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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.

VOL. V.

NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., JULY 19, 1873.

NO. 1.

POETRY.

FOURTH OF JULY SQUIBS.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,
And up he stood as straight
As ever he had stood.
What a comical sight!

He took off his coat,
Down the chimney he爬了上去,
And out of his throat
Went a most horrid oath.
"Oh, my!"

"I have done well!"

The crackers follow'd him through the roof;

And from payment never be free.

The insurance company,
Could they give of Jorro's paydays the proof?

Brave, dastard, have you say?"

"Yes, sir, you were you in a m—"

Bobo Jones' children went before he thought;

And just above the chimney the racoon has me

Caught."

They, too, and Bobo were pretenders now;

They hid in their beds till the clock struck three;

They stole out of doors with glee, power, and

Admire, though it cost the life of the swine.

Savory had a Dunder;

For Savory's black is best;

And when the Dunder went off,

Dad Sammy's hand is best.

Little Bobo has lost his sleep;

Some grappled with him and pinched him;

The matches got lit in the pocket; what!

And burned most intensely behind him.

Brave boy Bobo, for the dastard,

He took his coat and went to the wall;

Up went the stings, the boomer, and all.

Savory had a Dunder;

For Savory's black is best;

And when the Dunder went off,

Dad Sammy's hand is best.

They're some of square, the Fourth day of July.

A package of tobacco, with one to his eye;

With you it is square, no perils here;

And you'll want, and you do, a little shade of green.

—W. H. Macarthy.

Miscellany.

THE SUPERVISOR'S STORY.

It was at — in Yorkshire, that I first met my friend the supervisor. I had the pleasure of an evening conversation with him on an evening and a morning, as I may say, for we didn't go to bed till that night, and the total of toasts reached a total that caused Heaven to tremble under their thunders. We were conversing, among other topics, upon Fenianism; and I remarked to my friend the supervisor, that I felt a

that I didn't exactly know, although I was certain he was a Scotman, whether he might not be an Irishman as well. You'll be in mind that we'd reached the age of our "tiddly tournament," which ought to turn the world upside down.

And I am not surprised at that same — said I. I lived many years in Ireland, where I was just a pauper, and I grew acquainted with the Irish, that my tongue and I twist it that it's never easier to find to this day. And I tell you the truth, it was the pleasantest country to live in all the islands of Great Britain. Why, a man who was a crown thief, and had really made once a quarter, was equal to a king; and there was a marching in the air of the country that was whole some to that degree, that you might be drinking whisky all the day, and be never a penny the worse for it at night. I was in a wild part of the country, up among the bogs of Tipperary, was just a raw lad, then, open to my approbation as it were, and I was very active, je may be run, robbing about the country, hunting for stiffs and such, searching and "two-handin'" trying to spear out — something that might be a feather in my cap, and bring me speedy promotion. But never a drop of whisky the whilst of a still could come across, though they were swimming about me the whites.

But one day, as I sat on the top of a tall hillock, looking over the wild country, and thinking of the brats of Kirkcudbright, I spied a man a-marching a wee bit back over the moor, and he was as foul as the Laird of Craigievar.

He was a stranger to the parts, too, and didn't know the face of me, and he came rolling and skittering along to where I was sitting.

"God save you, friend!" said I.

"The saints protect you!" said my friend.

"It's the decent drop o' liquor you get up there."

"Be me scold, it is."

"And it's a decent guinea that sells it, I warrant."

"Indeed, he is."

"Will there be a drop left in the jug up betwixt?"

"There's lashings of it."

"Maybe jead like a jarp more of that same."

"Indeed, I would."

"Then I'll be for treating you, friend," and I linked my arm with his, and away we went over hill and dale, waste we came to a lone hut in a bit bog or dingle, where there was a rock of peat smoke, and a bit of a bawling noise that was the poor fellows inside singing. Well, my friend gave a sort of countersign that I couldn't see the trick of, and he and I both walked in and soon on he kept of them by the door, and called for the potheam, and I paid for it and never a one of them was the wiser. But they hadn't got the still there. I found that out; it was up among the bogs somewhere, and I was hoping they'd let drop something that'd give me a hint to where it was when all of a sudden there dropped in a little man, a grocer from the town, and the shire from the door as it opened upon me lit up my face and in the surprise of the moment he sang out:

"Lads, ye've got the tanger among ye."

There was a great kick of turf just by him and me, and before I could stir a hand, somebody had clapped it over me like an exfoliogisher, and with the dust of the turf, and a when few trifles that was among it, and the rock and the stink, I didn't come to my sense, for a minute or two; and when I popped my head out of the basket, never a soul was there but the old grandmother scaring away in her old chair by the fire.

But though they saved their still, they couldn't get over the selling of the drink; that was plain enough against them; again Terence Macarthy, that is, who

lived in the cabin. He was just the cat's paw of the men that worked the still; but he got all the punishment more's than you! Well, I summoned Terence, and got him fisted a hundred pounds; and as there was nothing in the world in his hat but the old turf fish as I'd kicked the bottom out of, and his grandmother's chair that had been thrashed with a bit of oat straw, I took out a body-warmer, as we call it, and made tip my mind I'd have to take my friend to Dublin Castle.

Now, Ireland's a different country altogether from this; and after we'd had our sessions, and the magistrates had signed the warrant against poor Terence, we went into the public house, close by the whole lot of us, magistrates and all—and began to drink whisky like fish.

"Sandy, me boy," said Mike Hackett—ye remember Mike?—"Sandy, isn't it trembling ye are with apprehension?" He was very particular in his congeativeness, was Mike. "Isn't it shaking ye are, from the crown of your occiput to the very phalanges of your pedals at the job you've got in hand to incarcere Terence Vacca?"

"They say twas he shot the bailiff," shouted one.

"Nir a one then he murdered the sheriff's officer," cried another.

"Oh, he'll take's attachment of dragoons from Killoo," called a third.

"Come," I said at last, getting rather cross the way they was chaffing me; "come, I'll be a gallon of potheam with as sportsons in the room, then I'll take the box to Dublin Castle by myself."

"Done with you!" cried a dozen voices. And I was booked for about a hogshead of whisky before I knew where I was. But I wouldn't go back; only when the excitement of the drink was out of me, I felt as if I'd a deal rather have left it alone, for they were a wild lot were the magistrates, and it was a

lived in.

The weather came on wet, I remember; and it was nearly a week before I could get across from Shallow to Terence Macarthy's cabin, which was in the barony of Fullbridge, though where the barony went in, and who was the bairn of it, was a man I never could know the bottom of.

It was just the dusk of the evening I

got to the top of the hill that looked over Terence's cat's paw, and a dismal hole it seemed, that the little hole, or dingy, was fast.

There was a bit pool of black low water at one end of it, and at the other, I

said to myself, "I'll be a

bit o' smoke to the east."

"Dan'l, my boy," I said to myself,

"you'll never come out of that holealive."

And I looked round to see if there wasn't some living creature near me; if it had been only a sheep or a pig, it would have been a comfort, just for company.

There was a red streak of light in the sky, and just across it, I remember, there was a host of wild geese flying, their long necks stretched out and their wings beat a rapid time in the air, and I could just hear the whang of them, and the sound of the wind, and whooshing tracks across the hills.

After I'd walked some time, the coach

came up; the front seats were full, and I

saw that the little hole, or dingy,

was nothing but an old woman, who was fast

asleep, propped up in some boxes, and

had herself fast to the old woman,

and went to sleep too. The coach stopped at Mountmellick to change, and that roused me, and then I heard my own name

call.

"McAlister! Saunders! McAlister! are you there?"

"Sure enough I am," I said, jumping

up, rubbing my eyes, "who wants me?"

A man clambered up to the roof of the

coach with a dark lantern in his hand, which he raised full upon me, and the old woman still asleep.

"You're put your prisoner all right,

"You're put your prisoner all right," said the man.

"What do you know about prisoners?"

And I said, "Well, what do you mean by making a fellow about just as he's comfortably settled?"

"Ob!" said he loudly; "he's with me; I'm your new supervisor!"

Now I written just a note to our

partner, old Blithery, a decent old fellow

ever lived: "Dear Blithery—I'm go-

ing to take a prisoner to Dublin a sight,

and as I come back I'll come and see you, and we'll have a gay Willie wrought for old Blithy."

"You're kindly!" replied a gruff voice from the corner.

And with that I sat down on the old

bath that had been filled with turf, and

scattered out my pins and began to

distress objects now in the gloom. There was just a heap of children

in the corner, with an old rug covering

them, sleeping just as sweetly, too, as if

they'd been wrapped in down; and the old woman was the mother of them with the babe at her breast, and Terence lying doubled up in her bed; but never another soul in the bath.

"Take a draw of a pipe, man," said I.

"And don't be down-hearted!"

I gave him my bag of tobacco, and he

found a pipe in the corner, and began to

smoke.

"Tell ye have a wee drop whisky in the horse?" I said.

"Take a pull at my flask, then," said I.

And Terence took it and drank. Some

how I felt more comfortable then. I was

safe as long as I was inside the cabin.

"I suppose you know what I've come here for, Terence?" I said after awhile.

As though this had been the proceed-

ed signal, the wife here burst out with

loud lamentations: the old grandmother

raised a feeble "Wrrr, wrrr," rocking

herself backward and forward in her

chair; the children in the corner, aroused

by the noise, began to wail and cry; and the little babe at the breast howled

most in concert.

"Whist! whist!" shouted Terence, and

angrily: "would ye all the heart out

of me and bring me to share before his bairns?"

"I can do it," Terence: it's a Queen's

job you know."

"And if the Queen were spoken to, her bairns?" said the woman—"she's And

babes of her own—she wouldn't take

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.
SATURDAY JULY 19, 1873.

FIFTH VOLUME.

With this number begins the Fifth Volume of the Record. Four years have passed since the foundation of this paper. One hundred and four different times it has made its appearance, abounding many pleasant incidents, and, alas, recording many circumstances of sad import, the realization of which brought sorrow to many a heart. When the past is recalled, it is hard to imagine the results of the future; many, in all probability, who now read this article will have penetrated the portals of another world, ere another year rolls around.

The past year has been to us a year of unusual severity, beginning, as it did, at a time when affliction had depressed our spirits, dispensed every arduous hope, and prodded any heart a desire for literary labor. But of course, we know that our readers must have judged, as the pen faithfully portrayed the condition of the heart, the time to all such trials, has been merciful, and we can confidently trust that, although not wholly obliterated from memory, we can so far forget the past, as to add to the work devolving upon us for the good of the public and our own satisfaction.

A few words concerning our news may be fitting. Out of nearly half a thousand subscribers a portion have been very punctual, handing in, regarding us the amount of their subscription (as could be seen in the "roll of honor") is Antarctic, while others again, although receiving the same and fully as desirous of having their paper "on time," never think that a remittance would be acceptable, were no necessary, curious medium, the corollary blessing. Such are the individuals who are kind in everything they do to us, and of but little benefit to themselves, or the world at large. Perhaps were they aware that no publisher last hoped to keep clear of the poor house, on subscriptions lately, and that in our case, at least, on the paper they receive for twelve months, no char, but the small sum of twenty cents, they might be more considerate.

That it will be seen from the above that the subscriptions do not keep up upon papers. What does Advertising? Do the business men of Northville give that support to their local paper? Far from it, as can be seen by looking over the advertising columns in this issue. No, they are not backward in seeking for personal, or business notoriety, in its editorial columns, but when it comes to extending a helping hand towards the maintenance of the medium that gives such publicity, they are as silent as the pyramids of Egypt. "Oh, we're well enough known, what's the use of advertising?" seems to be very close to the tail of their tongues. It is astonishing, the fact that men who pretend to be prime movers in matters of public good, head and foremost in "big establishments," heavy houses, etc., are just the ones to whom the support that they need is denied, sadly, in the life of their local paper. No, the business men of this place have not been the life of this paper. A stranger picking up a copy of the paper would scarcely know that the town possessed over half a dozen business houses. A few have given what assistance they could and the cheerful offer to continue so doing, still fortnight support, has been the main-stay, and our readers may thank that for the appearance of their paper at all. Could we have had the co-operation of the business men we might to-day be publishing a weekly paper that would be a credit to our village. With hopes of a better prospect in the future, we drop the subject and await time for further developments.

STATE NEWS.

PERSONAL.
The Kalamazoo Telegraph say that 50 years ago Titus Bronson spent the Fourth of July alone in that place looking over the wilderness and plain where the city now stands, and laying it out into village lots.

Prof. Watson of Ann Arbor will take charge of the Government expedition to Japan for the observation of the transit of Venus.

M. M. Avery, of Monroe, gets a \$2,500 salary as principal of a high school in Cleveland. His wife, his son reads as first assistant.

J. G. Parry, who recovered a verdict of \$3,000, against the city of Grand Rapids, for injuries from defective sidewalk.

M. P. Graham, of Chicago, is drawing the plans of the Powers' Opera House, to be built at Grand Rapids.

INCIDENTS.

An engine, flat-car, and gaboon were thrown from the track of the J. L. & S. railroad near Stanwood, June 1, making a complete wreck. A few, out of 30 men on the train, were injured.

A. Finch's steam saw mill at Terrell, burned down with \$3,000 worth of lumber. A week or two ago, \$20,000 was the value of the mill.

While trying to catch a ride on a passing train, Frank Towsley, of Galesburg, lost his leg broken.

Conrad & Norton's saw mill, 15 miles north of Grand Rapids, was burned last week. Loss \$15,000.

A boy named Cornell, of Ann Arbor, was bitten by a rattlesnake, a few days since, but is likely to get over it.

A lady, (could) not ascertain the name residing between White Lake and Farmington, while standing in her door, was killed by a dash of lightning, one day this week.

Three carloads of immigrants passed over the N. C. railroad last week, 12 being Chinese, and about 50 Saracens.

The Kalamazoo Light Guard were presented the other day, with a unique new flag, by the citizens of that place.

Bay City is rapidly enforcing the Sunday law.

A telegraph has 12 facing tel. units, 120 feet being track, and depth of 50 feet.

EDUCATIONAL.

Port Huron employs 22 teachers in its public schools, all, excepting two, being ladies, and they get in all \$12,000.

A beautiful German Catholic church is being built at Grand Rapids. It will be 114 by 60 feet, and 75 feet in height from sidewalk to roof.

A new Baptist church has been commenced on Ballou's Prairie, Cass County, and will be dedicated sometime in August.

A new passenger list is to be erected at Dexter, by the M. E. society, at a cost of \$1,200.

A new M. F. Church is to be erected at Evert, O., by the Cass County school district school house.

LEADS Unprinted and Imprinted.

LAWSON, VILLAGE, 1873.

A lady having two loves, reported the one who was poor but elegant rather than other, was rich but ignorant. When asked the reason of her choice she said: "A man who is poor may get over it; but if one is natural-born fool he never can get over it."

She is a good model for a farmer. Let him prefer a Nebraska farm, for its capabilities though unimproved; rather than improved but infertile land further East. Nebraska land has no defects which it cannot soon get over. But this is more than can be said of the sterile regions where the characteristics are hills, stones, rocks and scamps, as well as a soil on which one may sow a bushel and reap only a peck. No making a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Better a fortune in than a man or farm. The one must grow, the other may dwindle.

We think 5,000 farm hunters who have bought railroad land of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad. Many of them have little or no capital, but they pay nothing but six percent interest for two or four years, and then the principal in seven installments.

PROF. J. D. LITTLE.

Engaged for Library Day—1st of Oct.

Address Prof. J. D. Little, Room 10, Second floor, 10th Street, Detroit.

Price by S. H. Little, made by M. H. McClellan, Post Office price by M. H. McClellan.

Price 375 and \$4.50.

Price 3

DARWINISM IN THE KITCHEN.



5. Then I leaped into my bed,
With a jump, at three.
When a hiss leaped upon it,
As proved to be a hiss.
6. Then I leaped to the floor,
Because I had to write;
But when I leaped down,
I leaped myself into a monitor.

SIN—WHAT IS IT?

It is sinful to do what we know, or believe, to be wrong; as, for instance, to lie, to steal, to slander. It is a sin to deceive or mislead another to his harm. There are many sorts, varieties, and phases of sin, besides those indicated in the Ten Commandments. We regard it a sin to commit excesses in eating, in drinking, or in doing anything that will impair the health of the body, affect the mind injuriously, or dwarf the moral or spiritual sensibility. Through dissipation one becomes the parent of an imbecile or an idiot. Frenchmen commit sins related to what may be called moral aims, seldom coming right down to our physical transgressions, such as over-eating, drinking, chewing, smoking, dosing and drugging, which are among the chief causes of our most serious sins.

Let us look at these things as they are. We sin against the laws of health when we breathe old and fetid air, such as is confined in school-houses, public halls, churches, and even in private dwelling-houses. We sin when we gormandize or eat more than we need; when we rob ourselves of necessary sleep; when

we over-indulge in drink, when we lace them profligately and sickly; when we lace so tightly that we contract our lungs and impair health; when we spoil our feet, producing corns, bunions, etc., by tight boots; when we cause headache by great wads of false hair, or by tight hats; when we go to extremes in anything whereby we waste vitality and engender disease. Extreme goodness is a product of undue selfishness, and borders on dishonesty. He who will not do as he would be done by is not, by any means, a saint. Each of us may hold the mirror up to nature, and if we wish to do so we may.

"See ourselves as others see us." Is it not a sin to gamble, and get gain without earning it? Is it not a sin to sell rum to one whose appetite is perverted, and whose mind is too weak to resist the temptation? Is it not a sin to seduce or lead one from a life of virtue to a life of vice? Is not a peevish, fretful, violent, and ungovernable temper sinful? Is not good nature and a cheerful countenance a duty? Reader, go on with these questions of self-examination, and see where you stand! You can cipher them up, debit and credit, balance the account, and see exactly where you are. True penitence will bring salvation, and, when forgiven past sins, we may start out with new resolves to lead a new life, in accordance with higher principles than those of former times. We may overcome besetting sins. We may improve. It is our privilege and our duty so to do. Let us try.—*Philosophical Journal*.

The Bedbeat.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

The bedbeat is an individual who trades upon another person's capital.

They are common to all grades of society, from the scedy leader, clear up to the sunkited gentleman, with a standing iron collar, and a neck stiff and white as perfskin.

Sometimes they live entirely upon their necessities; and at others, seem few practical the profusion more few display the elegance or their genius than for many things else.

They are possessed of every grade of capacity, from no brains at all, to more than they know what to do with.

They occupy a position a little more respectable than a common thief, and a good deal less respectable than a highwayman.

The bedbeat, in point or average humanity, is the meanest, and the most debilitated, of all the scum that rises to the surface of society.

They work harder now make themselves detected that they would have to leave before everybody.

They have no friends that they won't do fraud, and are as much a terror to others, and a calamity to themselves, as a mad dog at large.

They live upon the disasters and kroolities of human nature, and the more dastardly at heart than a common pickpocket, often live out a whole life of the force of their genius with no worse a stain than a doubtful repashment.

There isn't no artifice nor philosophy that will protect them from the low knaving and brazen impudence of the bed beat.

He is a nitwits and a walking pestilence at noon-tide.

He works his way into the confidence of others as slyly as a snake, and when he gets them don't hesitate to feed upon the most rare and sacred fruits he can find.

He is a kommon enemy that every one abhors, and no one can protect himself against.

The ruff tyranny ov a bully, the coarse overreaching ov a blant knave, the refined fraud ov an open villain, the kruising defeat ov a bold operator at worst, oftentimes overranks our vanity, or awakes our surprise, but the analing bed beat whose sly and amishun seems to be a joker

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

To MAKE GOOD YEAST.—Take five or six potatoes—grate fine. Then add two tablespoons of sugar and one of salt. Take one quart of water and a handful of hops. Boil a few minutes, strain and stir into potatoe. Set on the stove and stir until thick. When cool add one cup of yeast.

To MAKE WAX Paper Stick.—Make a paste of four parts as you do for starch; do not let it boil. When cold apply to the paper with a brush, not having it so thick that it will spread evenly over the surface, or so thin as to wet the paper through. Cheap paper is not so cheap as last as a little better paper.

BREAKFAST BISCUIT.—Take a piece of risen bread dough, and work in half one beaten egg and a teaspoonful of oil or lard; when it is thoroughly amalgamated, flour your hands and mix it into balls the size of an egg; rub a tin over with milk, and set them in a quick oven for twenty minutes, and serve them hot for breakfast. When eaten, break them open; it will would make them heavy.

KEEP YOUR IMPLEMENTS BRIGHT.—When you have done with your plows, and other implements having bright surfaces, always clean them thoroughly. Wipe them dry, and before putting them away rub them lightly with lamp black and fatty oil, or even lamp black and kerosene. It will preserve the bright surfaces intact, if they are kept under cover as they should be, and save much brick dust and water or oil when they are to be used again. Many good farmers have a cloth moistened with oil in the field to rub the bright surfaces of implements with, at night, to prevent the rust that often attacks them after a day's work, particularly on soils that do not sour. It will be found to be a paying investment.

WASHING SUMMER CURRS.—How amazingly it is to have your beautiful lawns and other delicate lawns and pastures turned into dark streaks and muddy spots by the great quantity of solids used by gross washers—oats. Soda should never be used in the water in which "colored fabrics are to be washed. The only way to wash linens or linens is to have merely tepid water, and make a soap, not touch the article washed with soap. Wash and rinse quickly. Do not place but one garment at a time in the tub, and that must be rubbed rapidly through the water, rinsed, turned on the wrong side, and hung in the shade to dry. Then starch the dresses in this boiled, warm starch, folded in clean cloths, and ironed upon the wrong side as soon as possible. It improves buff linen to wash it in water in which a little soap or a quantity of soap has been dissolved. The bran answers for starch as well, and brightens print dresses. A handful of salt will help set the colors of light cambric and duchess lawns. A little soap will not only set, but deepen yellow and purple tints, and helps green.

Why Not Try It?

If you believe, as thousands of farmers do, that the moon has a powerful influence on the growth of plants and animals which inhabit this globe, try and find out just how far it extends, and not say this is nothing more than a superstition. The devil said, "If you believe that I can do no harm, then believe me." The devil said, "If you believe that I can do no harm, then believe me." The devil said, "If you believe that I can do no harm, then believe me."

They stand ready to steal your laurels, and when despair envelope you like a cloud, they discover the signal from afar, and come trooping up, like the nasty buzzard, to sat upon the corpse.

There ain't no retort vivid enough to paint these devils, only in water colors. There ain't no anathema that can reach to the bitterness of truth. There ain't no greater curse than to be a slave to the murrain of old.

They stand upon you in yore sad and lonely moments with the stealthy tread of a bed-bug. All men abhor the bed beat; he is lower down than the angle-worm, who burrows in the ground and feeds upon dirt.

There ain't no insect upon earth but what has been sometime heat in there mortal vermin. They are the life of Egypt, and the murrain of old.

They crawl upon you in yore sad and lonely moments with the stealthy tread of a bed-bug. All men abhor the bed beat; he is lower down than the angle-worm, who burrows in the ground and feeds upon dirt.

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