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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.

VOL. X.

NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., OCTOBER 5, 1878.

NO. 7.

TWO ANGELS FROM BY-LO-LAND.

An angel is coming from By-lo-land
With a crown of poppies in her hand
And a warm kiss on her face.

The crimson blossoms strew their stalks
And the dew drops like rain.

A cool, moist wind sweeps the walks
And passes at our door.

Enter the angel from By-lo-land;
Come close to the rocking chair.

When the mother is holding her baby, and
Lays down her roses upon the bed.

Clover is wrapped in the night-gown's fold;
And then on the soft white bed.

With a cluster of roses in her hand
And a smile on her peaceful face.

Like a crown of light are her halo locks;
And smiling fair are the flowers.

As a swift and certain pace,
With a cluster of roses in her hand.

And a smile on her peaceful face.

Enter the angel from By-lo-land;
On the baby's soft green gown.

Close to the path where her hand

Lays down her roses upon the gold

Of his little dreamland bed!

An angel is coming from By-lo-land;

At a swift and certain pace,

With a cluster of roses in her hand

And a smile on her peaceful face.

Enter the angel from By-lo-land;

On the baby's soft green gown.

Close to the path where her hand

Lays down her roses upon the gold

Of his little dreamland bed!

Two angels! Upon the one we smile.

Our welcome guest always.

But, ah, from the other we shrink the while.

Though she cometh not to stay.

Yet stay not she be the tenderest.

Who makes all suffering cease.

One is but the angel of Earthly rest.

—Mr. Clark Doty's Song, in "Caroline," 1878.

HISTORY OF DUELING.

Dueling is comparatively a modern institution, and is now of very rare occurrence. Among the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans no such practices existed. Dueling seems to have had its origin among the Germanic Nations. In its earliest form the duel was probably a direct appeal to the Deity, under the belief that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe would interfere miraculously in behalf of the innocent and visit the perfidious and the guilty with dishonor and death. The practice of dueling was in vogue among early Christian Nations. Louis le Bonaparte was the first French King who permitted

dueling. In 1815 Daniel O'Connell fought and killed Mr. D'Esterre, a member of the former House of Commons, in a duel. The same mode of trial was introduced into England with other Norman customs by William the Conqueror, but it was principally in its public or judicial form. Private dueling was very prevalent in the United States.

It declined during the Commonwealth, but broke out again in the reign of Charles II. During the reign of William III, attempts were made to abolish dueling. It was not till after the wearing of swords was abandoned that dueling diminished, but the pistol soon began to take the place of that weapon. After a time chance took the place of skill, and duels were fought at two or three paces, one pistol being loaded and the other not. This sort of duel seems to have reached its climax when the pistol was made of fire by lot between two pairs—one made of brass and the other of iron. From this point dueling has declined, and has now quite fallen into disuse in England.

In no country has the duel prevailed to so great an extent as in France. Francis I openly encouraged it, and set an example by challenging Charles V., and his fierce and turbulent nobles were only too eager to follow, and under the countenance of their monarch indulged their native propensity for dueling to an extent which all the power of his successors was scarcely able to control. Several ineffectual attempts were made to put down the practice by the power of the Church; but to such an extent was it carried on during the sovereignty of Henry IV., that in the first eighteen years of his reign over 4,000 gentlemen lost their lives in duels. During the reign of Louis XIII. dueling became so prevalent that it was said in Paris that no Frenchman was work looking at unless he had killed his man. The execution of two noblemen of high rank, who persisted in fighting a duel in defiance of the royal interdict, had some effect in checking the evil.

In Denmark dueling was not confined to men, and women who quarreled were not allowed champions, but were compelled to do their own fighting, though certain advantages were permitted them. In France, too, there have been a number of instances of duels between women. Under the Regency, Mme. de Nagel and the Countess d'Alaignac fought for the possession of the Duc de Richelieu. Mme. de Marigny, a female duelist, was born in France in 1673. Whenever she desired to indulge in a frolic or revenge an insult, she laid aside the female and assumed the male attire. One evening, being at a masked ball given at the Palais Royal by the King's brother, and disguised as a man, she indulged in some freedom toward a lady of rank, which was ill-received and called forth the indignation of three of the lady's friends, who invited the intruder to accompany them down to the garden. Mme. Marigny complied or the instant, drew her sword, engaged the three champions, successively, and laid them all lifeless on the ground. Then, coolly returning to the ball-room, she made herself known to the King and obtained a free pardon. Ireland has been famous for its duels and is the home of the modern duel. In the latter part of the last century there was scarcely an Irishman of note who had not been "cut" and many of them fought many times. Grattan and many other men of high position were among the noted duellists of that time. It was in Ireland, as late as 1812, that the Judge said from the bench, in a

trial for murder in a duel, to his jury: "Gentlemen, it is my business to lay down the law to you, and I will. The law says killing a man in a duel is murder; therefore, in the discharge of my duty, I tell you so; but at the same time I say to you that a fairer duel than this I never saw in the course of my life."

Sir Jonah Barrington was called the father of "the code of honor," and had fought several duels. He was once called by a Mr. John Daily to the field, without ever having seen him. When he reached the ground, Mr. Daily announced that Barrington was not the man he had intended to challenge. Barrington insisted, however, upon proceeding, as by rule seven of the code "no apology can be received without exchanging shots after the parties have met." He fired and wounded Daily and then accepted his apology. At another time he fought with Mr. McNally. His ball struck McNally, who instantly cried, "I am hit!" But the ball had struck a socket of his gallows, and had not entered his body. Thereupon Barrington said, "You are the first rogue, McNally, that I ever saw hit the gallows."

John Philip Curran was exceedingly happy on the field and usually went into "affairs" laughing. He once fought a Mr. St. Ledger. He received his antagonist's fire without flinching, but did not return it. "There was no necessity for me to do so," he said.

He was perfectly certain he would die of fright at the report of his own pistol.

On another occasion he went out to meet John Egan, who is described as a great bully and of enormous size. Egan complained of the great disparity in their size, and said: "I could as easily hit a razor edge as him, while he can take me as easily as a turf-stack."

Curran, with an air of charming daring, advanced and said: "I wish to take no advantage that may be offered me in your size; therefore I am willing for a section of your body, just the size of mine, to be chalked on you, and every bullet that I lodge in you outside of the chalk lines shall count for nothing."

In 1815 Daniel O'Connell fought and killed Mr. D'Esterre, a member of the

former House of Commons, in a duel stigmatized as a beggarly body. When on the field, O'Connell made a speech, in which he said that the duel had been arranged by the political opposition to take him off. "They have reckoned without their host," he said, "for I am one of the best marksmen in Ireland. I shall kill my opponent."

His words proved true. D'Esterre fell at the first fire, mortally wounded.

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Duels have not been very common in Scotland, because of the cooler disposition of the people. One of the most noted of the Scottish duels was that between James Stuart and Sir Alexander Bowes, in which the latter was killed.

The duel grew out of gross newspaper attacks on the former. Stuart was tried for murder and acquitted. Francis Jeffrey, who was one of his counsel, went so far as to uphold dueling in certain cases, and boldly declared that the man who killed another under the circumstances that led Stuart to kill Bowes was not guilty of murder in any case. Stuart was acquitted by the jury, and congratulated by the Court.

Dueling has been known in the United States since the original settlement, and its history would make a large volume, the greater part of which would be devoted to the South and West. Nowhere in the world have more savage duels been fought. This was the case especially during the first half of this century. The Bowie knife or the pistol settled almost every quarrel, and the feuds thus engendered were sometimes carried on from father to son through several generations.

The first duel in this country took place in 1811 at Plymouth. In 1728 a duel took place on Boston Common between Henry Phillips and Benjamin Woodbridge, in which Woodbridge was killed. It was fought by moonlight, with swords, and without seconds. Woodbridge's body was found at daybreak the next morning and great excitement was created. Phillips escaped on a man-of-war then in the harbor, and died in France. In 1777 a duel occurred in New York City between Capt. McPherson, of the Forty-second, and Lieut. Featherstonehaugh, of the Seventy-sixth, British Regiments, in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the eating was from the cob and the other that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieut. Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm by the combat.

Among the most celebrated duels fought in this country are the following: Gen. Hamilton and Col. Bart, in 1804; Henry Clay and John Randolph, in 1820; Capt. Warren and Capt. Deaderick. Col. Benton killed Mr. Lucas, Gen. Jackson killed Mr. Dickinson in 1813, and was also engaged in other affairs, but in 1830 caused the names of four officers to be struck from the roll of the navy for being engaged in a duel which took place between Charles G. Hunter, midshipman, and William Miller, Jr., a lawyer of Philadelphia. Dueling is a barbarous practice of settling disputes. The duelist is no means a brave man. Gen. Washington approved of Gen. Greene's course in declining a challenge, and Gen. Zachary Taylor, who was a brave man, took on every earth spec free, "I did to bless that mother's sighs—Through all eternity."

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The Guillotine in Paris.

A lawyer named Barre and a student named Lelieze were guillotined in Paris, Sept. 7, for the murder of a woman. A correspondent of the New York Herald describes the execution: "It is half-past five, and the day has almost come. The lamps are out. The guillotine stands gloomily and red in the morning shadows. The birds fly around it. There is a rustle. The signal is given that the procession approaches. The officer in command of the horses cries out, 'Draw, sabers.' The wide gate of Le Roquette is thrown open. All hats are raised. The sad procession comes slowly. Two policemen are in advance. Then, solemnly, Monsieur de Paris. Then the abbe, walking with his back to the guillotine, pressing the crucifix to the lips of the condemned, who is assisted, almost carried, by two, sides in blue blouse. Barre lost all energy. At every step he grew weaker. From the gate to the guillotine is twenty-three steps, as your correspondent counted them. When half way, Barre sank, and would have fallen but for the firm arms of the attendants. His face was almost blue, his lips protruding. The abbe kissed him on both cheeks, and passed hurriedly to the gate. Barre was in front of the scaffold, unconscious apparently. Monsieur de Paris took his shoulders, pressed him on the shoulder, threw him over, saw the head in the groove, and touched the button. Barre found peace at last, and usucce was arranged.

It was the work of a moment to remove the body of Barre from the plank and throw it into the box. Lelieze was within the gate, his procession being thirty steps behind that of Barre. He took the sound of the ax as it took the life of his friend. He showed more nerve than Barre, and walked with firmness. As he kissed the abbe and was seized by the shoulder by Monsieur de Paris, he said in a firm voice, "Adieu, Messieurs." A voice cried out, "Bravo, Lelieze." In another moment he was on the guillotine. The ax fell. It was just forty seconds between each descent of the ax, as your correspondent witnessed. At this point Mr. Peters concluded to show the item to the editor, to see if it would suit.

"If you like it," said Peters, "I'm going right along with a column or so more, giving a full account of Wilson's miseries; an algebraic formula for

the calculation of the velocity of a mule's hoofs, and a picturesque description of

the rearing piece of the condemned at

Ivy. Within two minutes from the opening of the gates of Roquette the funeral van was driving off at a full trot. The police faced around and ad-

vanced on the crowd. The cavalry and infantry slowly drove them back in all directions. Within five minutes not a soul was in the open space but the executioner and his aids taking down the gallotine. So swift is justice in France.

There was no exultation by the crowd when the six fell, nothing like rowdy

music. A cry arose, but it was an insinuating cry of horror, repeated and intensified when, after the ax had fallen on Barre, it was hauled into place, red and dripping, to await Lelieze. But in forty seconds all was over, and all that remained for us was to sweep into the crowd and advance as rapidly as we could in front of the lines of cavalry and infantry. The general expression was horror. Some looked pale, others shamed tears, others gashed and livid. One of our party complained of a severe neuralgic pain that shot through his forehead as the ax fell. "The general aspect of the crowd—a crowd of men turning from the gallotine was striking and painful. It was horror.

An Affecting Incident.

Upon the first day that Mr. Peters began to do work for the *Argus* as a reporter he came in early in the evening and wrote the following item:

"John Wilson was kicked by a mule yesterday on Passyunk avenue."

When Peters handed the item to the editor, that individual said:

"Peters, that is too short. It is not full enough. You must expand it a little."

So Peters sat down and re-wrote it as follows:

"Yesterday, at half-past twelve o'clock, a man named John Wilson, while walking along Passyunk avenue near Clinton street, was kicked in the side by a vicious mule, and badly hurt."

"Peters," said the editor, as he looked this over, "this won't do; it is not sufficiently vivid. What you want in an item is picturesqueness; quality; you must poeticize your items, as it were. I think I will pay you by the column, so as to incite you to effort in the proper direction."

"You want it poetized, do you?" asked Peters.

"Yes; work it up with an eye to dramatic effect."

"All right," said Peters, "I'll put it through in the proper style."

So Peters went back to his desk, and an hour or two later he had produced an item something like this:

"Yesterday (ah! yesterday!) another day added to the rolling tide of years that sweeps backward into the mournful past bearing with it a burden of human sorrow; an American citizen (proud title! Prouder than the glittering batons of rank bestowed upon their creatures by pitiless despots; a title that our revolutionary forefathers bore covered with a halo of glory; named (What's in a name?) John (a name borne by some of the greatest men that ever lived) Wilson, was walking (and no better physical exercise has ever been discovered) through a field, and was blessed with a song—*'Through all eternity.'*

The Oldest Inhabitant.

At last the oldest inhabitant has turned up. There is no doubt about the fairness of his claim to this title, and no chance that a rival will soon appear, for this venerable person's age exceeds by half a century even that of old Parr, who is perfectly well known to have beaten every other patriarch since the antediluvian days."

It is, perhaps, a drawback that the newly-discovered centenarian, or rather nonagenarian, is an American. One is inclined to grudge that pushing and somewhat "stuck-up" continent the possession of all the biggest, oldest, and newest, things. We must bow to antiquity in the person of the very old fellow who has been described by the correspondent of a German paper. He resides in the Republic of Colombia—a State whose chief products seem to be tobacco, straw hats, monks, volcanoes and earthquakes—chiefly the last, and he is a half-caste, Miguel Solis by name. At a recent conference of physicians in Bogota, Dr. Luis Hernandez told how he had interviewed the patriarch. Solis, it appears, is modest enough to claim an age of no more than 180 years, but his neighbors, all of whom, of course, have known him from infancy, repudiate the notion that he is such a youngster, and loudly assert that he has "overshot" his second century. The evidence on this point, it must be admitted, is not quite conclusive. The oldest inhabitants told Dr. Hernandez that when they were boys Solis had the reputation of being more than a century old, and confirmation of this is said to be afforded by the fact that a signature which Solis recognizes as his own appears among the lists of contributors to the cost of erecting the Convent of San Sebastian in 1712, when he was a sprightly infant of fifty or thereabout. But, unfortunately, as no witnesses of this interesting signature can be found in the natural course of things, the attestation turns upon old Solis' good faith or his memory, and, without being uncharitable, we may fear that one or the other may be defective. For the rest, he is evidently interesting enough.

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The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, OCT. 5, 1877.

A wires from Washington say that Gen. Sheridan has several times recently expressed himself as completely disgusted with the action of the last Congress relative to the draft bill, and for several reasons. Among other remarks he said that even Sheridan's old horse that rode to Winchester would now have to be killed as the Government has gotten too mean to feed him. The General certainly has forgotten to whom he is indebted for many personal honors when he talks in this strain.

After the yellow-fever has subsided in the South there will doubtless be a famine, for there cannot fail to be much want felt the coming winter in those districts that have been so ravaged, and it behoves us therefore to bear this fact in mind and like the good Samaritan not only to relieve the present needs of the victimized, but do all we can to supply their wants until they shall again be able to stand alone.

Yellow fever reports from some quarters of the South are slightly encouraging at last. The climax of distress seems to have been reached in Vicksburg when a thousand ready-made coffins were sent to Cincinnati.

Among other ways in which Gen. Grant's friends claim that he has benefited his country, is that of largely increasing the demand for American cigars. When he went to Europe he took a quantity with him but of course not enough to last him but a few months. This caused him to send home for his favorite brand and thus introduced the article.

"The Old Lady."

A. H. C.

Written to the Northville Record.

This may seem a strange subject, but how many use this expression in speaking of, or addressing their mothers. There may be some who will pass these few words by unnoticed. But how much there is contained in them for that poor heart addressed. Once, and I might say a number of times in my short life, I have heard this expression when it made my heart feel very sad. And yet it came from lips that I should have expected better things from and from one that I loved and respected in everything. It was used in this way—in a child speaking of and to his mother. O how harsh and unfeeling those words sounded! And if one could have seen that face—could have told that those words went straight to the heart of one who from her child's earliest birth had watched its every breath. It was she who in a long and very dangerous fit of sickness had been a constant watcher at its bedside, and even if away from her dear one, for her needed rest, her mind was all with the loved one, her quick ear ever on the alert to catch the least sound of pain or unrest, and always ready to spring to its assistance, on hand to supply every want and need of that little one who is to her most dear, and you might say a part of her very life.

Not a rustle comes from that sick room but her quick ear catches it. And if one could have seen that anxious face as it was bending over to catch the least change, if any could have told that the strongest ties of this earth bound her to her child. And after many long and weary days and nights of patient watching and hope, the family physician comes and tells her the glad news that her child is mending, how quick her face shows the change, and yet she seems never to weary. This is love that should never be forgotten, in one short life time at least. Yet in many cases it seems almost forgotten; and by those who have had all these tender cares from their mother. Take the child in its baby hood, almost the first words that its little lips are taught to lip, are "mama," as years advance, these words are changed to simply "ma," and there are many in my acquaintance, grown men and women, that always use this little word yet, and it does seem to me very affectionate, yet with others, as they advance in years, they adopt the ever to be revered name of "mother."

Now let me say, in conclusion, to all those who have mothers, even if they are getting old, and sometimes seem an extra care, that you are only paying back in a measure that kind and loving care that has been bestowed on you from your birth. But never address her, nor speak of her as "the old lady."

These few lines are written by one of my readers, that has caused one of the best mothers, I think, in the sun ever shown on, many, many tears. But it was because I had not come to a stage in life where I realized this love and care. Yet it is all these years that love and care has

been given in ever word and more. Or, if you could do more things, even I have done to hurt those tender feelings. Had I been faithful for the past and often away then by doing better in the future. My mother is getting to a good stage, and yet I believe that love for her children is just as strong as when we were under her immediate care, and I am glad to help her keep in mind the lesson never to forget this love and care of my mother, not "the old lady."

Our Washington Letter.

Washington, Oct. 4, 1877.

The only topic discussed now is in reference to the pig-tailed Chinese embassy, and its formal presentation to the President. The Embassy with its various attachés, servants, attendants and all number a hundred persons, is the first official delegation ever stationed to our country from China. Their business and object is understood to be to consider with our high powers, the Burlingame treaty.

The leader of chief of the Embassy is a very learned man and having given in the last three years to the study of his subject in preparation for mission here, he will be a wily antagonist. They aver that the treaty mentioned promises protection to the Chinese who might emigrate to the States, and they propose inquiring somewhat into the treatment their countrymen have met with on the Pacific coast.

Washington is receiving very flattering notice all over the world on account of the award granted for her public school exhibit at the Paris Exposition. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written to the contrary we are in receipt of perfectly reliable reports that the part taken by the United States in the great fair is by no means an unworthy or disgraceful one.

Since the arrival here of the Embassy, the Chinese Ambassador has received the sum of \$100,000, deposited in the San Francisco sub-Treasury, and a telegraphic transfer to this city, has been made. The U. S. Treasury made the transfer without charge, as a matter of courtesy, which was the same thing as giving the Embassy \$1,000. Chin Lin Lin wrote a polite note of thanks to the Treasurer for the favor. He and his assistant Minister have been through with the usual custom of

foreign ministers, the called upon all the other diplomats leaving cards. The Celestials each left two cards, one inscribed in English and the other in Asiatic character. Sir Edward Thornton, English minister, was the first to return the call, and these high and dignified dignitaries met stably with a narrow board between them (which was the same it was brought from China) and sipped tea together.

The credentials of office which were read to the President at the time of the presentation of the Embassy to him, were written upon a strip of parchment about 4 feet long and neatly rolled upon a piece of cedar wood.

The writing was in Chinese, of course, largely and plainly inscribed, the characters resembling those we see on tea-chests, and no one will say that such Evans is incapable of joking who saw him, with grave intent and immovable countenance, place those hieroglyphics before the President, as an interpreter was reading it and say "Mr. President, please to look over the original and see if the translation is literal."

Sheridan's Ride.

Washington Con. Northville Record. Let the readers of the Record may not have heard the story I would say that it is a fact that some persons have been circulating the report that Sheridan's war horse and his renowned ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek, are both myths. In answer to this comes a letter from an eye witness of Sheridan's Ride, Gen. Agnew, who says:

"No jockey on the last quarter of a four mile heat ever rode harder than did Sheridan as he thundered down that Virginia pike on his big black horse." His head was down, his body slightly inclined forward, and his soul thrown into the race against time, with the fortunes of his army as the stake. As he drew near to us he perceived that our train had blocked the road and that it would require some time to clear it. He solved the difficulty by cutting through an open field to our left and striking the road again after he had got ahead of us. He had outridden almost everybody who had started with from Winchester. The officer nearest him was Gen. W. P. French, Jr., from Maine, who was 15 lengths behind Sheridan, whose staff officers came straggling along after him in a long line, while the cavalry escort was half a mile in the rear, with horses considerably blown." So much for the gallant "Little Phil."

M. W. W.

Many are the hearts that are aching to-night after running one of the old-fashioned machines all day. Why don't you get one of the New American machines, like me, and you will never get tired. It runs so right, has a self-setting needle and a self-threading shuttle.

A five year old son of Geo. Leutzel, a farmer near St. Clair, was drowned in an open well while playing around it on the 29th.

FREE A VALUABLE INVENTION

THE WORLD RENOWNED.

WILSON SEWING MACHINE

In workmanship is equal to a Chronometer Watch, and as elegantly finished as a first-class Piano. It received the highest awards at the Vienna and Centennial Expositions. IT SEWS ONE-FOURTH FASTER than other machines. Its capacity is unlimited. There are more WILSON MACHINES sold in the United States than the combined sales of all the others. The WILSON MENDING ATTACHMENT for doing all kinds of repairing WITHOUT PATCHING, given FREE with each machine.

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62 & 829 Broadway, New York; New Orleans, La.; Cor. State & Madison Sts., Chicago, Ill.; and San Francisco, Cal.

WE WOULD SOON FIND PATENTS, AND THE USE OF NORTHVILLE, THAT HAVING MADE EXCHANGE IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED STATES, A CHANCE FOR THE INVENTOR TO SECURE A PROFITABLE AND EASY WAY.

WE HAVE NO PARTS, AND WILL OBTAINLY KEEP ON THE MARKET.

EAS, COFFEE, SUGARS, AND

EVERYTHING ELSE.

New Name! New Goods!

We would like to add patrons, and the use of Northville, that having

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TRAIN LEAVE NORTHVILLE

FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R. R.

SEPT. 27.

NORTHVILLE 9:45 A. M. MAIL EXP. 10:25 P. M.
DETROIT 10:25 A. M. MAIL EXP. 10:25 P. M.
N.Y. 11:15 A. M. MAIL EXP. 10:25 P. M.

LEAVE WAYNE ON W.H.C. GEN. L.

CRECETTE.

RAIL MAIL MAIL

LEAVE LANSING & KAL. MICH. R. R.

DETROIT 10:25 A. M.

EAST 10:25 A. M. MAIL EXP. 10:25 P. M.

DETROIT 10:25 A. M. MAIL EXP. 10:25 P. M.

NORTHVILLE 11:15 A. M. MAIL EXP. 10:25 P. M.

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DETROIT 10:2

