

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 84.

YOU ALL
HAVE HEARD OF
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Prepared by Dr. G. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in 1825.

THEY CURED YOUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS, and will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonic. They are no fever prong, like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are the greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA, Nervous Debility, JAUNDICE, Diseases of the Kidneys, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Bowels.

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD. Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disrupt for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Bloating of the Stomach, Swelling of the Feet, Headache, or Difficult Breathing, Fluctuating at the Heart, Choking or Sticking in the Throat, or who in a Lymphatic System, or who before the Birth, Dull Pain in the Head, Debility of the Nervous System, or of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Bloating of the Stomach, Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginations of Evil and Gloom, or of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barkes from which these extracts are gathered are all of the finest quality. All the medicinal virtues are extracted by a scientific process, and the extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used in the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcohol in the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not admissible.

Hoofland's German Tonic is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Stead's Orange, and is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, and being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere concoctions of raw materials.

DEBILITY. There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone to the system, strengthen the organs, and give an enjoyment of life. They enable the weak to do more, and the old to live longer. They are the best of all medicines, and are the only ones that will cure the diseases named, and are the only ones that will cure the diseases named, and are the only ones that will cure the diseases named.

Weak and Delicate Children are cured by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are the only ones that will cure the diseases named, and are the only ones that will cure the diseases named, and are the only ones that will cure the diseases named.

Blood Purifiers will cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. They are the only ones that will cure the diseases named, and are the only ones that will cure the diseases named, and are the only ones that will cure the diseases named.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. I find Hoofland's German Bitters to be an invigorating beverage, but a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. I consider Hoofland's German Bitters to be a valuable medicine in cases of Debility, Dyspepsia, and all the diseases named, and are the only ones that will cure the diseases named.

FROM REV. JOSEPH P. KENNARD, D. D., Pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church, Philadelphia. Dr. Jackson's Bitters is a valuable medicine, and is the only one that will cure the diseases named, and are the only ones that will cure the diseases named.

CAUTION. Hoofland's German Bitters are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of G. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeits.

Price of the Bitters, \$1.00 per bottle; or, a half dozen for \$5.00. Price of the Tonic, 50 cents per bottle; or, a half dozen for \$2.50.

The Tonic is put up in quart bottles. Beware of cheap imitations, and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take any other than the genuine. It makes a large profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. H. EVANS, Proprietor, Formerly of C. E. JACKSON & CO. These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, the next 26 '69.

POETICAL.

OUR CHILDHOOD.
BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis sad, yet sweet, to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And to think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood's wish
To roam like angels more!

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past,
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast.
The forms we loved so dearly
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon;

Those bright and gentle maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this;
Whose dark soft eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright;

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring-time of the year,
Like the cheerful gleams of April,
They followed every tear!
They have passed—like hopes—away,
And their loveliness has fled;
Oh, many a heart is mourning,
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer,
They have fallen with the stem;
Yet oh! it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them!

And yet the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they,
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!

That fair ones whom we love
Grow to each loving breast
Like the tendrils of the clinging vine,
Then perish where they rest.

And we can but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us
And the flowers are blossoming;
And we know that winter's coming,
With his cold and stormy sky,
And the glorious beauty round us
Is budding but to die!

MISCELLANY.

TECUMSEH'S HONOR.

A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press* gives some interesting anecdotes of the great Indian warrior and prophet, Tecumseh.

While the enemy was in possession of the country around Monroe and Detroit, Tecumseh, with a large band of warriors, visited the river Raisin.

The inhabitants had been stripped of nearly every means of subsistence. Old Mr. Rivers, a Frenchman, who was lame and unable to earn a living for himself and family, had contrived to keep out of sight of the wandering bands of savages a pair of oxen, and his son was able to procure a scanty support for himself and his family. It so happened that while at labor with the oxen, Tecumseh, who had come over from Malden, met him on the road, and walked up to him and said:

'My friend, I must have those oxen. My young men are very hungry, and they have nothing to eat. We must have the oxen. Young Rivers remonstrated. He told the chief that if he took the oxen his father would starve to death.

'Well,' said Tecumseh, 'we are conquerors, and everything we want is ours. I must have the oxen; my people must not starve; but I will not be so mean as to rob you of them. I will pay you a hundred dollars for them, and that is far more than they are worth, but have them we must.

Tecumseh got a white man to write an order on the British Indian Agent, Col. Elliott, who was on the river some distance below, for the money. The oxen were killed, large fires built, and the forest warriors were soon feasting.

Young Rivers took the order to Col. Elliott, who promptly refused to pay it saying: 'We're entitled to support from the country we conquered. We will not pay it.'

The young man with a sorrowful heart returned with the answer to Tecumseh, who said:

'To-morrow we will go and see.'

In the morning he took young Rivers and went to see the Colonel. On meeting him, he said:

'Do you refuse to pay for the oxen I bought?'

'Yes,' said the Colonel, and he reiterated the reason for refusal.

'I bought them,' said the Chief, 'for my young men, who were hungry. I promised to pay for them, and they shall be paid for. I always bear that white nations go to war with each other, and not with peaceful individuals; and that they will not rob and plunder poor people. I will not.'

'Well,' said the Colonel, 'I will not pay for them.'

'You can do as you please,' said the Chief, 'but before Tecumseh and his warriors came to fight the battles of the great king, they had enough to eat, for which they had only

to thank the good Master of life and their good rifles. Their hunting grounds supplied them with food; to them we can return.

This threat produced a change on the Colonel's mind.—The defection of the great Chief, he well knew, would immediately withdraw all the nations of the red men from the British service, and without them they were nearly powerless on the frontier.

'Well,' said the Colonel, 'if I must pay it I will.'

'Give me hard money,' said Tecumseh, 'not rag money.'

The Colonel then counted out a hundred dollars in coin, and gave them to him. The Chief handed the money to young Rivers, and said to the Colonel:

'Give me one dollar more.'

'It was given; and handing it also to Rivers, he said:

'Take that; it will pay you for the time you have lost in getting your money.'

Education.

The Philadelphia *Lecturer*, under the caption of 'Teaching or Cramping,' has a good article on the subject of education. It opposes the idea of 'cramping' and goes in for teaching. We have long thought that the system of education adopted in most if not all our public schools, was the worst possible system that could be followed. We have too much of book and not enough of oral instruction. Young children are frequently sent home with a task that their minds are not capable of mastering. They may, perhaps, by devoting three hours of the evening and two of the morning to it, be able to recite it when school is called, or enough of it to pass without a mark of disapprobation; but in two hours after, the subject, whatever it may be, has passed from the mind of the pupil, never to return to it.

Every thing is too rapid in this country; and education, which to be thorough must be slow in its process, is, perhaps, more hurried than anything else. Hence we find the graduates of our schools, colleges and seminaries—only superficial, not grounded as they should be in the rudiments of the different branches pretended to be taught them.

Where the fault lies we know not, whether in the law, the superintendent, the directors or teachers; but there is a fault somewhere, and that fault should be corrected. This, however, we do not know, that children should not be sent home at five o'clock in the evening, with from ten to fifteen pages of history and geography to commit to memory, in addition to from twenty to thirty sums in arithmetic to work out. That is the 'cramping system,' and, by act of legislature, or some other way, the 'cramping system' should be abolished. An hour's conversation with pupils, explaining to them, on rational principles, the rudiments of whatever is professed to be taught, is of more benefit to children than fifteen pages hurriedly committed to memory.

The duty of the tutor and teacher is to teach the children all they know themselves in the first place, and then such books as contain more knowledge may be used to advantage; that is, if the teacher, in advance, has made himself or herself acquainted with their contents, and understands them sufficiently to make them clear to the pupils; and until this or some similar rule is introduced into schools of the commonwealth no great advantage can be derived from them.

ARE THERE SO MANY BALD-HEADED MEN?—Why so many bald-headed men, and so few bald women? Why is it that they shine like billiard balls? Why this spectacle of bald-headed barbers rubbing the dry tops of bald-headed men, recommending invigorators warranted to produce bushy locks in less than a fortnight, while bald-headed spectators and middle-aged men with wigs look on with derisive smiles; though their wives and daughters through our streets covered with crowns of beauty, and charming actresses toss their blond tresses in luxurious profusion on the stages of our theatres? Our male population will no doubt take a serene satisfaction in saying that it is because men have more to worry than those women, and the trouble of contriving how to support these wives and daughters. Probably, however, that is not the reason. Women, of course, have finer and longer hair than men, but men destroy their hair by making ovens of their heads under their hats, and thus beat the tops of their craniums until the hair dies out for want of air. Men should either take off their hats oftener or ventilate them better.

THE HONESTEST MAN.—The *Montrose Republican* says: 'The wickedest man I live in New York and his name is John Allen. We are inclined to think that the honestest man lives in Lathrop, Susquehanna county, Pa., his name is John Johnson. Here is a notice he sends to the *Independent Republican*:

Notice—I was 'burned out' about twelve years ago, and my neighbors and friends raised a subscription for my benefit for which I am very thankful. Having since been prospered, I have repaid all those whom I could readily find; but there are some on the list not yet paid, and this notice is to request all such to let me know their present address, by letter or otherwise.

JOHN JOHNSON.
LATHROP, January, 30, 1869.

We think the above should be noticed, as such honesty is a rare article at the present time.

Little things are of wonderful importance. They are the last links in a long chain of effects, or the first in a long chain of causes, or they are both. They make the sum of human things. They test a man's character every hour in the day, and, as the jutting and curving of the bank regulate a river's flow, so do they, directly or indirectly determine the entire course of our existence for good or evil, brilliant or obscure.

Religion for Use.

Hugh Miller said of a brother workman, 'the man put his conscience into every stone he laid.'

The same sentiment was expressed in a recent conversation between a merchant and his customer. They were discussing the cause of the marked inferiority of certain goods, the manufacture of which was a monopoly, when the remark was made: 'We never shall correct such things until we distribute our religion more evenly;—take some of it out of the churches and establish it in our homes, factories and stores.' Years ago a firm did business in the city of Philadelphia, one member of which, although a devout adherent of the church and stoutly opposed to transacting any secular duties on the Sabbath, was yet true, grasping and heartless in his intercourse and dealings with the journeymen and apprentices. His partner was rough in manners, profane in speech, yet kind, considerate and generous in his treatment of the employees. He had no scruples against laboring on Sunday, when stress of circumstances made it necessary. Yet he was universally more respected; his example, as a whole, was better than that of his sanctimonious colleague. The workmen had a saying to this purport:—'One prayed much, the other swore much, but neither meant anything by it.' They believed that the man who made no pretensions to godliness was sounder at heart than the other.

The nonchalance with which some ignore the relation of religion to daily life is well set forth in the story of the over zealous exporter. He approached an aged man who had spent many years in unwearying service of his fellowmen and asked, 'Sir, have you begun the task of saving your soul?' And the reply was made: 'Really, I have been so much occupied in doing what I could to lessen the poverty and misery of the unfortunate who block up the way to the churches that I had quite forgotten I had a soul. But since you remind me of it, I will take this matter into consideration.' It seems that his religion was 'not in tongue, but in deed and in truth.'

A Sunday Sunset Scene.

One lovely summer evening, as the King of day sank into his fiery bed of crimson light, bequeathing to the tops of the far-distant mountains a splendid inheritance of golden sunshine, the silence of nature betokened the departure of the great luminary; and, as the stars peeped forth from their home above, twilight's sombre robe verged into the sable mantle of night. Beneath a monarch oak, the chief of those in the lawn before me, stood a young, yet lovely dame; her form the Paragon of beauty, her brow pure as Parian marble, and eyes large, lustrous and expressive, gazing with intent admiration upon the far lit prospect painted in silvery beauty upon the broad panorama of Heaven's high dome. Emotion, deep-seated in her sensitive soul, and stamped upon every lineament of her classic face, waited her spirit on the downy pinions of thought, away into the boundless realms of her vivid imagination. The zephyrs of reverie, moved by angel's wings, bore her high soaring aspirations still farther and farther into the infinite chambers of immensity—her sparkling eyes raised above, and beaming in exalted thought, and flashing with the lights of genius, now filled with shining tears, glanced toward the earth,

She started back in honor wild!
And stepping down in action mild,
She—blowed her little nose.

QUITE A MISTAKE.—A Washington correspondent tells a story of an ex-Confederate stranger in that city, who happened to pass by the stables of the President elect, and, having a curiosity to look in, faced toward the place and entered. A plain looking little man, in his shirt sleeves, was sitting on an inverted water bucket, quietly smoking a cigar. To this plain little man went the inquisitive gentleman, and requested permission to look at 'General Ulysses's horse flesh.' This granted, he was emboldened to proceed further, and attacked the supposed hostler with a battery of questions regarding Gen. Grant's family, private habits, political opinions, &c., until the plain little man was completely exhausted.

'Did you ever see Gen. Grant's likeness?' gasped the General.

'Oh, yes, of course. They say he's uglier than the priests make him. I suppose you know him well, now. He talks to you, of course, a great deal about his horses, and I wouldn't wonder if he told you a good deal more than most people about him.'

The little man responded that he did know General Grant, in fact he was quite well acquainted with him.

'You have seen Gen. Grant's likeness,' said he 'now what do you think? Do I look anything like him?'

A flood of light overwhelmed the curious gentleman in an instant. The little man in his shirt sleeves and smoking, was Grant himself. A number of apologies escaped from the gentleman. He was sorry to have made such a mistake—very sorry—and bowed himself out.

A worthy Quaker says: 'I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I will not pass this way again.'

If everybody would act upon this sensible conclusion, two thirds of the misery and degradation of the human family would be abolished. Smiles instead of tears, would be seen in every direction.

Rich women, however ugly, can have no difficulty in getting married if they will paint themselves and look as if they would not live long.

The Tongue

The tongue is more powerful than the sceptre and rules where the sword would fail. We are told in sacred language that it is a 'little member and boasteth great things.' Time has proven the wisdom of the adage.

The ear was made to listen to the music of prattling babies, the anthems of the forests, the eloquence of man and the voice of God. The eye to behold the beauties of the universe, the pathway of life, and finally, with undimmed vision, to look upon the crown of immortality resting on the brow of virtue.

The tongue was made to utter words of truth and sympathy, to unite the brotherhood of man, and to supplicate the throne of the Eternal One.

It was the tongue which broke the silence of age and opened to man the gates of Paradise. It was the tongue which made the confession of sin, as the flaming sword guarded the way of the tree of life. It was the tongue of the eloquent Greek that claimed the stormy passion of the multitude at Athens and opened the temple of liberty to the son of Greece. It was the tongue of our great Example that brushed the wild waves and said: 'Peace, be still!' that rebuked diseases, and quickened the lifeless form of the dead.

Who can recount its wonders? It is the ever-ready messenger, standing at the portals of thought, to bear the words of grief or joy to anxious hearts. By it the dreary walks of life are cheered into gladness, and the wilderness is made to blossom as the rose.

But alas! it often sends the shafts of pain where life was full of joy. Its sting is like the touch of the death angel; it reproaches the lifeless and blasts the hope of man.

It ruins the innocent and detrones the right, it seals the destiny of the unfortunate and crushes the poor. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing, good and evil. It becomes a fire, burning to the lowest hell, and blackens the face of truth.

The tongue is the wild man of the earth, and cannot be tamed by man alone. It is described as the 'pen of a ready writer,' and from its hiding place it sends forth the bitter words of wrong.

Who can write its history and recount its deeds of crime? Unsanctified by the principles of justice and truth, it becomes the worst enemy of man; but when restrained by the impulses of a noble heart, it becomes the good angel of our destiny. The heart-fountains must be cleansed before it will speak the words of truth and goodness. He who would utter the voice of right and prove a blessing to man, must develop his moral nature and ennoble his mind by thoughts of purity; then will the tongue bow in humility at the shrine of virtue and its words will be as 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

A Story of a Stage-Driver.

I once knew a man who, though now in wealth, was once a stage-driver, of whom I will here relate an incident. He was striving to make a connection for the sake of a large load of passengers which he was carrying, and he broke down not far from the dwelling of an old cumberdome. The driver went to borrow his lumber wagon to take his passengers on with. The man was absent from home, and his wife refused to lend the wagon. 'You are perfectly right, madam,' said the driver, 'but I must have it. I shall take it, and I will settle with your husband for it when he returns.' He took it, used it, and brought it back in good order. When he came to settle for it, the man met him full of anger and thunderous with rage. After some expostulations, he said: 'I have come to settle with you for the wagon.' 'Well, you shall,' said the man. 'What shall I pay you for the use of it, an hour or two?' 'You shall pay me fifty dollars.' He made no objection to the charge, handed the man fifty dollars, shook hands with him in the best good nature, and then mounted his coach and rode off, his passengers protesting against his yielding to such an exorbitant demand. Two or three weeks afterward he found this man hanging about his bearing place, and said to him, 'Good morning, sir.' Said the man, 'I came to see you about that wagon.' 'I thought I had paid you for it. How much do you want?' 'That money has burned me ever since I took it from you. There's your fifty dollars—I cannot keep it.' It was with difficulty that he could be made to accept about three dollars—a fair price for the use of his wagon. When the neighbors heard this story, and looked at the affair from beginning to end, they said:—'Was not that the best way, after all?—was it not beautiful?'

PAYING HIS TITHING.—The *Salt Lake Reporter* is responsible for the following: While in conversation a few days ago with an old 'apostate,' who was disestablished a few years ago for not paying tithes, we asked him what he thought of that system, to which elevating the eyebrow and leaning his head thoughtfully to one side, he thus replied in brief:

'You see, I was always very particular about payin' up for a long time after I got here. Finally it came a Fall when I had ten very fine hogs. Well, to do the square thing I drove one of them up to the tithing yard and butchered the rest and set in to cuttin' 'em up. Well, sir, about the time I got it done, here came one o' Brigham's clerks and took one tenth of the hams, one tenth of the shoulders, one tenth of the lard, and so on clear through. Soon after, here come the Bishop and insisted on a donation for such a purpose, and not long after somebody for something else, and, sir, when I got through, I found I had the meat of just one hog left. Well, I went up to see the President about it, and what do you think he said, just go home and ask the Lord about it, and see if he don't tell you brother Brigham's mathematics are right, and that you've only given the Lord his share! Well I went home and didn't say much, but I thought the Mormon Lord was rather too fond of pork.'

An Old Horse.

In Licking county, Ohio, there is an old horse, at present owned by John Gurney, foaled in Lower Canada in the year 1818, making him 51 years old next spring.

His first owner is unknown to Mr. G. He is a Norman French Horse.

He was bought by his present owner of George J. Smith, of Mansfield, Ohio, in the year 1852. In the fall of the same year he made his mile in 2:41, which is the best time he is known to have made. He was then 37 years old.

Mr. Gurney has owned him 17 years next July.

He has been in Ohio about 25 years; was brought to this state by one Eber Adams, of Adrian Michigan, now of Chicago.

He is fifteen hands high, and weighs 1,000 pounds.

He was originally a dark bay, or brown, but he is now as gray as a rat about the head. They used to keep his head colored, but as old age is honorable, they have dispensed with that now.

For the last six years he has lived entirely upon ground food, principally flour. He is remarkably intelligent and was, until within a couple of years, very fond of children.—Any child or child could handle him. Any child can ride him without saddle or bridle. He will hold his head down for them to get on, and then he will hold it up and let them crawl back upon his neck.

He is all bone and muscle. His head, shoulders and legs are as hard as bone and muscle can make them.

This is certainly the oldest horse in America.

Distressing Matrimonial Mistake.

The special correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican*, dispatching from Nashville under date of December 29, communicates the following:

An extraordinary matrimonial contretemps transpired in Williamson county, on Christmas night. A double wedding occurred in the same house, and the wedding festivities were celebrated in the old-fashioned style, and in that joyous way naturally prompted by Christmas and the blissful event which made the two couples happy. About midnight both brides retired to rest, and 'id' half an hour thereafter the newly made husbands followed suit. By some strange mistake each gentleman found his way to the wrong room, and actually occupied the bridal couch to which he had no claim.

Strange as it may appear, the mistake was not discovered until daylight, when one of the ladies shrieked her surprise after a vigorous fashion. A general hubbub was the result, and at latest accounts the brides were disconsolate, partly on accounts of the annual created, and partly from visions of possibilities in the dim prospective. All sorts of schemes of reparation were proposed, but it appears that no tangible plan for undoing this double mistake was arrived at. The above episode actually transpired as narrated.

Most of people are BILLIOUS about the first of April.

Never slander an acquaintance.

Early Rising.—Anti-early-risers will do well to note that one hour lost in morning naps will put back all the business of the day; that one hour gained by early rising will make fifteen days in a year, or three full years in a long lifetime.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all your life. Never revenge an injury.

A very sharp chap thinks that Columbus is not entitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large he could not well have missed it.

'How long did Adam remain in Paradise?' asked a vixen of her loving husband. 'Till he got a wife,' answered the husband.

A man with a scolding wife, on being asked what he did for a living, replied that he kept a hot-house.

The most difficult surgical operation—to take the cheek from a young man and the jaw from an old woman.

A widow of the tender age of 102 was recently married in Alleghany county, Maryland.

The difference between a hill and a pillow you get up and the other you get down.

Grace before meat—as the young lady said when she faced herself too tight to swallow.

IRISH TOAST.—'And may he live to eat the hen that scratches over his grave.'