

Official Paper of the Village.

Published Semi-Monthly by
SAMUEL H. LITTLE,
Editor and Proprietor.

To whom all communications should be addressed.

Terms, \$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of

the publisher, until all arrears are paid.

THE YOUNG TRAMP.

Hallo, there stranger! Where yer from? Come in and make yourself at home! We're common folks, ain't much on style: Come in and stop a little while!

"Two's do no harm ter rest you some."

Leisurely, yer per'f, and don't look well! What's the matter? Know, now, de tell? Why, that's a hundred miles or so; What started yer? I'd like to know: What's the young tramp; get good ter sell?

No home, no friends? Now, that's too bad! Well, check out what you can't be bad! Wife, where you can find so east And put the clothes on ter heat!

Well, now, that's rough; I'll declare! What's the young, younger? I can't bear Ter see you take on so, and so.

How come you so down in the mornin'? Well, I was in that seamin', boy! And got used up, too, pretty bad; I shan't forget old 'Sandy'

So you were left all alone? A boy, when he want a way? Those fooling hags, we're plucky wife. You know one of 'em saved my life. Else I would not be here today.

Two was when the "Black Horse Carabou" Sett down on me small beside. I got the shot that made me lame.

When down on me a trooper came, And that ere chap stuck up his blade.

Four fellas? He was stricken dead;

Joe Bellows was my comrade's name. He was a booting boy, and game!

I almost wished I'd died, instead.

Why, lad, what makes you trouble yo' poor father, what my command, Joe? And yo' son? Come ter my heart!

My house is yours; I'll try, in part.

To pay his boy the debt I owe.

—Charles F. Adams, in *Dressed Free Press*.

A STORY OF TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Mr. B. was a great merchant in Baltimore. One morning as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf, he stepped on the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro, whose dejected countenance gave sure indication of distress. He accosted him with:

"Her, my man, what is the matter?"

The negro lifted up his eyes and looked at Mr. B., replied:

"Ah, massa, I'm in great trouble."

"What about?"

"Massa, I've gotched up here to be sold."

"What for? What have you been doing? Have you been stealing? or did you run away? or what?"

"No, no, massa, none o' dat. It's because I didn't eat no deade."

"What kind of orders?"

"Well, massa, stranger, I will tell you. Massa William, werry strict man, and a werry alay man, too, anybody on the place got to mind him, and I brake free de rule, but I didn't tend to brake de rule, doc; I forgivit myself, and I got too high."

"It is for getting drunk, then, is it?"

"Oh, no, nah, not dat notion."

"Then tell me what you are to be sold for?"

"For praying, nah!"

"For praying! That's a strange tale. Will not your master permit you to pray?"

"Oh, yes, nah, he left me pray eas; but I hollers too loud."

"And why do you holler in your prayers?"

"Kase the spirit comes on me and I gets happy 'fore I knows it; den I gone, hasn't told myself; den I knows nuttin' bout masta's rule."

"And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?"

"Oh, yes; no help for me now. All de men in di world couldn't help me now—kase when Massa William says one ting he no do another."

"What is your name?"

"Moses."

"What is your master's name?"

"Massa's name is Col. William C."

"Where does he live?"

"Down on the East Side."

"Is he a good master and treats you well?"

"Oh, yes; no better man in de world."

"Stand up and let me look at you."

And Moses stood up and presented a robust frame; and as Mr. B. stripped up his sleeve, his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.

"Where is your master?"

"Yander he is, jes' comin' to de ward."

As Mr. B. started for the shore he bade Moses give a heavy sigh followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that Mr. B. was a trader, and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him so unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Col. C. did. He introduced himself and said:

"I understand that you want to sell that negro man yonder, on board the schooner."

Col. C. replied that he did.

"What do you ask for him?"

"I expect to get \$700."

"How old do you reckon him to be?"

"Somewhere about thirty."

"Is he healthy?"

"Very; he never had any sickness in his life, except one or two spells of theague."

"Is he hearty?"

"Yes, sir; he will eat as much as any man ought, and it will do him as much good."

"Is he a good hand?"

"Yes, sir; he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew."

"Why do you wish to sell him?"

"Because he disobeys my orders. As I said, he is my foreman; and that he

Northville Record.

Terms: \$1.50 a Year.]

Our Aim, The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance]

VOL. X. NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH. NOVEMBER 16, 1878.

NO. 10.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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1 Inch.	2 mos.	\$1.50
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1 Inch.	4 mos.	\$2.00
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RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

make Moses think about Joseph in Egypt again."

The Colonel then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that was out of the question, for he could not part with him; and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at forty and his children at thirty years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold into Egypt, God overruled it to his good, and he obtained blessings that were far beyond his expectations; so with Moses, he eventually proved the instrument in God's hands, of saving the man's soul who sold him.

Old Moses is still living, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own and is doing well for both worlds. —N. Y. Graphic.

Demonism in the Hindoo Religion.

Demonism, in fact, has always been from the earliest times an essential ingredient in the Hindoo religious system. It probably began in the supposed peopling of the air by spiritual beings, the personifications or companions of storm and tempest. It is certain that in the present day the worship of the majority of the people of India is a worship of fear. It consists in constant efforts to appease the malice of evil spirits. Not that the common people doubt the existence of good beings presided over by one Supreme Being, but that they believe these beings to be too absolutely good to need propitiation. Just as in ancient histories of the Slave races, we are told that they believed in a white and black god, but paid adoration to the last alone, having, as they supposed, nothing to apprehend from the benefice of the first or white divinity. The truth is that evils of all kinds, difficulties, dangers and disasters, famines, diseases, pestilences and death, are thought by an ordinary Hindoo to proceed from devils and from devils alone. And these malignant beings are held to possess varying degrees of real power and malevolence. Some are held to be at the service of the gods themselves. Some delight in killing men, women and children, out of a mere love of mischief. Some take pleasure in tormenting, or revel in the infliction of sickness, injury and mortation. All make it their business to mar the progress of good spirits and useful undertakings. I verily believe that the religion of the mass of the Hindoos is simply demonatry. Men and women of all classes, except perhaps those educated by ourselves, are perpetually penetrated with the idea that the devil is the author of all evil. All make it their business to mar the progress of good spirits and useful undertakings. 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The Northville Record

SIXTY-THREE YEARS OLD.

SAMUEL HALE, P. E., Editor.

SATURDAY, NOV. 26, 1875.

Fans of the Great movement for 1880 are very busy just now publishing accounts of the General's appearance "and actions abroad," which are certainly very flattering to him. But notwithstanding all the honors shown him abroad, it is no indication that he will again occupy his former high station, as President of the U. S.

Washington services would indicate that the Republicans who feel safe or Representative, have, at least, as comfortable themselves as much as possible now over the National Democratic Committee's loss of its chairman, Birney, which they say effects the Republican Congressional Committee's loss of the same affair. Honors are easy in the matter of chairmanships.

No statesman is so much the subject of conversation and appreciation in political circles at Washington, as Senator Conkling. It would seem a great tribute to a leader's ability when friends and foes alike recognize it.

Will Never be Completed.

Washington Correspondent of *Reader*.
Washington, Nov. 13.—Many persons wonder if the improvements on the Capitol grounds will ever be completed. They probably never will be. Some one will doubtless see the elaborate and costly work now going on there, rased in contempt and supplanted by other work, different in design and effect. It will be seen that a rest might sometime be taken, but it never will. Something is or about the grounds will always be in an unfinished state. We shall never be rid of the gaudious smell of asphaltum and tar, nor the sight of the rough boards which formerly covered every unfinished work. Now an air of bustle, or preparation for work, rather pervades the Capitol inside and out. The legislative halls are being put in order for occupation the payment on the East front is being newly concreted, and it would be hard to say how many other iron are in the sun or how long it will be before any of them will be pounds into anything like comely and perfect shape.

By now,

Our Washington Letter:

Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—November 14. Lovers of music and the drama have been enjoying rich treats in the past two weeks. The first opera troupe have been here with a fine cast. Emma, Abbott, Mrs. Seguin, Castle, and other good singers.

Sey and Mrs. Sherman occupied a box several evenings at the opera. The Secretary is serene, placid, rather ashy-looking; his wife is plain and quite uninteresting in appearance.

The Government officers have experienced another set-back in their fight with the Central Pacific railroad ring. The men who have robbed the stockholders of that road and the Government in order to build up a grand monopoly to oppress trade, now refuse to comply with the law and show their books to the Government Auditor as required.

At the last Cabinet meeting but few matters were discussed save the Presidents message and what it should contain. It was agreed that some recommendation for the enactment of legislation should be made either to increase the weight of the standard silver dollar or to diminish its coinage, or to adopt some other means of preventing further depreciation of its value.

X. M. W.

Remarks of a Colored Brother of Georgia.

"Bredree, my 'perience is dat ain't de perfision of 'igion, but de 'casional pradip of it dat makes a man 'ceptible up yonder. When yer gets to de golden gate an' Peter locks yer right in de eye, and fer abore him, yer long creed an' says pompos like, 'dat fer-forged fer de big 'Piscopalian church,' de Poste [sic] shake his head an' say, 'Dat sain't nuff to get yer through.' But if yer takes all yer bills under yer arm, yer grocer bill, yer rent bill, an' yer newspaper bill, an' he looks em over an' finds em all receipted, he'll say, 'yer title's all clear an' unlock de gate an' let yer pitch fer voice fer de angels song."

STATE NEWS.

The jewelry store of R. G. Peas has been broken into, and a large quantity of silver and gold taken. John H. Peas, son of R. G. Peas, and his wife, Elizabeth Peas, daughter of John H. Peas, the jeweler, were captured October 21, by Sheriff Cates, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, a trapper who was sent to Kalamazoo in 1877, and afterward transferred to Peas.

Edwin Weston, the local lawyer, was also arrested, October 21, by Sheriff Cates, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, a trapper who was sent to Kalamazoo in 1877, and afterward transferred to Peas.

Washburn services would indicate that the Republicans who feel safe or Representative, have, at least, as comfortable themselves as much as possible now over the National Democratic Committee's loss of its chairman, Birney, which they say effects the Republican Congressional Committee's loss of the same affair. Honors are easy in the matter of chairmanships.

The publishers of *The Detroit Post and Tribune* point to the record of journalistic enterprise and political usefulness made in the first year of the existence of the consolidated newspaper as the satisfactory evidence of the excellence of its claim upon the public confidence and support. The paper will continue to be the sincere, vigorous, and able advocate of Republican political doctrine, of an honest and rational financial policy, and of State development.

Its large resources, its ample facilities in newsgathering, its wide circulation, and its position as the metropolitan organ of the dominant party in the state enable its publishers to supplement profits by publication, and to fully meet the expectations of its patrons.

The news department of *The Post and Tribune* will be kept free, accurate, and complete; the paper in control of the largest facilities for getting intelligence, foreign, domestic, state and local, and maintaining special correspondents at all important points in Michigan, and at the main centers of news elsewhere.

Its compilation of State news and national news, and its special copy for future and its daily

local and national news that could be desired in any family, where all that is likely to be helpful to the younger readers strictly forbidden its appearance.

Like the *Democrat*, a pure, truthful reading, will do well to write for *The Northville Record*.

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