TO PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1868.

Allow me to call your attention to my PREPARATION OF COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU. The component parts are, BUCHU, Long Leaf CUBEBS, JUNIPER BERRIES.

Mode of Preparation:—Buchu, in vacuo. Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a fine gin. Cubebs extracted by displacement with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small proportion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now in use.

Buchu as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle) leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added to prevent fermentation; upon inspection it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopœa, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exists. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation, with a feeling of profound confidence,

I am very respectfully,

H. T. HELMBOLD,

Chemist and Druggist of 19 Years' Experience.

(From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.)

November 4, 1854.

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will radically exterminate from the system diseases arising from habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience or exposure; completely superseding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copaiva and Mercury, in all these diseases.

U S E

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Buchu

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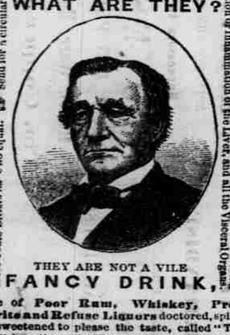

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PIN, TAPE and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle.

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Gen. Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

The Albany Register.

THE BLACKSMITHS' APPRENTICE.

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

CHAPTER I.

At the period of our story, there stood in the vicinity of the village of Brunswick, a log house of rather large dimensions, and built in a manner that proved that its proprietor went in more for comfort than for appearance as regarded his dwelling.

The proprietor of the house followed the double calling of a blacksmith and a farmer. He was a hale old man of about sixty, and his family was composed solely of his wife, Dorothy, and his daughter Mary, a beautiful girl; just budding into womanhood.

In his youth, farmer Jonas Hutton had advocated Quaker principles of peace, but in his old age his sympathies were secretly enlisted in the cause of King George. His conduct, however, had been so circumspect—he appearing to maintain a strict neutrality as regarded both the British and American cause, that, though suspicions were rife of his extending aid to the former, he had thus far escaped actual proof.

The only person hired about his premises was a tall ungainly youth of about twenty years of age, and who served as a helper to the smithy when occasionally a neighbor wished a horse shod or his wagon wheel tired. His name was Malachi Doolittle, and he hailed from the Bay State, from which he had wandered to his present station some three years before, binding himself to Squire Hutton till he was one and twenty.

As a matter of course, he had been in love for a long time with the fair form and blue eyes of his master's daughter Mary, though she had always treated his case so coolly, that any one but a genuine Yankee wooer would have left the field in despair. No girl can bear to have it said that her lover is an object of ridicule, and Mary was well aware that Malachi—the name by which her father's apprentice was generally addressed—was the sport of all the girls in the neighborhood.

He was a fine advocate of the American cause, and when his boss was not by, and he could gain a listener's ear, he would express his admiration for Washington in the highest terms.

It was in the latter part of December, and close upon dusk, when a young man, attired in the uniform of an ensign in the Continental army, and mounted on a powerful gray horse, rode up to Squire Hutton's smithy, and requested that his animal might be shod immediately.

"Friend, thou seemest to be in somewhat of a hurry," was Squire Hutton's reply, glancing at the stranger; "and as Malachi is busy foddering the cattle, and I have promised to have neighbor Parker's wheel tired in a half an hour, perhaps thee had better apply at the next shop, which thee will find about a mile and a half further on the straight way to Brunswick and——."

"A plague on neighbor Parker and his wagon wheel!" said the young man impatiently. "As you have stated, however, I am in a hurry, and bear important dispatches to Washington, whom I understand, is on his way to attack our enemies at Princeton. May heaven favor the right cause!"

"Amen," said the smith, earnestly. "But as I have informed thee before, it will be impossible to attend to the shoeing of this beast to-night. It is nearly dark, and I seldom protract neighbors after nightfall."

The stranger mused a moment and then muttered to himself: "It is not possible that I can have been misinformed;" drew a paper from his pocket and handed it to Squire Hutton.

"What is this?" he exclaimed.

"Something that it would be not polite to let every one peruse in these times; but I have heard that you was a staunch man in the cause of King George, and I can trust you. The exigencies of my case will not admit of delay. My horse must be shod, and must be within the British camp at Trenton by to-morrow morning."

The old smith with an air of surprise, wiped his glasses to peruse the document, and by the last fading light of day recognized the well-known signature of Lord Cornwallis.

He instantly grasped the stranger by the hand, and said that for the cause of King George he would neglect every other job of work in the shop.

"But thee will have a rough ride of it, friend; the roads are in a bad condition, and the wind will blow cold and bitter in thy face I observe, the whole of thy journey."

The stranger remarked that he had learned to laugh at such adventures in the camp of a soldier.

"Aye, friend, but the night will be black as pitch an hour later; and if thy beast be not sure-footed, thee will scarcely reach Trenton by sunrise. However, I will see that thou art well prepared for thy journey. A good cup of tea, equal to that the foolish rebels wasted in Boston harbor, made by my wife Dorothy, and a few warm buiscuit prepared by my daughter Mary, will refresh thee greatly, previous to thy long ride."

"Thanks, kind sir, for thy hospitality and be assured that it will be remembered to our commander-in-chief. My business is urgent, for if I reach Trenton by sunrise the plan I now bear about my person will place the rebel army wholly in our power."

"Sayest thou so?" said the smith rubbing his hands joyfully; "then we have no time to lose. Hallo, Malachi! Ah, here thou art. Run up to the house and tell Dorothy that my friend, Ensign Spencer, of the Continental army, is going to sup with us. He has important documents for the benefit of the American cause, and must be in the American camp to-morrow morning. Thou canst shoe the horse, while I extend to him the hospitalities;" and Squire Hutton, taking the young man by the arm, ushered him in a few moments into the presence of his wife and charming daughter.

Meanwhile Malachi, who had eyed the stranger very closely, lit the lamp and began to ply the bellows.

"Well," he exclaimed to himself, "if this don't beat all nature. I thought there was somethin' in the wind when the critter halted at our place; so I stopped foddering the cattle and sneaked up to the back of the shop to listen. So, if he gets to Trenton by sunrise to-morrow morning the American party will be in the hands of the British! If you are there by that time, by Judas, Malachi Doolittle don't know nothing about shoeing. Whoa, you critter; can't you stand still a moment while the irons are getting hot? It's no wonder you are so restless with such a load of sin as you are about to carry. My boss is a traitor to his country, and I'm going to cut my indentures to-night and join the American army. Who knows but I may come back a Captain, marry Mary Hutton, and then strike a bee line for old Massachusetts. But I must hurry this job through; for I would not like boss to inspect my work to-night. "There," he added, as he drove the last nail, "you will cast off a pair of them five miles t'other side of Brunswick, and then if I can't catch you, Ensign Spencer, on my old sorrel, I wish I may be blown up in a powder mill."

Big with intentions for the benefit of the American cause, Malachi fastened the horse, and closing the shop door, wended his was to the house.

The wind blew keen and cold, and the sky was overcast with dark clouds.

"Shouldn't wonder if we had two foot of snow before to morrow morning," said Malachi to himself, "and I'd rather by a darn site go to an apple bee or a quilting party with Mary Hutton tucked under my arm, than take a journey to Trenton to-night. However, what can't be cured must be endured; as my old schoolmarm used to say when she plied on the birch; so all you've got to do, Malachi Doolittle, is to play possum, and not give the Britishers too big a start."

He found the kitchen empty, for Ensign Spencer being considered in the light of an especial guest, the supper table was in the parlor.

"Rot his picture, he'll be making love to Mary, next," said Malachi, uneasily. "But if he does, I'll pay him off in his own coin. Ah here is his pistols and heavy riding coat. Well, now, Malachi Doolittle I don't think it would be unwholesome to your constitution to jerk the primin' out of them barkers, for fear matters might come to rough and tumble. So here goes."

When the apprentice entered the parlor, he found Dorothy Hutton and her daughter Mary in high glee and good humor. The supper was over, but the stranger seemed to be attracted to the smith's parlor by the bright eyes of Mary, and looking twice out of the window into the cold, bleak night he gave a shudder, as if loth to depart on his journey.

Tall Malachi devoured his supper in a moody silence; but, notwithstanding his discontent at the notice the young officer took of Mary, he made fearful inroads on the johnny cake and sausage. A genuine Yankee is seldom so deep in love that he forsakes his victuals, and such was certainly tall Malachi's case.

When there was no excuse for longer delay, bestowing a kiss upon the blushing cheek of Mary, the stranger bestrode his animal, and set forth at a round gallop, on his dark journey.

"I guess I'd better go and finish foddering the cattle," said Malachi, as the clatter of the horse's hoofs died away in the distance. "Old Rull has broke his surcingle all to smash. I calculate that I had better take the sorrel horse and go down to Brunswick to-morrow morning and get it fixed, as we will want to sled some wood from the swamp. Suppose you can let me have old sorrel for a little while, Squire?"

"Well how on earth can thee go down to Brunswick without him, Malachi? How foolish you can talk to-night."

"Well I didn't know but that you might want to use him," said Malachi, closing the door behind him, and starting for the barn. "Consarn his picture! kissed her lips he did? Well, if I don't have a wrestle with him for that trick my name ain't Malachi Doolittle. Jerusalem, how cold it is! I wish I had on my other shirt; but it is no use to grumble; Old Sorrel, put ir your big licks, and you shall be fed on nothing but oats and clover for the balance of your material days. And now for a parting salutue to the boss," he added, as he rode up to the door of the old farm house. "Hullow, Squire Hutton, suthin's broke loose!

"Why, Malachi, what is the matter?" asked the smith opening the door; is the barn afire, or—"

"No, nothing of the kind, boss. I've concluded to borrow Old Sorrel to-night instead of to-morrow morning. I know the whole plot, and am going to take them papers from Ensign Spencer, and give them to George Washington."

"Why, his horse is fleet as the wind, and he will be in Trenton before thou art half way," said the smith with a laugh.

"You forget that I shod his horse, boss Hutton."

"Well he is armed, and will shoot thee dead as a nail, if thou dost attempt violence."

"Can't be did, boss. I shook priming from his pistols when he was in to supper."

"Thunder and Beelzebub. Lord forgive me, but—"

The remainder of the sentence was lost to Malachi's ear, for with a wild "Ya hip! galang Sorrel!" he was following the track of the British spy.

CHAPTER II.

The night was very dark; the flakes of snow were falling fast over the already whitened ground, but the old sorrel was perfectly acquainted with every inch of the ground. He had scarcely put the village of Brunswick five miles behind him, when he decried the object of his search a short distance ahead, and traveling at such a gait as convinced him that Ensign Spencer had little to thank Malachi Doolittle for his handicraft. As the matter stood it was no great feat for the sorrel or apprentice to rein up by the side of the officer in the space of a few moments. It was too dark for Spencer to recognize his new acquaintance of the smithey.

"Fine evening, Squire," said Malachi, "sleighing will be first-rate to-morrow, if it continues to come down this way."

"There we don't agree, friend," said Spencer, placing his hand by way of precaution upon one of his pistols," for the night to my mind is a cursed dark and stormy one."

"Well, 'tis something dark, that's a fact," was Malachi's response, "for a man that's got considerable distance to ride. Got a fine horse; I can't see for sartin. Critter goes kinder lame, don't he?"

"Yes, thanks to a bungling fellow who shod him about two hours ago, I shall not be able to reach my destination by daylight."

"Rather guess you won't, 'Squire, at the rate you are traveling now. Trenton is a long way off yet, and it is a rough road to travel. Now, 'Squire, seein' it's you, I wouldn't mind swapping horses. Old Sorrel is sure footed, and only ten years old, come next grass; though I should require a little boot under the circumstances—not Continental, but in hard Spanish—and,"

"Hold on, friend, for Heaven's sake. I have no wish to trade horses at any rate, and your loquacity is perfectly overwhelming. I have but one question to ask, and you can act your own pleasure in answering it. Who gave you the information that I was traveling to Trenton?"

"Just as slick as grease, 'Squire. You are on our side. God save King George and down with the rebels. I am Malachi Doolittle, Joseph Hutton's apprentice boy, who shod your critter this very night; and it appears it was so confounded dark in the shop that I made a pesky job of it."

"Pesky job, indeed," said Spencer.

"Why, my horse is going dead lame, and I must be in Trenton by to-morrow morning—my business is of the most vital importance."

"Could I not do the business for you?" said Malachi. "You can go back to Squire Hutton's while I carry the dispatches you bear about you to the British camp."

"No," said Spencer with a laugh, "that would hardly do. A British officer placing important dispatches in the hands of a blacksmith's apprentice is altogether out of the question."

"By Judas I've got it!" exclaimed Malachi, as if struck by a sudden thought. "We will swap critters for the present. I'll take your critter back to Hutton's and doctor him till you call for him, and lend you old sorrel—he is just as fresh now as when he left the stable, and can keep the same gate for four and twenty hours to come."

Ensign Spencer was delighted with the proposition, and halting at a favorable place, they both dismounted to make the exchange. But no sooner had the officer's feet touched the ground, than he found himself in the close embrace of tall Malachi.

"Now, Squire," he exclaimed, "before it comes to a worse tussel, I'll trouble you to fork over them papers."

"Why, what do you mean, you plebian hound," said Spencer, "by insulting an officer of King George?" struggling to free himself from the iron grasp of the blacksmith's apprentice.

"Mean just what I say, you golderned cantankerous varmint. Hurrah for George Washington and the Continental Congress! Kiss Mary again, will you? Well, I'm not going to be cruel—but if you don't fork over them papers in a jiffy, by the sixteenth chapter of Revelations, I'll make mince meet of you. I will, by Judas!"

"Don't throttle me," exclaimed Spencer, (for Malachi's grip at his throat had been tightened every instant,) "and they are yours."

"Don't you attempt to come any of your games, you Tory varmint, I can out run, out jump, or out wrestle anything in our diggings, and—"

"Such is not my intention. There are the papers, much good may they do you. And now be kind enough to release my collar."

"Wait abit, Squire—so ho, sorrel—must make all right;" and at the same moment he let go of Spencer he leaped into the saddle. "Goodnight Squire, and pleasant dreams."

Spencer instantly aimed one of his pistols point blank at Malachi, but it missed fire. He dashed it to the ground with a curse, and levelled the other—the lock clicked but there was no discharge.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Malachi. "You will find the 'primin' scattered 'round Jonas Hutton's kitchen floor, where I left it. Ya hip, galang sorrel. Three cheers for George Washington and the Continental Congress.

CHAPTER III.

The sun was not above an hour high when a tall, slab-sided Yankee, mounted on a bony horse, rode up to the American lines, where he was hailed by the sentries, and to whom he made known that he had something of the most vital importance to communicate to the General. His invincible pertinacity finally procured him the coveted audience with the Commander-in-Chief of American forces, and tall Malachi placed the documents he had procured with so much trouble in his hands. Washington saw at a glance that, had the plans they divulged been carried out, the American army would have been placed in great peril, if not utterly annihilated. Of his master's share in the transaction Malachi Doolittle said nothing, for he was too much in love with Mary to betray her father, but all other questions he answered with a promptness that proved sense enough to make up for his uncouth appearance.

"And you wish to serve in the army," said Washington kindly.

"Such are my intentions, your excellency, if you think my services worthy of regard."

"We are always glad to receive such good recruits in the cause of freedom as thou art. The service thou has rendered is a great one to the American cause. Captain Doolittle, allow me to congratulate you, for such is the commission you hold henceforth, in the Continental army."

The heart of the new-made officer was too full to express his thanks; but he resolved to prove by deeds, and not by words, that he was worthy of Washington's consideration. The Commander-in-Chief saw that some immediate steps must be taken not only to save Philadelphia, which, as he learned by the dispatches brought by Doolittle, the enemy were determined to possess—but to arouse the spirit of the nation, that had now sunk to the depths of despondency, he resolved to anticipate the British, and cross the frozen Delaware on the night of the 27th of December, where he learned that a large body of Hessians were encamped. He followed up his plan with eminent success, for the attack being totally unexpected more than nine hundred of the enemy were taken prisoners of war. He recrossed the river again, and though his shadow of an army was weary and exhausted, he determined to make an attack on the British forces at Princeton. Here he had the good fortune to kill sixty and take three hundred prisoners more. This good fortune served to dispel the gloom that had settled over the American cause.

It is an undoubted fact that Malachi Doolittle held a Colonel's commission in the army before the close of the war.

On the banks of the river Raritan, some ten years after the incidents detailed in our story, there stood a fine house, the residence of Colonel Doolittle and family, one of the wealthiest farmers in the whole country. He was one of the most hospitable of men, and neither friend or stranger could pass his door without being asked to take a cup of tea, and a slice of short cake, made by the fair hand of his wife Mollie. There was an old man, too, who sat in the cosiest place by the fireside, who, for a long time after the close of the war, would advocate the cause of the King and talk about having somebody arrested for stealing a sorrel horse—at which his daughter would wink slyly at her husband—but he finally came to the conclusion as peace and plenty crowned the land of freedom, that George Washington was not so much of a rebel after all.

There was an old lady who appeared to never grow tired of praising her son-in-law; and a little boy, the very image of his mother, who at the close of many a summer's day, would climb upon his father's knee and say with a tone of earnest entreaty:

"Now, pa, do tell me all about Ensign Spencer and General Washington and the Hessians, and how you hooked grandpa's horse and 'listed for a soldier."

"Willingly, my son," the Colonel would reply, "but I have related the story so often, I should think you knew it by heart." Yet Colonel Doolittle, for the special benefit of his son and heir, often related the story over and over again.

Such is one of the many incidents connected with the dark hours of the Revolution. Though purchased with the blood of thousands, it left the legacy of freedom to mankind, and few in these "times which tried men's soul's," acquired greater fame in the American cause than Malachi Doolittle, the blacksmith's apprentice.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—Several years ago, a young lady in Tazewell county was wooed by a young man. He obtained her consent, and the consent of the old folks, but three days before the wedding she took a freak into her head, and went off and married another. The young man was heart broken, and packed up his trunk and went to New York city. There he hid his grief, buried himself in business, and engaged in speculation, was successful, and became wealthy. A younger sister of the girl that had jilted him, moved by sympathy, commenced a correspondence with him to endeavor to mitigate his sorrow. The correspondence became interesting. The young girl grew up, and as years rolled on, ripened into a great beauty. The sight of her photograph awakened in the young man's bosom the love that he had supposed crushed forever. He proposed to her and was accepted. Her father was a widower and was anxious to get married himself as soon as his daughter was out of the way, so he urged the match forward. The means of the lover now admitted a brilliant wedding, and preparations were made for it. They were to be married last Wednesday in style, and depart immediately for New York. A few days ago the expectant bride received a letter from her betrothed, stating that he had entered into speculations that would keep him in the city so that he could not possibly be with her at the time appointed, and asking her to delay the ceremony for a day or two. He also referred to the time when he had expected to be united to her sister. Provoked to think that he still remembered his former love, the young lady wrote him in a passion, and sitting down at the same time wrote to a cousin of hers, a farmer in Iowa, who had long loved her, telling him that she had broken her engagement, relating the circumstances to him, and ending by saying that she was all ready to be married, and if he would come and be there at the time set for her wedding, she would marry him. He complied. Her betrothed in New York, astonished to receive her letter, closed up his business as best he could, and came to Tazewell county by the next train. He reached the little village where she lived, and was hastening up to the house to fulfill his engagement, when he was met by some of his friends and told that his bride had just been married to another man. He fainted away on the spot and was taken up to the hotel. When the bride was told of it, she was overwhelmed with remorse, but it was then too late. She was legally married to her cousin. The New Yorker, twice heart broken, left for his home without seeing her, and she passed through this city yesterday, on her way to an Iowa farm, looking very dejected and anything but like a bride.—*Peoria Transcript.*

Here's the old man again, 143 years old this time, and living in the North Carolina mountains. The Tarboro' *Carolinian* says that at the time of Braddock's defeat, he was 20 years old, and had a wife and three children. He has always been in moderate circumstances; lived upon a coarse vegetable diet; never drank any liquid but spring water, and bids fair to live many years longer. He has survived seven wives, and having lost his last one about sixty years ago, he now begins to feel quite lonely, and wishes to marry again.

It is reported that Rothschild will retire from the representation of the City of London, and will be called to the House of Lords with the title of Earl Montmore.

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Albany, December 3, 1870-13y

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Is fast winning favor in the household, as shown by the sales of last year, amounting to eighty-six thousand, seven hundred and eighty one machines, which far exceed those of any other Company.

This new FAMILY MACHINE is capable of a range and variety of work such as was thought impossible a short time ago, to perform by machinery. We claim, and can show those whom it may concern, that it is the cheapest, most beautiful, delicately arranged, nicely adjusted, easily operated, and smoothly running of all the family Sewing Machines. It is remarkable, not only for the range and variety of its sewing, but also for the variety and different KINDS OF TEXTURE which it will sew with equal facility and perfection, using Silk Twist, Linen or Cotton Thread, fine or coarse, making the INTERLOCKED-ELASTIC-STITCH, alike on both sides of the fabric sewn. Thus beaver cloth, or leather, may be sewn with great strength and uniformity of stitch, and in a moment this willing and never wearying machine may be adjusted for fine work on gauze or gossamer tissue, or the tucking of tareletan, or ruffling, or almost any other work which delicate fingers have been known to perform.

Purchasers can soon be convinced that our new Family machine embodies NEW and essential principles—simplicity of construction—ease of operation—uniformity of PRECISE action at any speed—capacity for range and variety of work, fine or coarse, leaving all rivals behind it.

The Folding Cases.

The New Family Machine may be had in a variety of folding covers and cases. Some show in polished surface only the grain and tint of the wood, while others are finished in all the elaboration of art

The Attachments

For Hemming, Felling, Ruffling, Braiding, Binding, Cording, Gathering, Tucking, Embroidering, &c., are not only numerous, but now brought to great perfection. Most of them can be attached or detached by a simple move of the hand. The quality of the work can only be fully appreciated on observation and examination.

Machine Twist,

Linen Thread, Spool Cotton, Oil, &c.

We have and shall keep in stock at our Central Office, and Agencies, (on spools of various sizes), Twist of all sizes and colors—Linen Thread, Spool Cotton, Oil, and all other articles necessary in the use of our machines.

We wish it understood that we manufacture the Twist sold by us; that we shall aim to have it excel in quality and exceed in quantity, for a given price, that of other manufacturers, and that the Twist [made by us in our new and extensive mills, supplied as they are with the most improved machinery and skilled labor] can be relied on for the desirable qualities of uniformity of size, evenness, length of thread as marked on each spool strength, excellence of color, and beauty of finish.

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