

Official Paper of the Village.

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Editor and Proprietor.

All communications should be addressed

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SONG OF THE GRASS.

Peep, peep, peep,
Now I break my winter's sleep;
How in silence wins my way,
There is no sound but the day.
There is no sound but the day,
Of the last year's tangled snow,
Up by every random stone.
Dr. by every tree overthrown,
Up by every rock, and hide,
I am coming everywhere,
Over the earth all brown and bare.

Peep, peep, peep,
In the heat and cold and deep;
On the bleak and bitter hill,
Is the fresh green sprout still,
Keeps old leafless stems worn and gray,
Climbs up, and finds a home.

Peep, peep, peep,
Under the sun and clear,
It comes everywhere,
With the earth's own earth fair,
Peep, peep, peep,

Leaves me giddy, trembles,
Sammer's faithful friend I,
Ready to my tender spans;
Bend, and lead attention east,
While I tell of summer's green,
Treasury of golden grain.

And of loaded autumn rains.

Free me gladly, for in me,

Hope cometh, and good yeare,

Over the earth all brown and bare.

Sweet Home in N. Y. Evening Post.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

What a lovely bunch of pansies
Is it possible they are for me? I ex-
claimed to a tiny, brown-eyed girl who
placed a fragrant bouquet of the gold
and purple dewy blooms in my han-
dernock in which I was idly swinging un-
der the big maple.

"Aunt Lee sent them," said the
wry child, "and she hopes the mount-
ain air will soon make you well, and
she's your neighbor down under the
hill."

"Who is this neighbor, Aunt Lee?"
I asked the woman with whom I board-
ed when next she came within hearing
of my voice.

"Oh, then, she's tenly some posie,"
replied talkative Mrs. Evans, coming
hurriedly from the garden and sitting
down on the steps of the little porch so
that she might entertain me while she
was shelling her peas, thus "killin'
a bird with one stun," as she said.

"I was wonderin' how myself not
few minutes ago how long 'ould be
before she'd find out about ye 'e 'e' send
a posie. I can't say, for my part, now
we're accord to ourselvies."

"Why, what does she do?" I in-
spired. "Oh, she says she aims to be
neighborly, and if anybody happens to
be sick anywhere around she sends
'em little things to eat an' dovecets
to cheer 'em up," as she says, and she
always has her knitting work in her pocket
and her odd job of knitting, as she
calls it, grows out like magic into
gloves and mittens and wristlets and
stockings that she gives away."

"To her friends people fully able to
buy them, I suppose."

"Yes, yes, yes, there are a few
old women in women that, I
suppose are real needy, an' that set great
store by their warm and hand-made
presents, for her posies are as bright as
her flowers, an' I've told my man a
good many times that the color went
half toward makin' her little gifts so
wonderful. An' then she has so much
company."

"Rich people from the city, whose
titles also return?"

"Oh, land sakes, no; poor folks that
are tickled most to death to get a invitation
to her pleasant little home. Yis, her home is an amazing pleasure-
one, though her man is only a poor me-
chanic. She's always sayin' that she'd
rather dew a little good every day as
she goes along, than dew a want to
dew some great thing when she gets
able, and then, perchance, lose her opportu-
nity and never do nothing". I told her
one day last year, says I, Miss Lee says
I, I should rather be a pittin' by a
little summin' in the bank for a rainy
day, than to a givin' away all the
time. And, says she, Mrs. Evans says
she, "That's your way an' its a good
way. I don't find no fault with it, but
all these little things that I give away
would never git into the bank, an' so
jus' as they'll be lost, an' I should
pass away without ever doin' anything
for my Master. An' I don't want to
go to bed a night without thinkin'
that I have that day tired out lightin'
some fellow mortal's burden, brooght
a smile to some face, or a streak o'
sunshine to some heart, if its only a
givin' a bunch o' posies in the right
spared."

"And does she do it her a good
deal, first and last, I suppose?" said I,
crossing my paesies.

"Oh, would cost me a good deal to
run such a flower garden as she does,
but Miss Lee says she's not strong, so
she gets fresh air, sun-baths and exercise
in her garden, and spends her time
workin' in there instead of visitin'. She returns all her calls by sendin' her
compliments with a bunch o' posies."

"She hires some one to carry them
about, I presume?"

"Mazy, no. There isn't a child in
the village, but what would run its legs
off for Aunt Lee," and having im-
blished shellin' her mess of peas, my
valuable little hostess trotted off about
her work again, saying, as she dis-
appeared through the doorways, "It's
well enough to be neighborly, of course,
but Miss Lee may see the time when
she'd wished she had a little sum-
thin' com' at interest."

The Vermont mountain air agreed
with me, my health gradually improv-
ing, and I stayed on and on, week after
week, spending a great part of my
time, when the weather did not posi-
tively forbid, in my hammock under
the maples. As yet I had not once
seen my neighbor, Aunt Lee, but grew

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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

Always in Advance.

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The Northville Record

SATURDAY, May 1, 1858.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Four-fifths of all the Baptists in the world are found in the United States.

The true value of a teacher is determined not by what he knows, nor by his ability to impart what he knows, but by his ability to stimulate others desire to know.—*Indiana School Journal*.

There are 55,000 Protestant girls in Roman Catholic schools, and the Romanists claim that one out of every ten of these girls is converted to their faith, and that three out of ten are taught to hate Protestantism! The Christians of the world have no doubt, that two-thirds of the whole number are lost to the Protestant Church.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The work of revising the authorized English version of the Bible is paid for in England by the Syndics of the University press, who have a copyright in the book; the expenses of the American revisers are defrayed by private contributions. No compensation is paid to the revisers for their labor. It is expected that the work will be completed in two years.

Bearing in mind that infidelity does not screen the Pope from liability to sin of any sort or quality, we must admit that the successor of St. Peter, however holy and learned, may fall into the sin of heresy. We claim only that in the ways of God's inscrutable providence over His Church it is impossible that he should commit this sin while in the act of teaching the Universal Church.—*St. Louis Watchman (Catholic)*.

Courtesy of manner is one of the greatest essentials to a teacher, or any one who aims at success in guiding children on the road to knowledge. Not that they should go through all the formality that Chesterfield lays down as essential, to interview between ladies and gentlemen, but they must show a studied kindness for their welfare, and a regard for their feelings, which is shown to far too little an extent.—*Wisconsin Journal of Education*.

Mr. Moody's work in Glasgow, Scotland, and England seems to have been crowned with great success. The Rev. Dr. Bonar, of Glasgow, says that "about 7,000 souls have been already gathered into the various churches." The work in the four sections of London is still going on under the labors of pastors, "hundreds of whom," says Dr. Fraser, "this city have come into a better enjoyment of their work. The great agent of this wonderful revival seems to be that with hearty downrightness of speech our brother has preached the Word of God."

Remember that no teacher is strong enough to force a whole school at once, to control it at arm's length. But no teacher is so weak that she cannot harm good discipline by inflicting upon her performance of the minute formalities. A wise teacher will conquer the chance of arbitrariness and caprice by introducing order in little things, continually regulating what is accidental and irrational into the universal and reasonable. The teacher who is strong enough to secure the performance of one of these small formalities, can secure anything by persistence.—*A. J. Journal of Education*.

How Rich Mines Were Found.

Many of our rich mines have been discovered by mere accident. The famous Potosi was found by a fugitive Slave, sleeping over the mountains, grasping a bush, the roots gave way, disclosing the precious metal lying beneath it. Gold was discovered in California by a laborer digging a mill race, and in Australia by a shepherd, who, while guarding his flock, brought the treasure to light by the loss of his boot. The Comstock, which has produced results of such extraordinary magnitude, was discovered by a misanthrope, who, weary of the vicissitudes of a miserly life, and seeking solace in the wilds of the frontier, sat him down to a cold fire upon a huge outcropping sand, and, in a sad soliloquy, began tossing about the loose pieces of quartz above the great bonanza, which have given fortunes to many, but only a grave to him. And the Austin mines were found by an overland express rider, while hunting a wandering pony on Lander Hill. In the Black Hills there appears to be no settled rule which prospectors or miners accept as worthy of a moment's consideration. "Truck," which in any other mining country would be passed in disdain, is here as respectfully and carefully examined as ordinarily good-looking quartz. No rule, sign, condition or circumstance is here recognized as evidence of quality or purity. Result is the only standard of mining prospecting and development, are purely on faith, and that faith has oftentimes been rewarded with rich returns, though exercised in direct antagonism to science and experience gained on other fields. Doubtless a system of true fissure veins will ultimately be discovered as traversing this region, and doubtless those veins will excel in richness.—*Black Hills Pioneer*.

Squaring a Bank Transaction of a Degen Years Ago.

One of the leading banks of St. Louis had quite an interesting incident a week or two ago, which will do for a companion story for that recently presented in the return of money to the State Treasury by the "Reed" of California. In the case now referred to, a gentlemanly-looking man called in at the bank, and, asking for the Cashier, told him that he wanted to pay back the hundred dollars which the Cashier had overpaid him. Not recognizing the man or remembering any overpayment which would explain the matter, the Cashier answered that there must be some mistake. His visitor insisted that there was none, and pulled out a healthy-looking roll of bills as an earnest of his desire to liquidate the claim, saying that the over-payment had been made but twelve years ago. The

Cashier was considerably surprised at the man's ability to pay a debt that no one but himself knew anything about, but responded that if it was twelve years old the amount now due was something more than double the original sum. His visitor said his friend had that was all right, but he wanted to compromise, and would give \$100 if the Cashier would take that much in full settlement. Not indisposed to take the windfall, the books were hauled out, and it was discovered that on Jan. 10, 1858, the present Cashier then being treasurer of the bank, the case was \$100 short, and that very day a check was cashed for somebody of the same name as the man who now wanted to settle. In July of the same year the hundred dollars was carried to profit and loss, and the account closed, after some ineffectual efforts to recover the money overpaid. Nothing loth to reopen the account, the Cashier took the \$100 now offered, and then inquired of the man what had induced him to pay the money after such a lapse of time. He said he had a few days before been talking with a Cashier of an up-town bank, and happened to mention the circumstance of the over-payment to him in 1858 as an evidence that the best of banks are not infallible in this. Cashier then inquired to know, naturally, why the man didn't pay back the money, and he answered that he meant to some day, but was reminded that that was hardly the right course. Being a Roman Catholic, and having recently experienced a change of heart, so to speak, so that he was more attentive to his religious duties, his Cashier friend advised him to lay the matter before his father's confessor. Following that advice he was evidently made to see that honesty was the best policy, and so had gone bravely down to the bank and eased his conscience by returning the money.—*St. Louis Republican*.

The Natural Voice.

Dr. Whately, in his "Elements of Rhetoric," tells clerical students that if they would avoid "clergymen's sore throat," and bring the truths they are appointed to teach home to their hearers, they must speak in their natural voices. The advice should be heeded by all who would cultivate the art of reading, or aspire a pleasant and forcible style of address.

It is a sad fact that, notwithstanding the increase of teachers of elocution, our public schools turn out few good readers. Any one can satisfy himself of the truth of this assertion.

Let him select from among the pupils, or recent graduates, of a public school, a dozen boys and girls, and at different times, set them to reading prose or poetry. He will find his ear and his taste pained by the thin, unnatural voices, and by the want of difference in tones to express the lights and shades of the thoughts; while the forced emphasis, recurring like the regular strokes of a hammer upon an anvil, emphasize nothing, because it emphases so much.

"It is not reading," he will say, "I don't know but it may be eloquence. It is not the reading I should care to hear if I were sick or weary, and wanted my mind diverted. For it fatigues me." That is just the fault—it wears, and the cause is in the unnatural voice. Good reading may be made to afford more pleasure to the household than any other accomplishment. "I would rather," said Edward Everett, "that a daughter of mine should be a good reader than a skillful pianist." Yet good reading derives its greatest charm from perfect naturalness of tone and manner.

A clerical friend once asked Whately for an opinion as to his reading of the Episcopalian Church service. "Well then," said the doctor, "if you really wish to know, I should say there are two parts of the service you read well, and those you read faultlessly."

"What are they?"

"They are Here endeth the first lesson, and Here gadieth the second lesson; for those are the only parts which you read in your natural voice, and manner, which are very good; the rest is all artificial." There is much good sense in that reply, which young readers should heed.—*Youth's Companion*.

Get What He Called For, at Last.

Lea Smith's tavern at Waltham, Mass., used to be, a day or two ago, by a favorite stopping place for the farmers who from farther up the road were accustomed to bring their truck to Boston for a market. Some of the knowing ones who were a "little near-sighted" used to get around just about the time breakfast or dinner was nearly over, and, calling for a "cold beef," would be seated at the table and for half the price of a dinner would get a "square" meal as those who came early and paid full price. One oldchap, who had got his dinners in this manner for several months, and who was never to be paid an unnecessary cent in the horse, was marked by the jolly landlord for sacrifice. On a certain day in the winter, when he was known to be coming, a boiled dinner was prepared and sent out the night before to cool. Fortunately the next day "Barkis" put in an appearance and called for a "cold beef." A goodly plate of frozen beef-potatoes, etc., was set before him. The first dab at a potato with his fork set that article flying across the table and a turnip sliced from under his knife quite as rapidly. Feeling that he had been caught, he worried through thoughtfully and silently. Having finished his meal he walked up to the bar (behind which was the smiling landlord) to settle, and thus unabashed himself: "Look a here, Len, I've been stopping at your tavern to fodd for the last three months, and I'll be hanged if to-day ain't the first time I've ever got what I called for!"

Nearly all our native rice comes from South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana, the former State supplying one-half the entire product of the country, and Georgia going 7,000,000 pounds ahead of Louisiana.

Do not start your baby with Opium or Sassafras mixtures, but use Dr. Bell's Baby Syrup, which is always safe and reliable and never disappoints. See

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

When the editor of the "Atlanta Constitution" says that "old papers are better than straw to put under carpets," he writes himself down as one without philosophy. The dust which works through the carpet will be held by the papers, and continually grind away at the lower side of the carpet, while straw lets the dust through and prevents any wear.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Easy" rules for the nuts of wagon axles are given by the "Connecticut Farmer." For turning off set the wrench handle uppermost, and turn backward, or to the rear; for turning on set the wrench handle uppermost, and turn forward, or toward the shafts of pole. The two sides are made thus opposed to each other in order that the friction of the hubs while going ahead in ordinary travel may tend to screw the nuts fast rather than turn them off.

For roup in fowls, a writer in the "Country Gentleman" says he has used this remedy most successfully. Catch the fowl, open the mouth with a sharp, straight-bladed knife, remove the horny covering of the tongue, and having it ready, give one-fourth to one-half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, with a pinch of red pepper. When this is done in time, I am sure it will effect a cure, if the bird is otherwise healthy.

Another correspondent of the same paper finds that "fumigating fowls with sulphur will stamp out the disease. Be sure and give them plenty of fresh water after the operation, and do not make the smoke too dense. Watch from the outside, and give fresh air as soon as the smoke gets dense on the floor."

A piece of lemon bound upon a corn will relieve it in a day or two. It should be renewed night and morning. The free use of lemon-juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. A lemon eaten before breakfast every day, for a week or two, will entirely prevent that feeling of lassitude peculiar to the approach of spring. Perhaps its most valuable property is its absolute power of detecting any of the injurious and even dangerous ingredients entering into the composition of so very many of the cosmetics and face-powders in the market. Every lady should subject her toilet-powder to this test. Place a teaspoonful of the suspected powder in a glass and add the juice of a lemon. If effervescence takes place, it is an infallible proof that the powder is dangerous, and its use should be avoided, as it will ultimately injure the skin and destroy the beauty of the complexion.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Harrow.

This is one of the oldest farm implements, and yet its true value is not appreciated by a majority of farmers. It is generally recognized as an instrument for burying the seed in the earth when sown, and leveling off the rough places. But it is really the only instrument in use for cultivating wheat, oats, barley, and grass. All these need and are as much improved by cultivation as corn or potatoes. There is probably no department of agriculture so generally neglected as the cultivation of the small grains with the harrow in the spring. The soil is dry and compact, and needs stirring and loosening about the young grain. Ignorance and prejudice are doing much to dwarf our crops of cereals by compelling them to grow in soil unfit for a crop of weeds. Plant your flowers and vegetables in the garden, and let them struggle for life with the baked surface soil, and the weeds a few weeks the start, and there will be a fair illustration of the way the small grains are permitted to grow. The gardener, pitying his plants in such a situation, will even run his finger about them to stir the earth and pulverize it.

We urge a more general and a more thorough use of the harrow in the wheat. Winter wheat needs it sooner than the spring wheat. And generally the circumstances demand a more thorough work on fall-sown. The rains and "wind" of winter, when spring arrives, causes the ground to pack and crust more than spring prepared soil. But all need it, and it can be done later than many suppose. Harrow when the soil is dry, and if some of the grain is torn up, the harrow will be so much better, it will lay double—then

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would be seated at the table and for half the price of a dinner would get a "square" meal as those who came early and paid full price. One oldchap, who had got his dinners in this manner for several months, and who was never to be paid an unnecessary cent in the horse, was marked by the jolly landlord for sacrifice. On a certain day in the winter, when he was known to be coming, a boiled dinner was prepared and sent out the night before to cool. Fortunately the next day "Barkis" put in an appearance and called for a "cold beef." A goodly plate of frozen beef-potatoes, etc., was set before him. The first dab at a potato with his fork set that article flying across the table and a turnip sliced from under his knife quite as rapidly.

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Nearly all our native rice comes from

South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana,

the former State supplying one-half the entire product of the country, and Georgia going 7,000,000 pounds ahead of Louisiana.

After the middle of June, the

soil becomes hard and dry, and

the grain begins to ripen.

When the grain is ripe, it is

gathered in bunches and

left to dry in the sun.

When the grain is dry, it is

threshed out, and the chaff

is removed.

When the grain is threshed

out, it is cleaned and

the chaff is removed.

When the grain is cleaned

and the chaff is removed,

it is dried in the sun.

When the grain is dried

in the sun, it is ready

for storage.

When the grain is stored

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