. It is not the geologist's hammer, or the astronomer's telescope, or the naturalist's

microscope, that is going to take away the need of the human soul for that Rock to rest upon, which is higher than itself; that Star which never sets, that all terrains. Present, which gives life to all the least moving atoms of the immeasurable universe.—Poet at the Breakfast Table.

A Walk For Nothing.—A poor and dusty individual named Geo. Perry, who works for an Oakland County Farmer, arrived at the Central Station at noon yesterday, after walk of fifteen miles, and wanted to know what had been fixed for the exertion. In answer to the surprised questioning of the police he stated that he had been informed that a hanging would take place in Windsor sometime during the day, and that he wanted to be on hand. He was badly beaten when he found that no one was to be hung, remarking: "I've seen folks ripped up in saw mills, and I've seen 'em hastened up in threshing machines, but I never saw a feller hung." They say they do kick and jump mighty lively, and that makes a feller shiver to see 'em draw up their legs and twitch their elbows. If you have any fun around here just drop me a line." The officer promised, and Perry went off to look for a team going his way.—Free Press.

New York papers state that 50 persons die per day with the colera in that city.

Special Circular for 1872

Popular Styles and Popular Prices.

I AM SELLING FROM 100 TO 200 BUSINESS SUITS

Daily, Nice Style and Very Fine Goods, from

\$10 TO \$15 PER SUIT,

SUITABLE FOR ANY GENTLEMAN TO WEAR. I HAVE A LARGE STOCK IN ALL THE DEPARTMENTS THAN I HAVE EVER CARRIED BEFORE, AND FOR PRICES I AM

Lower Than any House in the City.

LARGE SALES AND SMALL PROFITS THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

MABLEY, THE CLOTHIER,

One Price Store,
126 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT.

JUST RECEIVED New Firm, New Goods,
A fine stock of Spring Styles of
BOOTS & SHOES, FAIR PRICES.

For LADIES' GENTS' & CHILDREN'S
Groceries, Boots and Shoes

We would say to our friends that we have
entered into partnership under
the name of

DIBBLE & BROTHERS,

and shall always and at all times offer
the lowest prices.

EXAMINE GOODS AND PRICES
STORE IN HUDDLESTON

IN GEG. WILSON

April 15th.

W. H. HOYT,
DEALER IN

FOREIGN & AMERICAN MARBLE,

AND MANUFACTURER OF

Monuments, Tombstones, Mantles etc.

Also granite, marble, sandstone, slate, &c.
We have a large stock of
the best quality.

LOW AS THE LOWEST,

WE ARE CERTAINLY THE LOWEST.

