

# VILLAGE RECORD.



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By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 44

## YOU ALL

### 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 called Bitters or Tonic. They are not laxative, purgative, or any thing like those. They are 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

#### THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Diarrhea, Dropsy, Swelling or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Floating of the Gallstones, Difficulty of Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Fits, Headaches, when in a Lying Position, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin, and various other Diseases.

Hoofland's German Bitters is entirely vegetable in liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Bark from which these extracts are gathered, are all of the finest quality. All the medicinal virtues are extracted by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used in the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, and 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 such other valuable ingredients as are necessary to give it its medicinal properties. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Bark from which these extracts are gathered, are all of the finest quality. All the medicinal virtues are extracted by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used in the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, and it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

#### DEBILITY.

Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Bark from which these extracts are gathered, are all of the finest quality. All the medicinal virtues are extracted by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used in the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, and it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

#### BLOOD PURIFIERS.

Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Bark from which these extracts are gathered, are all of the finest quality. All the medicinal virtues are extracted by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used in the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, and it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

#### FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. I find 'Hoofland's German Bitters' to be an invaluable medicinal preparation, and 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 medicinal preparation, and in cases of indigestion and dyspepsia.

#### FROM REV. JOSEPH J. KENNARD, D.D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia. Dr. Jackson's Bitters is a medicinal preparation of great value, and in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

#### CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Bitters 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.

#### PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

AT THE GREEN MEYER STORE, No. 61 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 fail to examine until the article you buy, is as above.

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## POETICAL.



### NEVER MIND.

What's the use of always fretting,  
At the trials we shall find  
Ever strown along our pathway?  
Travel on and never mind.

Travel onward; working, hoping,  
Cast no lingering look behind,  
At the trials once encountered;  
Look ahead and never mind.

What is past is past forever!  
Let all the fretting be resigned;  
It will never help the matter—  
Do your best and never mind.

And if those who might befriend you,  
Whom the ties of nature bind,  
Should refuse to do their duty,  
Look to Heaven and never mind.

Friendly words are often spoken  
When the feelings are unkind;  
Take them for their real value,  
Pass them on, and never mind.

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,  
Enemies may be combined;  
If your trust in God is steadfast,  
He will help you, never mind.

[For the Reason,  
DEDICATED TO ANNIE N.]

Lonely here no long alone,  
Lonely for that dear unknown,  
Whose spirit I will ever own,  
The brightest on me ever shone,  
Her spirit only.

Well I know that she is waiting  
Where the poplars stand apart:  
Tell her I have not forgotten,  
That I kiss her in my heart.

Nearer to her I am coming,  
How my pulses thrill and start;  
Whisper breezes that I love her,  
That I kiss her in my heart.

Shall I meet her and forever  
"Gaze the bird before 'tis flown"?  
Whisper breezes that I love her,  
Love my beautiful, my own.

ALBERT.

## MISCELLANY.

### AN O'ER-TRUE TALE

BY M. MARCELLINA BEATTIE.

'No, indeed, I don't tell mother all my secrets!

These words I overheard while seated in a suburban street car, several years ago.

She who uttered them was one of a group of girls on their way to school.

They did not seem to notice my presence, and as I chanced to be the only passenger besides themselves, their conversation was quite unrestrained.

It appeared that certain favored ones among them had just been invited to a party of pleasure, planned by some gentlemen who were obnoxious, or at least unknown, to the young ladies' parents, and the question under debate was as to the propriety of accepting.

The girl whose declaration of independence had just drawn my attention, was just budding into womanhood. She was exceedingly pretty, being a blonde of the purest type.

By her side was one apparently her sister, nearly of the same age, and almost equally lovely, but in a different style—dark and animated, with a mischievous sparkle in her fall black eyes.

She echoed the remark quoted, proclaiming that, for the future, she intended to enjoy herself without constant reference to the opinions of her elders, most of whom, she thought, must have forgotten that they were ever young.

One or two of her companions ventured to disapprove of this avowal, but the majority received it with applause, as the utterance of a ruling spirit.

More pained than amused, I listened to the talk of the giddy creatures until they had alighted at their destination. In my subsequent journeys I never happened to encounter any of them again, and, as time elapsed, the incident itself almost faded from my memory.

About two years afterwards I became connected, as visitor, with a Mission School and Reformatory in New York. The scene of my labors embraced the worst portions of the Fourth and Sixth Wards. It was part of my duty to enter the haunts of vice in that neighborhood, whenever an opportunity presented of extending a helping hand to such of their inmates as had not fallen below the desire of redemption.

In one of the narrow and filthy streets radiating from the area of the Five Points, there stands a rickety two-story wooden tenement, which, at the time I speak of, was rented for the vilest of purposes by a hag known as Mother Green—an establishment, of which I knew nothing, except that, for some months, its chief attraction had been a couple of young and remarkably handsome sisters.

One morning as I was passing the house, one of these girls was standing in the doorway, apparently on the look-out for somebody. Her large, black eyes, attracted my notice. They did not seem altogether unfamiliar to me. As I walked on, a hurried step approached from behind, and a light touch on the shoulder arrested my steps. I

turned, and faced the female of whom I had been thinking. She was much agitated, and seemed to have been weeping. With great earnestness she besought me to go back and visit one of her companions, who, she thought, was dying. Of course I at once consented. She led the way into Mother Green's, and there, in a wretched garret, whose walls and naked rafters were festooned with cobwebs, and whose only furniture, besides the heap of rags which served as a bed, was a wooden-bottomed chair without a back, lay a gaunt, emaciated wretch in the last stage of consumption.

As I drew near and gazed upon her face, a sudden flash of recognition lit up the dark corner of memory into which I had just been vainly peering. She was the blonde beauty of the B—cars, and my coquette was her sister!

'I am glad you came,' she said, in a hoarse and broken whisper. 'I shall not trouble you long; only pray for me, and see that I am buried like a human being; and in a few minutes, even while I kneel in prayer, the poor sin-burdened soul had passed to its account.

Before I left, the heart-broken sister had given me the outlines of their miserable story. They were born and brought up in B—, where their parents still lived, in comfortable circumstances. While yet hardly more than children, they had foolishly allowed themselves to form the acquaintance of two young men, transient residents in the place, who had first accosted them on their way to school, and who were utterly unknown to their parents and friends. They had surreptitiously accompanied these strangers to places of amusement; and, at last, had been inveigled into a pleasure excursion, which had ended in their forcible detention all night in New York. Shame prevented their return to the home they had disgraced, a life of infamy was all that remained; step by step they had descended in it, until their only shelter was this loathsome den, their only companions the seam of a great seaport floating population.

'And now,' concluded the wretched narrator, 'I am alone! Oh, sir! I can trace all this to one cause, we keep our secrets from our mother!'

The poor creature's sorrow—and remorse seemed so unfeigned and overwhelming, that I was inspired with the hope of saving her. She readily consented to take refuge, after her sister's burial, in an institution especially designed for such unfortunates, until a suitable situation could be found for her.

When, however, I called at Mother Green's, on the day appointed, the proposed penitent was too intoxicated to recognize me. I was driven from the house with threats and curses; and I never saw her again—in life, that is; but a few months later, I chanced to notice a paragraph in a daily paper concerning the body of an unknown female, found drowned which had been taken to the morgue for identification. The description given tallied so well with the personal traits of her whom I had tried to rescue, that I was impelled to visit Bellevue, and inspect the remains. It was even as I had feared. That dripping, disfigured corpse, whose livid and swollen features hardly retained the semblance of humanity, was all that earth could claim of one whom I had so lately adored, in her innocent and joyous maidenhood—strewn with roses, and sheltered from every blast of adversity, had then been the path before her; this was the end of the road she had wilfully chosen for herself—this had come of 'not telling mother everything'.

### Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is, perhaps, unlike any other city in the world. The midnight slumber is undisturbed by the shrill voice of the iron horse, as he thunders along proclaiming the march of science, and bearing with a speed swifter than eagle's wings the products of civilization and the labor of genius. The weary sufferer, tossing through the long watches of the night, is not disturbed by the roll of wheels. The devotee of fashion, the midnight reveller—one who has tarried long at the game of chance, and quaffed that cup which at last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder—has no cause to curse the fireman's trumpet, which has startled him from his drunken slumber. The man of literature who has labored long and sadly, until the night has far waned, to bring from his brain the creations of his fancy, that his loved ones may be saved from starvation, will not have consciousness aroused, and his weary mind called back from the holy land of dreams by the roll of the market cart, bringing to his memory that Aurora has already harnessed her horses, and again the burdensome cares of the day must force him to arise. No fire bell tells in which ward of the city the power of destruction is wasting, with more than lightning's speed, and implores the strong arm and stentorian voice of the noble fireman to rescue some helpless infant or trembling maiden from the suffocating flames. And the weary mother, bending over the cradle of the sick child, is not pained by the hilarity of the theatre going crowd. There are no brilliantly illuminated streets—no light to be seen without, save the fitful glimmer of a paper lantern carried by the hand of the solitary night-walker. No policeman stands sentinel. The soft light of the moon cannot penetrate those narrow, dark alleys. The daughters of music have been brought low. There is a quiet pervading these streets, in which the wind ever seems faint, and nothing finds utterance save the bark of a dog, the matin bell, and the muzzim's cry, doing out his lugubrious summons for the faithful Mohammedan to arise and come to prayers.

And this is Jerusalem, once the joy of the whole earth. And this is the spot spread out by Jehovah himself for the eternal dwelling of His chosen. And these miserable, filthy, poverty-stricken and oppressed people are descendants of the friend of God—the children of Abraham. Behold the literal fulfillment of the prophecy! See them 'melted out, peeled and trodden down by the worst of heathen; their noses possessed, the pomp of the strong has ceased, and their holy places are defiled.' Where now is that magnificent temple erected by King Solomon? Yes, 'Not one stone has been left upon another, that has not been thrown down.'

Well might the Saviour say, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me; but weep for yourselves and your children.'

### Utterly Impossible.

That the old lady who believes in 'signs and symptoms,' always looks out for the new moon over her left shoulder, and never makes pickles on a Friday, will not know 'something to happen' within the year, particularly if she has the bad luck to break the looking-glass! As the old Dutch farmer said, 'Things is always happening, most years!'

That the man who says, 'plenty of time there's no hurry,' should not miss the boats, lose the trains, and generally be behindhand! Just notice whether people that have 'plenty of time,' don't usually end with having no time at all.

That the woman who puts off her baking until the washing is done, and the washing until the weather is a little warmer, and sits down to read a dog's eared novel in the meantime, should have anything but a drinking husband, shiftless children, and a desolate home!

That the man who carries his hands in his trousers pockets, should ever possess anything else to carry in his pockets!

That the young lady who sleeps in kid gloves and powders her face for the benefit of her complexion, should have more than her share of common sense!

That the man who wears an imitation diamond ring, will ever own a real one! For mock jewelry indicates a lack of brains, and it takes a certain amount of brains to make money enough, or anything else that is genuine.—*Phrenological Journal.*

### WOMAN'S GRAVE.

I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of a calm indifference; but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of woman I associate every soft, tender, and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart, as the chaste and virtuous matron, tired with the follies of the world, and preparing for the grave, to which she must soon descend. Oh, there is something in contemplating the character of a woman that raises the soul far above the level of society. She is formed to adore and humanize man, to soothe his cares and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress, she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can you look upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory; woman never. The pages of history lie open to one, but the meek and unobtrusive excellencies of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. In her may have shone the genius of a poet with the virtues of a saint. She, too, may have passed along the sterile path of existence, and felt for others as I now feel for her.

A dilapidated old darkey, in Montgomery, Ala., while watching the monkeys in a menagerie in that city, colloquized thus: 'Dem children got too much sense to come out dat cage; white folks out dar tails off and set dem to rotin' and makin' constitutions.'

A richly-dressed lady stopped a boy trudging along with a basket, and asked, 'My little boy, have you got religion?'—'No, ma'am,' said the innocent, 'I've got potatoes.'

## SEA AND LAND.

### FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO.

#### NUMBER FIVE.

After a most unaccountable delay at Aspinwall for half a day the train was started. As a matter of course, it rained before it left—it does that every day on the Isthmus and for fear that by some accident one day may be forgotten in the Calendar, it rains twice on another day to make the account even.

Suppose we bid our train and passengers good-bye here and meet them again at Panama. In the mean time we will visit the principal ports of South America, pass through the Straits of Majellan to the Pacific and join them again at the ancient city of Panama. It will be necessary for us to go back a few years, change from a passenger vessel to that of a man-of-war and instead of citizen companions, the hardy, unfeeling sailors. If during the passage around the continent of South America any of the readers of the "Record" are enabled to glean either amusement or instruction for their leisure hours I shall feel well rewarded.

In about the same length of time we were running to Aspinwall we made the harbor of St. Thomas, West Indies. I made it my general rule when making a passage to a new country to learn from my travelled shipmates, geography and history, what the place of interest were. The number of ports visited by a man-of-war and the shortness of the stay in many of them renders it necessary to know beforehand what objects of historical or other interest are within easy access. Sailors have a practical and proverbial knowledge of geography, but their knowledge of history is derived from mere topographical notices as their visits suggests attention to.

Day before arriving we saw in the distance the little Island of Sombro, or Hat Island which derives its name from its fancied resemblance to a Cardinal's hat. In 1850 it was uninhabited except by sea-fowl nor was there any place of landing, but when we passed, the Americans with their usual enterprise had taken possession and were hard at work loading vessels with guano, which was found there in abundance. Numerous other small islands were passed before arriving, and I noticed that the Captain of our fleet liked very much to see these islands, for the currents here are so strong, and various, that no reckoning can be perfectly true. There is an equinoctial current from east to west; the Gulf Stream, a hot current from west to east, and there are local currents, abnormal currents and a great circuit current compounded of all these, which has a periphery of over three thousand leagues, and a log of wood dropped in the sea here would go and return to its starting point in two years and ten months. A curious proof of the strong westerly current can be seen throughout these islands where the fishermen find sufficient cork for their nets drifted to them from the coast of Spain. Bottles too, have been picked up here that were launched in the river Gambia.

The approach to St. Thomas is not without its dangers. First of all is a rock called Frenchman's Cap, nearly opposite is a small island. Between these you steer but in a channel is a danger called Scorpion Hook with only twenty feet of water over it. Having cleared that (and there is a buoy on it to help you) you enter the harbor, on your right is a light house ninety five feet high, the light of which can be seen fifteen miles at sea. On each side the entrance are forts and batteries which as soon as we entered ran up the American flag and gave a national salute.

The panorama of the harbor of St. Thomas has been extolled by many and with justice. The port itself is of a horse-shoe shape and having entered, the town is right before you, rising in three triangles with a glittering white building crowning each apex. In the background rise hills of the brightest green, rendered more dazzling by the clearness of the atmosphere. To the left the harbor runs out into a long creek only navigable for small boats. To the right is a small fort garrisoned by half a regiment of Danes and some artillerymen. Above on the hills is an old tower where in the good old times lived that notable buccaner Bluebeard.—Close by is the fine residence of Santa Anna and all about and around are such lovely gardens of flowers, shrubs and trees.

St. Thomas is twelve miles long and about three wide. Across the whole length of it runs a range of hills about five hundred feet above the sea. These hills were once covered with woods and the island was then watered by rivulets, but the improvident Danes cut down the woods, and the streams dried up, and the inhabitants now suffer from drought, inasmuch that Captains of vessels are enjoined to husband their fresh water lest none could be procurable at St. Thomas. I cannot get out of St. Thomas in one letter, so adieu.

### C. F. S.

More care should be exercised in what we breathe than in what we eat. We breathe incessantly and only eat occasionally. But nine people in ten shut out pure air as it were infection, and breathe that which is foul as if healthy.

'You have lost some of your friends, I see,' said a traveller to a negro, whom he had met on the road. 'Yes, massa.' 'Was it a near or distant relative?' 'Wall, party distant—'bout twenty-four mile,' was the reply.

It is estimated that there are two hundred and twenty five thousand threshing machines in the United States, without counting the school mops.

In reply to a paper which called General Sherman 'the coming man,' a Georgia journal says it hopes that he is not coming that way again.

## The Last Dance.

During the occupancy of the city of Moscow by the French army, a party of officers and soldiers determined to have a military levee, and for this purpose choose the deserted place of a nobleman. That night the city was set on fire. As the sun went down they began to assemble. The women who followed the fortunes of the French army, were decorated for the occasion. The gayest and noblest of the army was there, and merriment reigned over the crowd.

During the dance the fire rapidly approached them, they saw it coming but felt no fear. At length the building next to the one they occupied was on fire. Coming to the windows, they gazed upon the billows of fire which swept the city, and then returned to their amusements. Again and again they left their pleasure to watch the progress of the flames. At length the dance ceased, and the necessity of leaving the scene of merriment became apparent to all. They were enveloped in a flood of fire, and gazed on with deep and awful solemnity.

At last the fire, communicating to their own building, caused them to prepare for flight, when a brave young officer, named Carrot, waved his jeweled hand above his head, and exclaimed: 'One dance more, in defiance to the flames!' All caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and 'One more dance in defiance to the flames,' burst from the lips of all. The dance commenced; louder and louder grew the music, and faster and faster fell the pattering footsteps of dancing men and women, when suddenly, they heard a cry: 'The fire has reached the magazine! Fly—fly for your lives!' One moment they stood transfixed with terror; they did not know that the magazine was there, and ere they recovered from their stupor the vault exploded, the building was shattered to pieces, and the dancers were hurried into a fearful eternity.

## SILENT MEN.

Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave it up, confused and abashed. In framing the Constitution of the United States, the labor was almost wholly performed in committee of the whole, of which George Washington was, day after day, the chairman, but he made but two speeches during the convention, of a very few words each, something like one of Grant's speeches. The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that had it not been for his personal popularity, and the thirty words of his first speech, pronouncing it the best that could be united upon the Constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability is almost without a parallel, said his greatest difficulty was in finding men of deeds, rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience, when Commander-in-Chief of the army of Italy, he said, 'By reserve.' The greatness of a man is not measured by the length of his speeches, or their number.

An officer who was inspecting his company one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed.

'Patrick O'Flinn,' called out the captain. 'Here, yer honor, promptly responded Patrick, with hand to his cap.

'How long do you wear your shirt?'—thundered the officer.

'Twenty eight inches, sir,' was the ready rejoinder.

'Close up, ladies, if you please,' said a horse car conductor to six females who had spread themselves over the entire extent of the seats. 'I shall do nothing of the kind,' exclaimed one of the indignant fair. 'Clothes up, indeed, and in a car too; you ought to be ashamed of yourself, young man. The conductor subsided.

A boarder at one of the hotels was recently observed to shed tears when the cheese was passed. Upon inquiry as to the cause of this agitation, he replied that 'the cheese was a moving sight.'

'Papa,' said a boy, 'what is punctuation?' 'It is the art of putting stops, my child.'

'Thou I wish you'd go down into the cellar and punctuate the cider barrel, as the cider is running all over the floor.'

If a woman could talk out of the sides of her mouth at the same time, there would be a great deal said on both sides.

Epitaph.—Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother.

When does the rain become too familiar to a lady? When it begins to pat her (patter) on her back.

Why should people marry in winter?—Because ladies want muffs, and gentlemen comforters.

Some enemy of the fair sex remarks that the oldest woman's club is the broomstick.

Who is the largest man? The lover—he is a man of tremendous sighs.

Why does a rooster cross the street? To get on the other side.

What makes more noise than a pig under a gate? Two pigs.

A sure way to turn people's heads—Go late to church.

What looks most like half a cheese? The other half.

Motto for the married—never dis-pair.