THE AMNESTY PROCLAMATION.

A Proclamation by the President of the United States of America.

Whereas, The President of the United States, on the 8th of December, 1863, and on the 26th day of March, 1864, did, with the object of suppressing the existing rebellion, and to induce all persons to return to their loyalty, and to restore the authority of the United States, issue a proclamation, offering amnesty and pardon to certain persons who had directly, or by implication, engaged in the said rebellion, and

Whereas, Many persons who had engaged in the said rebellion, have, since the issuance of said proclamation, failed or neglected to take the benefits offered thereby, and

Whereas, Many persons who have been justly deprived of all claim to amnesty and pardon thereunder, by reason of their participation directly or by implication, in said rebellion, and continued hostility to the Government of the United States, since the date of said proclamation, now desire to apply for and obtain amnesty and pardon:

To the end therefore that the authority of the Government of the United States may be restored, and that peace, order and freedom may be established, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do proclaim and declare that I hereby grant to all persons who have directly or indirectly participated in the existing rebellion, except as hereinafter excepted, amnesty and pardon with restoration of all rights of property, except as to slaves, and except in cases where legal proceedings under the laws of the United States, providing for the confiscation of property of persons engaged in rebellion have been instituted, but on the condition, nevertheless, that every such person shall take and subscribe the following, oath or affirmation which shall be registered for permanent preservation, and shall be of the tenor and effect following, to-wit:

I do solemnly swear or affirm, in the presence of Almighty God that I will henceforth support and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States thereunder, and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion with reference to emancipation of slaves. So help me God.

The following classes of people are excepted from the benefits of the proclamation:

First. All who are or shall have been pretended civil or diplomatic officers or otherwise domestic or foreign agents of the pretended Confederate Government.

Second. All who left judicial stations under the United States to aid in the rebellion.

Third. All who have been military or naval officers of said pretended Confederate Government above the rank of Colonel in the army, or Lieutenant in the navy.

Fourth. All who left seats in the Congress of the United States to aid the rebellion.

Fifth. All who resigned or tendered resignations of their commissions in the army or navy of the United States, to evade the duty in resisting the rebellion.

Sixth. All who have engaged, in any way, in treating otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war persons found in the United States service, as officers, soldiers, seamen or in other capacities.

Seventh. All persons who have been, or are absentees from the United States for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.

Eighth. All military or naval officers in the rebel service who were educated by the Government at the Military Academy at West Point, or the United States Naval Academy.

Ninth. All persons who held the pretended office of the Governor of States in insurrection against the United States.

Tenth. All persons who left their homes within the jurisdiction and protection of the United States, and passed beyond the Federal military lines into the so-called Confederate States for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.

Eleventh. All persons who have engaged in the destruction of the commerce of the United States upon the high seas, and all persons who have made raids into the United States from Canada, or been engaged in destroying the commerce of the United States upon the lakes and rivers that separate the British Provinces from the United States.

Twelfth. All persons who at the time when they seek to obtain the benefits hereof by taking the oath herein prescribed, are in military, naval or civil confinement or custody, or under bond of civil, military or naval authorities, or agents of the United States, as prisoners of war, or persons detained for offences of any kind, either before or after conviction.

Thirteenth. All persons who have voluntarily participated in said rebellion and the estimated value of whose property is over $20,000.

Fourteenth. All persons who have taken the oath of amnesty as prescribed in the President's proclamation of December 8th, 1863, or the oath of allegiance to the United States, since the date of said proclamation, and who have not thenceforward kept and maintained the same inviolate.

Provided, That special application may be made to the President for pardon by any persons belonging to the excepted classes, and such clemency will be liberally extended as may be consistent with the facts of the case, and the peace and dignity of the United States.

The Secretary of State will establish rules and regulations for administering and recording the said amnesty oath so as to insure its benefit to the people, and guard the Government against fraud.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the city of Washington, this 29th day of May, A. D. 1865, and of the independence of the United States the 89th.

(Signed.) ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President,

WM. H. SEWARD, Sec'y of State.

WHO ARE HAPPY.—Lord Byron said: "The mechanics and working men who can maintain their families are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness, but even poverty is preferable to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher (wealthy) order." Another author says: "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties; going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night."

VIRGINIA WOMEN.—We must fail to mention the fact, that many of the ladies on farms in the eastern portion of the State, from which all the negroes have gone during the war, and where other labor could not be procured, have engaged with alacrity in the lighter duties of agriculture. We have heard of three young ladies, of one of the most refined and formerly wealthiest families in Hanover, who have planted on their own father's farm a larger crop of corn than has been grown there during the war. Every negro has left them except a few helpless women and children.—[Richmond Republic.

A Poem Recited by Mr. Lincoln.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

I have been urged by several friends to send you the enclosed poem, written down by myself from Mr. Lincoln's lips, and although it may not be new to all of your readers, his dastardly assassination gives it now a peculiar interest.

The circumstances under which this copy was written are these: I was with the President alone one evening in his room, during the time I was painting my large picture at the White House last year. He presently threw aside his pen and papers, and began to talk to me of Shakspeare. He sent little "Tad," his son, to the library to bring a copy of the plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages, showing genuine appreciation of the great poet. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and leaning back in his chair, said:

"There is a poem that has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man by a friend; and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper, and learned by heart. I would," he continued, "give a great deal to know who wrote it, but have never been able to ascertain." Then, half closing his eyes, he repeated to me the lines which I inclose to you. * * * * *

With great regard, very truly yours,

F. B. CARPENTER.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who bless'd,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed
That withers away to let others succeed!
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen—
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers wo'ld shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE BEGGAR AND THE BANKER.

"Do you take notice that God has given me a soul and body, just as good for all the purposes of thinking, eating, drinking, and taking my pleasure as he has you; and then you may remember Dives and Lazarus as we pass. Then, again it is a free country, and here, too, we are on an equality; for you must know that here even a beggar's dog may look a gentleman in the face, with as much indifference as he would a brother. You and I have the same common master; are equally free, live equally easy; are both travelling the same journey, bound to the same place, and both have to die and be buried in the end."

"But," observed the Banker, interupting him, "do you pretend there is no difference between a beggar and a banker."

"Not in the least," rejoined the other, with the utmost readiness; "not the least as to *essentials*. You swagger and drink wine, in company of your own choosing, I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than your wine, in company which I like better than your company. You make thousands a day, I make a shilling; if you are contented, I am; we're equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes, I am just as comfortable in old ones, and have no trouble in keeping them from soiling.—If I have less property than you, I have less to care about. If fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose; and if I do not make as great a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement; I am as great as you. Beside, my word for it, I have fewer enemies, meet with fewer losses; carry as light a heart and sing as merry a song as the rest of you."

"But then," said the banker, who had all along been trying to get in a word, "is the contempt of the world nothing?"

"The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt; you have, perhaps the one and I a share of the other. We are matched there too. And besides, the world deals in this matter equally unjustly with us both. You and I live by our wits, instead of living by our industry; and the only difference between us in this particular, worth naming, is, that it costs society more to maintain you than it does me. I am content with a little, you want a great deal—neither of us raise grain or potatoes, or weave cloth or manufacture anything useful; we therefore add nothing to the common stock, we are only consumers; and if the world judged with strict impartiality, therefore, it seems to me I should be pronounced the cleverest fellow."

From the Portland Tribune.

THE OLD BUREAU.

CHAPTER I.

Where'er a single human breast
Is crushed by pain and grief,
There would I ever be a guest,
And sweetly bring relief.

As we were passing down Exchange Street several years ago, we stopped in front of an auction room to examine the various articles that were to be sold under the hammer. We had been there but a few moments, when we heard a female voice inquiring, "is this old bureau to be sold to-day?" On looking up, we perceived the question had been addressed to us by a young lady, whose sad but pleasant countenance struck us at once. We replied that all the articles spread on the side walk would be disposed of to the highest bidder.

"I should like this bureau, if it goes low enough," she said, pointing to an old fashioned article that was standing among the other furniture; "but I never bought anything at auction in my life, and I see no women here, I don't know as it would be proper for me to bid."

"It would be perfectly proper," we remarked; "but if you wish it, I will bid off the bureau."

"If you will, sir, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

"How high are you willing I should go?"

"I don't know exactly how much it is worth, but if it sells for three or four dollors, you may buy it."

"Shall I speak to a hand-cartman to leave it at your house?"

"No sir, I will call at noon and settle for it, and take it away. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness."

So saying the young lady went away, leaving us to wonder who she was, and of what use the old piece of furniture could be to her. We examined it—took out the drawers—but saw nothing remarkable about it. At 11 o'clock, when the auction commenced, we were present, and after waiting nearly an hour, the auctioneer remarked, "We will now sell the bureau. What will you give gentlemen?" One man offered two dollars, another three, and we bid a half dollar more. Four dollars were bid—four and a half and five dollars. We were astonished that the old thing should bring so high a price. What could we do? See it sold and disappoint the lady? The thought struck us, that it might have belonged to some friend, and she wished to purchase it on that account, and rather than disappoint her, we resolved to bid again. Six dollars were offered by another, to our utter astonishment; but when our hand is in, we seldom let another out-bid us, and so we offered, until the bureau was run up to ten dollars—and we purchased it for half a dollar more. Certainly we would not have given four dollars for it, to use ourselves. However, we bought it, and sent it to our room, telling the auctioneer if a lady should call for it to inform her where it might be found. We examined it again and again and began to regret our purchase, feeling almost certain that the young woman would not thank us for what we had done; but we never mourn over a bad bargain. Our philosophy will not permit us to do so.

A little after dusk, as we were sitting in our sanctum, the young lady came in with an apology for intruding, and remarked, "You bought the bureau—so the auctioneer informs me."

"Yes, I bought it at an extravagant price, I assure you."

"What did you give?"

"Ten dollars and a half."

"You astonish me. What can I do? I had no idea it would bring over three or four dollars, and am not prepared to pay for it to night."

"I suppose it was foolish in me to give so much for it; but I presumed you wanted it very much."

"I did, sir, and would not value paying double the amount for the bureau, if I were able, rather than not have it."

"So I apprehended. Perhaps it may have belonged to some friend of yours?"

"Yes, sir, that bureau was once my mother's"—and I noticed a tear come in her eye, which she endeavored to conceal—"but she is dead now, and I wished to keep it in remembrance of her."

Thinking the lady might be poor, we told her that she might take the bureau that night if she wished, and pay us for it when she found it convenient.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness; but would rather that you should keep it until it is paid for."

We urged her to take it, but she refused, saying—"I will see what I can do, and call in a day or two and see you," and bidding us good evening she left us.

There is something very mysterious about this woman, thought we. It may be that she is poor, and perhaps in very destitute circumstances. But she shows an excellent heart, and the warmest attachment to a deceased mother. Her education must have been good, and she has evidently seen better days. And we thought the next time she called upon us, we would ascertain something more of her character and circumstances—perhaps her name—which we felt deeply anxious to learn.

In a day or two the young woman called upon us again, and with tears in her eyes remarked—"I don't know what you will think of me, but all the money I have in the world is five dollars; this I have brought you toward the bureau you were so kind as to purchase for me." So saying she placed the money before us in silver.

"I shall not take the money at present," we remarked. "I can do without it. You may take the bureau if you want it; and when you are able at some future time, you may pay me for it."

She expressed a great deal of gratitude, and said "I would rather you should take what I have," and nothing that we could say would induce her to take the money again.

"You appear to have seen some affliction?" we remarked as we saw the tears in her eyes.

"Not much, sir; I must confess that I have not always been as poor as I am present, for I have seen better days. When my parents were living, I never knew what it was to want for any thing; now I cannot say so."

"How long have your parents been dead?"

"About six years since, my father died and it was four years ago last Saturday when my mother was buried."

At the mention of her mother's name the tears came fast to her eyes—a tender chord was touched—we saw it and made no more inquiries—when she took her leave.

It was nearly six weeks before we saw the young lady again. She then called upon us with the remainder of the money that we had paid for the bureau.

We protested against receiving it at that time, thinking it might have been inconvenient for her to pay it; but she insisted that we should have it, saying—"I am under great obligations to you for your kindness. Had it not been for you I should not have the bureau—the only relic of my mother, for it was then impossible for me to raise the amount you so generously paid. I shall never forget your kindness."

"Do you wish to take the bureau away?"

"I have spoken to a cartman, who will call here in a short time and have it removed out of the way; for I suppose you will be glad to get rid of it."

"Not at all. I am pleased that I was instrumental of a little service to you, and if ever you need assistance, I shall always be ready to render it."

"I thank you, sir, with all my heart."

At this moment the man came for the bureau, and bidding us good evening, the young lady left our room.

CHAPTER II.

I ask a lowly cot
With sweet content within,
Where Envy shall molest me not,
Nor Pride shall tempt to sin.

Going, going—will you give but two dollars for this excellent bureau?"—exclaimed Mr. Baily the auctioneer, a year or two since, as we were passing down Exchange street. "Here, Mr. C., he said turning to us, buy this bureau, it is cheap enough, it is worth more for kindling wood than what it is going for—just look at it—going, going—say quick or you lose it."

Two dollars and fifty cents, we bid, as we saw it was the very same bureau that we had bought several years before for ten and a half dollars, and the bureau was knocked off to us.

This is singular enough, thought we, as we had the article carried to our room. Where is the young woman who formerly owned it?—Who was she?

We made several inquiries, but could not ascertain who she was, or what had become of her. The bureau had been carried to the auction room by an individual whom Mr. Bailey never saw before, and all our inquiries to ascertain what became of the young lady seemed fruitless.

Several months passed by, and still we heard nothing of the young lady, when one day not knowing but that we might get some clue to the former owner, we took out all the drawers separately, and examined them. We saw no writing whatever. In the back of the under drawer we noticed that a small piece of pine had been inserted. It looked as if it had been to stop a defect. Prying in it with a knife it came out, when to our astonishment we found several gold pieces to the value of about fifty dollars, besides a note for twenty-five hundred dollars, with interest, made payable to Sarah ———, when she should become of age; it was a witnessed note, and had been running about ten years, signed by a very wealthy man, whose reputation for honesty was not exceedingly good. Without mentioning to a single individual what we had discovered, we immediately renewed our efforts to ascertain who Sarah ——— was, and where she could be found. We learned that a girl of this name formerly lived with a Capt. P———, and did the work of the kitchen. Of him we could obtain but little information. His wife recollected the girl, and spoke of her in the highest terms. She believed she had married a mechanic, and retired from the city, but his name she could not recollect. By repeated inquiries we ascertained that Sarah with her husband lived on a small farm on the road that leads to Saco. Taking an early opportunity, we started for the residence of the young woman. After several inquiries upon the road, we were directed to the house. It was a pleasant situation, a little from the road, while everything looked neat about the dwelling. As we drew up to the cottage, who should come to the door but the very woman we had been so long anxious to find. She recognized me at once.

"Why, Mr. C———, how glad I am to see you! Where in the world did you come from? Walk in and take a seat."

Her husband was present—an intelligent looking man—to whom she presented us.

"I have often thought of you," she remarked, "and when in Portland have been tempted to call and see you; but although I have not called, be assured I have not forgotten your kindness, and I shall never forget it."

"But you seem happier than when I last saw you."

"Be assured, sir, I am. Hy husband has hired this little farm, where we have resided for the last two years, and we make a comfortable living and are as happy as we could wish. In the course of a few years, if we have our health and prosper, we are in hopes to purchase the farm."

"What does the owner value it at?"

"He values it at about fifteen hundred dollars. We have had to purchase a great many farming things, or we should have made a payment towards it."

"But what has become of our old bureau?"

"I fear I never shall see it again," she replied; and after a pause said, "I believe I have never told you how I have been situated?"

"You never did."

"When my mother died it was thought she left me some property in the hands of an uncle of mine, that would come to me when I was of age; but he said it was not the case. With him I resided a short time."

"Was your uncle's name Mr. ———," said we, mentioning the individual who had signed the note in our possession.

"Yes, sir, that was his name. He was very unkind to me—made me work so hard, and was so cross that I was obliged to leave him; and make my living by doing the work of a kitchen girl. One day I learned that he was about to dispose of what little property mother had left, to pay an old debt of hers. As soon as I found it correct, I immediately went to the auction, and found it too true. You know about the bureau, the only article of my mother's property I could purchase—and had it not been for your kindness it would have gone with the rest. The money I paid was earned in the kitchen. As I found it inconvenient to carry it with me, I asked aunt's permission to put it in her garret, which permission she granted. On calling for it when I was married, I learned that uncle had disposed of it with some other things at auction. I would rather have lost a hundred dollars—not that the piece possessed any real value, but that it belonged to my beloved mother—and on that account I did not wish to part with it. But it was gone and it was useless to speak to uncle about it—he was entirely indifferent to me and what concerned me."

"Suppose I tell you that I have that bureau in my office."

"Is it possible! You astonish me, Mr, ———. Have you indeed the old bureau?"

"I have, and what is better, I have something here for you"—taking out my pocket book and placing the note and gold upon the table—"these are yours."

"Why, sir, you more and more astonish me."

"They are yours. After I became the owner of your bureau, I found this gold and this note concealed in one of the drawers. There are nearly fifty dollars, and the note is good against your uncle for nearly three thousand dollars, every cent of which you can recover."

The astonished lady could not speak for some time; but when she recovered from her surprise, she could only express her gratitude in tears; nay more, she offered us half the amount; but we merely told her that it pleased us more to have justice done her and be instrumental in adding to the happiness of those we considered so worthy as herself and husband.

When we left we promised to call on her soon again, and in the mean time to make arrangements for her to receive her just dues from her unworthy uncle.

The old man demured a little at first;—but when he found he could wrong a poor orphan girl no longer, he paid the note with interest—begging us not to expose him.

Sarah's husband purchased the farm on which he resided, stocked it well, and is now an independent farmer. Two happier souls it is difficult to find than Sarah and her husband. May prosperity attend them to the close of life.

We often call at the farm house of our friends, and spend there many a happy hour. It was but a week or two since that we saw them, and they seem as cheerful and contented as it is possible for mortals to be.

It is a beautiful custom in some Oriental lands to leave untouched the fruits that are shaken from the tree by the wind, these being regarded as sacred to the poor and the stranger.

Let the Freedmen Beware of Mean Yankees.

We feel it our duty to subscribe to the following remarks on reconstruction, from the New York Tribune. If any Western "Yankee" feels the shoe pinch him in this connection, let him take a hint, and scorn to be so detestably mean as to take advantage of the ignorant and confiding freedmen.

"We hear that many of the blacks, thoroughly distrusting their old masters, place all confidence in the Yankees who have recently come among them, and will work for these on almost any terms. We regret this, for while many of the Yankees will justify that confidence, others will grossly abuse it. New England produces many of the best specimens of the human race, and, along with these, some of the very meanest beings that ever stood on two legs—cunning, rapacious, hypocritical, ever ready to skin a flint with a borrowed knife and make (for others) a soup of the peeling. This class soon become too well known at home—'run out' as the phrase is—when they wander all over the earth, snuffling, and swindling, to the injury and shame of the land that bore them and cast them out. Now, let it be generally presumed by the ignorant blacks of the south that a Yankee, *because* a Yankee, is necessarily their friend, and this unclean breed will overspread the South like locusts, starting schools and prayer meetings at every cross-roads, getting half of abandoned or confiscated plantations, and hiring laborers right and left, cutting timber here, trying out tar and turpentine there, and growing corn, cotton, rice and sugar, which they will have sold at the earliest day and run away with the proceeds, leaving the negroes in rags and feedless with winter just coming on. 'Trust thyself' is the very first maxim to be impressed on the ignorant blacks; take no man's fair words as substantial verities, but insist on being paid as you go."

An idea may be formed of the magnitude of the transactions in army clothing during the war, by reference to the following figures, gathered from the consolidated returns of a single depot. From August 1861, until April 1865, there were issued to the troops by Capt. Daniel G. Thomas, Military Storekeeper at Washington city, 4,465,461 pairs stockings or socks; 2,486,719 pair bootes and boots; 2,276,110 pair trowsers; 2,284,798 pairs drawers; 2,268,741 shirts; 1,088,176 hats and caps; 992,147 flannel sack coats; 729,787 woolen blankets, 466,597 rubber blankets, and great coats, coats, jackets, and other articles in proportion.

DEATH OF A WEALTHY SOUTHERNER.—A letter from Raleigh, N. Carolina, says: "James C. Johnson, one of the wealthiest men in the South, died on the 12th ult., at his house near Edenton, in this State. He disinherited all his relatives, because they left him, and identified themselves with the rebel cause. His property, amounting to many millions of dollars, he left to a few personal friends. His immense possessions on the Roanoke river, comprise the richest lands in the country. At the outbreak of the rebellion, he told his slaves, numbering nearly a thousand, that the war would make them free, and that they could remain with him or go where they pleased. He was a personal friend of Henry Clay, whose indebtedness, which amounted to over $30,000, Mr. Johnson is said to have canceled without Mr. Clay's knowledge, who was never able to ascertain who his benefactor was. He was about eighty years of age when he died, and was a devoted Union man up to the day of his death."

VICTORIOUS OVER PAIN.

BRAGG'S ARCTIC LINIMENT.

Agony or ease!—Sickness or health!—Life or death! These are the questions involved in the adoption or rejection of this specific by the martyrs to external diseases and injuries. Having received the indorsement of the distinguished seven, the late Dr. KANE, and its efficacy tested during two awful Winters in the regions of eternal ice, it is now coming into general use in every section of the civilized globe, and its marvelous cures are everywhere exciting astonishment.

THE AFFLICTED REJOICE.

HUNDREDS and THOUSANDS have tested its virtues, and are rejoicing in freedom from long lingering PAIN and DISEASE, which other remedies had failed to cure. Have you the BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, EARACHE or TOOTH-ACHE—Are you afflicted with OLD SORES—Suffering from BRUISES, SPRAINS, CORNS, SORE EYES, PILES? THE ARCTIC LINIMENT will afford you instant relief. Everybody is liable to

BURNS AND SCALDS.

For these dreadful accidents the ARCTIC LINIMENT should be kept on hand, for it affords sure and immediate relief, often saving from death. Every steamboat and railroad train should keep it. Who that has heard the shrieks of anguish uttered by the scalded and maimed victims of explosions and collisions, does not feel that some means of relieving their torture should always be accessible? Such does exist in this balmy pain controlling agent. It is

THE MOTHERS' COMPANION.

It cures CAKES IN THE BREAST, SORE NIPPLES, SORE LIPS, PIMPLES, &c. Ladies who prize a pure skin, void of pimples, blotches, scurf and all discolorations and excrescences, should attack these trespassers on beauty's domain as soon as they appear with the ARCTIC LINIMENT. It is excellent for the Hair, giving it a healthy, glossy appearance. It is

GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST.

It is a sovereign remedy for the various diseases with which horses are afflicted, curing the most alarming cases of BRUISES, SPRAINS, STRINGHALT, WOUNDS, SCRATCHES, SWEENY, SPAVIN, RINGBONE, BIG-HEAD, POLL-EVIL, &c. No farmer, livery stable keeper, or any person owning valuable HORSES, should be without this valuable remedy.

For sale by all respectable Druggists and Dealers.

Prices of the Liniment, 25 cents, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. A one-dollar bottle contains as much Liniment as eight twenty-five-cent bottles

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Every purchaser of a dollar bottle of the ARCTIC LINIMENT receives, at Dr Bragg's expense, the UNITED STATES JOURNAL, of New York, for one year. The Journal is a large illustrated paper—each number containing sixteen pages, beautifully printed on clear white paper, and filled with original matter from the most brilliant writers of the country. Certificate of subscription and full particulars of the novel and philanthropic enterprise, of which this offer forms a part, will accompany each bottle.

AN AGENT WANTED in EVERY TOWN and VILLAGE.

BRAGG & BURROWES, St. Louis, Mo.

NEW YORK OFFICE, No. 371 BROADWAY.

Communications should always be addressed to St. Louis.

WHOSE OX?

One of the biographers of Napoleon speaking of the loss of the English on the field of Waterloo, says "Fifteen thousand men killed and wounded, threw half Britain into mourning." Every five months rum destroys more lives on the field of these United States, than Napoleon did on the field of Waterloo, and produces more mourning, and lamentation, and woe—and every eight months he destroys more victims than we lost in the war with Mexico. *Is he any body's ox?* we are now prepared to ask, deeply desirous of knowing. Does any body refuse to keep him in? Does any body send him forth, in the light of the sun, or of the moon, of the stars, or of the lamp, or in the darkness in which no eye but God's sees, to perpetrate these myriads of infamous deeds?

And if he be any body's ox, has his owner been certified of his character? Has any one who has seen him push with his horns in time past testified the fact to his owner? Has his owner ever seen him push with his own eyes?

This destructive agent does not do his work independent of human permission and human agency. If nobody sold rum, nobody would buy it, and if nobody bought it, it would not be made; the poor would have the grain, and the sugar and molasses out of which it is manufactured—the ruin and death of the body and the soul, the suffering, and tears, and lamentation, and woe, and madness, and idiocy, produced by it all over our land, would cease.

I approach now the rumseller, and face to face, charge upon him the authorship and guilt of the evils and woes produced by rum. It is his—the world knows it is. He lets him out of his barrels, and his kegs, and his decanters, with his own hands, *deliberately and recklessly*, I do not say maliciously, and turns him loose among the men and women and children of the community. Nor can he at this day, if he ever could, plead that he has not been duly and repeatedly certified of his dangerous character. His own observation has done this, and continues to do it every day, as he opens his eyes in his grocery or bar-room, or as he walks the street, or enters the abodes of drunkenness which he is producing, or helps bury the victim of delirium tremens. Physicians have done this. In a single publication are now recorded more than 2,000 names of physicians in this country and Europe, some of them among the most distinguished and honored of the profession, testifying that the effects of ardent spirits habitually used by persons in health is *unmixed evil*. Facts proclaimed in ten thousand newspapers, and ten thousand reports, have certified it.

AYER'S

CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Colds, Coughs, and Hoarseness.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., 20th Dec., 1855.

DR. J. C. AYER: I do not hesitate to say the best remedy I have ever found for Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza, and the concomitant symptoms of a Cold, is your CHERRY PECTORAL. Its constant use in my practice and my family for the last ten years has shown it to possess superior virtues for the treatment of those complaints. EBEN KNIGHT, M. D.

A. B. MORTLEY, Esq., of UTICA, N. Y., writes: "I have used your PECTORAL myself and in my family ever since you invented it, and believe it to be the best medicine for its purpose ever put out. With a bad cold I should sooner pay twenty-five dollars for a bottle than do without it, or take any other remedy."

Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Feb. 7, 1856.

BROTHER AYER: I will cheerfully certify your PECTORAL is the best remedy we possess for the cure of *Whooping Cough, Croup*, and the chest diseases of children. We of your fraternity in the South appreciate your skill, and commend your medicine to our people.

HIRAM CONKLIN, M. D.

AMOS LEE, Esq., MONTEREY, IA., writes, 3d Jan., 1856: "I had a tedious Influenza, which confined me in doors six weeks; took many medicines without relief; finally tried your PECTORAL by the advice of our clergyman. The first dose relieved the soreness in my throat and lungs; less than one half the bottle made me completely well. Your medicines are the cheapest as well as the best we can buy, and we esteem you, Doctor, and your remedies, as the poor man's friend."

Asthma or Phthisic, and Bronchitis.

WEST MANCHESTER, PA., Feb. 4, 1856.

SIR: Your CHERRY PECTORAL is performing marvellous cures in this section. It has relieved several from alarming symptoms of consumption, and is now curing a man who has labored under an affection of the lungs for the last forty years. HENRY L. PARKS, Merchant.

A. A. RAMREY, M.D., ALBION, MONROE CO., IOWA, writes, Sept. 6, 1855: "During my practice of many years I have found nothing equal to your CHERRY PECTORAL for giving ease and relief to consumptive patients, or curing such as are curable."

We might add volumes of evidence, but the most convincing proof of the virtues of this remedy is found in its effects upon trial.

Consumption.

Probably no one remedy has ever been known which cured so many and such dangerous cases as this. Some no human aid can reach; but even to those the CHERRY PECTORAL affords relief and comfort.

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY, March 5, 1856.

DOCTOR AYER, LOWELL: I feel it a duty and a pleasure to inform you what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for my wife. She had been five months laboring under the dangerous symptoms of Consumption, from which no aid we could procure gave her much relief. She was steadily failing, until Dr. Strong, of this city, where we have come for advice, recommended a trial of your medicine. We bless his kindness, as we do your skill, for she has recovered from that day. She is not yet as strong as she used to be, but is free from her cough, and calls herself well.

Yours with gratitude and regard,

ORLANDO SHELBY, OF SHELBYVILLE.

Consumptives, do not despair till you have tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is made by one of the best medical chemists in the world, and its cures all around us bespeak the high merits of its virtues.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

THE sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been taxed their utmost to produce this best, most perfect purgative which is known to man. Innumerable proofs are shown that these PILLS have virtues which surpass in excellence the ordinary medicines, and that they win unprecedentedly upon the esteem of all men. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of my remedies, while others have sent me the assurance of their conviction that my Preparations contribute immensely to the relief of my afflicted, suffering fellow-men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing directions for their use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints:—

Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from a foul Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and Pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcerous and Cutaneous Diseases which require an evacuant Medicine, Scrofula or King's Evil. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with some other pill they make more profit on. Ask for AYER'S PILLS, and take nothing else. No other they can give you compares with this in its intrinsic value or curative powers. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER,

Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass

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