VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair. An Independent Family Newspaper. $2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXII. WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1869. NUMBER 38

YOU ALL

HAVE HEARD OF

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

AND

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

Prepared by Dr. C. 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 Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything likeone; 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

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease 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 Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It 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, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is 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.

Yours truly,

GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,

JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.*

Yours, very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD,

Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. 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 counterfeit.*

Price of the Bitters, $1 00 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $5 00.
Price of the Tonic, $1 50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $7 50.

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger 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. M. EVANS,

Proprietor,

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

sept 25 '68.

POETICAL.

[From the Berkely (Va.) Union.

IMOGENE.

BY E. S. TROXELL.

Bright dreams were mine in life's young day,
Too bright and fair to last:
Fresh flowrets grew beside my way,
And fragrance round it cast,
While hopes as radiant as the dies
Which angel-artists spread
Along the western sunset skies,
To my young wedded heart.

The thrilling scenes of long ago
Come sweeping o'er my heart,
With all the dreams of light and love,
Their joys did e'er impart—.
When I believed no change could come
Upon the smiling sky,
But thought that hope and love alone
Were flowers that could not die.

The cherished gifts of one I loved,
I never lay aside,
But in my soul that image shines,
My own, my faithful bride;
Ah! yes, that form I see it now,
More radiant far than all,
With stately step and snowy brow,
Which held my heart in thrill.

Oh! charming, charming Imogene,
Long years may pass away,
But cannot seize the love I ween
Of life's young break of day;
A silent picture hanging now
In memory's sacred hall,
A sweet bright face still looking down
Upon me from the wall.

But out upon life's swelling tide,
Hope's fragile bark went down,
I saw the angel leave my side,
And all things learned to frown—
Bright days, sweet days, forever gone,
Ye can return no more,
I'm doomed to tread the sands alone
Which skirt life's desert shore,

MISCELLANY.

[Correspondence of the VILLAGE RECORD.]

SEA AND LAND.

FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO.

NUMBER THREE.

Sept. 24. We had very pleasant weather throughout to-day, coming as near to perfection as weather generally does—in fact the pleasantest day thus far of our journey. A soft balmy atmosphere, a smooth sea, and a breeze sufficient were we not a steamer to carry us along five knots an hour. The day was not darkened by clouds and the night filled with the soft light of the moon. The stars came out from the blue vault of heaven and blazed with a distinctness and force that made each one seem some central source of exhaustless and unquenchable splendor. Of this high host Jupiter led the way—the queen of the midnight arch.

Every day at 12 M., the Captain takes his observations to see where he is and whither he is going. Finding our latitude and longitude it is an easy matter to tell where we are. At noon to-day we were in latitude 23,04; longitude 74,36; course, S E.; distance run in last twenty-four hours 294 miles; temperature air, 82 degrees—water 76 deg; coal consumed, 6 tons.

Early this morning we discovered a sail just peering up over the swelling sweep of the ocean. She came close enough in half an hour to discover the American flag flying at her peak. She proved to be a merchantman of New York, two days out from Havanna. Her Captain hailed us and requested a few papers and kindly offered in return to carry any mail back to New York. When it was understood that letters could be sent back all pens were put in motion, go where you would fore and aft nothing was heard but the scratch of pens. In a few minutes the letters were collected when the Captain bade us good-bye and wished us a pleasant journey. The sturdy vessels then parted each to pursue its journey towards the distant haven, and in a short time we were alone upon the ocean.

Sept. 25. At sunrise this morning the green hills of Cuba greeted our sight. All eyes were eager to get a glimpse of terra firma after seeing nothing but wide expanse of water for the last week. Before daylight we had passed Watling's Island, where it is said by some Christopher Columbus made his first landing. By noon we had passed Fortune Island, Crooked Island and Bird Rock against which the sun beat with considerable force. During the afternoon we saw Cape Maysi and passed within sight of the blue mountains of Jamacia. Later made the island of San Domingo bearing W. S W.; the home of that distinguished colored Emperor, and were dashing among the islands of the Caribean Sea. Towards evening heavy black clouds were floating among these islands and quite a fresh breeze started up. It seemed to be a premonition in the change of the weather. When we got well out with the Caribean we encountered the track winds which caused a very ugly sea which our affable Captain informed us would remain with us for about six hundred miles, a very pleasant prospect truly. The wind commenced to blow fresher and fresher as night advanced and the swell increasing. The barometer fell very fast, with every weather indication very threatening. The day closed with an immense thunderstorm with hail and rain. Retired about 11 o'clock very doubtful of the morrow.

Sept 26. Last night was a fearful one. The sea ran mountains high and the wind blew furiously. The vessel would go ahead into a sea burying her bow almost to the railing, then almost stop with the severity of the shock, tremble from stem to stern and then proceed. With every shock could be heard the faint cry of some timid female from various parts of the vessel. The smooth working of the machinery during the night against the odds she was contending, was like sweet music to the ear; occasionally, she would be lifted as it were into the air both wheels skipping the water and giving no sound as to the working of the engines; then there would be a suspense until the old familiar sounds were heard again. When daylight came the sea presented a singular sight. The waves seemed to be benched back one above the other on either side towering above the vessel and she going along on the bottom of a groove. They were very high and the water as black as ink. All day it blew a furious gale and its severity was frightful, occasioning great uneasiness among some of the passengers. Several times the gangways of the vessel went under water, but the good ship kept her course gallantly. The ocean looked like one vast magnificent lace curtain, the wind beating down the tops of the waves and tracing long lines and figures in pearly white. At evening the wind and sea abated, but all indications were threatening. Darkness was on the face of the deep save here and there where a falling meteor threw its transient light over the foaming crest of some towering wave. As the soaring billow combed over, sheets of lighted foam rolled down into the intervening gulfs of night and then succeeded a darkness that might be felt. As the heavy bell of the ship struck the hours the voices of the watch from different parts of the ship came like broken tones from unseen sources. The hollow sound of the storm through the rigging made it seem as if the very winds were pouring our death-dirge. But a little after midnight the gale broke through the sea and continued rough throughout the night.

Sept 27. The sun rose this morning with that look of darkness the monarch of the season puts on when tempests are abroad in his domains. Yet he drove his flashing chariot up the lowering clouds with a fleetness and force, in this latitude, which indicated no disposition to resign his sceptre. The glance of his eye kindled the ridges of black masses around into lines of fire, and revealed the caverns of darkness which stretched away into their unfathomed folds. The roused ocean threw up its howling billows as if in stern defiance. It was evident we were to have a conflict of the giant element. They rushed into the battle like well horsed riders—foes who neither give nor crave quarters.

The roar of the tempest above, the thunder of the sea below, the careering squadrons of clouds and the dark defiant waves as they rushed into combat added sublimity to terror. Our ship was not an idle spectator; she plunged into the thickest of the fight and with sails well furled, a groaning engine and a steady keel presented her frowning mass of exulting courage and strength. She trembled but not with fear; she wavered but not for want of valor. I do not wonder sailors regard a fast staunch ship as a thing of life, and speak of her with an affection applicable only to the higher attributes of humanity. She is indeed the highest triumph of human skill—the noblest representative of art. Wave after wave of the great ocean rolled its massive strength against her but she met each successive shock with dauntless intrepidity. Night at last closed over the conflict and the lightnings lit the watch-fires of the hostile squadrons. The moon broke through a rift in the black masses and cast her soft light on the savage features of the scene. So rose she over Thermopylae and Waterloo and blushed at the havoc of human ambition.

Sept. 28. To-day was a very warm sultry day. At 12 M., we were in latitude 10,39; longitude 78,28 and within 145 miles of Panama which we will reach early on the morrow. Passed the Pacific Mail Company's Steamer 'Ocean Queen' crowded with passengers bound home. This was a pretty sight. She came so close that the Captains could converse. The large steamer looked splendid as she came towards us, rising and falling with the sea. The Captains saluted each other, changed New York and San Francisco papers and moved on. I took a look at the ship during the day, she was in perfect order throughout and her machinery in splendid condition. She is a powerful vessel in fair or foul weather and makes headway under the most adverse circumstances. She makes her time with great regularity and the Captain is as proud of her as a girl with her first doll. She is as light and buoyant as a cork on the water, built sharp, cuts the water like a knife and is well supplied with all life saving appliances.

Sept. 29. At sunrise this morning land was visible on both sides of us and all the passengers preparing for the embarkation.—The sun was rising in splendor as we steamed boldly into the harbor. After an absence from land for more than a week and sailing over two thousand miles we gladly exchanged ship for shore, although at one of the unhealthiest places in the world—Aspinwall, a description of which I will defer until my next. C. F. S.

A man at South Bend, Indiana, lately died from the effects of a bath. He had not been washed for 17 years, and when the air struck his clean skin perspiration was checked too suddenly. It is not safe to go more than 10 years without taking a bath.

Not having heard from the debating societies in relation to the conundrum, 'Why do hens always lay eggs in the day-time?' a cotemporary answers, 'Because at night they are roosters.'

A Talk with Young Men.

Under this heading, the Auburn *News* indulges in a conversation with young men, which that class of our readers, we know, will thank us for giving prominence in the columns of the RECORD.

Young man, a word with you!

You have been attending school for several years, and if you have improved your time have acquired a fair English education. Your parents have been at much expense in rearing you to your present years and stature. They naturally feel much anxiety to know what is to result from all their labor and outlay in your behalf. Now, that you are fifteen or sixteen years old, they naturally think it is time they should know what you are good for.—

Young friend! show those good parents of yours that you are good for something. 'How is this to be done?' you ask.

If you have ever had any notion that you would make your way in life without work, get rid of the foolish idea immediately. Resolve that you will make yourself master of a good trade.

Don't look for a 'situation.' He only who is skillful in some trade, art, or business, is 'master of the situation.' Many a young man has been ruined by waiting for a 'situation' or an 'opening.'

Think over the long list of useful and profitable trades, and study to know which is best suited to your tastes and abilities.—Talk with your father and mother on the subject. Their longer experience in the world, and their affection for you will cause their advice to be invaluable to you.

If they are wise parents they will not try to make this, that, or the other out of you to gratify parental pride, or foolish notions of, respectability.

Having carefully come to a conclusion as to what trade is best for you, proceed to learn it by going into some shop or manufactory where your chosen art is thoroughly understood, and successfully practiced.

Don't expect to make money at first.—The trade you acquire will be worth much more than money. As soon as your services are worth more than the trouble of teaching you, and the value of the material you spoil, you may expect to make some money.

Apply yourself diligently and attentively to your business, and in the course of no long time you will find yourself master of a trade worth more than money. A rich man is richer by being master of a trade. Possessed of a trade, a poor man is independent at the outset, and if industrious, economical and prudent, will become rich in a few years.

Our advice is not given to the poor young man alone. If a boy has a fortune in prospect he should learn some branch of honest industry, in which he may profitably and usefully employ his capital when it comes to him. In the mutations of human affairs his fortune may fly from him, and in such a case the trade acquired in youth would be a good thing to fall back upon.

Young Peter, of Russia, was heir to an Empire with all its vast revenues, but he wisely applied himself to the work of learning the art of ship building. He was a better, a wiser, and a happier king, because he was a ship-carpenter.

We have known the sons of wealthy fathers to serve a faithful and industrious apprenticeship to a trade. Early and late, day by day, they have applied themselves to their mechanical toil. Such young men show themselves capable of building useful and enduring superstructures on the foundations of wealth and influence laid by their fathers.

Go thou and do likewise.

Our National Morals

It is a well known fact that drunkenness and immorality, licentiousness and vice, has so far crept into the Senate and House of Representative of the United States, as to make those bodies really disreputable. An item is floating through the columns of the press, that the reception room of the Senate is 'now the greatest assignation place in Washington,' that 'at any time during the session of the Senate, the visitor may see, sitting and reclining in brazen effrontery, known women of ill-fame, attired in the most costly fabrices, and wearing diamonds and laces of the latest fashion.' Senators, it is said, do not hesitate to leave their seats at the bidding of these wantons and repair to the Senate chamber for a TETE A TETE. Can a nation prosper under such a REGIMEN as this? The demoralizing influence of the late war, is now being felt. We are the greatest shoddy nation on earth. Shoddy men have crept into every department of the government, and harlots and thieves hold high carnival at Washington. Beautiful, but frail ones, are the most noted lobbyists. Let us hear no more of the licentiousness of Atheistic France. We can stand a few peculations from Congressmen, but when we have debauchery and stealing mixed—insulted while we're robbed—it is too much for a tax-ridden people to bear. We hope for our character as a nation that these things are not so bad as they are represented.

FLIRTING.—Of all the contamptible habits this is the meanest. What good does it do to trifle with the affections of another. A flirt is like a spider, always on the lookout to drag some one into the net. And how do they always end? They never make a happy marriage, (if they ever do enter that state,) and they meet the fate they deserve. It is all well enough for a woman to jilt men when she is in all the glory of her beauty, but the day will come when her beauty will fade, and she will sigh for the embrace of the shadowy bridegroom and a couch under the waving grass. In the dreary after days it will be pleasant to sit and think of the lives she has wrecked and the hopes she has crushed?—Vanity brings its own evil.

[For the VILLAGE RECORD.

DISAPPOINTED HOPES.—NO. 2.

AIR.—*A cunning old Monkey a young Pussy saw.*

Oh dear me! ladies but that was a sell,
Perpetrated by that mischievious Mr. L.,
When he so wickedly published the day
For a Lecture to Ladies on "premature decay."
Just think how we walked all over the town,
Until our walkers were nearly broke down
Running to School houses, Churches and Hall,
Appearing so foolish to one and all.

How we went in the Hall and found ourselves sold,
And fearing that on us a joke would be told,
Concluded to see from the Belfry so high,
If many more ladies were in the same pie—
Sent our graceful leader up the *front* ladder,
Where at the trap door she began to slatter,
"The Thundering door is locked" she cried,
And down the ladder began to glide

The door was not locked, but only supporting
Some who were merrily laughing and sporting,
Then feeling and knowing how bad we were beat,
How we wanted to get home off the street,
Knowing full well it would be a great treat
To Mr. L., and his friends, who all could see it,
We next called in the Schoolhouse across the square
But found no Doctress Everett there.

To keep the people all from talking
About us, and our silly foolish walking,
We must turn the joke on Mr. L., this time,
And our only plan is to do it in Rhyme.
We thought to call his whole attention
To Shady Grove or in that direction,
But ere that plan was half complete
He told it to all his friends he'd meet.

All our preconcerted plans we find
Are mere shadows to his active mind;
Oh tell us Valleys, Rivers, Hill or Dell,
How a joke could be played on Mr. L.

[For the RECORD.

BAGGING EDUCATION.

(CONCLUDED.)

A method so arbitrary, unnatural, and in opposition to good sense as this was, required great sternness and severity in the teacher. Generally a liberal application of the birch was the panacea for treachery of memory or deficiency in natural aptness. The teacher was thus emphatically, what he was termed, a 'master;' and one of his chief qualifications was the ability to use the whip. Knowledge was then obtained under difficulties. But as it had to be so, nobody objected to it.—That the pain consequent upon a severe flogging enlightened the understanding most amazingly, no one who had had any experience in the matter, thought of doubting. It opened every avenue to learning. Indeed the fear of the 'master' and his whips constituted the beginning of wisdom. This every child had to learn and to understand. Without it, nobody supposed learning to be possible. Precisely in what manner this method of teaching was to benefit the pupil, was not known; but, as all pursued the same course, presuming that somehow or other it would do the learner good, no one, for fear of exposing himself to the ridicule of the wisdom of the times, thought of calling into question its utility. But, though it met with general favor, to say that this old or cramming method met with universal approbation, would be doing gross injustice to the memories of some of the most illustrious dead of past centuries. All ages have had their reformers, those who, on account of penetrating to the root of everything that engaged their thoughts, might justly have been called radicals. Being generally few in number and vastly in advance of the age in which they lived, their views were not appreciated by the masses of the people nor the influence of their minds materially felt, until the pen of the biographer had removed all prejudice against them, by giving to the world an unbiassed and faithful delineation of their lives and views. The prejudice of rivals of inferior mental caliber has in all ages of the world seriously affected the influence of the intellectually great, and in the same degree fostered jealousy and encouraged ignorance. The progress of education has suffered no little from the same cause. But no prejudice, however well defended, could successfully conceal the defects of the bagging system—they were too evident and glaring. Among those who were convinced of these defects, pointed them out, and proposed something more in accordance with the suggestions of nature and common sense, may be mentioned Roger Bacon, Ascham, Milton, Locke, and Lord Bacon. The people however, without having given the subject that serious thought which its importance justly demanded, had their opinions so firmly set in favor of cramming or bagging, that, to bring about a change for the better, was no easy matter. In fact they had not been taught to think—they had been crammed and stuffed, and hence were utterly thoughtless and indifferent as to an improvement or something more rational. But, as the number of those who were in favor of a reformation was constantly on the increase, a revolution, however stubbornly resisted could not be stayed; it was bound to take place, and did take place.

Pestalozzi convinced of the erroneousness of the bagging method, opened a school and commenced teaching according to what seemed to him, as it really proved to be, nature's method, or that which common sense would dictate. His views meeting with general approbation, his school soon rose into such favor, that teachers and educators from all parts of Germany flocked to it, some to become pupils, others to learn something of his ideas concerning education, his methods of instruction and discipline; and so greatly delighted were all with his system that they determined to introduce it at once; and thus was laid the foundation of that method of teaching properly termed 'common sense', which has entirely revolutionized European education, and is made the basis of instruction in all the best schools, especially the Normal Schools, of that country.

A system so true to nature and possessing such evident advantages over bagging or cramming, could not long remain confined to such narrow limits as Germany and Switzerland. Finding, as every real improvement always does, admirers among the progressive everywhere, it found its way into other countries, not the last of which was our own. Stowe, Bache, Mann, and Barnard, men to whom this country is greatly indebted for the advancement of education, crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of making themselves acquainted with its principles, and after returning made reports to the legislatures of their respective States, urging its immediate introduction into the schools of the country. Its progress here, on account of the prejudice in favor of the prevailing system, was not at first as rapid as in Germany, but it steadily gained ground until it had wrought the same revolution here as there. Cramming everywhere had to give way to it, and at present there is scarcely a school of any reputation north of Mason and Dixon's line in which the common sense system is not made the basis of instruction. In Pennsylvania, along the above line, especially in this part of Franklin county, the stupefying system is still practiced to an alarming degree. Teachers are yet to be found, who have carried this stupefying so far as to have acquired quite a reputation

All their ability however lies in the skill they have attained in deadening the inventive and reasoning powers of those who are so unfortunate as to become the victims of their misnamed instruction. Were it not too serious a matter, it would be laughable to hear these unfortunate ones in after life, relate the history of their school days. Sorrowful as it should be to them, they refer to it with an air of pride that would lead one to imagine that they had done wonders. But, having learned absolutely nothing, they have nothing to relate except the tricks they played and the floggings they received.—These alone are fresh in their memories, and seem to have made the only lasting impressions upon them that *were* made.

The writer of this has had ample opportunity for witnessing the baneful affects of this system, having been obliged to resuscitate a large number of its victims, some of whom had been reduced to such an unfortunate state of mental deadness, that they had no confidence in their own reasoning powers, being unaware that these could be made use of in learning.

Why a system so pernicious and unphilosophical as this, is still tolerated in any community claiming only a very moderate degree of intelligence, can be accounted for only upon the principle, that we should never abandon the 'good old ways' of our forefathers.—Until the people will no longer tolerate such a system of teaching, they should not complain of the poorness of the schools, and say, that there is no use in sending children to them. M.

Waynesboro', Pa., March, 1869.

Touching Incident.

A neighbor who was engaged in holding Mr. Eckerson after the symptom of hydrophobia, began to manifest itself, gives a touching incident of the last scenes. Just before his death, whilst temporarily relieved from violent spasmodic struggles, Mr. Eckerson desired to see his wife before his death. Requiring from four to six men to hold him all the time, of course it was not prudent, his wife being ill in the other room, and even if he were able, it was thought his dreadful condition, held by men all the while to prevent instant injury from his sudden fits or spasms, might make her worse.

He begged and continued to entreat them to let him look upon his wife once more before he died, and finally his friends and neighbors could hold out no longer, and consented to take him to her, he expecting to die in the next spasm, which he knew would not be long delayed.

He carefully wiped off the froth which was foaming all the while from his mouth, lest any of it should get upon her, and closing his lips tightly with a desperate effort, was borne to her bedside.

Bending down, his lips met those he had so often kissed in joy, love and holy affection. And then with one long look upon a face he well knew he ought not to have asked to see again, he bade her a last adieu.

The strong men who gazed upon the scene wept like children as they saw the dying man, who with lips still compressed, signified the necessity of being removed, again from her presence; and was then ready to die. Shortly afterwards, in renewed paroxysms of the dreadful complaint, death came to his relief.—*Paterson Guardian.*

A PUZZLED YANKEE.—Jinks tells a good story of a man on a Mississippi steamer who was questioned by a Yankee. The gentleman, to humor the fellow, replied to all the questions straight-fordly until the inquisitor was fairly puzzled for an interrogatory. At last he inquired—

"Look here, 'Squire—where was you born?"

"I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont St., No 44, left hand side, on the 1st day of August, 1820, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren, nurse Sally Benjamin.

Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was struck. Soon, however, his face brightened,' and he quickly said:

'Yes, wall I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew ye?'

A man in Rhode Island was sent to jail for ten days for sleeping in church. Nothing was done to the clergyman.

If ladies were cast adrift on the sea, where would they steer to? The Isle of Man.