

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

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NO. 1.

## COUSIN JENNY,

—OR—  
How A Quoinette Was Won.  
A LOVE STORY.

"Eh, Phil—want to 'know how I won her? Well, I'll tell you the *modus operandi*, though it's *sub rosa*, of course!" And Ned Wilder flung his half smoked cigar into the grate, ran his fingers through a mass of clustering brown curls, and settled himself comfortably in the depths of a soft-cushioned office chair.

"Want to know how I won her? Well, you see, my boy, cousin Jenny was always just the sauciest witch that ever shook a curl or played tricks with a masculine heart. And I was always her boy lover. Can't remember the time, for the day when I first went to Beechwood as my uncle's ward, and stood—an awkward, blushing, stammering school boy of fifteen—in the presence of the incipient belle and beauty—can't remember a minute from that hour, but I was her slave—her downright slave, Phil. And the witch knew it. Did you ever see one of the sex but knew whom she had entrapped? It's their nature—read you like a book! Got the gift of second sight, every mother's daughter of em."

"And so, when I came home from academy and college vacations, not a whit less embarrassed and awkward than ever, acting like a grown up booby—upsetting her workbox and tangling her worsteds, committing countless blunders at table, all this to the satisfaction of the mischief-loving flirt and the romping, hoydenish, school-girl companions she'd always have stopping at Beechwood on visits, —didn't I make myself a target for all kinds of practical jokes from those same romps?"

"And Jenny, herself—wasn't she the ring-leader of them all? Didn't she beg to do table honors on purpose to put salt in my tea, and pepper my muffins in order to watch my wry faces? Didn't she play tantalizing waitresses every evening in the parlor, regretting so much that 'coisun Ned didn't dance.'—Didn't she ask me to read aloud at the village sewing circle, and upon my bashful refusal, gravely announce to scores of assembled old ladies that 'Mr. Wilder was afflicted with 'brouchitis,' purposely to render me the victim of those same old ladies, who forthwith thronged around me with recipes, composed of all the roots and herbs in Christendom! I tell you, Phil, it was almost purgatory to me, there at Beechwood; but I was resolved never to surrender."

"But it bothered me most that Jenny could torment me so. I was in love—I knew it; but had no power to flee her toils."

"Talk about electric shocks! Why, one touch of her little white hand would set my heart to thumping against my ribs. The contact of her floating curls would make my frame tingle to my finger's ends. That's what I call a *gal-vanic* battery."

"Well, I came off with college honors at twenty, and went home to Beechwood. Uncle Dick slapped my hand till he was wring tears (of pain) from my eyes; and called me a brave boy, and an honor to the Wilders; and her took out the best china, and petted me like a grown up baby; but Jenny danced before me,

ridiculing my newly fledged beard, calling every pet hair I had been assiduously cultivating for months, 'pia feathers,' vowed I had not graduated but was expelled, and hoped I wasn't going to stop at Beechwood long, for she had invited her dear friend, Seraphine Love to pass the summer months with her, and I should only prove a torment and both-erance."

"Seraphine Love came—a tall, tallow-candle, sentimental damsel, with stiff curls, light blue eyes, and a lackadaisical, moon-struck air. There was no similarity between her and Jenny, and I fell to wondering about their mutual liking, and soon discovered the cause. Seraphine Love wrote poetry, rhyme, and leveled her Parnassian darts against those whom Jennie disliked—this was the secret. She had been sent for to 'do up' cousin Ned in verse; and various were the sonnets, acrostics and lampoons with which I was favored. They greeted me everywhere. On my chamber table, in my portfolios, between the covers of my Greek lexicon, even in the pockets of my dressing-gown I found them. In no place was I safe."

"Had I been particularly sensitive, I must have been driven from the field; but I withstood them. Besides there was a reason, other than any resolve to seem indifferent. Of late, I thought that beneath Jenny's gaiety, I could detect an undercurrent of feeling—looking up suddenly, I had caught the glances of two blue eyes, and though speedily withdrawn, I could have vowed that glance had something earnest, almost tender in it, quite belying her sauciness of words and manner.—Was it possible that Jenny was playing a part—that she had been caught in her own snare?"

"The thought emboldened me; and coming suddenly upon her, one moonlight evening, as she was sitting in an unwonted pensive mood in the garden, I found myself actually making sentimental speeches with my arm around her waist."

"The vixen she heard me through, smothered a laugh in her handkerchief, slyly picked with a pin the hand I had thrown around her, slapped my cheek smartly, and then disappeared through the low, French window opening into the back parlor. Going up stairs, scarce three minutes after, I heard her recounting to Seraphine Love, between her gusts of laughter, that 'cousin Ned had actually been quoting Tom Moore, and making love to her after the most approved fashion."

"Well, that was a drop too much; and, with my face still tingling under the blow she had given, and my heart smarting sorer with wounded pride, on the impulse of the moment I pushed open the door of their room. The two girls sat at a window in the moon light. I went up close to Jenny."

"Miss Wilder," said I, "this hand you have wounded, you shall one day accept, and my cheek you shall yet touch with your lips. 'A kiss for a blow, you know,'" and then I left her."

A sound smote on my ear as I shut the door behind me, but whether laughter or a sob, I knew not. I went straight to my room, packed my trunks, found uncle Dick in his library, took my resolve, and before Jenny and her 'dear friend' had made their appearance next morning, I was miles away from Beechwood."

"In three years I had gained my profes-

sion, and during that time had never once visited home. Letters, many and kind, came from uncle Dick and aunt Mary, but never a word from Jenny. I heard of her often, as a belle, a beauty, and a flirt—since she invariably rejected all serious wooers. That latter item pleased me strangely; and straightway I fell into becoming the devoted cavalier of Kate Drew, a dashing belle, whose father counted his property by thousands; and in my letters home I was always careful to mention 'Miss Kate Drew, the beautiful belle and heiress.'"

"Urgent invitations came from Beechwood to revisit the old place; but I put them off. 'Coke and Blackstone and—Kate Drew detained me,' so I wrote uncle Dick. *En passant*, let me mention, Phil, that Kate Drew was engaged to an old college mate of mine, in Italy the last two years, and you will perceive the drift of our plans."

"One item in uncle Dick's letter pleased me more than fatherly advice or invitations to Beechwood. 'Jenny, he wrote, 'has just refused the best match in the county—Presley Edwards, a thriving young physician—rich, and belonging to one of the finest families in the county. I believe the girl has burned her fingers this time, but she is as head strong as ever. By the way, nephew, did you and she quarrel before you left us? She flouts like a very shrew when your name is mentioned. What's the matter, nephew? Better come back and settle up old scores, for though Jenny is the least bit contrary, she has the best heart.' So uncle Dick wrote."

"And you went back to Beechwood?" queried Phil.

"Not I," said Ned, smiling. "I knew the time hadn't come. I wrote home that I was off on a foreign tour, departed the next week, and not till three months after did I set foot in Beechwood."

"It was as I expected. Jenny was still unmarried, and flirting desperately as ever.—But faith, I didn't recognize the tall, queenly woman, who received me with such cold state-ness in Beechwood drawing-room. Not a trace of the hoydenish, romping, mischief-loving school girl I had left more than five years before."

"Many gentlemen came to the house, and she danced, sang, and flirted with them all; but not a pin did she care for one of them. But did she care for me still? I could not tell. She was courteously, chillingly polite, but never affable or familiar. Everything like intimacy was repelled."

"Well, so it went on for weeks and weeks. Jenny, always chatty and playing the agreeable to others, was a very icierberg to me. This most came to an end."

"One night we were left together—Jenny and I. She was stately and calm as ever, and talked but little. When the old clock struck ten, she arose, gathered up her embroidery, and taking up a night lamp, bade me good-night."

"My time had come. 'No, it is good bye,' I replied, proffering my hand. 'Good bye!' she said, glancing up inquiringly. 'I—Mr. Wilder, I don't understand you.'"

"Probably not," I said indifferently. 'It is only this—I am to leave Beechwood by the morning stage, and shall not see you so early. 'Leave Beechwood?' she slightly faltered,

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replacing her lamp on the table. "I did not know—had not thought—that is, you make us a short visit." "And why should I prolong it, Miss Wilder, since one, at least, does not desire my presence. Cousin Jenny," I said; going over to her and taking her hand, "I can plainly see that I am not welcome here. You shun me, and I am going back to town. So it must be good bye, cousin. You will think of me sometimes?"

"There was no answer. I heard a hard drawn breath, but pride crushed it back. She dropped my hand, and turned away, saying mechanically, 'Good bye, then.' I opened the door for her to pass out. She advanced a step into the hall, hesitated, and came back. 'Cousin Edward,' she said, and her voice slightly trembled, 'you have thought me cold and proud; wanting in the duties of hospitality, even. I acknowledge that I have seemed so. But you, cousin, you—have you not neglected us all these long years? Did you not go away angry, and—' here she broke down. 'Jenny, let by-gones be by-gones,' I said magnanimously, acting my part to perfection. 'I have hoarded up no anger.' On the contrary—but no matter. You will come and see me in my new home, sometime? One of these days I'm going to be married. Good bye, cousin, and I passed my arm around her. 'Let me go, Edward Wilder, release me this instant!' she cried. 'Let me go! release me! I tell you!'

"O, Phill you should have seen her black eyes flash. She absolutely stamped her foot with passion, and struggled hard, but I held her tightly. 'Let me go! Your lady-love shall bear of this!' she cried, with flushed cheeks and tears of anger. 'O, Well, Kate Drew isn't the least bit jealous,' I laughed, smoothing down her curls. 'Don't struggle so. Besides, I want to tell you something. I do intend to marry, but no other than her I have always loved, and who, if I mistake not, does not wholly hate me. Jenny, look up, and tell me if you will send me away from Beechwood? Two warm fragrant lips fluttered like rose leaves against mine. There was no need of words.

"The very spirit of mischief prompted me to whisper: 'Jenny, my vow is fulfilled. Did I not warn you that I would appropriate this hand? and for the rest, the kiss for the blow, you know.' And Jenny answered never a word, added Ned smiling, 'for the witch was fairly caught in her own trap.

"But Kate Drew?" queried Phil, taking a long whiff at his cigar.

"O, Tom Ashby came home, and in a fortnight they're to be united. But she has promised to go down to Beechwood, first, as Jenny's bridesmaid.

"And Seraphine Love?"

"Is Seraphine Love, still, and devoted to the Nine, as ever? But enough. Consider yourself held by an engagement at Beechwood this day week, to kiss the bride and eat wedding cake.

Joker's Budget.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said an auctioneer, "I am not selling these goods, I am giving them away." "Then," said Finn, coolly, "I'll thank you for that silver tea pot you have in your hand." A roar of laughter in which the auctioneer joined, greeted the remark of the professional wag.

"The Hindus are promised a thousand years in Paradise for every hair of the head or beard they part with. An inducement that for shaving!

An eccentric beggar thus laconically addressed a lady: "Will you, ma'am, give me a drink of water—for I am so hungry that I don't know where to stay to-night."

"If a young lady 'throws herself away' understand she has married for love. If she is 'comfortably settled,' understand she has married a wealthy old man whom she hates.

"I see the villain in your face," said a West-ern judge to a prisoner. "May it please your worship," replied the prisoner, "that is a personal reflection."

Maddalena Fiesco.

THE LITTLE ITALIAN ORGANIST.

BY MADALINA.

I was suddenly brought to a pause in my usual afternoon's promenade up the shady side of Washington square, in this, our beautiful and christian city of Philadelphia. The annual city of mortals where noisy lacerations howl obscene songs at night—where females, disgracing brutes, and mad more than devils, are arrested in companies of fifties because their nightly orgies are no longer endurable.

I paused to listen. It was the mellowed tones of a sweet organ, mingling with the low, sad, but sweet and silvery voice of some poor, vagabond organist. The music and words were from Carlo Pepoli's *Il Canto Del Trovatore Cuneone*.

*—Una bella in soon before  
Dopo un'ora di vedute  
E di speme, il cor mi have  
Cue i corpi del duor.*

The musician that plaintive voice, thrilled every fibre of my heart with a bright, joyous recollection of other days, in a beautiful, far-off land of flowers. So when the organ and the voice were hushed, I sought the source of that music, which to me had more of magic than reality in it.

But it was all reality—a sad, painful one.—Turning the corner of the square, there before me, almost within reach of my out-stretched hand, crouching on the almost blistering bricks beside his organ, was a pale, handsome boy fifteen years old. It might be, slowly counting over in his thin hand a few pennies and dingy five cent bits of fractional currency—in all, perhaps fifty cents;—nothing beyond that.

I have never been prudent in my charity offerings, and obeying the impulse of the moment, I laid a two dollar treasury note in the boy's palm, covering his scanty wealth.

Instantly his sad, but O, so celestially beautiful face was upturned to my own, and the tears welled up in his great, beaming eyes of liquid ebony, as in earnest tones, almost as musical as had been his song, he exclaimed in his pure, native language:

"*Vi ringrazio di tutto cuore!*"

"Ah, I had forgotten that I was committing my thoughts to paper, and there might be those to read them, not quite adepts in the musical language of sunny Italy. So I hasten to correct my error and interpret:—

"*I thank you with all my heart!*"

It needed not those burning words from earnest lips. Every feature of the young exile's beautiful face was eloquent of gratitude. There was a flashing, half veiled memory of that exquisite face, and graceful form, tugging at my heart, as nervous and quivering with eager excitement, I asked three questions in a single breath:

"In heaven's name, young sir, whence come you? Who are you? Have we not met before?"

The three questions were answered in a manner as agitated as my own, and as eager, in three words:—

"*Maddalena Caro mio!*"

Regardless of the place, of the many strangers that were passing, of the idle gazers, and invidious remarks my strange actions extended from wondering people about us, in another moment I was holding close to my heart the handsome, humbly clad young wanderer, kissing and caressing him, and receiving caresses in return, as unconscious of all impropriety as though I had been kneeling in worship at the feet of the holy mother of God.

"Maddalena, my friend, my sister, read me this riddle. Why are you in Philadelphia?"

"Because, sister mine, Victor, my brave, gallant husband, left me here while he went to the front to fight the battles of our adopted country."

"And Victor is still absent?"

"Ay, and will be forever. He was killed in that terrible battle of the Wilderness."

"And you, Maddalena?"

"Ah, me! I have been so desolate, almost heart-broken; and but for this humble friend at our feet, I should have starved."

"And I all the while so near. An unjust providence that—"

"Ah, no; *Caro mio*. But a merciful providence that again permits the poor, forlorn wanderer to find a true friend."

"That's a brave heart, my sweet sister, and no longer shall it remain friendless. Are we not sisters, though you first looked upon God's glorious world under the skies of sunny Italy, and I, in the far Southern tropics? Are we not twin sisters by early love and associations? our very names identical? Come, sister mine, bestow the companion of your sorrow and dependence upon the first who will accept the gift and—"

"Pardon me, my sister, if I cannot part with that baneful instrument. It has been my friend when I had no other."

"Then it shall be held sacred, *caro*. Here you, boy, take up that organ carefully, and follow us."

Two hours thereafter, Maddalena Fiesco was again the bright, beautiful creature—all save her great sorrow for her loved and lost Victor, that I had known her during our bright days of happy girlhood in my own native land.

Five months have passed since I so heedlessly inclined the jests and light remarks of staid Philadelphians by hugging and kissing in the public street that poor, vagabond Italian organ boy; and she has not turned herself about our hearts, that nothing save death, or some heart as noble and loving as was her lost Victor's, shall ever win her from us.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—We are in the receipt of the October number, it is large for sale at all News Stalls, 15 cents for single copies or \$1.50 per year. The present number is full of original stories, beautiful engravings, poetry &c. This Magazine is one of the cheapest works published at the present time. Address, ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, 118 Washington St., Boston Mass.

Selected Poetry.

SINGLE FOR LIFE.

With crimson lips apart, and upraised eyes,  
She sits alone in twilight's early calm;  
The pale moonlight across her water-lilies lies,  
The evening breeze brings on its wing pink balms,  
And from the steeples top the bell pours forth  
The vesper psalm.

Sad memory, faithful, points her hushed thoughts back  
To girlhood's faint, rainbow colored dreams,  
When silver clouds hung o'er her young life's track,  
And sun'ra'd tears bent o'er crystal streaks,  
And all the gorgeous shining web of life  
Was golden gleams.

Bright o'er her guileless heart Love's morning broke,  
To nobler joys her ardent pulses thrilled,  
A thousand unknown kisses in her cheek,  
She passed, she loved, she worshipped, half-unwilled—  
And then, ere long, a mellow, drowsy light  
Her dark eyes hid.

The hick's sweet notes were rivalled by her songs—  
The dear gazelle was not more sweet than she—  
She had an ear for every poor man's wrong,  
A tear to shed for all in agony  
Her ready hand gave lavish as the stream  
Give to the poor.

A brief, glad space—her pure, true trust was betrayed;  
Her clinging heart unloved and cast away;  
Her young soul's love, against bright red gold was weighed  
And in the night was borne off, plating day!  
The rich-lad clouds which draped her path, were  
Changed to sullen gray.

A time of weeping—O, so wild and dread  
Whole weeks of wailing, months in anguish passed;  
Then, when her more than tears to shed,  
She knew her fair false love one look the last,  
Then tears the altar stone—hid image spurned!  
Iconoclast.

Life seems a desert paved with burning sands,  
Curst with cold, black-bosomed, grimly skies,  
Her road's way through the burning, yellow sands,  
Filled full of angry gleaming serpent's eyes,  
The track and flower-giant skeletons and wreaths,  
The trees, her right.

## THE LITERARY COMPANION.

### The Literary Companion.

PENFIELD, OCT. 1864.

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

Having a favorable opportunity to benefit myself, and perhaps others, and being encouraged by numerous friends and patrons, we issue, this month, the first number of the *Literary Companion*. We do not know how it will be received—whether favorably or otherwise; but we hope that all who read this notice will extend encouragement to one who, with "fear and trembling," launches her fragile bark on the vast ocean of "editorialism."

The present number, like all new publications, is not as perfect as we shall endeavor to make it as we progress. We have placed our club rates very low, and, considering the ruinously high prices of paper and printing material, we do not think that the subscription terms of the *Companion* can be objected to. They are so low that clubs can be easily got up in every town in the Union. We prefer to pay postage on our paper, from the fact that many persons object to taking a small paper because the postage is so high; (but in reality it is the cheapest postage we have—12 cents a year on a four ounce package.) This fact will show why we make such a great distinction between a single subscriber and a club of ten;—the postage on the single number being the same as on a club of ten or twelve.

We shall endeavor to make the *Companion* an interesting and instructive journal. It will, from necessity, be small, but will contain a large amount of reading matter considering its size. We have access to a great number of the leading periodicals of the day from which to make selections, shall also publish stories and sketches from the pens of our contributors besides original articles of our own; and we think, if we meet with the encouragement promised us by many of our friends, that we shall, in time, make our paper a valuable fireside companion.

We believe it to be the duty of parents to give their children every educational advantage in their power; and we think that any one can pay thirty cents per year for a family paper like the *Literary Companion*.

We intend to give three fourths (and perhaps more) of our paper to useful and interesting reading matter. We shall use about two columns for advertisements, editorial notices, &c.; and at times, may use a whole page for this purpose. We respectfully solicit contributions, but claim the privilege of declining such as we may deem improper to occupy a place in our columns. We do not wish any articles of a political character, but only those which will be calculated to amuse, interest, and instruct.

The hardness of the times will probably cause one half of the present circulation of newspapers to be dispensed with after the fall election. Editors throughout the Union have arrived at the conclusion that if the people will not pay for their papers they will discontinue them. We presume so far as to say that as a general thing, country editors are never paid for more than half the papers they publish; and if large papers are compelled to suspend publication or decrease their circulation, smaller ones must take their places.

We mail the first number of the *Companion* to a large number of publishers, though not for the purpose of soliciting an exchange [for, although we should like an occasional X we will not ask it, knowing the disadvantages under which publishers are laboring,] but would be thankful for a short notice of our paper, terms, &c., as we wish to begin our editorial career with a large subscription list. Journals giving us a notice and sending us a marked copy will receive our paper without an exchange.

Subscribers to the *Companion* can begin with one number as well as another, as it will contain no continued stories—each number

being complete in itself. We shall be unable to publish many extra copies, and therefore cannot be expected to furnish many back numbers.

#### Labor for Women.

Labor is to the development of human character, what air and sunlight are to the growth of vegetation.

The universal law is, set a man to work and you set him to thinking; you start him on the road to manhood; in the way of setting up for himself; of making an individual of himself and of having his individual opinions, and of attaining to his individual rights and positions in the great scale of human life. Support him in idleness, either with or without money, and the foundation is laid for certain degeneration—for helpless ruin, of both the physical and moral constitution.

Everywhere and always labor and manhood are inseparable. Labor is the universal exponent of character, and the more useful and orderly the labor, the higher the style of character developed. And the same principle which applies to men everywhere, applies with equal force to women.—If labor is essential to develop the highest standard of character in men, it is equally essential to develop the highest and most ideal standard of womanhood.

A woman can no more maintain her truth and virtue of character in idleness than a man can. She is every way as dependent on her own exertions for development, for health, for usefulness, for happiness; and it is no more appropriate to circumscribe the duties and callings of women, than those of men.—No two women will be found possessing greater similarity of character than any two men. Women have as much their individual differences of taste and faculty as men, and there is no reason why these individual differences should not be as much respected, in their education and employment. Not all women have a taste and capacity for house work, any more than all men have for farming; and not all women have a taste and capacity for sewing and weaving, any more than all men have for preaching or the practice of medicine. The capacities and tastes of women are as varied as those of men, and there is just as great a variety of work for women to do in the world as there is for men.

The latest statistics show that public opinion is changing on the question of woman's labor. The very respectable avocation of teaching is still open to woman, and she has one assurance at least, that if the amount of pay she receives for her work is not increasing, the demand for her services in this department certainly is increasing. And since the necessity is at hand, it is now claimed to be respectable for women to engage in fancy shops, in the dry goods and shoe stores; and since these places of business are greatly vacated by men going to the war, it is suggested that they might receive a considerably increased number of women in their employ, particularly since they can be hired to do the same work for a third or fourth the wages received by men. It is also suggested that type-setting and some of the gentler offices of telegraphing may be pursued by women; and if we mistake not, this same class of modern progressionists have recently decided, that a few women—that will be strong-minded class, who are wrinkled, and old, and too ugly to marry—may study and practice medicine. And this, outside of house work, completes the prescribed list of occupations for women.

All over the Western Continent the great majority of women represent feeble and depraved health; there is not full tone and vigor to either the nervous or muscular system, and the fathers and husbands ask what is the matter? All the doctors and newspapers, and almanacs and flying circulars, throughout Christendom, have been engaged on the problem for the last fifty years; and the grand solution of the problem by these various auth-

orities, resolves itself into the wise and comprehensive answer, "nervous debility." But without once stopping to refer us to the cause of said "nervous debility," the great labor to which all seem to be religiously devoted, is to prescribe each their favorite nostrum.

Why is it that women, as a class, are not as healthy and robust as men—born of the same fathers and mothers, brought up on the same food, reared in the same homes—why should there be such a disparity in the health of the girls and boys, or rather of the young men and women of a household? The difference cannot be in the amount of labor they perform, for, taking girls and women as a whole, they perform as much labor, and as severe labor, according to their constitutions, as boys and men do. There are as many idlers among men as there are among women: hence it is no use trying to force an answer to this great question on the ground that the amount of woman's labor is less than a man's. I know you say the sons learn trades and professions and practice them, and the girls do not; that while the father, husband or brother are hard at work earning the substance of life, the mothers and daughters in the homes of the rich and fashionable are mere idle pensioners on their bounty. But I do not consent to the charge. I contend that if there is an ever busy, over-worked class of beings on the face of the earth, it is these same women who are supposed to be fashionable idlers.

A woman, in whatever station we find her, is the slave of a false idea. She thinks it is degrading to labor. In fact, she has been so blinded and ignorant on this great question, that it is not strange she should have erred in conduct. One class of women have labored because they must; another class have evaded it because they could; one class looking down and the other class looking up,—not that the innate differences of character made them less or more, but labor being held in disrepute, makes victims of its subjects. The woman obliged to labor becomes forthwith stigmatized with disgrace; hence, the domestic system has so far obtained as the ideal standard of womanhood, that loveliness and all the winning and attractive graces are supposed to forsake the heart and habitation of the laboring woman. This is all wrong, and not until women become of better minds on the labor question, vain is the effort to secure them an increase of rights—an increase of power or better positions in society.

The cry of every woman's heart should be, let me labor and let me live! and in laboring let me do the work which by nature and education I feel best fitted to perform. Then my work will tell. The aspirations and desires of my heart will be spent upon the labor of my hands. I shall work as one in earnest, and whatever I do will bear with it the seal of vigor, naturalness, pleasure and health.—*Extracts from an Address by Miss S. S. Nitson.*

#### DECEASED.

In Penfield, Sept. 6th, Isabelle Green. Aged 7 years.

In Penfield, Sept. 8th, Abigail, wife of Abel Follet. Aged 68 years.

In Penfield, Sept. 10th, Mrs. Geo. Chapman. Aged 51 years.

In Penfield, Sept. 13th, Martha LeClear.—Aged 25 years.

In Victor, Sept. 13th, Henry Ward. Aged 83 years.

Mr. Ward was an old resident of this town, having settled at the old Ironduquet Landing while the present village of Penfield was yet a wilderness, and before there was a building of any kind erected in the present city of Rochester. He died, as he has always lived, a faithful and devoted follower of our Lord. He was buried in Penfield under Masonic order, and probably leaves the largest circle of friends of any person now resting in our Cemetery.

THE LITERARY COMPANION.

WE MUST CLAIM A LITTLE CREDIT.—The following article for premiums, I caused to be published in the Penfield Extra, some time in Oct last, and wrote an article subtjoining it, on Babbitts fine Soap, little thinking that I should stand number seven in a list of sixty six co-editors, but having done so, and received a check for the stated amount. Now in honor of the generosity of Mr. Babbitt, and not losing sight of my own gratified feelings I will publish in the first number of the Literary Companion, a list of the rewards and cause each person rewarded to have one copy.

\$200! \$150! \$100! \$50!  
PREMIUMS.

To Editors and Others: I will pay the above-named amounts for the best Lib articles on either my Soap, Saleratus, or Concentrated Potash. The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than ten lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper. Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address. The premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864. B. T. BABBITT, 64 to 74 Washington Street, New-York. New-York, September 21st, 1863.

New-York, July 4th, 1864. In answer to above offer of Premiums, sixty-six (66) articles were received and entered for competition. The Premiums were awarded as follows:

- 1st Premium, \$200, to Jeannette D. Wiser, New-Haven.
- 2d Premium, \$150, to Mrs. Catharine B. Bower, Johns-cown, Fulton County, N. Y.
- 3d Premium, \$100, to Mrs. Ada H. Monciff, Montgomery, Kane County, Illinois.
- 4th Premium, \$50, to Mrs. Frank B. Gardner Tarrytown, N. Y.

- The following special premiums were also awarded:
  - \$50 to E. J. Mitchell, Du Quoin, Perry County, Illinois.
  - \$50 to Prentice O. Smith, Yantic, Conn.
  - \$12 to Miss M. E. Williams, Penfield, Monroe County, N. Y.
  - \$5 to Mrs. M. J. Ayers, Bald Mount, Luzerne County, Pa.
  - \$5 to Rev. Isaac Bradnack, Lockport, N. Y.
  - \$5 to Miss Charlotte Hooker, Burnett, Dodge County Wis.

I intend offering other and larger Premiums shortly. In the mean time, I remain, Yours respectfully,

B. T. BABBITT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St.

**Newspaper Publishing.**

Publishing a newspaper, at the present time, is the most uphill business of any kind; but eventually it will prove a great blessing to the press, as it is becoming impossible to give credit for a newspaper, job work, or advertising; and all those who once get a ready-pay business established will be very careful never to fall back on the practice of giving a subscriber from one to ten years' credit for their paper. It has, ever been a suicidal plan for the country press, as their own townsmen would obtain their village paper on credit, and send their money for a Tribune, Herald, &c. The fact is, the time is rapidly approaching, when, if a person wishes the privilege of reading a newspaper, he must either buy, borrow or steal it, as editors and publishers have become tired of making donations to enlighten the people. The newspaper is one of the greatest branches of education that we have, it is the daily study of all enlightened people, you can gain more useful information from your daily paper than you can find in any other reading of a common order; therefore you should enlarge the medium of education by supporting your newspaper and paying the printer promptly.

The contributed story—"Such a gitting down stairs," by the Sketcher, will appear in the Penfield Extra, Oct. 6th.

**WM. WHITELOCKE,**  
JOBBER AND DEALER IN  
**WEDDING CARDS,**  
No 99 Main, opposite Stone St.  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A Rich assortment of Bonnets, Ribbons, Silks, Feathers, Flowers, &c., OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE STYLE. Straw Bonnets Cleaned, Pressed and Altered. m24tt

**CHICAGO CONVENTION,**  
OUR NEXT PRESIDENT,  
**Gen. Geo. B. McClellan.**  
Just issued, our Mammoth Steel Engraving of this Statesman, and now Democratic Candidate for President.—Size 24 x 32. Price 75 cents. Mailed free. A discount to the trade. Address, CHAS. A. BALDWIN, Sept-8-64 Apkport, N. Y.

**CLUB RATES,**  
OF THE  
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One of the cheapest weekly newspapers published in America, containing nearly as much reading matter as many two dollar country journals.

- Eleven copies to one address, \$ 5.00
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  - Five " " " " " 3.00
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- Address, Miss Nellie Williams, Penfield, N. Y.

**SEATE FARE**  
**AT ROCHESTER.**

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday, September 20th, 21st, 22nd, & 23rd.

**Warm Meals at all Hours,**  
Price only thirty cents.

- At the Union Dining Hall, 133 Main Street.
- Stop at the green Elm Tree, 133 Main St.
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Of all kinds and Varieties,  
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At the Office of the  
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**Penfield & Rochester Express**



Leaves the Union Hotel, in Penfield at 8 o'clock, A. M., arriving in Rochester in time to take the



10-30 Steamboat Express, East, via Lyons.  
12-30 Freight Accomodation East, via Auburn  
11-00 Accomodation, West via Niagara Falls.  
11-00 Accomodation, West via Batavia.  
10-30 Baltimore Express, South, via Elmira.  
Returning, will leave the Farmers' Hotel, Rochester, at 3 o'clock P. M. Fare each way, 40 cents. J. G. Frisk, Proprietor.

**N. Y. Central Railroad.**



**SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.**

On and after Monday, May 16th, until further notice, Cars will stop at, and leave Fairport

**EASTWARD.**  
Accommodation, 6:50 A. M.  
Local Freight, 7:35 A. M.  
Steam Boat Express, 7:45 A. M.  
Mail, 8:35 P. M.  
Through Freight, 7:35 P. M.

**WESTWARD.**  
New York & Rochester Express, 7:25 A. M.  
Mail, 10:45 A. M.  
Local Freight, 2:55 P. M.  
Steam Boat Express, 4:40 P. M.  
Through Freight, 6:25 P. M.  
Accommodation, 8:45 P. M.

Cars will stop at, and leave Pittsford.

**EASTWARD.**  
New York Express, 6:20 A. M.  
Way Freight, 8:35 A. M.  
Through Freight Express, 9:30 A. M.  
Through Freight, 1:00 P. M.  
Albany Express, 6:20 P. M.  
Sunday Express, 7:35 P. M.

**WESTWARD.**  
Through Freight, 6:40 A. M.  
New York Mail, 10:35 A. M.  
Way Freight, 4:40 P. M.  
Steam Boat Express, 3:48 P. M.  
Mail, 10:05 P. M.  
Sunday Morning Express, 9:24 A. M.

W. G. LAPHAM, Assistant Superintendent.

**THE NEW YORK MONTHLY:**  
A NEWSPAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

Containing Original Stories from the pens of the best American talents. Its first page stories are complete in one number, and it is designed for all classes of readers. Historical reminiscences, Biographical Sketches, Wit, Humor and Poetry, grace its make-up.

**OUR ISSUES.—Money in advance.**

To Single Subscribers, \$1 a year; to clubs, 75 cents; And a copy gratis to any one getting up a Club of five or ten persons.

News Dealers & Agents supplied by the "American News Company," 113 Nassau St., New York.

**ADVERTISING CHARGES.**

"Our Directory," 30 cents per line. Outside, " 25 " " " Inside, " 15 " " " All communications must be addressed: KATE J. BOYD, Editor and Publisher of N. Y. Monthly, 83 Nassau Street, New York.

**PROSPECTUS**

OF THE

**LITERARY COMPANION.**

PUBLISHED BY

**Miss M. E. Williams,**  
Penfield, N. Y.

The Literary Companion will be published on the first of every month. It will be sent to any part of the United States, free of postage, at the low price of 50 cents per year.

**CLUB PRIZES.—**Five copies to one address forty cents each. Ten copies to one address, thirty five cents each. Twenty copies or more to one address, thirty cents each. Office subscribers thirty cents per annum. Single numbers three cents. Lady subscribers will be entitled to a gem picture of the address by enclosing a red stamp to pay postage.

The Companion will be devoted to Romance and Literature, and will contain but few advertisements, which will be accepted only on the following terms.

One square	1m	2m	3m	6m	9m	12m.
	50	75	100	150	200	250

Twelve lines of this type or a space equal to them, make one square. Half, quarter or double square in the same proportion. Editorial notices ten cents per line.

We start with a circulation of about 2000 copies, taking the place of the Penfield Extra since every month. By this it will be seen that our advertising rates are very low compared with our circulation. Address Miss M. E. Williams.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

Fifty Cents per Annum,  
Free of Postage.

Devoted to Romance and Literature.

Single Copies Three Cents,  
at the Office.

VOL. 1.

PENFIELD, N. Y. NOVEMBER, 1864.

NO. 2.

## THE GAME AT CARDS.

A MISSISSIPPI STORY.

"The darkies are mine," said the gamester, striking his fist upon the table. "Show 'em up, and let's see what they look like."

The young planter, who had lost, sent one of the boat hands below for John and Helen. The passengers awaited the appearance of the servants, in silence; but for a long time they came not. The boat servant had informed them of the change of owners. They were deeply attached to the young planter and his wife, and did not like to leave them; besides what was to become of their children at home.

The winner began to wax impatient at the delay, and exclaimed:

"Come, Danton, hurry up them niggers. They must move quicker than this when I send for 'em, or they'll never know what hurt 'em."

The aristocratic face of the young planter flushed crimson at this brutal exclamation, but he made no reply. He was about to send another servant for John and Helen, when his purpose was stayed by the appearance of Mrs. Danton. Her husband had been gaming, and she had been weeping, ever since the boat left Cincinnati, and we were now far down the Mississippi. No wonder, then, that she was pale and wan; but she was exquisitely lovely, nevertheless.

Although many years have passed since that evening, I can see the sorrow-stricken young wife now, as she glided up to the table, and looked her husband in the face. He could not bear up under that gaze. He had lost all their money, and in a fit of desperation had also staked and lost the two slaves. Laying her little hand on his arm, she said:

"Is it true, Charles, that you have lost John and Helen?"

Her husband made no reply, he could not even look up.

The passengers were fast gathering around, and the scene was becoming painful. My father, who had been North to fetch me from school, and was taking the longest way home, was holding me by the hand, and I knew by the way his grasp tightened, that he was becoming much excited.

As Danton did not seem inclined to answer his wife's question, the gamester roughly and insolently said:

"Yes, madam, John and Helen are mine, and I want to see 'em quick."

Danton sprang to his feet, and bending over the table, hissed in the teeth of the gamester:

"Villain! Don't presume to speak to my wife again!"

The look with which the menace was accompanied was perfectly blasting, and made the glowering and awfully face of the gamester turn white.

How inconsistent is man. The accomplished and high-minded husband could deliberately jeopardize the property and corrode the happiness of his wife, hour after hour and year after year; but he could not bear that the man he had chosen for a companion, should even speak to her.

"Yes, Mary, John and Helen are lost," he said, at last, as he let the gamester lean under his gaze. "They are lost, and there's to be nothing more, so don't let us have a scene about it."

"I shall not let them go," said Mary, firmly, "and I shall have a scene about it. I did not say a word about the money, but now that you have played them away—O, Charles! and she leaned her head on her husband's breast.

"Ah, here they come," said the gambler, as the two slaves approached.

John was a powerful and fine looking mulatto, his face indicating unusual intelligence and kind-heartedness. Helen was much whiter than her husband, and remarkably handsome.

The gamester's evil eyes gleamed as he surveyed her, and turning to a savage looking man near him, he said:

"I'll sell you John in the morning, Hammond, but Helen I shall keep—at least for a few days."

"I'm agreeable," said the slave trader, for such he was. "But I'd like the girl as soon as possible."

A look of indignation ran round the group at this brutal colloquy. My father's grasp grew still tighter, and encouraged thereby, I whispered to him to buy John and Helen himself, but he shook his head and motioned me to keep silent.

"I tell you I shall not let them go," repeated Mrs. Danton, addressing the stranger. "They were brought up in my mother's family; besides they have children at home, from whom it would be cruel to separate them."

The gamester and the slave dealer exchanged glances at Mrs. Danton's reasons for not letting them go, and her husband said:

"It can't be helped now, Mary. Let us go to our room."

"O, Missus! don't go and leab me wid dat man!" shrieked Helen. "I shall die, or jump overboard. O, don't leab your own true Helen, who saked your life when you fell in de bayo."

"I shall not leave you, Helen. Do not be alarmed; I—"

"Bress de Lord for dat," interrupted Helen. "I know we're safe now, kase you allus does jus as you say."

"I think it's about time this nonsense was stopped," said the gambler, rising from the table. "You acknowledge, Danton, that these niggers are my property; so they are mine, and I've a right to do as I please with them. Now, niggers, come along with me, or I'll have you flogged and put in irons."

The scene now became extremely exciting. John called Helen to his side, and clenched teeth and hands, while their young mistress stood close in front, as if, with her arms, she would protect them from the clutches of the gamester. I was wild with excitement, and begged my father either to buy the slaves or shoot the gamester; I did not care which. A bloody fight seemed inevitable, when a young New Englander, who had been very quiet during the whole trip, elbowed his way to the table, and asked the gamester at what sum he valued his slaves.

"Two thousand dollars, he said. "Do you want to buy?"

"I have only a thousand dollars, the young man answered, "I will give you that for them."

"No sir, but I'll stake 'em against a thousand dollars and play you a game of poker for the pile."

"I don't understand the game," said the young man. "I have played a few games at all fours, but I never gambled for a cent in

my life."

"Well, I'll play you a game at all fours, then, if you like, and stake the niggers against your thousand dollars."

To the surprise of every one present, the young man accepted the challenge, called for a new pack of cards, staked his thousand dollars, and the game commenced—the gambler having the first deal.

As we drew closely around the table, it seemed as though a watch makers shop was in our midst, so distinctly did we hear the tick of the watches.

The first hand the New Englander made three to the gamester's one, at which a buzz of pleasure ran round the group. The second hand the gamester made three to his opponent's nothing. The third hand they each made two, which made the young man two to go, while the gamester had but one to make and it was his turn to beg. This was a great advantage, and every body seemed to give up the thousand dollars as lost.

The young man dealt the cards with a steady hand, however, and turned up the jack of hearts, which placed him even with his antagonist; but when he raised his cards I saw he had not a single trump in his hand, and his adversary to "stand" or "beg." If the former, the game was his to a certainty; if the latter there would be another chance for the slaves. He looked at the New Englander to see if he could determine by his manner what it was best to do; but the young Bunker Hill met his gaze unflinchingly.

"Run the cards," said the gamester, at last.

Bunker Hill again dealt, and the queen of spades was turned. Every heart stood still as the cards were for the last time lifted.

"They are mine!" shouted the young man as he threw down the ace of spades; "or rather they are yours, madam," speaking in a milder tone, and turning to Mrs. Danton.

The beautiful and impetuous Southron threw her arms around his neck, and three deafening cheers were given, in which even the slaver joined.

I met the New Englander many years after, and claimed his acquaintance on the score of having been one of the enthusiastic partisans on the night of his well remembered triumph.

He never touched a card since that memorable game. The thousand dollars which he then risked was the sum of his savings for many toilsome years; but he staked it, and played the game with perfect conviction of success. Danton had sought him out, and kept his acquaintance ever since; and Mrs. Danton could now travel the world over with her husband without fear, as he had forsworn gambling from that never-to-be-forgotten night.

Without knowledge, without science, without education, a nation cannot long be free. A humble village schoolhouse, with the unpretending school master and ragged urchins, are more terrible to the despot, than legions of armed soldiers. Rear your children in ignorance and they are ready to be made slaves; educate them teach them how to be free, and no power on earth can enslave them.

REPARTER.—The late Rev. Daniel Isaac was both a great wag and a great smoker.

"En! there you are," cried a lady, who surprised him one day with a pipe in his mouth, "bat your idol again." "Yes, madam," he replied coolly, "burning it."

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

## The Healing of Jairus' Daughter

BY MILDA.

Night has just drawn her sable curtain, studded with countless stars, around the world. With calm serenity the moon slowly rises, and climbs the starry battlements of the skies, shedding a flood of silvery light upon the Temple, gilding the groves of cedar in a dusky splendor, lighting up the Mount of Olives and sheening with silver the River Jordan, and in the distance the graceful bowers and marble palaces of Jerusalem catch and reflect the soft light.

In one of the stateliest palaces, anxious hearts beat heavily. In a room of gorgeous splendor, reclining on a low couch of snowy whiteness, is the form of a young Jewish girl. Her eyes are closed, and the long tresses which fringe their lids rest on a cheek of crimson bloom. But a short time since they rivalled her couch in whiteness, and as the parents, with faintly beating hearts, gaze on their child they think the fever's flush is but the glow of returning health, and once again does hope revive within their breasts. Time passes on, and it is morn. In a few brief hours a fearful change is seen. The silken curtains are closely drawn lest the morning beams should awaken the dying girl. Like a form of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay, her white, transparent hands were folded over the linen vesture on her painless breast, her hair unbound, fell on her snowy cheek, and floated o'er her polished neck, like airy shadows, scarce touching it. It was heavenly beautiful.

The sorrowing father heard of a wonderful prophet, who had healed many persons, and even opened the eyes of the blind. Surely, one so kind to poor, blind beggars, would heal his benighted child. With this hope he sought him. Doubts filled his soul, as, attended by his train of servants, he passed along. Perhaps even now the gentle spirit had passed away, and he would be too late. The way is long, but the bereaved father will not turn back, though his misgivings have changed to a dread certainty; he feels that his beloved child is dead. Still, may not this wonderful prophet have power to restore her to life?

They have come to the place where the prophet is—sitting at meat in the house of Mathew, the receiver of Customs. Jairus hastened forward and fell at his feet. Clasp- ing his hands in an agony of grief he cried: "Master, my daughter is even now dead; but come and lay thy hands upon her and she shall live." And Jesus, with his disciples, arose and followed him. An hour has passed, and up the wide street which leads to the ruler's palace, now changed to a house of mourning, comes Jairus with the Prophet. They pass in. With hushed steps they trod the winding stair; but ere he put aside the silken hanging, a whisper from within fell on his ear: "Trouble the Master not, for she is dead." His hand fell nerveless at his side. But the Master's voice whispered thrillingly and low: "She is not dead, but asleep."

They drew nearer to the maiden's bed, and Jesus, bending over her, took her hands in his, saying, "Maiden, arise!" Her eyelids quaver, a flush as of early dawn creeps to her face, her graceful form stirs in its linen vesture, and clasping his hand, and fixing her dark eyes full on his beaming countenance, she arose!

What unspeakable joy fills the anxious parents' hearts, as they behold their beloved, and only child restored to life; and they bow in adoration before the young Messiah.

Everybody sits in judgement on a dirty sin; but clean it, dress it, polish it, and there are ten thousand people who think it not so sinful after all.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A sweet temper, a kind heart and just principles, will succumb to the influences around them, and become sour, vindictive, and unjust.

## Inventive Enterprise.

One great cause of our rapid advancement in the mechanical arts undoubtedly arises from the encouragement which our government has constantly held out to the inventor, in awarding him protection for a limited number of years in the sole making and using of his invention. The admirable working of our patent-law system has produced wonderful changes and great improvements in the several branches of the industrial arts within the past half-century; and although the policy of our patent system had its origin in England and has extended over most of the countries of Europe, yet, like every other public policy founded on intelligence and involving the elevation and distinction of man, the system of protecting the authors of new and useful inventions is destined to display its most gigantic works upon this continent. Americans are all inventors in a greater or less degree. We are analytic—always on the alert for something novel—always changing, modifying and improving—while many of our neighbors of other countries have settled down and become systematic. Necessity causes us to invent, and we create necessities that we may continue inventing; hence we have astonished the world by the vigor of our growth; almost at a single bound we have placed ourselves upon a level with the greatest empires of ancient or modern times, and within the short period of one generation we have equalled, and promise to surpass them all.

War does not stop the progress of invention in this country; it partially turns the inventive mind in another direction, and it suggests novel means which are rapidly grasped, and new needs which are quickly supplied. If an invaluable vessel is called for, an Ericsson is found to produce it at the very moment and in the precise place where it is required. If improved arts are needed, we find them ready for use; if improved tools are necessary for the comfort of our brave soldiers in the field, we have tented cities springing up all around us. Thus, like the fairy in the fable of "Cinderella," the spirit of invention has only to wave her magic wand, and she instantly supplies our wants.

In the meantime, inventors are not idle at home; they find a necessity for labor-saving machinery in workshops and on farms; and they proceed immediately to furnish the auxiliaries. Thus, from the boundless resources of his prolific mind, and the judicious encouragement of our patent laws, the inventor is ever, in war as well as peace, the supplier of his country's needs, and the conservator of his nation's honor.—*American Artisan.*

## Current Items.

The postage stamp system has been adopted in all parts of the world: in ninety different kingdoms, states, provinces, colonies, islands and free cities.

The flax crop of Ireland this year is very large. In the raw it will be worth at least five million dollars.

A woman in Michigan recently took hold of what she supposed to be a stove holder on the floor of her kitchen, and found it to be a large rattlesnake. The reptile was alive, and it is a mystery how she escaped being bitten.

He that hath a wart on his nose thinks every one to laughing at him.

## FIFTY DOLLARS

Will be presented to any person afflicted with those unsightly excrescences, either on face or hands, which one application of the *Magic Wart Annihilator* will not cause to disappear without a twinge of pain.

Enclose 25 cents and receive a package by return mail. Address

J. H. CAMPAN,  
Tafton, Pike Co., Penna.

## Selected Poetry.

### MELLAGER'S LAMENT FOR HIS WIFE, HELLORA.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Tears, Hellora, tears alone may be  
The offering from love's agonizing store,  
To those who dwell upon the Stygian shore,  
And tears, my buried one, I give to thee.

They stream upon thy tomb—and with them stream  
A life of wild lamentations, memories awe,  
Longings that never can fulfillment meet,  
And many an unforgetting happy dream.

I, Mellager, desolate, forlorn,  
Felt once a grinding woe, my soul o'erwhelm,  
To look for all I prized in this cold realm,  
The treasure is which death has from me torn.

Where is my blossom?—Spelled!—by death's rude  
grasp,  
Spelled in the promise, and its bloom defiled,  
O, death, how sweet another still,  
To have a rest for ever from thy cruel spell!

## A DAY.

A day! what hours tonight ran full,  
The strange events of yesterday—  
How much of joy or sorrow—  
What grief fulfilled, what woe obtained,  
What suffering ill, or blessing good,  
Shall mark the coming morn.

A day! how brief its moments seem.  
Now here, now gone; how like a dream;  
Oh, time, how sweet a part  
Yet every day its course goes,  
Each fleeting hour its impress leaves  
Ere it has past upon the hour.

A million on life's road, each day,  
To mark our progress on the way  
While hurrying blindly past,  
And fill the warning voice they raise—  
"O, number well thy fleeting days,  
For each may be the last."

## Yoker's Budget.

A gentleman, complaining of the income tax, says he cannot put on his boots in the morning without a stamp.

A lady having accidentally broken her smelling bottle, her husband, who was very petulant, exclaimed: "I declare, my dear, everything that belongs to you is more or less broken." "True," replied the lady, "for even you are a little cracked."

A hypocritical fellow in Athens inscribed over his door: "Let nothing evil enter here." Diogenes wrote under it: "By what door does the owner come in?"

A woman's heart is the true plate for a man's likeness. An *instant* gives the impression, and an age of sorrow and change cannot efface it.

Dr. Thompson took occasion to exhort David who was a namesake of his own, to abstain from excessive drinking, otherwise he would bring his gray hairs prematurely to the grave. "Take my advice David," said the minister, "never take more than one glass at a time." "Neither I do, sir," said David, "neither I do; but I care once little how short time be between the two."

Nobody giving any attention to old Diogenes while discoursing of virtue and philosophy, he fell to singing a funny song, and multitudes gathered to hear him. "Ye gods!" he exclaimed: "how much more is folly admired than wisdom." Poor human nature.

Pride and arrogance are sisters to want and vanity; but by pretensions to immaculate purity and nobility and talking loudly against them, they think to amend the relationship in the world's eyes.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

The Literary Companion.

PENFIELD, NOV. 1864.

Improvement.

We place our paper before our readers, this month, in a condition somewhat improved upon our first issue. Our first efforts at publishing a paper have been kindly met and sustained, especially by the press, and as we proceed we shall endeavor to bring our paper up to a standard sufficiently high to meet the expectations of our kind friends and patrons. We are, as yet, but a novice in the art of editing a paper, and, as we make our way alone and unaided, our progress must necessarily be somewhat slow, but never the less sure.

To the editors who have kindly met and noticed our first efforts, we tender our sincere thanks.

**SPECIAL NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.**—Our circulation is from 4 to 6 times as large as many country journals, including the circulation of the Penfield Extra, whose place we fill every month.—We use one and one fourth reams of paper 24 x 36 making four papers to each sheet. Notwithstanding our paper is small we use more paper every issue than many country offices. The present issue is 424 pounds of white paper and 3 pounds of wrapping paper. Please look at our rates of advertising compared with our circulation.

**THE WEATHER.**—So long variable, gloomy and unpleasant, has at last made a change for the better. Indian Summer in all its frosty glory has visited the earth once more. Looking from our window we see troops of merry, bright-eyed children with baskets and pails, bound for the woods, to

"make the brown nuts from the rustling tree,"

and so expressive are their young faces of pure and heartfelt happiness, that we long to throw aside the restraint imposed by crinoline and "long skirts," and join them in a race through the dry and rustling leaves. The damp, foggy atmosphere has given way to a bright, clear, bracing air, the ground is becoming dry, and the sun has a bright, warm light similar to that of May.

**A NEW STORY.**—Has just appeared in the San Francisco Sunday Mercury. It is entitled "SYLVIA, OR THE SHADOW OF CALME." This story, like all others found in the Mercury, promises to be of the most intense interest. The Mercury is one of the best literary and family journals to be found in the world. It comprises an endless variety of reading matter of the highest order. Its stories are written by some of the best writers of the age. Let every one wishing a complete literary and family journal subscribe for the San Francisco (Cal.) Mercury. Terms Four Dollars per year, payable in advance.  
Address MACDONAGH FOARD, San Francisco, Cal.

Many thanks to Mr. William Strowger for that basket of evergreen sweet corn left at our office.

Our thanks are also due Mr. Banard for those delicious grapes.

## PROSPECTUS AND ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE NEW ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON, will shortly begin the publication of a new Juvenile Magazine, entitled

### OUR YOUNG FOLKS: AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For Boys and Girls,

EDITED BY

**J. T. Trowbridge,  
G. T. Hamilton,  
Lucy Larcome.**

The staff of Contributors will include many of the most popular writers of Juvenile Works in America and in England.

**Caplain Mayne Reid** will write regularly for it *Stories of Adventure*, similar in captivation and interest to these absorbing narratives, "The Desert Home," "The Hunt Hunters," "The Forest Kites," etc.

**J. T. Trowbridge**, the Editor, who is well known as the author of "Father Brightshoes," and other charming and popular Juveniles, will contribute to every number. He will begin in the first number a story for boys, entitled "Andy's Adventure."

**Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larcome**, the Associate Editors, will preside over that portion of the magazine specially designed for girls, and in addition to their editorial supervision, will write regular each month.

**Mr. and Mrs. Agassiz** will supply for every number of the best volume a paper of Natural History, with illustrations.

**Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe** will contribute to each number, commencing with a charming story, entitled "Ann, the Soldier's Daughter."  
**Carleton**, author of "My Days and Nights on the Battle-field," will begin in the first number a tale of battle adventure, with the title, "Winning his Way," in which he will trace the career of a young soldier, and show how promotion is earned by valor and energy.

**Dr. Dio Lewis**, author of "The New Gymnasium," will furnish entertaining and valuable chapters on Outdoor and Indoor Gymnastics and Sports.

**Edmund Kirke**, author of "Ten Acres Enough," will write several articles on Farming for Boys.

**Edmund Kirke** will write regularly, contributing to the magazine a most interesting reminiscence of Southern experience, entitled "The Little Pioneer."

**Edwin Foxley**, that eminently successful writer of delightful juvenile books, will be a constant contributor.

**Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Whittier, and Professor Holmes** will frequently furnish appropriate poems.

In addition to the writers named above, regular contributions will be furnished by

Richard H. Stoddard, author of "Adventures," Grace Greenwood, editor of "The Little Pilgrim," Horace E. Scudder, author of "Dream Children," The author of the "Little Sisy" Books, "Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, author of "Faith Garity," Miss Maria S. Cummings, author of "The Lamp-lighter," Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, Miss Louisa M. Alcott, and others.

Engagements are also in progress with several other writers of celebrity, whose names will be duly announced. Many of the most prominent contributors to the ATLANTIC MONTHLY will lend their aid in making the magazine acceptable to the young people.

### ILLUSTRATIONS.

Every number of OUR YOUNG FOLKS will contain capital pictures, drawn and engraved by our best artists. The valuable aid of Mr. Day has been secured, and the first number will be enriched by designs from his pencil. A finely engraved steel portrait of some popular author will be given in the first number of each volume. The portrait in the opening number will be that of THOMAS HUGHES, author of "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby."

The Publishers will endeavor to furnish to their young readers a magazine whose monthly visits shall always be welcome. They will co-operate with the Editors in procuring for OUR YOUNG FOLKS whatever is excellent and original in

Stories and Sketches, Biography, History and Poetry, Travel and Adventure, Outdoor and

Indoor Sports, Games and Puzzles, and every variety of miscellany, entertaining and instructive, serious and comic. They are confident that a magazine conducted on the plan which they propose, will supply a want long felt in the households of our land.

The size of OUR YOUNG FOLKS will be that of the Cerebrius Magazine, or somewhat more than two thirds the size of the Atlantic Monthly.

Each number will contain not less than sixty-four pages. The magazine will be distinguished from new and beautiful type, and handsomely printed at the University Press, Cambridge.

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The postage must be paid by the person subscribing.

**CLIPPING WITH THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**—The Atlantic, [\$4.00 a year] and Our Young Folks, [\$2.00 a year], will be sent together to one address, for Five Dollars.

All subscriptions are payable in advance.

Specimen copies of the First Number sent to any address as soon as published, for Ten Cents each. All letters respecting the Magazine should be addressed to the Publishers,  
**TICKNOR & FIELDS,**  
135 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

**ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**—We are indebted to Messrs Ticknor & Fields, the publishers, for an advance copy of the Atlantic for November. The following is a list of the articles:

Leaves from an Officer's Journal, by T. W. Higginson; Riches; the vengeance of Dominic de Gourgues, by Francis Parkman; Lima, Charles Lamb's Uncollected Writings, IV, by J. E. Rabson. To William Cullen Bryant; by Henry T. Tuckerman. House and Home Papers, X, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. The New School of Biography; by Gail Hamilton. The Last Rally; by J. T. Trowbridge. Finances of the Revolution; by Geo. W. Greene. Through Tickets to San Francisco. A Prophecy; by Fitz Hugh Ludlow. Sea Hours with a Dyspeptic, by Joseph Dana Howard. The Twentieth Presidential Election. Reviews and Literary Notices.

This Magazine should find a place by every fireside, as it is well calculated to develop a taste for sound reading. In point of excellence, this book cannot be excelled.

Address **TICKNOR & FIELDS,**  
Boston, Mass.

**A VALUABLE REMEDY.**—In the Penfield Extra of last week we gave notice that we would publish a receipt for curing chapped hands, which would be worth five times the subscription price of our paper. The remedy is so simple that many may laugh at the idea; but the use of the article one day will convince the most skeptical. It will cure the worst case of chapped hands in one week, remove grim, dirt or grease from the skin, leaving it smooth and white, and will make rough hands soft. It will make a sud equal to the best soap, it costs nothing and is found in every kitchen.

Take a piece of cold boiled potato which has been left over from the last meal, of about the size of a butternut, and use it in the same manner as soap; by rubbing in warm, soft water. It will immediately make a starch or suds that will remove any substance from the skin in a manner equal to soft soap, and leave the skin cleaner, softer, and more pliable.

Each number of our paper will contain one as valuable receipt as the above.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

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#### Marion Harland,

Authoress of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Necessity," and "Miriam," writes for Godey each month, and for no other magazine. We have also retained all of our old and favorite contributors.

#### TERMS OF

### Godey's Lady's Book for 1865.

[From which there can be no Deviation.]

The following are the terms of the Lady's Book for 1865. At present, we will receive subscribers at the following rates. Due notice will be given if we are obliged to advance, which will depend upon the price of paper.

- One copy, one year . . . . . \$3.00
  - Two copies, one year . . . . . 5.00
  - Three copies, one year . . . . . 7.00
  - Four copies, one year . . . . . 10.00
  - Five copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making six copies . . . . . 14.00
  - Eight copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making nine copies . . . . . 21.00
  - Eleven copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making twelve copies . . . . . 27.00
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We have no club with any other Magazine or Newspaper. The money must all be sent at one time for any Club.

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### New York & Erie Rail Road.

WINTER TIME TABLE.  
Trains will leave Rochester at 6:15 a. m., 10 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 5 p. m., 6:25 p. m.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## LITERARY COMPANION.

PUBLISHED BY

Miss M. C. Williams,  
Penfield, N. Y.

The Literary Companion will be published on the first of every month. It will be sent to any part of the United States, free of postage, at the low price of 50 cents per year.

CLUB TERMS.—Five copies to one address for 25 cents each. Ten copies to one address, thirty five cents each. Twenty copies or more to one address, thirty cents each. Office subscribers thirty cents per annum. Single numbers three cents. Lady subscribers will be entitled to a gem picture of the editress by enclosing a red stamp to pay postage.

The Companion will be devoted to Romance and Literature, and will contain but few advertisements, which will be accepted only on the following terms:

One square	1m	2m	3m	5m	9m	12m
	50	75	100	150	200	250

Twelve lines of this type or a space equal to them make one square. Half square or double square in the same proportion. Editorial notices ten cents per line.

We start with a circulation of about 2000 copies, taking the place of the Penfield Extra once every month. By this it will be seen that our advertising rates are very low compared with our circulation. Address Miss M. C. Williams.

## NEW YORK CENTRAL R. R.

### WINTER TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday Nov. 1st, 1864.



#### LEAVE ROCHESTER.

Via Direct Road for Syracuse.

Cincinnati Express 105 A. M.; Accommodation 6:30 A. M.; Buffalo and New York Express 7:30 A. M.; Steamboat Express 10:35 A. M.; Mail 3:30 P. M.; Cleveland Express 9:05 P. M.

Via Auburn Road for Syracuse.

New York Express 5:30 A. M.; Steamboat Express 8:30 A. M.; Accommodation 1:30 P. M.; Buffalo and Albany Express 6:15 P. M.; Sunday 7:30 P. M.

#### Leave Rochester for Buffalo.

Night Express 3:40 A. M.; Accommodation 7:25 P. M.; N. Y. Mail 10:40 A. M.; Accommodation 12:00 P. M.; Steamboat Express 6:15 P. M.; N. Y. Express 9:35 P. M.

For Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls.  
Night Express 3:40 A. M.; Accommodation 5:20 A. M.; N. Y. Mail 10:40 A. M.; Accommodation 12:00 P. M.; Steamboat Express 6:15 P. M.; N. Y. Express 9:35 P. M.

#### TRAINS ARRIVE AT ROCHESTER.

From Syracuse by Direct Road.

5:40 A. M.; 8:00 A. M.; 10:20 A. M.; 11:00 A. M.; 6:05 P. M.; 9:35 P. M.; 10:25 P. M.

By Auburn Road from Syracuse.

12:00 P. M.; 6:00 P. M.; 11:40 P. M. Sunday 11:20 A. M.

#### From Buffalo.

1:05 A. M.; 7:20 A. M.; 10:25 A. M.; 6:15 P. M.; 8:45 P. M.

#### From Niagara Falls.

1:05 A. M.; 7:20 A. M.; 10:25 A. M.; 5:20 P. M.; 8:45 P. M.

The time may be about twenty minutes different at the Fairport and Pittsford Stations, but we shall not know what trains stop at these Stations until next week when the public will be informed.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

Fifty Cents per Annum,  
Free of Postage.

Devoted to Romance and Literature.

Single Copies Three Cents,  
at the Office.

VOL. 1.

PENFIELD, N. Y. DECEMBER, 1864.

NO. 3.

[From the Ontario Repository & Messenger.]

## HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY LYRA.

"Go! leave the house, sir! and never dare to darken the threshold of my door again! Do you suppose that I would allow my daughter to marry one of uncertain parentage? no, indeed! go, sir!"

"You will at least allow me to bid Pauline farewell?" and a scornful smile curled the lip of the young man.

"No, sir. I command you to leave this place!" and in a towering passion the Lord of Everly Castle threw open the door, and motioned his visitor to depart.

Charles Belmont heard some half uttered words, and then the heavy door closed with a terrible slam, and he knew that he had received the old man's curse. He took his way toward the garden, and the same scornful smile wreathed his lips, when a young and beautiful girl sprang to meet him. Dear reader, it is utterly useless for my poor pen to try to describe a beautiful woman; when I tell you that Pauline Everly was a blonde, with long, chestnut curls; dark, expressive blue eyes, you must let your imagination picture the rest.

"What success, dear Charles?" she asked. "Ah, I see in your eyes that our worst fears are realized."

"Yes, dearest Pauline, your father will not think of consenting to our union; he has even forbidden my seeing you again, and so I must leave you."

"O, Charles, do not go; I shall die if you leave me!" she cried passionately; "I will go to him myself, and beg of him in the dear name of my sainted mother to listen to our request."

"No, Pauline, it would do no good, whatever; and believe me dearest, though I have this day received your father's malediction, not many days shall elapse ere we, as his children receive his blessing. Now, dear one farewell," and pressing one kiss upon her brow, he was gone; and Pauline sat down in the arbor to meditate upon the words of her lover.

When Lord Everly's passion had somewhat subsided, he rang the bell, and told the servant who answered the summons, to tell Miss Pauline that he wished to see her in the library.

Tremblingly the lovely girl entered her father's presence, and as he saw the look of despair which had settled down over her young face, he almost repented the hasty words which he had spoken to her lover; but it was only for an instant; he quickly banished all feel-

ings of regret, and said scornfully:

"You probably know of Mr. Belmont's love for yourself?"

"Yes, sir," she replied haughtily, "he has spoken to me on the subject, and you have refused to make us happy, even cursed the only man I ever loved."

Lord Everly's brow grew dark, and he said, sternly:

"Pauline, you are young, and know nothing of such matters. Where would be your wealth, your station? I would certainly disown you if you married him."

"I care nothing for wealth or station," was the cold reply; and as for being disowned, if you refused me a home, Charles would gladly provide me with one."

"However that may be, you shall never see him again. I have just received a letter from the Earl of—, saying that he will be here in a few weeks to claim your hand in marriage, and I shall expect you to meet him as your affianced husband, for such he is."

"Such he is not, and never will be," then throwing herself at his feet she begged him to recall his hasty words. Almost scornfully he bade her rise and leave the room.

One day, about two months after the conversation above related, Pauline was sitting on the balcony, leaning against one of the heavy pillars. Her eyes were closed, her thoughts were of her absent lover. Her reverie was broken off by the sound of wheels, and looking up hastily, she saw approaching, an elegant carriage, drawn by spirited black horses. Surmising that this must be the Earl, she hastily sought her own apartment, where she resolved to remain until forced to leave it.

She heard her father in the hall below welcome the Earl to Everly Castle; and as she heard the full, rich tones of his voice in reply, she thought how much it resembled that of Charles.

Her father soon sent for her, but contrary to her expectations he excused her. The next morning, however, she was obliged to make her appearance. Her father rose and gravely presented her to the Earl. She drew herself up haughtily, merely touching his extended hand with the tips of her fingers. A heavy frown settled on her father's brow, but she cared not for that; she determined to make a poor impression on the Earl, so that he would have no desire to continue the engagement, or prolong his stay.

She saw but little of them during the day, her father being engaged in showing the Earl over the house and grounds. The early part of the evening was spent in the drawing-room where Pauline was obliged to listen to num-

berless little nothings from the Earl, which most women like, but which Pauline despised. Disgusted at last, she rose, and begging to be excused left the apartment. Gaining her own room she exclaimed:

"I declare! I had much rather take poison and end all my trials at once, than be wedded to such a man."

Sitting down by the open window, she gazed up into the clear blue sky, where "the midnight stars were burning brightly," and wondered if in all the many distant worlds, there could be found a creature as miserable as herself. In an adjoining room by the elegant robe in which she was to be decked on the morrow, and an involuntary thought came to destroy it; but she resolutely put it away, saying "if my father insists upon my marrying this Earl of—, I will do it if it does cost me my happiness, yes, and my life too."

The sun rose bright and clear the next morning, but the peasant children had been busy long before floral offerings, and now they came with their floral offerings, and strewed them in the path which the young bride would tread; for "Miss Pauline" was a favorite with a poor as well as the rich.

The sun ascended his throne, and all the bells of the chapel and castle were sending forth a joyous peal, when Pauline, followed by her maids and a favored few invited guests, proceeded toward the chapel, the jewels of the costly dresses sparkling in the light. The Earl was already there, and as Pauline passed down the broad aisle, and heard the joyful notes of the deep, rich toned organ pealing forth the wedding march, she thought it all a fearful mockery, and a deathly pallor over spread her countenance; as she took her place at the altar.

A few moments more, and Pauline had promised to love, honor and obey a man whom she thoroughly despised.

Mechanically she received the congratulations of her friends, and was leaving the chapel leaning upon her husband's arm, when he bent his head and whispered something in her ear. Quickly a bright flush overspread her cheek and brow, a beautiful light shone in her eye, and, regardless of the lookers on, she threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming, "Charles, my husband!"

When Lord Everly knew that Charles Belmont and the Earl of— were one, he was actually shamed into apology for his past rudeness. The mystery was soon explained. When Pauline and Charles were children, their father had made an engagement that when they (the children) should reach a suitable age, they should be united in marriage; but being aware of the disgust to which a knowledge of

Concluded on fourth page.

THE LITERARY COMPANION.

Selected Poetry.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Autumn leaves falling,  
 Mary and bright,  
 Softly departing  
 In glory and light,  
 Gleaming so golden,  
 Fair and bright-hued,  
 Still in thy furrow  
 With beauty undimmed.  
 Sunbeams, ah, never  
 They plume it so gay,  
 In thy sweet youth time,  
 As in thy decay.

Nature looks lonely,  
 Fanciful and blest;  
 Winds they are sleeping,  
 Earth is at rest.

And a soft incense  
 Seems to rise still,  
 Upward from valleys,  
 Opened from hills.

Incense that lifts us,  
 In heart to the furrow  
 Of the new year  
 For all mercies shown.

THE TRYING TREE.

Over a waste of sea  
 Silver-farowed by the moon,  
 A voice is calling me  
 From the stilly trying tree,  
 Where the cricket chirrup lone.

Two ghostly areas are flung  
 Out in the shining night,  
 Two ghostly lands are wrong,  
 And a slender shape is sung  
 That thrills me with delight.

Her spotless garments trail,  
 Like the cerements of the dead,  
 And over her brow no pale  
 Drops downward like a veil,  
 Tangled tresses from her head.

There is yearning in her cry,  
 That is conquered by despair,  
 And she beckons me to fly,  
 With a shuddering sort of sigh,  
 To her lonely region there.

No hand can cleanse the stain  
 Of her blood upon my life;  
 Or ease to rest again  
 The urgent stinging pain  
 Or calm the inward strife.

Perceiv' o'er the sea,  
 My gutt shall bid me fly;  
 And a voice shall call to me  
 From the stilly trying tree,  
 And a ghostly bosom sigh.

Current Items.

An old lady in Lowell, Mass., who reared thirteen children, has two hundred and twenty-five descendants.

There is a bachelor in Geneva, N. Y., who imagines that he is a counterfeit fifty cent script, and will not offer himself to any lady, for fear of being refused.

The splendid farms in East Maryland are for sale cheap. The slaveholders are selling out at ruinous prices.

Queen Isabella was sweet thirty-five on the 10th of October.

In the South the Cotton crop has been a failure, and the hay crop a success.

It is said that there are now 60,000 believers in Spiritualism in Paris. Home converted a great number.

John Brown's widow and family have settled in California.

Mosby is hanging Union prisoners, and those he don't hang he shoots. Can't some sharpshooter put him out of the way?

In Cuba a general emancipation movement is being started, and is likely to succeed.

It is said that Grant's army is in winter quarters, but the people don't believe it.

An excellent quality of coal has been discovered in El Dorado Canon a few miles south-east of Dayton, Nevada Territory.

A Night with Snakes.

We extract the following thrilling tale of horror from a volume of adventures recently published in Europe. The hero of the scene is a sailor, who, with his companions, was on the East India island, preparing to leave, but could not finish a sail they were fitting. He says:

We worked hard, but being bunglers, much of the work had to be done over three or four times. We were pretty near the end of the job, however, when I met with an adventure, the agony of which, reproduced in dreams, often makes me start up in bed in a cold sweat of terror.

I have seen it told, not quite correctly, in a popular periodical, probably by some one who heard it directly or indirectly from me. It thus fell out, the sail, a lug sail, did not set well. I having, or believing I had, more knowledge upon the subject than the others, remained by the boat while my companions returned to the ship, turned in, and made themselves comfortable.

I worked till I had thoroughly wearied myself, for the Southern night with its glorious moon and splendid stars, was brilliant as the day, though cold for the climate, a chill wind having set in immediately after sunset. This, with the work I was engaged in, cutting and sticking the sail, did not induce warmth, so I partook more freely than was my wont of the excellent brandy with which I had provided myself. At all events, tired and vexed, for I could not see to set the sail so as to bend it on ship shape, and perhaps more than in those days I lay down just under the lee of the boat, took a few pulls at the brandy flask and dropped off to sleep; yes, the sleep of devils! Erihtful dreams oppressed me. I was stifled, crushed with nightmare. That was the impression on my half unconscious mind. At last I fully awoke. Good God! the icy chill that ran through my veins, when, by the brilliant moonlight, I discerned the cause of the nightmare which was suffocating me.

The foul, horrible smell of serpents was in my nostrils, and I saw that two cobras, one the largest I had ever seen, were lying on my breast—where they had no doubt crept for warmth,—twined together, and, being quite motionless, were, I judged, asleep. To stir, to awaken them, was certain death. In less than an hour, if ever so slightly bitten, I should be a mass of corruption. Paralyzed, fainting with fear, I lay perfectly still, though I felt that the dreadful suspense could not long be endured—that I must soon start up and cast off the terrible reptiles at any risk. They were asleep, and might be hung to a distance before being able to make use of their fatal fangs.

But, merciful God! they begin to stir—to wriggle from each other. I am lost!

Ha! is that the snapping and chirping bark of our pet mongoose, (ichneumons,) which alarms the reptiles? Let me explain my meaning.

A mongoose is the natural enemy of snakes and in combat with one is sure to be the victor. The bite of the snake produces but a momentary effect upon the little animal, it appears to make it giddy for a few moments, when it seems to recover itself by eating some herbs growing amongst the grass. This, however, is a disputed point. However this may be, the mongoose swiftly returns to the attack, and the snake, as I was told, is invariably killed.

The island furnished ichneumons almost as plentiful as snakes. Latrane and Dupont managed to train and domesticate three of them, knowing that not one of the serpent tribe will approach where they are or have recently been, no more than a cockroach will venture out of its hole into a kitchen where a hedgehog keeps watch and ward. Our ichneumons were special pets of mine, and, were they, scenting the serpents and missing me, coming to the rescue?

Yes, thank heaven! The quick ear of the serpents have recognized the rapid approach of the dreaded mongrooses; the horrid snake glances glow with fear and rage; their hoods dilate as they untwist themselves and glide off in the hope of escape, but finding that impossible, turn to fight.

The ichneumons desire nothing better.—They spring upon the serpents, bite them upon the back part of the head, and carry on the battle with a spirited, cheerful vigor, which is, I feel sure, though I never witnessed such a combat before, a sure arguery of success.

The battle is not a protracted one—the snakes are dead, and my pets running after and leaping up at me, appear to know that they have rescued me from death. They are not mistaken. Our friends and my fellows were painfully excited by the incident, which had, however, so happily terminated; and for my part, I was not myself for many days after.

CARE OF THE EYES.—Looking in a fire is very injurious to the eyes, particularly a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united soon destroy the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight. Reading in the twilight is very injurious to the eyes, as they are then obliged to make great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light injures the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason is, the sympathy between the eyes is so great that if the pupil of one is dilated by being kept in the shade, the one that is most exposed cannot contract itself sufficiently for protection, and will ultimately be injured. Those who wish to preserve their sight should preserve their health by correct habits, and give their eyes just work enough, with a due degree of light.

Joker's Budget.

Some queer fellow has defined love to be a "prodigal desire on the part of a young man to pay some young woman's board."

Not long since, a youth older in wit than in years, after being catechised concerning the power of providence, replied: "Well, na, there is one thing providence can't do." "What is it, my son?" inquired the mother. "Providence can't make Bill Jones' mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."

HOW TO QUARREL WITH YOUR WIFE.—Wait until she is at her toilet, preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine tenths women are passed in thinking if their bonnets are straight, and wind up with the remark that you never knew but one girl who had any common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You reply with a sigh, 'Ah, never mind.' Wife will ask why you did not marry her then. You say, abstractedly, 'Ah! why, indeed?' The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

An eminent savant was introduced, at an evening party, to a rather pert young lady.

'O, Mr. M,' she exclaimed, 'I am delighted to see you. I have so long wished to see you.'

'Well,' said the man of science, 'and what do you think of me, now that you have seen me?'

'You may be very clever,' she replied, 'but you are nothing to look at.'

THE LITERARY COMPANION.

The Literary Companion.

PENFIELD, DEC. 1864.

One of Ossian Dodge's Stories.

**CLOSE OF NAVIGATION.**—This fall it is scarcely set a time for the close of navigation, as the Erie canal has closed itself by one of the largest breaks of the season. We understand that over half a mile of high embankment has been washed away by the flood, and a great amount of damage done as it passed along.

One house, occupied only by an old man, was swept away and the old man drowned. It made more havoc with the mill dams in its way than did the great flood of last spring.—The damage done to our white mill dam is more than double what it was then; it is doubtful whether it will run again this winter. Fish are caught in wagon loads on the 'Flats,' and acres of potatoes that were frozen in the hills are now washed out of the ground.

**GOBBLED UP.**—Our only brother, together with about 60 others of the 8th N. Y. Cavalry were either killed or taken prisoners on the 12th of November last. Our brother enlisted nearly three years ago; consequently he did not get the large bounty that is given now. He has undergone many hardships for his country; cheerfully and uncomplainingly; and in all human probability he is now at rest; if not, he must suffer on in a rebel prison and await the end.

**NEW ARRIVAL.**—Mr. R. Staring is now receiving direct from eastern markets, his fall and winter stock of dry goods, groceries, &c., purchased when gold was on a decline, at the lowest possible rates; consequently, he is able to compete with any house in Western New York. We have come to the conclusion, after pricing goods in different stores in this county, that we can get more goods for a five dollar greenback at Mr. Staring's, than at any other store in the county.

**PERSONAL.**—We had the pleasure, last week of meeting our old friend, Mr. Eli McConnel, formerly of the Penn Yan Democrat. Little Mac has taken rooms over No. 8 State street, Rochester, and can be found ready at all times to execute all kinds of Fancy Job Printing in superior style, at very moderate prices.

**AN UNDISPUTED FACT.**—The finest goods, either silks or worsteds, will become soiled (called 'shel worn' by merchants) after remaining a short time in a store; as the edge of the folds become faded. For this reason we contend that goods scoured and dyed over by D. Leary, Corner of Mill and Platt streets Rochester, have a brighter appearance than new goods direct from the store. We speak from experience, as we have had goods dyed by Mr. Leary.

Potatoes have gone down to 25 cents a bushel in Few Hampshire. All the crops—especially corn and potatoes—are turning out unusually well.

**FOR SALE.**—Mr. J. A. Paine of the Clyde Times offers his office for sale. It is the only printing office in the flourishing village of Clyde, N. Y.

We recently met our friend Dr. J. J. Lord, formerly of Boston. During a few years he was extensively engaged in buying wool; and on one occasion becoming a little bewildered with the multiplicity of crooked roads over broad prairies, he rode up to a small cabin enclosed in a clump of trees and hailed a little white headed boy, perched on the top of a hen coop, with:

"Hello, boy."  
"Reckon you're a stranger," was the ready response.  
"Look here, sonny."  
"I ain't your sonny."  
"No, you ain't my sonny, but if you will jump down and come here I will give you a dime."

The boy sprang down as if alighting from a wasp's nest, and coming up to the stranger, exclaimed:

"Well, boss, what is it?"  
"I've lost my way, and don't know where I am: can you tell me?"  
"Yes; you're a-settin' on that ar hoss;" he replied.

Mr. Lord laughed at the boy's wit, and gave him a dime.

"I reckon you must have a power of money."

"Why so?"  
"Cause you slather it away so."

"What's your father's name," enquired Mr. Lord.

"Bill Jenks."

"Ah, yes, I know him," exclaimed Mr. Lord. "He grows wool, don't he?"

"No; but his sheep does."

"If you knew me, my lad, you would be more respectful in your replies. I am a friend of your father's; my name is Lord."

"O, yes!" exclaimed the astonished and delighted lad. "I've hearn pap read about you in the bible," and starting for the house on a dead run, he bawled out at the top of his lungs, "Mother, the Lord is out here on hoss back, and has lost his way."—*Whitehall Times.*

**NATURAL CALIFORNIA CURIOSITIES.**—In the Caso range of mountains, 180 miles from Los Angeles, is Brimstone Mountain: a volcano now in active operation. Its altitude is about 1,000 feet. The exterior of the mountain is pure brimstone, hard, but yielding readily to the pick. About two and a half miles from this mountain are a large number of hot springs with temperatures up to boiling heat. About three miles distant from Brimstone Mountain is another, called Iron Mountain. It rises 8,000 feet above the ocean level, is of a reddish color, and contains iron ore. A few miles from Brimstone Mountain rises another, called the Glass Mountain, an extinct volcano. At a former period it discharged large quantities of glass, which is strewn over the surface of the earth for a distance of twenty miles or more. Some of the pieces weigh from one to two hundred pounds. All of it is entirely free from impurities, and perfectly translucent.—*N. Y. Teacher.*

**CIDER VINEGAR RECEIPE.**—If your cider is new, or has a good cider flavor, draw from a common barrel about 5 gallons, so as to replace 5 gallons of pure rain water, and one gallon of new milk, and then set your barrel in a warm place. In case your cider has become dead and has a bad smell, sweeten it with molasses, and then add a little good vinegar or whiskey, in order to give it spirit again; then add the milk, omitting the water, and set in a warm, dry place. Two or three weeks will show you a change; in some cases it will be fit for use in five or six weeks. The cask should be open and not quite full so as to give room for some air to remain in the cask

"THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE." A New System of Physiognomy—Eyes, Ears, Nose, Lips, Mouth, Head, Hair, Hands, Feet, Skin, with all "Signs of Character," and How to Read Them, given in the

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"Betsy, my dear," said Mr. Stubbs, giving his wife a pair of unmentionables, "give the goodness to mend these trousers; it will be as good as going to the play to-night."

Mrs. S. took her needle, but confessing she could not see the point, enquired: "How is that?"

"Why, my dear," replied her spouse, "you will see the wonderful *razels* in the *paat-o'-ninc.*"

Mrs. S. finished the job, and handing back the trousers told Stubbs "That was *darned* good."

A father rebuked by his son.

One Sabbath afternoon a father sat hour after hour trying to mend his clock. At last his little son, who sat behind him, and had apparently been busy thinking for some moments, casting a knowing glance toward his mother as he spoke, said: "Father was'n't it wicked for Mr. Smith to come to-day and borrow an ax, and then go and dig a woodchuck out of his hole?" "Yes, my son it was very wicked," replied the man. "Well then, father I should think it just as wicked for you to fix that clock," said the child. A half suppressed laugh burst from several persons present, while the father knew not what to say. "I could not help pitying the little child for having such examples thus early set before him."

N. D. HOWE.

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Subscriptions will be taken at this office for any of the following named Magazines, Journals or Newspapers, at their lowest club rates:

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Moore's Rural New Yorker,	\$2.50
American Artisan,	\$1.50

Any person wishing any of the above named magazines or periodicals, will please leave the name and price attached, at this office before the middle of December. Moore's Rural New Yorker probably cannot be obtained at the above price after December 20th.

Subscriptions will be taken at this office for newspapers from all parts of the Union.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

such an agreement often gives rise in the minds of the interested parties, they kept the matter a profound secret.

When Charles was yet a child his father died, leaving him his title, and an immense fortune in the hands of an esteemed friend. At the age of twenty-one, Charles received his fortune and became his own master. Becoming in some way possessed of the facts relative to his marriage, he determined to go to Lord Everly, and without making himself known, make an engagement with him to become Miss Pauline's instructor in painting for in this way he could form a more intimate acquaintance with his future wife, than if he went in his own name.

It is needless, dear reader, to say that his pique succeeded well, and I have only to add, that in a short time the roses returned to Pauline's cheeks, the light to her eyes, and the elasticity to her step; for she was the happy wife of a nobleman.

Rose Lawn, September 8th, 1864.



## New York & Erie Rail Road.

### WINTER TIME TABLE.

Trains will leave Rochester at 6:15 a. m., 10 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 5 p. m., 6:25 p. m.

## NEW YORK CENTRAL R. R.

### WINTER TIME TABLE.



On and after Monday Nov. 1st, 1864, until further notice cars will stop at, and leave Fairport

### EASTWARD.

Accommodation,	6:56 a. m.
Local Freight,	6:58 a. m.
Mail,	8:55 p. m.

### WESTWARD.

Express,	7:30 a. m.
Mail,	10:42 a. m.
Local Freight,	2:30 p. m.
Through Freight,	6:50 p. m.
Accommodation,	9:55 p. m.

Cars will stop at, and leave Pittsford,

### Eastward.

New York Express	5:50 A. M.
Steamboat Express	6:50 A. M.
Local Freight	9:25 A. M.
Through Freight	2:09 P. M.
Albany Express	3:37 P. M.
Sunday Train	7:02 P. M.

### Westward.

Through Freight	7:15 A. M.
New York Mail	11:25 A. M.
Local Freight	4:40 P. M.
Steamboat Express	6:28 P. M.
Mail	11:18 P. M.
Sunday Train	10:31 P. M.

W. G. Lapham, Assistant Superintendent.

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OF THE

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PUBLISHED BY

Miss M. C. Williams,  
Penfield, N. Y.

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VOL. 1.

PENFIELD, N. Y. JANUARY, 1865.

NO. 4.

Written for the Companion.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY CLEW GARNET.

It was a hasty, almost childish lover's quarrel that separated Carrol Granger and Edith Trarise just ten days previous to the one fixed for their nuptials; resulting in Carrol's becoming a wanderer in—to us, his friends—some unknown region, and transforming the beautiful, cultivated and joyous Edith into a staid, serious, and almost broken-hearted penitent.

Carroll Granger, who had received his baptismal name in honor of his maternal grandfather of "Carrollton," was honest, intelligent, and extraordinarily handsome.

He had graduated young at Yale, and had a lucrative business as a civil, and topographical Engineer; though an ample inheritance cautiously enough left him by his father, whom he had never seen, would have obviated the necessity of his following the profession he had chosen. But Carroll Granger was no drone and so he labored diligently.

We were cousins, had studied our profession under the same teacher, and had been as much together afterwards as my brief periods of sojourn in the United States permitted.

Edith Trarise, was my wife's cousin; an orphan since her ninth year, left by her father an inheritance of sixty thousand dollars, which, by the judicious management of her guardian, had in eleven years been increased forty per cent. She was just twenty at the period of her quarrel with her affianced husband; for three years her home had been with us, and no twin sisters were ever fonder of each other than were Edith Trarise and Mrs. Garnet.

It was in May when Carrol Granger left us. He departed with a formal "Good bye" to Edith, but shed tears while he held my wife's hand, saying as he relinquished it:

"My dear Mattie, lay a plate for me at your Christmas dinner for N God spares me, I will come to spend a merry Christmas with you."

And so Carroll left us, without our having the least idea as to his destination. It is probable he had no definite one himself.

The whole tenor of Edith's existence was changed by the unfortunate occurrence. Her silvery laugh no more enlivened us, her melodious warblings ceased, she became serious, solitary, penitent and prayerful; and would sit in sadness for hours gazing intently upon the ivory counterfeit resemblance of the—al most husband she had so fondly loved, and so foolishly lost.

Christmas came, and the table was laid for dinner with a plate for Carroll; but he came not. Neither had we heard in all the intervening time one word of his whereabouts.

It was a sad Christmas to us, as was the next, and the next one; for three times the anniversary came to us, without bringing the least intelligence of the of the wanderer, and we believed him dead. The plate was always laid, however, and his chair placed at table as if we knew he would be there.

In February, following our last mournful Christmas dinner, I was ordered by Government to proceed to South America for the purpose of making some astronomical, thermometrical, and barometrical observations in the mountain regions of Peru and Bolivia, and after having performed that duty, it was left optional with me either to return home direct by the Isthmus route, to cross the continent through Brazil, or to remain six months or so in the country for the purpose of making observations on my own account.

Before leaving home, I had decided to adopt the latter course, and so at parting with my wife:

"Now, my dear, keep up a brave heart and remember, please, a capital dinner for me on Christmas day."

"O, husband! don't say that! Don't set Christmas day for your return. Poor Carroll promised me the same thing, and at three Christmas dinners has his chair been vacant. Please don't say Christmas my husband, or I shall be haunted with another vacant seat."

"Nonsense, Mattie; you are superstitious. I tell you I will be with you at your next Christmas dinner."

"Then I will strive to believe it, my husband; but I fear I shall not be able to entirely quell my misgivings until you are really with us again."

To Edith I said at parting:

"Cheer up, sister mine, and call back the roses to your cheeks. I'll bring you a husband when I return."

"You are kind, my dear brother, but I fear my thanks will not reward your trouble."

My mission was accomplished, and I had been some three months wandering through the more elevated regions of the Peruvian and Bolivian Andes, when one stormy night, at one of the miserable, inhospitable *posadas*, I fell in company with, and made the acquaintance of a man that within the hour, I regretted that I had not known three months earlier.

The stranger was a most singular man in appearance—being over six feet in stature, stout in proportion, with muscles and sinews

developed like another Hercules. He was erect as an Indian, and had more elasticity in his step than any other man I ever saw. His long, flowing hair, beard, and fierce mustache were white as drifted snow, while his forehead was without a wrinkle, his cheeks fair, red, and delicate as the blushing peach, and the hands were as white and velvety as those of some 'high-born' dame. His eyes were the bluest I ever saw, and his teeth were whiter, more regular and beautiful than ever dentist wrought.

My new friend informed me that some twenty-seven years previously, he then being thirty-three years old, and the junior partner of a New York mercantile firm having a large business in Peru, he had come out to look after some matters connected with their trade, and that before he was ready to return home, news from thence reached him of a domestic calamity to himself, that determined him to remain in South America, and he had never returned to the United States. Severing his connection with the New York house, he wandered over Peru, Bolivia, and Chili, for a few years quite aimless; but at length, becoming the proprietor of a valuable silver mine near El Passo, he had from its proceeds amassed an immense fortune. His *Peon* servant always addressed him as Don Felipe, and as such I was content to know him until he should be pleased to give me his address in full.

Don Felipe was a man of superior intelligence, well educated, possessed a thorough knowledge of the country, geographical and political, and before we had been three hours acquainted, proposed to become my companion and guide to several localities that I was anxious to visit before returning home. His offer was gratefully accepted, and on the following day we set out on our mountain wanderings.

One afternoon, near nightfall, after having wandered hither and thither for three weeks, we were suddenly overtaken by one of those violent snow storms so common in the higher ranges of the Bolivian Andes in June and July, which correspond to the months of December and January in the Northern hemisphere. Five miles in advance of us, was the *posado* at which we intended to pass the night; but between it and ourselves was one of the most dangerous passes in the country;—a cleft in the crest of the mountain—a black gorge of unknown depth, down which leaped and roared an impetuous torrent, on one hand, while on the other rose a sheer wall of rock, a thousand feet above the pass, which was only a narrow, tortuous path, impassable for anything less sure of foot than the cau-

## THE LITERARY COMPANION.

tious, trained mules of the country.

There was no alternative, however, through that dangerous pass we must venture; for to remain unsheltered during such a night as was at hand, would have been inevitable destruction; and accordingly we essayed the passage.

Don Felipe, winding a vigorous blast upon his horn to warn any one who might be about to enter the other extremity of the pass of our approach, took the lead, closely followed by myself, and soon we were in the awful chasm where we could scarcely see the long, nodding ears of our sagacious brutes; so intense was the gloom, and the snow storm so blinding.

Half the terrible pass had been achieved, and we were traversing a portion of the way so narrow, that while one leg would now and again be crushed against the wall of rock by the side of our beasts, the other would dangle over the black abyss.

There came down a wild, shrieking gust, a furious, whirling drift of snow, and the animal of Don Felipe stumbled. The poor brute made frantic efforts to recover its footing, and in doing so he lost it entirely, and was precipitated headlong into the yawning gulf, where, a thousand feet below, fretted and thundered on the furious mountain torrent.

Don Felipe would inevitably have gone down with the unfortunate mule; but for a strong arm that was thrust out, a firm hand that grasped him at the critical moment, dragging him from the saddle, and planting him on his feet against the rocky wall.

"*Carambol esta mucha perte morle Senor,*" exclaimed a clear, rich voice, and the dim outlines of a man was discernible, standing by the side of my rescued friend.

"*La verdade, Senor Caaliero?*" replied Don Felipe. But in the name of all the saints, who are you, and how came you here, coming from the direction of the posado in such a storm?"

"As for your first question, Senor, I am a traveller like yourself, and journeying in the same direction. As to how I came to be here, I'll tell you. I had just cleared the pass, when I heard your bugle-blast, and thinking that perhaps you were travellers not so well acquainted with this dangerous path as myself, I dismounted, and ordering my men to remain with the mules till my return, I set out to retrace the pass on foot. I think it was the hand of a kind Providence, Senor."

"Egad, I don't know that. I am of the opinion that a more friendly hand than that of Providence saved my life!" replied Don Felipe. "I-faith, the hand of the fickle jade would have flung me down yonder, along with my mule; so I have little to thank her for—you, Senor, for my life; and you shall find me not ungrateful."

"Ah, very well, Senor. But this is scarcely a fitting time and place to give and receive thanks—Let us defer that until we reach the posado. Then, a blazing fire, a warm supper, a bottle of wine, and as many thanks as you please. Come, Senors, follow me carefully."

Under the guidance of the strange cavalier, the pass was cleared without accident; and Don Felipe being mounted on a sumpter mule belonging to our new acquaintance, in a little more than an hour we reached the posado. But it was a long time before the supper and wine we had ordered as soon as we entered the place, received any attention—There were two important discoveries made. The first one by myself, and a moment later, another equally astounding by Don Felipe.

The moment our new friend and guide had flung aside his ponderous *pancho*, and divested his hair and beard from snow, I knew him and leaping forward, I shouted:

"My God! *Carroll Granger!*" and in an instant, our arms were about each other's necks.

"Granger?—Carroll Granger—who? where?" wildly exclaimed Don Felipe; and in an instant he flung us asunder with giant strength, and stood there gazing into the brave, handsome face of my long lost friend. Then he suddenly cried out:

"Holy Virgin! it is the face of my angel Myra. But speak, boy—your mother—"

"Is in heaven," replied Carroll, sadly.—"But, sir, if you knew my mother, you will recognize her in this;" and drawing from his bosom a golden locket, he touched a spring, and revealed a miniature of his mother, as she appeared on the day she gave her hand to his father.

Don Felipe seized the picture, pressed it fervently to his lips, and then clasping Carroll to his heart, he exclaimed:

"You are Myra's child. Boy, Myra was my wife, and I am your father—Philip Granger."

It was a long, long time before all was explained; and when it was, we sat down to our supper, three as happy mortals as there were along the whole range of the Andes.

A long time we sat over our wine while Philip Granger and his son related their vicissitudes and adventures, some of which I long to give an *'Estrella'* view of, but of these days.

Carroll had determined to accompany me home, and his father was about to propose doing the same thing, when I interrupted him with:

"Don Felipe, I invite you to dine with me at my house in New York, on Christmas day."

"And by San Pedro! *Senor Capitan,* I accept your invitation," he replied.

An invitation to a Christmas dinner, and its acceptance; and both contracting parties at a Spanish posado, in the very heart of the Bolivian Andes, in July, and the place appointed five thousand miles distant. The time and place were both remote, but we were confident, and determined to be punctual.

Before resting for the night, it had been determined that we should proceed directly to Callao, and there take the steamer for Panama, which formed a connection with the California line; by doing which we might reasonably expect to reach home by the last of August.

On the following day we were enroute for the Peruvian metropolis, which was the residence of Carroll; and as we should take the

home of Don Felipe in our journey, there would be little delay on this account.

On arriving in Callao, however, a circumstance occurred which changed our intentions entirely, and put off the period at which we expected to meet our friends, some three months at least.

There was lying loaded in the harbor of Callao, a beautiful clipper ship, bound for New York, and all ready to sail; the captain of which had died suddenly, the day previous to our arrival, and as the mate was incompetent, and there being no disengaged ship master in Callao whom the consignees were willing to trust the ship and cargo to, the Consul importuned me so energetically to bring her home, that after consulting with my two friends who were rather in favor of a passage round the "Horn," I accepted the position, and in three days we were prepared to sail.

On the morning we were to sail the mail steamer from the States arrived, bringing late files of papers, and a copy of the New York Herald falling into my hands, I was greatly astonished, and not a little bewildered at reading in it a notice of a funeral sermon preached in a New York church for myself, and two of my late associates in the Government mission. Then there were some vague references to earlier notices relative to the fate of the members of the commission. By obtaining earlier dates, I soon discovered a circumstantial account of the fate of the whole party, who were there reported to have perished in a terrific snow storm in the mountains soon after our arrival in the country.

Upon a little reflection, I became satisfied of a misconception, and that the party referred to was a company of North American adventurers who, having obtained a commission from the Peruvian Government to prospect for the precious metals, had actually perished at the time, and in the manner described.

Realizing the grief into which my wife and friends had been so suddenly plunged by my reported death, I would have hurried home by the steamer; but my release from the engagement as master of the ship, was a moral impossibility, and so doing the next best possible thing I could, I wrote to my wife, apprising her of my safety and position, and hurried my departure from Callao, determined to drive that ship home as quickly as ship ever made the Horn.

But the very fares seemed unpropitious; for first all the way up the West coast, we had strong, southerly gales, and had to beat the ship up under short canvas; making but tedious progress; and then having attained the latitude of 54° South, the wind veered to S. E., and for thirty days we banged away at it off Cape Horn in almost continuous snow storms, and under double reefed topsails.

By the time we had worked as far to the Eastward as Staten Land, the contrary gale chopped round to due North, and there we were with it dead in our teeth again. In sheer desperation I drove her plunging bows under, headlong into the surging head seas of the South Atlantic, to the imminent peril of sails and spars; but to little purpose, and another month was consumed in beating up to the latitude of the Falkland Islands. Then we got

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

## Retired to Private Life.

Mr. Isaac Butts, for many years known as the leading editor and proprietor of the Rochester Daily Union & Advertiser, having sold his interest in the above publication to Messrs. Purcell, Cooper & Kelly, retire to private life. It will probably be universally regretted that Mr. Butts has left the Editorial Chair; as he, like most other worthy men, are more highly appreciated when they retire from public life.

Messrs. William Purcell and George W. Cooper have for many years been connected with the Union & Advertiser, and those who hereafter peruse its contents will perceive no change in its sentiments. Many persons who have been opposed to its politics have taken it for many years because of its moral worth and the entire reliability of its news. Its home news is many hours ahead of any other paper in the county; and telegraph news is twenty-four hours ahead of any other paper in the State. We wish the editors every success.

**MAGAZINES.**—See notices elsewhere of popular magazine. Subscriptions taken at this office at their lowest club rates; also refer to Companion of last month for prices of each publication.

**THANKS.**—Mr. J. J. Mattison, of the Ontario Repository & Messenger, will please accept our thanks for the regular X of his large and beautiful journal. It is one of the largest inland journals published in New York State. Price only \$2.00 per year. We would advise any person wishing a good family paper to send for a specimen copy. Address J. J. Mattison, Canandaigua, N. Y.

## Current Items.

Jeff Davis's official organ, the Richmond Sentinel, shows much distrust of Gov. Brown and the citizens of Georgia, and seem to think many will welcome General Sherman's army.

Notwithstanding the heavy tax on tobacco, cigar dealers assert that the demand for the weed has increased rather than the contrary.

The Queen of Spain it is said, disburses 10,000,000 reals per annum in charity.

A French chemist has discovered that a depressing effect upon the action of the heart is caused by smoking.

## Joker's Budget.

"Well, my boy, do you know what syntax means?" said a school master to the child of a teetotaler.

"Yes, sir, the duty on liquors."

A young gentleman says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are to No-ing by half.

"Pooh, pooh," said a wife to her expiring husband, as he strove to utter a few parting words; "don't stop to talk, but go on with your dying."

A young man named Neck, and a young lady named Heels, have recently been married. They are now, therefore, tied neck and heels together.

a slant of westerly wind that sent us down into the South East Trades, which behaved most shabbily—baffling, and scanting, and finally abandoned us altogether, and in parallel of 7° South when they ought to have carried us down to 13°.

For more than a month, we were befouled, becalmed, and annoyingly befoiled in the equatorial regions, and it was the middle of October when by dint of sheer worrying the ship along, we got her into 6° North, where we laid hold of the N. E. Trades light, scant and baffling, so that it was the first of December when we gained the northern "variables;" and it was only at day-break on the morning of the day before Christmas that we were boarded by a New York pilot off Sandy Hook, who gave us the gratifying intelligence that the Ship Pearl of the Sea had long since been accounted lost on the passage and the insurance on her paid.

Contrary to the last, the wind was dead ahead, and the pilot would have anchored just inside the Hook; but the promise of fifty dollars in addition to his pilotage if he would put along side the wharf that night, soon changed that idea, and as the clock of Old "Trinity" struck ten on Christmas Eve, we dropped our hawsers over the piles at the foot of Wall St. after an almost six month's passage from Calao.

Accompanied by Don Felipe and Carroll, I hurried up town to my home, at which we arrived at the hour of eleven. All was dark and silent, the family having retired for the night.

In my eager impatience, I tugged at the bell pull so savagely that the wire gave way. But I made a fiddle, and directly a night capped head appeared at the front upper window, and the familiar voice of my wife enquired who was there and what was wanted?

I was hoarse with bawling at sailors and hurricanes, and replied in an unnatural tone;

"Let me in—I bring news of your husband."

"Pray go away sir, whoever you are and do not torture me. I have no husband;" replied my sobbing wife.

"Nonsense Mattie. Open the door and you soon will have. And call Edith too; I have brought her that which will make her dance with joy."

In a brief space there was a stir above stairs, and lights flitting to and fro, and directly after, the door was unlocked, and there in the hall stood two female forms arrayed in the deepest mourning.

The eyes were quick, nervous exclamations of "Mattie!"—"My Husband!"—"Carroll!"—"Edith!"—Pell mell, into the hall and out stretched arms washed, and such another hugging match it would be hard to find the parallel of in this world—or any other.

There were light hearts, and joyous laughter in my home all the remainder of that night; and the ensuing day saw as merry a Christmas party assembled around our table, as ever discussed a Christmas dinner anywhere.

A month later, we had another gala night, and directly thereafter, Mr. and Mrs. Granger were keeping house near us, having Don Felipe as permanent member of their family.

## NEW YORK CENTRAL R. R. WINTER TIME TABLE.



On and after Monday Nov. 1st, 1864, until further notice cars will stop at, and leave Fairport

### EASTWARD.

Accommodation,	6:56 a. m.
Local Freight,	9:58 a. m.
Mail,	8:56 p. m.

### WESTWARD.

Express,	7:36 a. m.
Mail,	10:42 a. m.
Local Freight,	2:30 p. m.
Through Freight,	6:50 p. m.
Accommodation,	9:55 p. m.

Cars will stop at, and leave Pittsford,

### EASTWARD.

New York Express	5:40 A. M.
Steamboat Express	5:50 A. M.
Local Freight	9:25 A. M.
Through Freight	2:00 P. M.
Albany Express	6:37 P. M.
Sunday Train	7:52 P. M.

### WESTWARD.

Through Freight	7:15 A. M.
New York Mail	11:35 A. M.
Local Freight	4:40 P. M.
Steamboat Express	6:38 P. M.
Mail	11:18 P. M.
Sunday Train	10:53 A. M.

W. G. Laplam, Assistant Superintendent.

## PETERSON'S

### LADIES NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY 1865.

Is upon our table, this splendid work is undoubtedly a fair specimen of what we may expect through the ensuing year. We advise all of our readers to get this number, which will be sufficient to enable them to judge of a splendid work for their entire table. Your local editor will obtain this work for you at the low price of \$1.50 per year or you can address the publisher as in this paper last month.

## GODEY FOR JANUARY 1865.

We are in the receipt of the January number of Godey's Lady's Book, and for some reason we think that it exceeds any of Godey's previous Magazines. Remember you can all get Godey's Magazine through your local editor for \$2.50. Any editor will do the favor for you, but in case they refuse, we will send for you on the receipt of \$2.55 by post postage. The Publishers price is \$3.00—Single number twenty-five cents for sale by all news dealers.

Address, L. A. GODEY,  
N. E. Corner Sixth and Chestnut Sts.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## Christmas & New Years with the Children. NEW EVERY MONTH IN THE YEAR.

### MERRY'S MUSEUM.

The Oldest and most Favorite Juvenile Magazine published. Vol. 50 commences January, 1865. Full of Stories, Pictures, Puzzles, Letters from the Young Folks, History, Biography, Natural Science, etc., etc. The best writers for children in the country will continue to enrich its pages, and no pains will be spared to maintain its world-wide reputation, and make it a welcome visitor in every household in the land.

A fine steel engraving of "Uncle William" given to all new subscribers in the January number. Prizes given monthly for answering puzzles, and liberal premium for obtaining new subscribers. TERMS, \$1.50 a year in advance; 12 cents per single number. Send for it.

J. N. STEARNS, Publisher,  
111 Fulton Street, New York.

THE LITERARY COMPANION.

Original Poetry.

FAREWELL LINES,  
To a Brother Going to War,

BY MRS. R. J. A. SIMONS.

Must I bid you goodbye, brother,  
To the bloody field of war?  
When I ask my heart the question,  
Why I bid you go, I never,  
On that earth may meet again,  
Would I think what you must suffer,  
O, it fills my heart with pain.

But again the thought comes over me,  
Heaven demands the honor you give,  
For the glorious cause of Freedom,  
And in heaven you will receive,  
The reward which there awaits you,  
All the faithful, brave and true;  
Thus acquit you like a soldier,  
My God guide and strengthen you.

Shield you on the field of battle,  
From the dangers hovering there;  
But when you with sauntering courage,  
The colors—Ever bear  
The dominance of a soldier,  
In the front of fighting men,  
Earn the laurels which a comrade  
Gladly would on you bestow.

Get a fitting benediction  
Heaven upon you. From the sky  
Shall it graciously descend on you,  
And kind angels hovering nigh,  
Shall with water from the fountain,  
Heaven-drawn with your fervent prayer,  
Bless and purify your fighting spirit,  
Which which our angels know.

God's elect's love goes with you,  
And another nation's tears,  
To our Country and its Freedom,  
Give we what we had so dear,  
Go, and God be with you, brother,  
And an undivided word you bear,  
"Be a righteous warrior and a true,  
Skeptic it not till the air,

With the shout of Peace and Freedom!  
Till the cannon's lips are dumb,  
Till the last colors be cast  
To the tomb with unshaken firm—  
Until wind and wave proclaim it,  
Over land and over sea,  
That God's name be in honor,  
Said for evermore in earth.

Lewell, Mass.

LOVE.

BY IRAN STODOLY.

I leaned out of the window, I caught the white clover,  
Dare, dare was the question, I saw not the gate;  
Now if there be time for a kiss, or a glance, or a low,  
Hush, nightingale, hush O, sweet nightingale, hush,  
Till I sleep and hear  
If a step hovers near,  
For my love is in there.

The skin in the darkness stow near and retreat,  
A cluster of stars have fallen to the trees,  
The fall of the water comes over you, comes closer,  
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?  
Let him say whatever he will,  
Let the water weep slow,  
And cross quickly to me.

You night moths that hover, whose honey brings over  
From sycamore blossoms, or set of sleep;  
You glow worms shine out and the pathway discover  
To him who comes sailing along the reeds deep—  
Ah, my sailor, make haste,  
For the time runs to waste,  
And my love lies a-deep.

Too deep for swift telling; and yet my one lover  
I've counsel thee an answer, it waits till to-night.  
By the eye-glass passed he and through the night  
Gazes—  
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned thou might  
But I'll love him more, more  
Than ever I loved before,  
Be the day dark or bright.

PRESENTS.—Mr. Washington Warren, of Lehighton, Pa., will please accept our thanks for a subscription for five copies of the Companion to be sent as holiday presents from him to Ella George, Emma Canard, Jennie Kuntz, Syner Kuntz, and Mary Williams; all in the vicinity of Slatington, Pa. This is most appropriate present to a young lady, and a cheap one; only fifty cents a year, postage paid.

MARRIED.—In Perinton, Dec. 14th, by Eld A. Huskoll, Mr. Wm. Fellows, Jr., of Penfield, to Miss Sarah Ann Lincoln, of Perinton.

HOLIDAYS.—We all like holidays, and in consequence of our keeping them, our little readers will receive no paper between Christmas and New Years.

No. 1 of volume 4, of the Penfield Extra, will be mailed on the 5th day of January, 1865.—

Nellie wishes a lot of new subscribers, and a renewal of about one hundred of old subscribers whose subscription expires on the first of January. They will be accepted by Nellie as a nice New Years present.

All subscribers whose subscription expires on the first of January, will receive number one of the next volume as they will lose one paper during holidays.

PROSPECTUS

ATLANTIC FOR 1865.

The number for January, 1865, begins the Fifteenth Volume of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The Publishers state that they have made such arrangements for the coming year as will convince their readers that they intend to maintain the present position and popularity of their magazine. They now announce definitely the following features of the New Volume:—

MRS. HANNEY BAECHER SHOVE will contribute a new series of Domestic Papers, with the title of "THE GIMMEY-COINER,"

DOXALD C. MARSHALL, author of "Beveries of a Bachelor," will begin a new number a story with the title of "De. Jones."

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, of the University of Oxford, has engaged to write regularly during the year, on topics of interest to American readers.

PROF. AGASSIZ has in preparation another series of his interesting and valuable Scientific Papers.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S PAPERS furnish some scenes from his unfinished work, "THE DOLLIVER ROMANCE," which will appear in the coming Volume.

FITZ-HUGH LUTWELL will continue his admirable sketches of travel and adventure.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SKILL, the well-known novelist and magazineist, will contribute a series of papers similar to those written by him in Dickens' "Household Words," and "All the Year Round." The first paper will be a sketch of "Dorothy's" travels.

MR. AND MRS. S. C. MERRILL contribute to the new Volume, Memoirs of "Mrs. Merrill," we have known, including many interesting reminiscences of Moore and other literary celebrities.

THE AUTHOR OF "TEN AGENTS" will furnish the ATLANTIC with a series of strikingly original characters.

In addition to the features above enumerated, other interesting ones will, in addition, the magazine will still be favored with contributions from its regular band of writers, whose names are familiar to the reading public as those of the

FIRST AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The Atlantic will continue to furnish to its readers the best Essays, Sketches, Romances, Stories, Political and Historical Papers, and Miscellany of all kinds which American talent can supply.

TERMS OF THE ATLANTIC.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION—\$4.00 per year.  
CLUB RATES—Two copies for \$7.00; five copies for \$16.00; ten copies for \$30.00, and each additional copy \$3.00. For every club of twenty subscribers, an extra copy will be furnished gratis, or twenty-one copies for \$60.00.

POSTAGE.—The postage on the ATLANTIC is twenty-four cents per year, and must in all cases be paid at the office where it is received.

ORDERING WITH OUR POLAR FOLIO.—The "ATLANTIC" and "OUR YOUNG FOLIO" will be furnished to one address for Five Dollars per year.  
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers,  
Boston, Mass.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE  
LITERARY COMPANION.

PUBLISHED BY

Miss M. C. Williams,  
Penfield, N. Y.

The Literary Companion will be published on the first of every month. It will be sent to any part of the United States, free of postage, at the low price of 50 cents per year.

CLUB TERMS.—Five copies, to one address forty cents each. Ten copies to one address, thirty five cents each. Twenty copies or more to one address, thirty cents each. Single subscribers thirty cents per annum. Office numbers three cents. Lady subscribers will be entitled to a good picture of the editors by enclosing a real stamp to pay postage.

The Companion will be devoted to Romance and Literature, and will contain but few advertisements, which will be accepted only on the following terms.

One square	1m	2m	3m	4m	5m	6m	7m
	50	75	100	150	200	250	300

Each line of the type to be a real equal in length with the year. Half quarterly or three square lines will be preferred. A line of type for each per line.

It will be circulated of about 2000 copies, filling the place of the *Friend* left out every month. Because it will be seen that our circulating rates are very low compared with our circulation. Address Miss M. C. Williams.

OTHER PUBLISHED

PENFIELD EXTRA.

One of the cheapest weekly newspapers published in America, containing nearly as much reading matter as many twice the country Journal.

Eleven copies to one address	\$ 5.00
Eight " " "	4.00
Five " " "	3.00
Three " " "	2.00
Single Subscriber	0.75

Address, Miss Nellie Williams,  
Penfield, N. Y.

BOOK NOTICE.—We are in receipt of Vol. 8, of Clark's School Visitor, bound; and we are sure that if our little readers could see it they would solicit their parents to subscribe for the Visitor for them the ensuing year.—One copy, one year, only 75 cents, in clubs, ten copies for \$5.00; bound volumes only 75 cents. Address

J. W. DAUGHADAY,  
2108 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Golden's Dollar Monthly MAGAZINE

For January 1865 is now ready, and the cheapest and best way that any person can get it, is to hand your local editor \$1.80 and ask him to send it to the publishers and get you a copy for the ensuing year. We will send it to you on the receipt of \$1.25—Publishers price \$1.50 per year for single subscribers, or fifteen cents a number. Address,  
ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT,  
No. 118 Washington St., Boston.

If that hath a wart on its nose thinks every one to laughing at him.

Fifty Dollars

Will be presented to any person afflicted with those unsightly excrescences, either on face or hands, which one application of the *Magic Wart Annihilator* will not cause to disappear without a twinge of pain.

Enclose 25 cents and receive a package by return mail. Address

J. H. CAMPMAN,  
Tatton, Pike Co., Penna.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

50 Cents per Annum,  
Free of Postage.

Devoted to Romance and Literature.

Single Copies Three Cents  
at the Office.

VOL. 1.

PENFIELD, N. Y. FEBRUARY, 1865.

NO. 5.

For the Penfield "Extra."  
**A PHOTOGRAPH WANTED.**

In the telegraph office there walked one day,  
A man of "de cultured persuasion."  
And says he to the Clerk, "how much muss I pay  
For my telumgrab on this occasion?"

"I want it took in dis coat of blue,  
And dis nice bright green numberella;  
And I want it taken poor, and true,  
So ples a hurry up ole feller."

"Come if dis an de telumgrabshop I is at,  
Den I want my plicer tookent—  
I want it staid den, widout no hat,  
An' I'd like to hab it berry good lookin'."

At de darkey's mistake, de good natured Clerk  
With intenal laughter shaking,  
Replied, "that is not, Sir, our kind of work,  
We can send, but we never do taking."

What!—Aint dis de telumgrab shop I is in?  
Why, yes, said de Clerk, and I told you—  
It's a Photograph you want, added he with a grin  
And I rather guess some one has sold you.

"A Po Telgrab; tals it!—yes, yes!"  
And he smiled like a bright kitchen platter,  
"A Po Telgrab and I want to git de bess,  
And you tals jess wats de matter."

Go to Gould's!—to Gould's!—O dear!—  
A Po Telgrab!—now I hab em;  
If I come croos dat darkey dat sent me in here  
You may but your life till I grab em!

Theo. A. Gould, Pub.  
No. 119 Main St., Rochester.

**BAD DEBT.**—Mr. C.—I called to see if  
you could help me a little to-day.

"Does you hen lay?"

"Yes, my hens lay very well, considering,  
do you think you can help me a little?"

"I hear docks!"

"Yes, I saw a dock this morning. A part  
of the money will do, if you cannot raise the  
whole."

"It looks like rain!"

"No, I don't think it will rain very soon,  
can you spare me a few dollars?"

"How is gold to day?"

"Gold stands about 202, but I will except  
of greenbacks from you."

"Are your folks well?"

"Yes, usually well—About how much mon-  
ey can you spare me?"

"Do you think we will have peace soon?"

"No, not unless they get along faster than  
I do in getting my pay of you."

The Cuba *True Patriot* says that on the in-  
side cover of a Bible lying on the cabin table  
of a Hudson River steamer are the following  
suggestive lines:

This holy book neglected lies,  
No soul with it communes;  
While scores of souls sit round about  
With Herald and Tribune.

**EDWARD SHAW, UNDERTAKER**—Palmyr N. Y.,  
keeps constantly on hand a splendid variety of ready  
made coffins—Also a good Horse at moderate prices.

In days of old, the deaf were made to  
hear, and the blind were made to see.—Probably  
there is no person that will doubt this, as  
it can be found in the book of books, and  
why at the present day can the blind not be  
made to see? We would call the attention  
of the reader to a notice elsewhere in this  
paper, that will undoubtedly be interesting to  
every family in the United States, for undoubt-  
edly a great many persons have some friends  
who are obliged to use artificial eyes, for  
want of perfect eyesight. You will observe  
that Dr. Foote of New-York, offers to send  
you a pamphlet which will direct you how to  
speedily restore the eyesight without the aid  
of a doctor or medicine, for the simple sum  
of ten cents. Some may say that this is an-  
other of those advertised humbugs, never  
mind if it is, don't deprive your poor old  
father and mother of their eyesight, if there  
is any hopes of restoring it for the trifling sum  
of ten cents, or even ten dollars, yes, or even  
ten times that amount. Send and get a pam-  
phlet for some unfortunate blind friend, and  
we trust that you may be happily disappoint-  
ed, in case you have any doubts.

**A NEW DRESS.**—The last number of the  
*Educator & Pennsylvania Teacher*, comes to us  
in a new dress; it is a wide awake Christian,  
School and Family Journal, published by  
Rev. A. R. Horne, at \$1.00 per year, at  
Turbotville, Pa.—specimen copies sent free \*  
The *Educator* is a large journal containing  
seventy two columns, a large amount of read-  
matter for the small price of one dollar a year.  
The publisher offers great inducements to  
clubs, and we should think a club could be got  
up in every district school in this State, it  
would be equivalent to each subscriber to one  
month tuition at least. Clergymen are fur-  
nished the *Educator* at seventy cents a year.  
\* We see many papers advertise to send spec-  
imen copies free, but we would say send  
for a specimen, to be sure you send  
stamp to prepay return postage, or you will  
be subject to double postage on all transient  
mail matter.

**NEWSPAPERS.**—A child beginning to read  
becomes delighted with newspapers because  
he reads the names and things that are very  
familiar, and will make progress accordingly.  
A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's  
schooling to a child, and every father must  
consider that substantial information is con-  
nected with this advancement. The mother  
of the family having more immediate charge  
of a family, should herself be instructed. A  
mind occupied becomes fortified against the  
ills of life, and is prepared for any emergency.  
Children amused by reading or study, are of  
course considerate and more easily governed.  
How many thoughtless young men have spent  
their earnings in a grog shop who ought to  
have been reading? How many parents who  
have never spent twenty dollars for books or  
papers for their families, would gladly have  
given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter  
who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen  
into temptation?—*Republican & Sentinel.*

**PAIRPORT PLANING MILL.**—J. G. & S. Palmer  
Sash, Blind and Doors, made to order—Also planing  
and matching of all kinds.

At an evening party a gentleman carving a  
chicken asked a lady what part she preferred.  
"I will take a foot-handle," she said.

"Sam, what kind of newspapers do you  
call government papers?"

"All kinds of course, the Government is  
running into debt all the time, and so do all  
publishers, and if the Government makes a  
smash up, the publishers will do the same.

**DRESSES & CLEAN MAKING.**—All ladies who  
wish anything in this line, would do well to  
call at 57 Buffalo Street, Rochester. Dresses  
cut and busted—Patterns furnished—Machine  
Stitching done to order—particular attention  
paid to cutting, fitting or making ladies over  
garments. The above work is all done with  
swiftness and dispatch, at the **Most Ellip-  
tic Lock-stick sewing Machine  
Office No. 59 Buffalo St. Roches-  
ter.** This Machine is gaining a high reputa-  
tion by introducing itself to public favor. It  
will undoubtedly be the only Sewing Machine  
in use in a few years, as it is simple, cheap  
and the best. Every Machine is warranted  
and range in prices from 50 and \$1.50, accord-  
ing to finish, all price machines doing the  
work equally well—See card elsewhere in  
this paper.



In Penfield on Thursday Eve. Dec. 20th, at  
the residence of the Bride's Father, by the Rev.  
E. McKinstry, Mr. John Connell to Miss Mary  
E. Williams, all of this place.

In Penfield on Monday eve. Jan. 23d, at  
the residence of Brides father, by the Rev.  
P. McKinstry, Henry S. Webb, of Battery  
D., First N. Y. Artillery, to Miss Susan  
Sharp of this town.

**THE LITTLE PILGRIM.**

This is the title of a little Monthly for boys  
and girls, published at Philadelphia, by L. K.  
Lippencott, at 60 cents per year, edited by Grace  
Greenhood.

**CLUB RATES.**—Five copies \$2.75. Fifteen  
copies \$7.00. Nineteen copies \$9.00. Fifty  
copies \$22.00—Address as above.

**VALUABLE BOOK.**—We are in the receipt of a  
valuable Medical work, which should have a  
place in the library of every family in the  
United States, and we would say to all of our  
adult readers, that if you want to know a little  
of everything relating to the Human System,  
Physiology, Air, Diet, Marriage, etc., read the  
revised and enlarged edition of *Medical Common  
Sense*, a curious book for curious people, and a  
good book for every one. Making altogether the  
most attractive volume ever issued from the  
Press, for it is written in language that everybody  
can understand. Three parts in one volume.  
Four hundred pages, one hundred illustrations.  
Price, \$1.50. Sent by mail, postage paid, to  
every one sending an order accompanied by the  
cash. Address the author, DR. E. B. FOOTE,  
1130 Broadway, N. Y.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**—This valuable  
work for February, is now before us, and we  
would again call the attention of our readers  
to the prospectus in another column of this  
paper. Who will get up a club for this month.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

## The Literary Companion.

PENFIELD, FEBRUARY 1865.

### VALEDICTORY.

With this number of the Literary Companion the former editress, she that was Miss N. E. Williams, but who is now Mrs. M. E. Connell, retires from the editorial chair to attend to domestic duties, and will hereafter leave the conducting of the Literary Companion in the hands of a younger sister not yet in her teens. This will undoubtedly make the paper much more interesting for its little readers, notwithstanding it may at present be mostly filled with selected articles, and contributions, but we think that in the course of time the young editress will show some spirit with her own pen. She is an exceedingly active little body, and is never satisfied unless she can leave school at the hour of her class, and we think that if her little readers follow her examples that her paper will prove a great advantage to them. We would solicit parents who have small children, to subscribe for her paper as the price is very low considering the times, which will be found in the club rates elsewhere. It will be found much cheaper to clubs, than it is to single subscribers, from the fact that we can send twelve papers—making four ounces—for the same postage that it would cost to send one number.

After returning my thanks to all of my subscribers and the kind editors who have given me publicity, I will introduce you all to my sister Little Albie Williams, to whom all orders may hereafter be addressed.

MRS. M. E. CONNELL.

**A NOVEL IDEA.**—At a Masonic Festival held at the Lodge in this village Wednesday evening 15th, we understand that about 25 ladies joined the Independent Order and took the first, or ladies degree. "And so the world moves." It seems by this, that there is some confidence placed in woman, and some gentlemen, at least, think that some of the weaker sex can keep a secret. We are certainly obliged for the little confidence thus placed in us, and hope that we may prove ourselves worthy of their consideration. We are informed that the object of this ladies degree is to enable them to make themselves known, if they should be in need of assistance in any strange city or country, to any Grand Master.

This certainly looks very reasonable, but isn't there something still behind the curtain? We predict that this branch of the order is more for their own benefit, than it is to benefit the ladies, but this is only our own idea, and it can be taken for all it is worth and no more. We read in the Bible that there was a garden of Eden, and in that garden God placed man and woman, and what next? Why it was perfectly necessary that there should be a woman connected with the "establishment" in order to make of it a paradise. Has the Masonic Order come to the same conclusion? Have they not added another link to the chain for self interest? Doesn't some of their wives scold when they are out late at night?

As we are not acquainted with the benefits of this ancient order, will some of our brother editors copy our article and give us and our sisters in general, some idea that may arise from the sisterhood of Masonry. We sincerely hope and trust that the new order of things may be beneficial to the world at large. We understand that the Masonic Order is a very charitable institution, and that the brotherhood of the State of New York are now making arrangements to establish a large Free Mason Asylum in some part of this State, for the education of Orphan children, and a home for old and infirm masons who have come to want. This is as it should be, and we trust that all ladies who are connected with this Institution will do it with pure motives and become as charitable as the Masonic Order, and lend a helping hand to the poor who they know to be in distress. Show to the world the benefits of the ancient order, of free and accepted masons.

☞ An old sailor, finding a corked bottle floating on the sea, opened it with the colloquy, "Rum, I hope; gin, I think; tracts, by jingo!" and then threw it back into the water.

☞ A little girl who was walking with her mother was tempted by the sight of a basket of oranges exposed for sale in a store, quietly took one; but stricken by conscience re-entranced. After her return home she was discovered in tears, and being asked the cause of her sorrow, replied sobbing: "Mamma, I haven't broken any of the commandments, but I've cracked one a little." She was forgiven.

**THE BEST IN MICHIGAN.**—One of the best printing establishments in Mich., is offered for sale, on account of the editors wishing to go into a new branch of business. It is located at Three Rivers, one of the most flourishing villages to be found in the State. The *Reporter* is well established, being in its fifth volume with a very large circulation. The *Reporter* recently came out in a new dress. The press and a very large variety of job type are nearly new. For further particulars, Address, Clute Brothers, Reporter Office, Three Rivers Mich.

**SERVE THE RIGHT.**—A fast young man in this county, was fined \$25, last week for remaining against an aid and not giving him half of the beaten track. Probably all people do not understand that the laws of the State of New York give a footman the right hand side of the beaten track, the same that it does a team, and any person or team from the opposite direction who may crowd them out of the right hand side of the beaten track, or injures them while passing, does it at their peril, or at the risk of paying damage. There are young men in Penfield who would do well to paste this article in their hats.

### A Romance in Real Life.

Some time near the close of the summer of 1863, we had a notice sent from the army of the Potomac for publication, which read as follows:

WANTED.—A lady correspondent with a view to fun and matrimony. A change of photographs desired. Address, H. S. WEBB, Battery D. First N. Y. Artillery, Washington, D. C.

Fearing that Mr. Webb, would not receive an equivalent for his investment in advertising Miss Susan Sharp (then a compositor in our office) from a matter of curiosity wrote Mr. Webb, and on receiving satisfactory answers, continued to write, and exchanged photographs and other presents until January 23d, 1865, being a space of about sixteen months. By looking over our marriage notices the reader will observe the result of the above correspondence. We were present on the happy occasion and conclude that a better match could not have been made after years of courtship and personal acquaintance. We do not wish to be understood that we approve of this way in making a solemn life long vow, but in this case we are very well pleased, for as by knowing Miss Susie from our infancy, and judging from the general appearance of Mr. Webb we have come to the conclusion that both are smart and intelligent, young and healthy, and are well calculated to paddle their own canoe through the ups and downs of the journey of life.

This couple met for the first time, on the 22nd day of Jan. and were married on the 23d, and we sincerely trust, that happiness and prosperity may attend them the same as though they had been personally acquainted for years, and we further trust that neither party will ever regret the happy step which they have taken in securing partners for life. May they strive to bear each others burdens, and never allow strife and discord to take the place of happiness and pleasure, and may they be able to show to the world that long courtships are an old fashion institution, and old things must be done away, and new things become anew.

The Seneca Falls *Reveille* says of Sheridan's campaign for 1864. Including all of his reinforcements from time to time, he had 57,000 men, and his entire loss during the campaign was \$5,345 which reduces his present force to 21,185. The above dear reader, reminds us of the old fable in the spelling book about the boys and the frogs, for it may be fun for some and death to others; our own, and only brother, proves to be one of the missing out of Sheridan's Shamadoo casualties. We oft times hear the little street urchin sing, "Jolly Brown's bones his-mendering &c.," and we ask ourselves, where are the bones of our dear and much beloved brother.

### Drill for Single Volunteers.

**Fall in**—Love with some amiable and virtuous young woman on the first opportunity you have.

**Attention**—Pay to her, assiduously and respectfully.

**Right Face**—Popping the question like a man, and she'll accept you.

**Quick March**—To her parents and ask their consent.

**Right Turn**—With her to the church, and go through the services of jolly matrimony.

**Hold**—And reflect seriously for a few moments; then determine to devote yourself entirely to your wife.

**Right about Face**—From the haunts that you have frequented when single, and prefer your own home.

**Advance Arms**—To your young wife when out walking together, and don't let her walk three or four yards behind you.

**Break off**—Billiard playing, betting, and staying out at night, if you wish to have a happy home.—*Cartridge Box.*

**WHAT MONEY WILL DO.**—Money is a queer institution. It buys provender, satisfies justice, and heals wounded honor. Everything resolves itself into cash; from stock-jobbing to building churches. Childhood craves pennies, youth aspires to dimes, manhood is swayed by the almighty dollar. The blacksmith swings the sledge, the lawyer pleads for his client, the judge decides a case of life and death for a salary. Money makes a man—therefore men must make money, if he would be respected by fools—for the eye of the world looks through golden spectacles. It buys Brunsch's carpets, lace curtains, gilded cornices, rich furniture, and builds marble mansions. It drives us to church in splendid equipages, and pays the rent in our news. It buys silk and jewelry for the ladies; it commands obsequious attention. It enables us, to be charitable, to send Bibles to the heathen. It glids the rugged scenes of life, and spreads over our rugged existence a velvet carpet soft to our tread; the rude turmoils and scenes are incased in a gilt frame. It lids care vanish, and soothes the anguish of the bed of sickness—stops short of nothing save the grim destroyer, whose relentless hand spares none, but levels all mortal distinction, and teaches poor humanity that it is dust. Thus wealth pauses on the brink of eternity—the beggar and millionaire rest side by side beneath the sod; and rest in equality.

☞ "Good morning Mr. Royce, I have come over to whip you this morning."

"Why! what have I done Mr. Simmon?"

"Not anything in particular, only I understand that every new neighbor you have, is obliged to whip you before he can live in peace beside you."

"This was formerly so. Mr. Simmons, but now I attend to my own business and do not meddle with my neighbour's affairs."

Explanation satisfactory, no whipping was needed.

To get a first-rate appetite, drink a tumbler full of cold water, and exercise half an hour after the morning's ablutions, before breakfast. Try it a month, and see if you are not benefited.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

## NOT MARRIED YET.

Not married yet I ah, let me think—  
How horrid is the thought,  
That eighteen suitors have escaped,  
And still not I am caught,  
And still—and still—it is like to be,  
If things don't alter soon,  
No matter, I'll live on in hopes,  
At least another moon!

No older yet ah, what a thought,  
For maiden just eighteen,  
With face and form as faultless too  
As any ever seen;  
Ah wherefore do they keep me back,  
Ah, why this long delay?  
No man need ask this maid but once,  
To name the wedding day.

## BASIA.

There's a formal-kiss of fashion,  
And a burning kiss of passion,  
A father's kiss,  
A mother's kiss,  
And a sister a kiss to move,  
There's a traitor's kiss for good,  
Like a serpent's slaming fold,  
A first kiss,  
A stolen kiss,  
A thrilling kiss of love;  
A meeting kiss,  
A union kiss,  
A kiss when fond hearts sever;  
But the saddest kiss  
On earth is this—  
A kiss to part forever.

**PERSONAL.**—We understand that the Rev. J. J. Keyes, formerly Pastor of the Baptist Church of this town, has recently had a call from the first Baptist Church of Elmira, which he declined. His church at Nunda, N. Y., recently gave him a donation of \$200. They, like ourselves, probably appreciate Rev. Mr. Keyes as a Teacher and as a man.

**CITIZEN DESERTION.**—About two months ago, a shoemaker calling his names John Slover, supposed to have a father living in the State of Indiana, married a war widow of this town by the name of Matilda Litch, better known as Matilda Dodge—took her to Lockport, N. Y., and left her to the cold charities of the world, after causing her (by marriage) to loose her pension, and to own residence. It is supposed that Slover assumes different names, and has now a plurality of wives. We caution the press to keep an eye single to his glory for the common good of all females.

## THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

FOR 1865.

VOLUME XL—NEW SERIES.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Two volumes of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN are published each year, at \$1.50 each, or \$3 per annum; with correspondingly low terms to Clubs; \$1 will pay for four month's subscription. The numbers for one year constitute a work of 832 pages of useful information, which every one ought to possess. A new volume will commence on the first of January, 1865.

### CLUB RATES.

Five Copies, for Six Months . . . . . \$6  
Ten Copies, for six months . . . . . 12  
Ten Copies, for Twelve Months . . . . . 22  
Fifteen Copies, for Twelve Months . . . . . 34  
Twenty Copies, for Twelve Months . . . . . 40

For all clubs of Twenty and over, the yearly subscription is only \$2.00. Names can be sent in at different times, and from different Post-offices. Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any part of the country.

Canadian subscribers will please to remit 25 cents extra on each year's subscription to prepay postage.

MUNN & CO., Publishers,  
No. 37 Park Row, New York.

**A PICTURE FOR ALL.**—We still continue to furnish our picture to each new subscriber of the Penfield Extra. We also send a gum picture to any person on the receipt of fifteen cents, with a copy of our paper, and as we have had frequent calls from large Publishing Houses for an engraving of ourself, we are about making arrangements with Mr. L. C. Mix, of Rochester, one of the best engravers of this State, to see what he can do in the picture making business, and as thousands have our picture now, they will be better able to judge of the workmanship of Prof. Mix.

We are inclined to believe that we shall be able to show the press something that will please them.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—To my little readers—I receive many letters which I am not able to answer for the reason the writers omit sending their address, and the only means that I have to find them out is the post-mark on the envelope, and some times it is impossible to make out a post-mark, in such a case it is impossible for me to answer letters, or even mail my papers to the subscribers. You should all learn to write your Post Office address plainly, also your name, they cannot be plain in writing to strangers.

## THE YOUNG AMERICA.

The above is the name of a small weekly Journal, published by Charles W. Goodwin, a lad about our own age—at Baldwin City, Kansas, at 50 cents a year. The little sheet is well filled with interesting articles from the new State of Kansas, and it is so cheap, we should think many of our Northern people would take it for their little children. We consider the articles in the Young America very moral and interesting to children, and some of them are well calculated to make old folks laugh.

A three cent stamp addressed to the editor will secure you a specimen copy by return mail, post-paid, and by having a specimen you can judge for yourself. Don't fail to send for one. Address,

CHAS. W. GOODWIN,  
Baldwin City, Kansas.

## \$100 CASH PRIZES!

Will be distributed FREE in the Puzzle Department of

### Gerryman's Monthly.

For full particulars see the present number of this great Comic Magazine, which is acknowledged by all to be the best and cheapest publication of the kind.

☐ Puzzles and Prizes in every Number. ☐ Sold by all Newsdealers at TEN cents a copy. W. H. BURROUGHS, Publisher, 113 Fulton St., N. Y. One Dollar a Year. Fifty cents for Six Months. No. 11 61

## THE NEW YORK MONTHLY.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

Containing Original Stories from the pens of the best American talent. Its text page statistics are complete in one number, and it is designed for all classes of readers. Historical Reminiscences, Biographical Sketches, Wit, Humor and Poetry, price 15 cents per copy.

### OUR TERMS.—Money in advance.

To Single Subscribers, \$1 a year; to clubs, 75 cents; And a copy gratis to any one getting up a Club of five or ten persons.

News Dealers & Agents supplied by the "American News Company," 113 Nassau St., New York.

### ADVERTISING CHARGES.

"Our Directory" . . . . . 50 cents per line.  
Outside, . . . . . 25 " " " "  
Inside, . . . . . 15 " " " "

All communications should be addressed to: KATE J. BOYD, Editor and Publisher of N. Y. Monthly, 63 Nassau Street, New York.

We hear of a young lady in town who is so large-hearted that it has made her round shouldered.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

This valuable and interesting Illustrated Magazine for February is upon our table. This work is calculated for young people, but we are certain that old people like to read it. The stories are original and spicy, besides being very instructive, and the price is very low considering the times. Single subscribers \$2.00 per year. Three copies \$5.00. Five copies \$8.00. Any larger number at the rate of \$1.50 each. Single numbers 20 cents each. Address, HOKNOR & FIELDS, 185 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

## THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW.

This valuable book of useful knowledge, is thus early before us, it is a history of passing events in slices, any subscriber of the EXCHANGE AND REVIEW, need not ask the question, 'how is gold to-day,' you have all in a nut shell, a complete history of the war, a birds-eye view of all the Petroleum Companies &c. &c. Single copies only 25 cents, for sale at all news depots and at the publishers. Address, FOWLER & MOON, 621 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## ENOCH ARDEN. BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

The universal interest felt in this charming poem has induced Messrs. TRICKNER & FIELDS, Mr. Tennyson's American publishers, to issue a twenty-five cent edition for popular reading, in addition to the other and more costly editions which they publish. They send copies to the press, hoping that the extended publicity given by this cheap edition may result in the introduction of this most beautiful and touching idyl into the households in the land.

## PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, FOR FEBRUARY.

Peterston's Ladies National Magazine for Feb., is now before his readers. Quite a large number has been added to the Penfield Club this year and there is room for many more. \$1.50 sent to this office will secure Peterson a whole year. The fashions are of the most approved style. Stories all original, the music and cutwork are splendid. Single numbers can be obtained at any periodical depot for 25 cents. Postage to yearly subscribers, only 12 cents per year. Address, CHAS. J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

## Rochester Daily

### UNION & ADVERTISER,

PUBLISHED BY CURTIS, MOREY, & CO.

Joseph Curtis, John E. Morey, William Purcell, George G. Cooper, Lorenzo Kelly.

**BY MAIL.**—By mail for three months \$2.50; to Agents and Dealers, per 100, \$3.00; at the Counter, five cents per copy. Subscribers send no money till they receive their papers by carrier, 20 cents per week. SENT WEEKLY—\$1.00 per quarter, or \$4.00 per year. WEEKLY—\$2.00 per year, or fifty cents per quarter. Single copies sold every five, at starting in Penfield, and by all news agents in our neighboring villages at 5 cents each.

## The Baltimore Clipper.

The Clipper is published daily, Morning and Evening, at Baltimore, Md., by

### MESSRS BULL & TUTTLE,

Terms in advance—At the low price of \$6.00 for one year.

\$3.00 for Six Months,

\$1.50 for Three Months,

Our Month 50 cents.

The Clipper is a great favorite with the Soldiers in the Army—no news are set down as reliable, unless they find it in the columns of the Clipper, and we have set it down as a *Clipper* of a Union Paper—Send red stamp for a specimen copy.

One of our confectioners advertise broken hearts for thirty cents per pound!

# THE LITERARY COMPANION

Christmas & New Years with the Children.  
NEW EVERY MONTH IN THE YEAR.

## MERRY'S MUSEUM.

The Oldest and most Favorite Juvenile Magazine published. Vol. 50 commences January, 1855. Full of Stories, Pictures, Puzzles, Letters from the Young Folks, History, Biography, Natural Science, etc., etc. "The best writers for children in the country will continue to enrich its pages, and no pains will be spared to maintain its world-wide reputation, and make it a welcome visitor in every household in the land. A fine steel engraving of "Uncle William?"

A fine steel engraving of "Uncle William?" given to all new subscribers in the January number. Prizes given monthly for answering puzzles, and liberal premium for obtaining new subscribers. TERMS, \$1.50 a year in advance; 12 cents per single number. Send for it.

J. N. STEARNS, Publisher,  
111 Fulton Street, New York.

## The Penfield Extra.

Is published every Thursday, at Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y.

### Little Williams.

Who commenced its weekly publication when she was but a baby, eleven years of age.

TERMS.—For year in advance, including a new picture, to each subscriber. Single copy 5 cents. Three copies to one address \$2.00—Five copies to one address \$3.00—Eight copies to one address \$4.00—Ten copies to one address \$5.00.

Postage on a copy of eleven subscribers sending to one address, will be 10 cents per quarter. Postage on single copies, 5 cents per quarter.

### TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Twelve lines of this type, or a space equal to them make one square.

1 square	1m	2m	3m	4m	5m	6m	7m	8m	9m	10m	11m	12m
	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60

Half, Quarter or Double square in the same proportion.

The Extra is claimed to be one of the best advertising mediums in the state as every body will read it from profane to this. Circulation 7,000.

J. W. VARY, REQUIFER, and under an old article of *Liguora*, No. 99 Front at Rochester, N. Y. All those wishing a good article are invited to call.



A pamphlet showing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles without aid of Doctor or medicine, sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cents. Address

E. B. FOURY, M. D., 1137 Broadway, N. Y.

**WM. WHITELOCKE,**  
JOBBER and DEALER IN  
**MILBURN'S**  
No 99 Main, Opposite Stone St.  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A Rich assortment of Bonnets, Ribbons, Silks, Feathers, Flowers, &c., &c.

OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE STYLE.

Straw Bonnets Cleaned, Pressed and Altered, m24ft

**PENFIELD STAGE**  
Will leave the Union Hotel, Penfield, at 8 o'clock, a. m., and the Farmer's Hotel, Rochester, at 8 o'clock, p. m. Fare each way, 30 cents. Collected at Brighton. JOHN L. GREEN, Proprietor.  
Nov 164

EVERY MECHANIC  
Should Subscribe for the  
**American Artisan.**  
Published at 212, Broadway, New York by  
BROWN, COMBS & Co.  
at \$2.00 per year in advance. Specimen copies sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## ATLANTIC FOR 1855.

The number for January, 1855, begins the Fifteenth Volume of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The Publishers state that they have made such arrangements for the coming year as will convince their readers that they intend to maintain the present position and popularity of their magazine. They can now announce definitely the following features of the New Volume:—

Mrs. HARRIET BENTLEY Stone will contribute a new series of Domestic Papers, with the title of "THE DOMESTIC COMPANION." DONALD C. MITCHELL, author of "Lectures of a Bachelor," will begin at an early number a story with the title of "Dr. Jones." PROF. GOLDWY SMITH, of the University of Oxford, has engaged to write regularly during the year, on topics of interest to American readers.

PROF. AGASSIZ has in preparation another series of his interesting and valuable Scientific Papers.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S PAPERS furnish some stories from his unfinished work, "THE DOUBTFUL ROMANCE," which will appear in the coming Volume.

Fitz-HUGH LUDLOW will continue his admirable sketches of travel and adventure.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, the well-known novelist and magazinist, will contribute a series of papers similar to those written by him in Dickens' "Household Words," and "All the Year Round." The first paper will be a sketch of GEORGE CHURCHMAN.

MR. and MRS. S. C. HALL will contribute to the new Volume Memories of Authors they have known, including many interesting reminiscences of Moore and other literary celebrities.

THE AUTHOR OF "TEN ACRES EXPOSED" will furnish the ATLANTIC with regular articles of strikingly original character.

In addition to the features above enumerated, other interesting ones are in preparation, the magazine will still be favored with contributions from its regular staff of writers, whose name are familiar to the reading public as those of the

### FIRST AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The Atlantic will continue to furnish to its readers the best Essays, Sketches, Poems, Stories, Political and Historical Papers, and Miscellany of all kinds which American talent can supply.

### TERMS OF THE ATLANTIC.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION—\$4.00 per year.

CLUB RATES—Two copies for \$7.50; five copies for \$16.00; ten copies for \$30.00; and each additional copy \$3.00. For every club of twenty subscribers, an extra copy will be furnished gratis, or twenty-one copies for \$60.00.

POSTAGE.—The postage on the ATLANTIC is twenty-four cents per year, and must in all cases be paid at the office where it is received.

**ADVERTISING WITH OUR YOUNG MEN.**—The ATLANTIC and OUR YOUNG MEN will be so arranged to correspond for Five Dollars per year. TICKNER & WELDS, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## Vicksburg Daily Herald,

PUBLISHED BY

### Irish J. Batterton

Vicksburg, Miss.

At 25 cents per week. The Herald is a true Advocate of the whole Union—"The old Union as it was."

In this section we call the Herald a sound republican paper, it touches the negro question very lightly, just as all good Union Journals should do.

## NEW YORK CENTRAL R. R.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday Nov. 14, 1854, until further notice cars will stop at and leave Fairport.

Accommodation	6:45 a. m.
Local Freight	9:00 a. m.
Mail	8:30 p. m.

### WESTWARD.

Express	7:30 a. m.
Mail	10:42 a. m.
Local Freight	2:30 p. m.
Through Freight	6:50 p. m.
Accommodation	9:55 p. m.

Cars will stop at, and leave Pittsford,

### Eastward.

New York Express	5:50 A. M.
Steamboat Express	6:40 A. M.
Local Freight	9:25 A. M.
Through Freight	10:42 P. M.
Albany Express	9:47 P. M.
Sunday Train	7:30 P. M.

### Westward.

Through Freight	7:15 A. M.
New York Mail	11:30 A. M.
Local Freight	4:40 P. M.
Seasonal Express	5:28 P. M.
Mail	11:34 P. M.
Sunday Train	10:42 A. M.

W. G. Lapham, Assistant Superintendent.

## New York & Erie Rail Road.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

Trains will leave Rochester at 6:15 a. m., 10 a. m., 1:25 p. m., 5 p. m., 6:25 p. m.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## LITERARY COMPANION.

PUBLISHED BY

Little Alle Williams,  
Penfield, N. Y.

The *Literary Companion* will be published on the first of every month. It will be sent to any part of the United States, free of postage, at the low price of 50 cents per year.

CLUB TERMS.—Five copies to one address forty cents each. Ten copies to one address, thirty five cents each. Twenty copies or more to one address, thirty cents each. Office subscribers thirty cents per annum. Single numbers three cents. Loyal subscribers will be entitled to a new picture of the editors by enclosing a red cent to pay postage.

The *Companion* will be devoted to Romance and Literature, and will contain but few advertisements, which will be accepted only on the following terms.

One square	1m	2m	3m	6m	9m	12m
	50	75	100	200	250	300

Twelve lines of this type in an insertion equal to them make one square. Half, quarter or double square in the same proportion. Editorial notices ten cents per line.

We start with a circulation of about 2000 copies, taking the place of the *Penfield Extra* once every month. By this it will be seen that our advertising rates are very low compared with our circulation. Address Little Alle Williams.

He that hath a wart on his nose thinks every one is laughing at him.

### Fifty Dollars

Will be presented to any person afflicted with those unsightly excrescences, either on face or hands, when one application of the *Magic Wart Annihilator* will not cause to disappear without a twinge of pain.

Enclose 25 cents and receive a package by return mail. Address

J. H. CAMPAN,  
Tافتon, Pike Co., Penna.

THE LITERARY COMPANION

# LITERARY COMPANION.

Forty Cents per Annum.  
Postage free prospectus.

Devoted to Romance and Literature.

Single Copies Three Cents  
at the Office.

VOL. 1.

PENFIELD, N. Y. MARCH, 1865.

NO. 8.

[From the Savannah Republican.]  
**ACROSTIC.**

Through "the dark and bloody ground,"  
Horseman's tramp and bogle sound,  
Echoed far and wide around.

Sherman's flaming war-path torch,  
And Atlanta's vaulting scorch;  
Volumed vengeance, careful toid,  
At Secession trench and hold;  
Never fearing foe nor drouth,  
Never tiring from the South;  
As a mount-wind on Siena,  
Hied his hosts through Georgia.

Reeds Ocmulgee's turbid tide;  
Even Oklawaha's sides;  
Petrarch silence, mountain gloom,  
Uplieave myriad armed-men;  
Belted sabre, rattling spur,  
Lent their clang to din and stir;  
In Chatham's line they bore,  
Champions e'en Napoleon o'er;  
A million miles of Sherman's men,  
Nipoo (as Fame's own hand shall pen.

"Friends of the past are not forgot;  
They are just as dear to-day  
As when, in boyhood sunny time  
They mingled in our play;  
Each laughing eye, each smiling face,  
Each look and tone and voice,  
In memory's cell are treasured up,  
As gems of richest choice.

**BUTTER SPECULATION.**—The speculation in butter will hurt somebody, as we understand there are large quantities in the county, and the eastern cities are over stocked. The fact is, poor people have been obliged to go without butter, while many others have done so, in order to use up some of these greasy speculators. Times indicate butter plenty about the first of May at 25 cents a pound, and eggs from 15 to 18 cents a dozen. There will be no decline in the Southern productions. Rice, cotton, sugar and tobacco, will probably be higher than it is now, and all kinds of Northern produce will keep along with gold.

The New York Citizen seems to think the small pox gets into the army, by sending their cloths which are made in cities where small pox is prevalent.

The Humboldt Register—Says; The State of Nevada is about three hundred miles long, by three hundred miles wide; containing a greater extent of territory than all the New England States.

A Schoolmaster tells the following good one: I was teaching in a quite country village. The second morning of my session I found leisure to note my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three legged stool.

"Is that the dunce block?" I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and lips ripped open.  
"I guess so, the teacher always sits on that."

A wag wrote over the door of a school-house; New England whaling institution.

Look at the clab terms of the Literary Companion in this paper, the cheapest paper of its size in America, every parent who reads this notice should subscribe for it, at half cents per mile. —Warren Gazette.

**SCHOOLMASTER WANTED.**—A Missouri post-master thus expresses his opinion (that his official returns are correct):—"I hereby certify that the four going A Counte is as near Rite as I now how to make it, if there is any mistake it is not Dun on purpers."

**DIED.**—In Penfield, Tuesday, Feb. 21st, Mrs. O. G. Sage, aged 49 years.

In Penfield, Wednesday, Feb. 16th, Mrs. L. R. Crippen, aged 23 years.

In Penfield, Wednesday, Feb. 22d, Armor Lloyd, aged 85 years.

An old gentleman of great experience says he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own mouth. —City & Country.

The kind editors of the Banner of Light, presented every poor child with a pair of shoes, in the city of Boston.

The last case of indolence is that of a man name John Hole, who was so lazy that in writing his name he simply used the letter J, and then punched a hole through the paper. —Shirleysburg Herald.

For the latest reliable news from Maryland, get the Baltimore Daily Clipper.

A down east yankee has invented a machine that will smoke a cigar, without putting the dirty thing into a gentleman's mouth.

We cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the approach of coming day, nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky. —Little Crusader.

**PERSONAL.**—We would say in answer to a correspondent of Huntington Pa., concerning a certain Dr. Stewart, purporting to be from Rochester N. Y., that we have made inquiry of the first Physicians of Rochester, such as Doctor's Andrews, Moore, and others about the said Dr. Stewart, and they do not know any such Dr. but think probably he is connected with the celebrated Dr. Newton, who pretended to heal the sick after the manner of our Saviour when he was upon earth. We caution all invalids to beware of traveling Doctors, they would never travel if they could live on their profession at home.

A sleepy deacon who occasionally indulged in a game of cards, hearing the minister use the words, "shuffle off this mortal coil," started up, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, "Hold on, it's my deal!" —Seneca Falls Record.

The Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company have lately placed \$14,000,000 in bonds upon the London market, and they sell at a premium of 2 per cent. —American Artisan.

Several of the oldest and experienced conductors on the New Railroad have resigned their position, because, it is said, they anticipate trouble and annoyance from an increase of the local passenger traffic to three and one half cents per mile. —Warren Gazette.

He that hath a wart on his nose thinks every one is laughing at him.

**MAGIC DEPARTMENT.**  
Will be presented to any person afflicted with those unsightly excrescences, either on face or hands, which one application of the Magic Wart Annihilator will not cause to disappear without a twinge of pain.

Enclose 25 cents and receive a package by return mail. Address

J. H. CAMPMAN,  
Tatton, Pike Co., Penna.

**MY DESTINY. WHAT IS IT?**  
PROFESSOR EUSTIS LARRARD, ( pupil of Raphael, the London astrologer, ) will write out accurately and correctly, the future earthly destiny of any man, woman or child.  
No cards or fortunes telling trifle wanted to. These Life-Charters point out particularly the Future in regard to Health, Money, Success, Love and Marriage, Business, Friends, Enemies, &c., and are sure guides. Full Charts, \$5; ten years, \$10; five questions, \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed, send day of month and year of birth, whether married or single, and sex. Address, EUSTIS LARRARD, Camden, New Jersey. June 13-

It is said that to tell lies before you get up in the morning is no sin, it is only lying in bed. —Santa Cruz Sentinel.

The CONTRA COSTA Coal Mines can supply 120,000 tons annually. This coal is now used by all steamers plying in California waters.

The question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem quite anxious to take it when they get a chance.

A convict who was about to be sent to the House of Correction, was told they would set him to picking oysters: "Let 'em try it by gosh!" said he. "I'll tear the darned oysters all to pieces." —The American.

**WISPER PEPPERS.**—One pint flour, two ounces of butter, one teaspoon sugar, eight milk, and juice of one lemon, one egg, one teaspoon soda two ounces cream tartar. Bake half an hour. —Baldwin City Observer.

**Hard Times Fruit Cake.**—Two cups of dried apple soaked over night, chopped rather coarse, three cups of molasses, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, all kinds of spice, flour as you would cup cake; this will make two loaves.

**A CHEAP PAPER.**—The Buffalo Sentinel and Working Mans' Advocate, only 2.00 per year. This Journal above all others should be well supported.—Send for a specimen copy. Address, M. HAZEN, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you wish a splendid engraving of any kind do not forget to call on J. G. Mix, Rochester, N. Y., one of the best engravers in this State.

"Labor for learning before you grow old, For learning is better than silver and gold; Silver and gold will vanish away, But learning once gotten will never decay.

A Maine editorsays that a pumpkin in that State grew so large that eight men could stand round it. It is like the fellow who saw a flock of blackbirds so low that he could shake a stick at them.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

The Literary Companion.

PENFIELD, MARCH 1866.



[From the Cartridge Box.]  
-ADVICE GRATIS.

From virtues' path ne'er DV8,  
Her influence B9  
Will fill your heart with 10 lerness,  
And 40tude divine.  
And of 10 then, in after years,  
This tress 4nded in 10th  
Will obVS 4boding fears.  
And 3bly strengthen truth.  
And then without a 1daring sigh,  
Over life's B10 track,  
'T' 4mer hours and days gone by,  
'I will please U 2 look back.  
A 2fold interest will spring  
From duties well per4ined;  
And 10der joys 4ever cling  
2 hearts by virtue warned.  
Then never, never under8  
The tune U may gain,  
In virtue U appreci8,  
And in her path remain.

## INTRODUCTORY.

With this number of the Literary Companion your humble servant, "Little Allie Williams," makes her bow to the world and the press. The present number is a fair sample of what the remainder of the volume will be. Our articles will be mostly selected, as we can set them much more accurately than we can manuscript for the present at least. It will be observed that we have changed the terms of the Companion, which makes it much lower to clubs, and we trust that every one who reads this article will use their influence and send us a small club. The larger circulation we have, the better paper we can make. It will be seen that in our largest club rates of the present volume, twenty subscribers to one address, and twenty pictures all for \$4.00, and the postage on a club of twenty, to one address will only be twenty four cents a year. We should think that every person could think of some little friend who would be pleased with our paper. Our age was twelve years the 13th day of last month. In conclusion may I hope to meet with your encouragement. Allie Williams.

## NOTICE.

Our soldier subscribers should send us clubs if convenient, because we wish to send them a package under four ounces and prepay postage by stamp, in this way they will be sure to get the package, we will send some of our large exchanges at the same price of our paper if soldiers wish them. Any soldier can get reading very cheap by addressing us. Any quantity of papers under four ounces can be sent you for two cents postage. We can send political papers of either party, at the same price a year of our paper. After you read this, pass it around to other soldiers.

**SENSELESS.**—A petition is in circulation among the members of the legislature of this State, asking the President to remove Provost Marshal General Fry, and appoint in his place a man who has some common sense and a slight knowledge of arithmetic.

**The Sandy Hill Herald** says: It is curious that people will be humbugged to pay \$150, a night, to hear stale and worn out lectures. Humbug is the order of the day.

**In the new postal arrangement,** letters dropped in the post office, without full payment must be returned to the writer, it is a matter of course it must be open to find his name. And farther publishers shall have two cents for each advertised letter, instead of one cent.

**The Burlington Dollar Newspaper** says: the white of an egg is the best remedy that can be applied to a burn, it forms artificial cuticle skin.

**The Poughkeepsie Telegraph** says: the editor of a country paper offers his photograph as a premium to subscriber. So do we.

**A Newburg druggist,** sold a quantity of oxalic acid, for epsom salts, last week, it cured the patient of all earthly ills in a very short time. It is a deadly poison.

**NOTICE TO CLUBS.**—In getting up clubs for the Literary Companion, have them sent to one address if possible, as the postage is no more on a four ounce package than it is on a single copy.

**"What are doing Sam?"**  
"I am feeding my hens Government Stamp."

**"What for?"**  
"Why, John Jones, says, that hens eggs must be all stamped herator."

**An exchange** says all of the handsomest girls in Utah wish to marry Young.

**"This is what I call capital punishment,"** says the boy, said when his mother shut him up in the closet among the preserves.

**NEW LORDS AND NEW LAWS.**—The new editors of the Literary Companion propose to reduce her club rates as follows, and to let subscriber pay their own postage, and to let who commence with the present volume she will send a gem picture of herself.

Twenty copies to one address,	\$ 4.00
Ten " " " "	2.00
Five " " " "	1.00
One copy one year.	.50

The Literary Companion is well calculated to instruct the rising generation, and should meet with liberal patronage by schools.

Address, Little Allie Williams,  
Penfield, N. Y.

To get a first-rate appetite, drink a tumbler full of cold water, and exercise half an hour after the morning's ablutions, before breakfast. Try it a month, and see if you are not benefited.

"Madame," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tell you facts are stubborn things."

"Don't me, you don't say so," quoth the lady, in return; "what a fact you must be."

**The Merchante Journal** says: the other statement of our National debt on the 31st of Jan. last \$2,153,785,412.26.

—It has been discovered that where a lot of boarders are fed for some time on sausages exclusively they begin to growl.

**The Hawley Free Press** says: There are 11,000 prisoners at camp Douglas, Chicago.

**The Lockport Intelligence** says: Mr. E. N. Leet, of Lockport, realized \$60.00 from one pear tree.

**FARMS ON SHARES.**—Many people inquire at this office, who has land to let on shares. If those having land to let, would make it known through the columns of this paper, they might find good tenants.

**The Iowa State Press,** thinks that oil may be found in large quantities about that city as oil has been struck at Des Moines and caused considerable excitement.

**THE STATE BOUNTY BILL.**—This State bounty law, does away with all other town or county bounties in this State. The State can raise \$30,000,000 by tax on all of the taxable property, one third of which must be paid in 6-12 and 18 years.

This act is to be submitted to the people at the next general Election, and the ballot must read, "For the act to create a State debt to pay bounties," or "Against the act to create a State debt to pay bounties." Those ballots to be endorsed—act in relation to bounties, and to be placed in a separate ballot box. Now suppose the people vote against creating a State debt, how will the State bond-holders get their pay?

**A NEW PICTURE.**—Little Allie Williams, of the Literary Companion, has her picture now ready as a premium to each new subscriber. These gem pictures and a specimen copy of her paper sent to any address free of postage on the receipt of fifteen cents.

The following list of popular Magazines and Journals have all been received for March, and we have published the prospectus for each, we will now only give our readers the lowest club rates, which any person can get the most, by giving the amount to your local editor, or sending it to us.

Godey's Lady's Book,	\$2.55
Peterson's Magazine,	\$1.55
Our Young Folks, or Illustrated Mag,	\$1.55
Atlantic Monthly,	\$8.05
American Exchange & Review,	\$3.05
American Phrenological Journal,	\$1.55
Dollar Monthly Magazine,	\$1.55
American Union,	\$2.55
Sunday Mercury,	\$4.05
Merchante Journal,	\$3.05
Scientific American,	\$2.00
Moore's Rural New-Yorker,	\$2.55
American Artisan,	\$1.55

**If the Provost Marshal** should command the sun to stand still, who in power could countermand his order? Their Lord ships seem to almost reign supreme, and their decisions are law and gospel, whether it is right or wrong, 'no matter' is the order of the Provo. Marshal.

## \$100 CASH PRIZES!

Will be distributed FREE in the Puzzle Department of

### Gerryman's Monthly.

For full particulars see the present number of this great Comic Magazine, which is acknowledged by all to be the best and cheapest publication of the kind.

**Puzzles and Prizes in every Number.** Sold by all Newsdealers at TEN cents a copy. W. L. BURROUGHS, Publisher, 113 Fulton St. N. Y. One Dollar a Year. Fifty cents for SIX Months. Nov 17 64

**"POPEYE, be corns up."** "De corns up! Why, I only pinstud it yestowdas!" "I know dat; but de hogs got in last night, and guv it a lift."



# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

## NEW YORK CENTRAL R. R. WINTER TIME TABLE.



On and after Monday Nov. 1st, 1894, until further notice cars will stop at, and leave Pittsford.

EASTWARD.	
Accommodation,	6:55 a. m.
Local Freight,	9:58 a. m.
Mail,	8:55 p. m.

WESTWARD.	
Express,	7:30 a. m.
Mail,	10:42 a. m.
Local Freight,	2:30 p. m.
Through Freight,	6:50 p. m.
Accommodation,	9:55 p. m.

Cars will stop at, and leave Pittsford,

EASTWARD.	
New York Express	5:59 A. M.
Stamboat Express	8:50 A. M.
Local Freight	9:25 A. M.
Through Freight	2:09 P. M.
Allegheny Express	6:37 P. M.
Sunday Train	7:52 P. M.

WESTWARD.	
Through Freight	7:15 A. M.
New York Mail	11:35 A. M.
Local Freight	4:49 P. M.
Stamboat Express	5:38 P. M.
Mail	11:28 P. M.
Sunday Train	10:58 A. M.

W. G. Lapham, Assistant Superintendent.

## The Zenith Extra.

Published every Thursday, at Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y., by

**Little Williams.**

Who commenced its weekly publication when she was only eleven years of age.

**Terms**—Per year in advance, including a "penmanship" to each subscriber. Single copy 70 cents. Three copies to one address \$2.00. Five copies to one address \$3.00. Eight copies to one address \$4.00. Eleven copies to one address \$4.00.

Postage on a club of eleven subscribers or under, to one address, will be 13 cents per quarter. Postage on single copy, 3 cents per quarter.

### TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Twelve lines of this type, or a space equal to them make one square.

Expense	1w	2w	3w	1m	3m	6m	1y
	40	75	100	150	200	300	360

Half, Quarter or Double square in the same proportion.

The Extra is claimed to be one of the best advertising mediums in the state as every body will read if from preface to this. Circulation 17,000.

## Christmas & New Years with the Children.

NEW EVERY MONTH IN THE YEAR.

## MERRY'S MUSEUM.

The Oldest and most Favorite Juvenile Magazine published. Vol. 50 commences January, 1895. Full of Stories, Pictures, Puzzles, Letters from the Young Folks, History, Biography, Natural Science, etc., etc. The best writers for children in the country will continue to enrich its pages, and no pains will be spared to maintain its world-wide reputation, and make it a welcome visitor in every household in the land.

A fine steel engraving of "Uncle William" given to all new subscribers in the January number. Prizes given monthly for answering puzzles, and liberal premium for obtaining new subscribers. Terms, \$1.50 a year in advance; 12 cents per single number. Sent for it.

J. N. STEARNS, Publisher,  
111 Fulton Street, New York.

## EVERY MECHANIC Should Subscribe for the American Artisan.

Published at 212 Broadway, New York by  
Brown, Cosens & Co.  
at \$2.00 per year in advance. Specimen copies sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

## A PUZZLE FOR THE CHILDREN—From the Republics Sentinel.

A young man to court a maid did go;  
He asked her age and she replied so—  
"Five times seven and seven times three."  
Added to my age and the sum will be  
As much above five nines and four  
As twice my age exceeds a score,  
Kind sir, my age I pray explore,  
Else never come to see me more."

## Be Not the First to Discover.

Oh! be not the first to discover,  
A blot on the frame of a friend,  
A flaw in the faith of a lover,  
Whose heart may prove true to the end.

We none of us know one another,  
And oft in error we fall;  
Thou let us speak well of our brother,  
Or speak not about him at all.

A snide or a sly may awaken,  
Suspicion most false or undue;  
And thus our belief may be shaken,  
If he hears that are honest and true.

How oft the light smile of gladness,  
Is worn by the friends that we meet,  
To cover a soul full of sadness,  
Too proud to acknowledge defeat?

How often the sigh of dejection,  
Is heaved from the hypocrite's breast,  
To parody truth and alienation,  
Or lull a suspicion to rest?

How often the friends we hold dearest,  
Their noblest emotions conceal;  
And bosoms the purest, sincerest,  
Have secrets they cannot reveal?

Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,  
And small ones to trace out defects,  
Let ours be a noble ambition,  
For base is the mind that suspects.

We none of us know one another,  
And oft in error we fall;  
Thou let us speak well of our brother,  
Or speak not of him at all.

San Mateo County Gazette.

"LOOK HERE!" WHAT A CHANCE!—We will furnish the Penfield Extra, and the Literary Companion one year, together with one copy of the Illustrated Phrenological Journal, which is devoted to Ethnology, Phrenology, Physiology, Psychology and Physionomy, with "signs of characters," and how to read them; the three at \$2.00 a year, in advance. Please Address, Penfield Extra, Penfield, N. Y.

A CARD TO CITY ADVERTISERS.—As the rates of advertising are on the increase with all country newspapers, many advertisers withdraw their patronage from the country press, and only retain those which has a large circulation, and those that are well located in a wealthy section of the country. We do not know of a better advertising medium for Central New York, than the old Ontario *Weekly* & *Magazine*. This paper now consists 63d volume, a large family journal with a very large circulation—Subscription price only \$2.00 a year.

A Western editor, describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat, says: "When the gale was at the height, the unfortunate craft keeled to larboard, and the captain on another oar of whiskey rolled overboard."

A Cockney tourist met a barefooted lassie near Glasgow, and asked her if all the people go barefoot? Part of them do, and the rest of 'em mind their own business, was the quick reply.

"Matton young, and Matton old,  
Matton hot, and Matton cold,  
Matton tender Matton tough,  
Matton the Lord, we've had enough."

To LABORING MEN.—You should establish your daily wages the coming Spring, by the increase price which you pay for produce of the land. In the year 1860 you could get seven shillings a day for your labor and you could get butter for 12 cents a pound; pork for 9 cents; eggs for 8 cents; potatoes for 25 cents; On's 20 cents; Corn 45 cents; Wood as low as 2.00; Coal 4.00; good factory cloth for 8 cents; best calico 10 cents; flour 3.00 per hundred &c., &c. Now to make your wages equal to 1860, compared with the price of your living, you should have 1.75 a day to buy your flour; 2.63 to buy your pork; 3.50 to buy your tea, coal and wood; and you should have 2.50 a day for you labor, to purchase any kind of clothing in comparison with seven shillings worth of dry goods in 1860. The above figures tell no lies, and every laboring man should raise his wages, to compare with the cost of his living, or he should work land for the same share that he got in 1860.

The Batavia Advocate says: the gas company at Washington have run out of coal. We should think that congress could furnish gas sufficient for the city use.

The Wyoming Democrat says: Oil Wells are no new thing, as the Chinese board Oil Wells from 5 to 800 feet, 3 000 years ago.

The Hanover Citizen, says that a Morman presches in Pittsburg every sabbath.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE

## LITERARY COMPANION.

PUBLISHED BY

Little Alice Williams.

Penfield, N. Y.

The Literary Companion will be published on the first of every month, and mailed to subscribers at the low price of forty-cents a year, including a gum picture of the editors to each subscriber.

CLUB TERMS.—Five copies of the present volume, to one address thirty cents each.—Ten copies of present volume to one address, twenty-five cents each.—20 copies of present volume, to one address twenty cents each.—Office subscribers thirty cents each, and single numbers in newspapers three cents.

The Companion will be devoted to Romance and Literature, and will contain but few advertisements, which will be accepted only on the following terms:

One square	3m	2m	3m	6m	9m	12m
	50c	75	100	150	200	250

Twelve lines of this type or a space equal to them make one square. Half, quarter of dollar equal in the same proportion. Editorial notices are gratis per line.

We start with a circulation of about 2000 copies, taking the place of the Penfield Extra once every month. By this it will be seen that our advertising rates are very low compared with our circulation. Address Little Alice Williams.

## THE YOUNG AMERICA.

The above is the name of a small weekly journal, published by Charles W. Goodwin, a lad about our own age—at Baldwin, City, Kansas, at 60 cents a year. The little sheet is well filled with interesting articles from the new State of Kansas, and is so cheap, we should think many of our Northern people would take it for their little children. We consider the articles in the Young America very moral and interesting to children, and some of them are well calculated to make old folks smile.

A three cent stamp addressed to the editor will secure you a specimen copy by return mail, post-paid, and by having a specimen you can judge for yourself. Don't fail to send for one. Address, CHAS. W. GOODWIN, Baldwin City, Kansas.

THE

LITERARY COMPANION.

Five Cents per Annum, Postage free.

Devoted to Romance and Literature.

Single Copies Three Cents at the Office.

VOL. 1.

PENFIELD, N. Y. APRIL, 1865.

NO. 7.

NEPTUNE.

BY ALMA.

King of the dancing waves, Swiftly gliding shell, Float onward, over coral reefs, Those laughing mermaids dwell, Hark to the waves sad song, Mournful in plaintive tone, Telling the woe of their wrong, - Singing and sobbing alone. See the sun shines so bright, Building the waters green - Where safely hid from mortal sight, The mermaid all day dream. Toss upon the tempest wild, Circling o'er the summit sea, And the ship too Ocean's child, Believe it true shall they, Of their straits with thy arm, And save from death and wreck Thy darling, and from every burn The souls that crowd her deck. Float on, O Ocean's king, Thy trident in the hand, Tritons to their songs shall sing, Resounding from the land. A glittering crown of gold, Gleams from thy raven hair, While round thee boats in woe fold Thy mannie on the air.

He that hath a wart on his nose thinks every one is laughing at him.

Early Dollars

Will be presented to any person afflicted with those ungracious excrescences, either on face or hands, which one application of the Magic Wart Annihilator will not cause to disappear without a penny of pain.

Enclose 25 cents and receive a package by return mail. Address

J. H. CAMPMAN, Telfon, Pike Co., Penna.

LITERARY.

I take this method of informing all requiring literary aid, that I will be happy to furnish long or short Poems upon any subject, Acrostics, Private or Public letters, Advertisements in prose or verse, Orations, Addresses, Replies, Essays, Sketches, Stories, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and prepare matter for the press; on short notice, and for moderate compensation. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, (with stamp for reply) J. William Van Namee, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MY DESTINY. WHAT IS IT?

PROFESSOR EUSTIS LARRARD, (pupil of Raphael), the London astrologer, will write out definitely and correctly, the future earthly destiny of any man, woman or child. - An card or fortune telling tricks resorted to. These Life Charts point out particularly the future in regard to Health, Money, Success, Love and Marriage, Business, Friends, Enemies, &c., and are sure guides. Full Charts, \$5; ten years, \$3; five years, \$2. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send list of month and year of birth, whether married or single, and sex. Write to EUSTIS LARRARD, Garden, New Jersey.

If you wish a splendid engraving of any kind do not forget to call on L. C. Mix, Rochester, N. Y., one of the best engravers in this State.

"What is the Difference?" A gentleman asked me the other day what the difference was between an overseer of the poor and a poor master; and we gave him our opinion in this way:

An overseer of the poor is a man that will take good care of the poor, and see that they have comfortable fire, food and clothing; while a poor master is generally justly named unless it should be master of the poor; he does not allow a poor family a sufficient allowance to keep soul and body together.

An overseer of the poor should be the best officer in town. He should labor for the benefit of the town, and also to benefit the poor, and give them aid and comfort at the least possible expense to the town; see care that he does not help some too much so as to keep them in idleness, and also that no small child should be left to suffer.

He should refuse the same care over the poor that a father does over his family. It is his duty to examine the household affairs of each and every family who calls on him for assistance, and see how much help is required, and whether it would be a saving to the town to remove the poor to the county house or support them at home. He should use all poor people with the same respect, and not be influenced by any outside party, as he is elected by the people to use his own judgement, they placing confidence in him when he is elected.

INTERESTING:—A correspondent from Salt Lake City, Utah, informs us that the Valley of Salt Lake is very warm, and they have no rain there from May to October, and in consequence the water which drains from the snow on the tops of the mountains is conducted by ditches through the valley's to water the vegetation in the summer time.

He also says that when the mercury is at a boiling point in the summer, they can reach snow on the mountains in a few hours' drive. They have boiling springs, so hot that eggs can be cooked in them; in a short time, and that Salt Lake is so intense salt, that no living thing can live in the water, and that one drop in the month gives much pain, it is twenty-five per cent stronger than brine can be made out of pure salt and water. This is a birds-eye view of the Mormon country.

NO: We read that the world was once drowned by water, and is next to be burned by fire.

Is not this only Substance of the Earth a forerunner of the great event. Look out ye Millerites.

Ah! Sam, so you've been in trouble, have you? Yes, Jim; yes. "Will cheer up, my man, adversity, tries us, and it shows up our better qualities." Ah! but adversity didn't try me; it was an old vagabond of a judge and he showed up my worst qualities.

The Glens Falls Republican says, that making sugar from sawdust, and old sugar is the latest discovery.

A few get pictures—Any Person will receive by return mail a half year's Vol. of the Literary Companion, and a gem picture of the twelve year old Editha (our Lady) for the receipt of twenty five cents, who wants a package.

MADAM'S REPLY.

Madamosselle Jennie! I have read the ode written by you to me, and it has strengthened into a strong belief, that which was before a mere supposition. The hypothesis to which I allude, that Jennie Sp. Davis is a fictitious name, and that the person now employing it, is not, as she has represented of the feminine, but of the masculine gender. Now, Jennie, you know if this is so, you are sailing under "false colors"; and in that case I shall feel it my duty to pour upon you a "broadside" of arguments and convincing evidence, thereby asserting to all the readers of the "Extra," the fact that you are of the opposite sex.—First, it is only men that take such an overpowering interest in our Affairs as to build Air Castles on it, and they are the only ones that can make and have made large fortunes in it. Then you make use of the expression "From sole of head to crown of heel," that one phrase would have betrayed you, for a refined and sensitive young lady would have said, when speaking of love, that she felt the tender and inspiring passion thrilling through her whole being. We ladies never say "popping the question"; no, that is an incident in the history of mankind, too beautifully poetic to thus make light of.

And O sister Jennie! for this I must call you until next week, (when I hope you will take a more appropriate name) don't you know that a lady would never be so backward as to fall upon her nose in church, and it is not so pleasant a circumstance that I should dwell upon it. "When sinks the gladsome day, We never call the matrimonial tie a "halter," that is a purely masculine term.

Now, after all this erudite lecture, and lawyerly drawing up of such conclusive evidence, I think you had better surrender at discretion, and take a new name, and with it a new subject; as Air Castles is the rock on which your peace and disguise have been wrecked. Jennie, forgive this lecture, I had to write it for you, throw down the gaullet, and I was obliged to take it up.

"Sam, why am the United States like a broken down gambler? Because he loses his last dollar, then goes on his honor."

"John, why is money called the root of all evil? "Don't know, ask Lincoln's administration."

NOTICE—All Editors will be furnished with gem Pictures either of the Editha of the Penfield Extra, or the Literary Companion, at 33 percent discount, unless prior will only barely cover the cost.

Bob! when will Abe Lincoln be willing to settle with the Rebels, when as cant find any Rebels to settle with.

A Sick River.—"I'll be Ohio," says a correspondent, "is a sickly stream." Yes replied another party, it is confined to its bed."

Fate! How many men have we in our army if a thing for their country, not one, they are all fighting for the bounty.

THE LITERARY COMPANION.

The Literary Companion.

PENFIELD, APRIL, 1865.

For The Penfield Extra.

I HAVE A GEM.

By J. WILLIAM VAN NAME.

I have a gem which cannot fade,  
 'Tis brighter, aye, by far—  
 Than rubies red, or diamonds pure,  
 Or your sweet, cunning star.  
 This gem so rare—of priceless worth,  
 I give, dear one, to thee.  
 I ask that thou wilt cherish it,  
 Wherever thou may be.  
 'Tis known to mortals here on earth,  
 By the sweet name of Love;  
 'Tis cherished by the angels bright,  
 In worlds of peace above.  
 Then cherish it while here below,  
 And joy it will impart.  
 And when thou'rt call'd from earth, above  
 'Twill live forever in thy heart.

For The Penfield Extra.

TWILIGHT.

By WILLIAM WAKE.

In this sweet hour of rest,  
 My thoughts all soar on high,  
 And mingle with the blest,  
 Whose spirits hover nigh.  
 Shedding the light of peace,  
 Around my pathway draw;  
 Oh, may those dear loved forms  
 Forever hover near.  
 The forms of loved ones dear,  
 Who from this world have passed,  
 And through the valley drear  
 Of death have safely passed.  
 Seep near me in this hour  
 Of dreams, romance, and love,  
 When every shrub and flower  
 That blossoms in the power  
 Proclaims the many beauties  
 Of this the twilight hour.

In the Summer time, when in my prime  
 The Turkeys chewed tobacco  
 Our hens took snuff, to make them tough  
 And the Ducks erred what! w! att! what's!!  
 [the matter.

Mr. Gilbert, who was robbed at Anoa last week, formerly lived near this village and worked for the young robber's Uncle Mr. A. Lincoln, for many years.

AN ITEM.—Mr. Peter Auchanpach of our town has been gradual losing flesh in good health from 212 pounds down to 125 pounds the last few years.—He is now 70 years old

THE AMERICAN UNION.—Says: That of a small child, in the habit of saying the Lords Prayer, after saying give us this day our daily bread, "sudded" and some pennies and candy.

N. B. All postage for back numbers of this paper will be prepaid, so that all subscribers only pay postage from present quarter.—Remember the postage on this, or any other monthly paper directed to the same person is only two cents for every four ounces.—

THE INGHAM CO. NEWS.—Says: That wool is now only 50 cents a pound in Michigan.

Sherman seems to have a fancy for some of the ladies in the southern states, his favorites seem to be Agosta, Charlotte and Florence.—

It is variously estimated that our National debt at the present time is over 4,000,000,000. Every five cent shin-plate is a portion of our debt, and it is stated that we have now over 3675,000,000, of legal tender promises to pay in circulation, this is all virtually a debt but not counted as such at the present time.

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,  
 Makes a Mighty Ocean, and a pleasant land.

—Yes; and if parents would subscribe for little papers for their little children, they would soon be able to read higher literature and become possessed of much knowledge; but if you deprive them of this new branch of education, you might with the same reason deprive them of a common school education.

There is now published in the United States about fifty of these small class papers, and why not encourage your little sons and daughters; let the papers be addressed directly to themselves, allow them to go for their own mail, and see how pleased they will be when they receive their little papers. We should think it would make your own hearts glad to see your children pleased.

There is a few monthly papers that cost only twelve cents a year, many that are only twenty-five cents a year and some monthlies and weeklies are as high as fifty or seventy-five cents.

Take several of these papers. "But there is the postage!" says one pennurious father or mother. Very true; but when we inform you that we can send you four ounces of monthly papers to one address for twelve cents a year, what excuse have you then?

We further wish to impress upon the minds of all parents, that while this encouraging their own children, they are at the same time encouraging the young editors whose ages vary from ten to sixteen years. You are encouraging industry and showing your children what other small children can do; and in this way you encourage your children to set themselves about something that is useful, something that will tend to make them ornaments to society.

Now we contend that if our reasoning is good, it is a duty you owe to your God, your country, your children, and your selves, to encourage your children to be good and great; and you cannot adopt a better way than to subscribe for a small paper.

We are not personal in writing this article; you may perhaps like some paper better than ours; if so, subscribe for the one that you like best; but dont deprive your little "God sends" of useful knowledge which can be obtained so cheaply. We will furnish any person with specimen copies of various kinds of papers on the receipt of stamps to pay return postage.

We trust that all editors of small papers will copy this article for their own benefit, and exchange with each other more liberally, so that each one will have specimen copies of each other's papers to send to all who wish them.

Our papers are mailed and remailed as long as they remain readable. This is an item that advertisers do not take into consideration; if they did, we could easily get twenty-five cents a line, instead of twenty-five cents a square.

The fact is, it is no object to destroy small papers. They are not large enough to make a fire or do up bundles; beside they are almost sure to fall into the hands of children, who will preserve them.

A NEW PICTURE.—Little Allie Williams, of the Literary Companion, has her picture now ready as a premium to each new subscriber. These gem pictures and a specimen copy of her paper sent to any address free of postage on the receipt of fifteen cents.

A change in the railroad Time Table. Our card of this week will be found correct.

We would be thankful to superintendents of both branches of the New York Central, if they would keep us posted, as people of a large section of country depend upon our table to meet the cars.

Many persons come from the lake shore, a distance of 15 miles, to take the cars at Fairport or Pittsford, and it would be very convenient for them to know the correct time of all trains that stop at either place.

Our sixty cent butter is now sold at from 30 to 35 cents a pound,

The Onondaga Standard says: Mason Lodges should look out for an impostor pretending to hail from Oswego Lodge, No. 127.

NOTICE TO CLUBS.—In getting up clubs for the Literary Companion, have them sent to one address if possible, as the postage is no more on a four ounce package than it is on a single copy.

GOOD SLEIGHING.—We have had a long time of Good sleighing this winter, and yet there has been but very little business done in the woods owing to the deep snow. It has been impossible to get out wood or lumber.

RAILROAD FARE.—We see that an effort is being made to allow the N. Y. C. R. R. to charge the same fare as other roads of this State. We have previously mentioned this subject. Our State Legislature some years ago restricted the fare to two cents a mile, which was then paid in gold or silver, and we see no good reason why they should not receive its equivalent now.

GOOD TIMES IN NEW YORK.—The New York Citizen came to us last week, not only enlarged, but it is made double its former size.

The Citizen is now one of the largest journals published in this State. Published by the Citizen Association at \$8.00 per year, or \$1.00 for four months. Single copies six cents. Address: "Citizen" 813 Broadway, N. Y.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—This interesting work for April is before us. Please see our list for papers and magazines at lowest club rates, or address

ELLIOT THOMAS & TALBOT  
 Boston Mass.

EXCHANGE LIST.—Next month we shall publish our Exchange list, and keep it in our paper every month, giving the name of the Journal, price, and by whom published.

We are in debted to miss Hattie E. Gale of Elbridge, N. Y. for the third largest club to our paper.—What little reader will try and excel Hattie

We send a large number of this Edition to those who are not Subscribers, but we expect that many will be after they read this paper.—You surely all want a picture of the youngest Editress in the world

We publish with this number the largest Edition of any paper ever published in Penfield, and yet we would like to publish a still larger Edition.—get up your clubs and get a picture for each subscriber.

THE DANVILLE HERALD.—says: That it takes 21 pounds of milk to make one pound of butter, and 11 pounds of milk to make one pound of cheese. How much milk would it take like that which is sold in Rochester at ten cents a quart!

THE GREAT FLOODS.

The great floods of Saturday March 18th, will be long remembered in this section. Monroe County was probably damaged from 3 to \$5,000,000. The City of Rochester west of the river was completely under water. Every basement was filled, and in many streets the water was from 2 to 3 on the first floor above the basement. Many buildings were torn down by the current of water through the streets. The rail road bridge was carried over the falls, but the other bridges in the city, come out all safe.

Damage was sustained by high water in every town in the County, and much damage was done in other sections of the country. The Oil region of Pa. suffered badly. Many damage was done at Syracuse, Utica, Auburn, Buffalo, Ithaca and all of the different rail roads of this State.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

## LITERATURE.

**Rochester Daily Union & Advertiser,**  
PUBLISHED BY  
**CURTIS, MOREY, & CO.**

Joseph Curtis, John E. Morey, William Purcell,  
George G. Cooper, Lorenzo Kelly.

DAILY—By mail for three months \$2.50; to Agents at all seasons, per ann. \$3.00; at the Counter, five cents per copy. Copy Sent gratis to those who receive their papers by carriers, 25 cents per week.  
SUNDAY—\$1.00 per quarter, or \$3.00 per year. Weekly—250 per year, or fifty cents per quarter.  
Single copies sold every five at Six and a Half, and by agents in our neighboring villages at a lower rate.

**California Sunday Mercury.**  
PUBLISHED BY  
**J. MACDONOUGH, FORD & CO.**  
At \$4 per year, it is a very large and beautiful Family Journal, containing but very few advertisements—Copies can be seen at our office.

**THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**  
FOR 1863.

VOLUME XL—NEW SERIES.  
**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
Two volumes of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN are published each year, at \$1.50 each, or \$3 per annum, with correspondingly low terms to Clubs; \$1 will pay for four month's subscription. The numbers for one year constitute a work of 842 pages of useful information, which every one ought to possess. A new volume will commence on the first of January, 1865.

**CLUB RATES.**  
Five Copies, for Six Months ..... \$9  
Ten Copies, for six months ..... 12  
Ten Copies, for Twelve Months ..... 23  
Fifteen Copies, for Twelve Months ..... 24  
Twenty Copies, for Twelve Months ..... 26  
For all clubs of Twenty and over, the yearly subscription is only \$2.00. Names can be sent in at different times, and from different Post-offices. Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any part of the country.  
Canadian subscribers will please to remit 25 cents extra on each year's subscription to prevent postage.  
**ALLEN & CO., Publishers.**  
No. 37 Park Row, New York.

**The Baltimore Clipper.**  
The Clipper is published daily, Morning and Evening, at Baltimore, Md., by  
**MESSRS BULL & TUTTLE,**  
Terms in advance—at the low price of  
**\$6.00 for one year,**  
**\$3.00 for six Months,**  
**\$1.50 for Three Months,**  
**One Month 50 cents.**

The Clipper is a great favorite with the Soldiers in the Army—no news are set down as reliable, unless they find it in the columns of the Clipper, and we have set down as a *Clipper* a Union Regt—Send Post stamp for a specimen copy.

**J. TAYLOR,**  
NO. 42 FRONT ST. 16th Floor, N. Y.  
Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of  
**HATS & CAPS.**  
Which he offers for sale cheaper than any other Store in Rochester. Hats & Caps made to order.



A pamphlet directing how to speedily remove spots and give spectacles without aid of Doctor or medicine, sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cents. Address,  
**E. B. FOUR, M. D., 1130 Broadway, N. Y.**

**The Philadelphia Age.**  
A first class Family Newspaper published by Messrs Gloucester & Welsh, 430 Chestnut st. Philadelphia Pa., at \$2. per year.

**THE MERCANTILE JOURNAL,**  
Published at No. 1 Franklin Square, N. Y., by  
**Wallace, Pratt, Groom & Co.**  
At \$3.00 PER YEAR.

Every merchantable man in the Union should subscribe for it, as it gives the wholesale prices weekly, and other valuable information for merchants.

**BANNER OF LIGHT.**  
The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal in the World  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON MASS BY  
**WILLIAM WHITE & CO.**

LETTER COLLY, EDITOR.  
Terms of Subscriptions in Advance:  
Per Year ..... \$2.00  
Six Months ..... 1.50  
Single Copies ..... 50 cents each.  
\$2.00 extra will be in deviation from the above prices.  
All Business Letters must be addressed  
**'BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS.'**  
**WILLIAM WHITE & CO.**

**THE AMERICAN UNION,**  
A FIRESIDE JOURNAL.  
The best Literary Paper ever published in this Country.  
Terms in Advance.  
One copy one year, \$3.00  
" " six months, 1.50  
Single copies five cents, sold by all News Dealers.  
Post Masters are requested to act as Agents. All Post Masters, can have the Union at \$1.00 per year.  
Address the Publishers:  
**ELLIOTT THOMAS & TAUBBT.**  
118 Washington St. Boston Mass.

**THE HANOVER CITIZEN,**  
PUBLISHED BY  
**WELSH & DELLONE;**  
AT HANOVER, PA.  
A LARGE TWENTY EIGHT COLUMN  
**FAMILY NEWS PAPER.**

Devoted to the Democratic Principles and the common interest of our Country.  
**Terms Only \$1.50 a Year.**  
The Citizen is one of the best advertising medium in Pennsylvania—Circulation large, and rates of Advertising low considering the time. All those who wish a good family newspaper, or wish to advertise, would do well to—Address  
**The Citizen, Hanover, Pa.**

**EVERY MECHANIC**  
**Should subscribe for the**  
**American Britian.**  
Published at 212, Broadway, New York by  
**BROWN, COXES & Co.**  
at \$2.00 per year in advance. Specimen copies sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

**NEW CARRIAGE SHOP.**  
The subscriber wishes to induce the inhabitants of Penfield and vicinity, to have constructed a new carriage shop in the neighborhood south of Williams store, as the owners, and would be thankful for all orders, at a low rate of business. Repairing done on short notice and dispatch.  
J. D. WOOD, ROSEN.  
1863



**WM. BEEBE,**  
**CARRIAGE MAKER,**  
is ready at all times to attend to all orders in his line of business, both Wood and Iron work, at his shop in Penfield N. Y.

**THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE**  
**D. LEARY'S**  
**STEAM FANCY**  
**DYEING AND SCOURING**  
**ESTABLISHMENT,**

Two Hundred Yards north of the  
New York Central Rail-road Depot,  
**On Mill St., Corner of Platt St.,**  
**(BROWN'S RACE) ROCHESTER N. Y.**

The reputation of this Dye House since 1828 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards, and even that of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

**CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT,**  
Craps, Brochs, Cashmere, and Plain Shawls, and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors. Also,  
**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS**  
Scoured or Colored without ripping and pressed nicely. Silk, Wool or Cotton goods of every description dyed all colors and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.  
Goods dyed black every Thursday.  
All goods returned in one week.

**GOODS RECEIVED AND RETURNED BY EXPRESS.**  
**BILLS COLLECTED BY EXPRESS CO.**  
Address, D. LEARY, Mill street corner of Platt street  
Rochester N. Y. Jan 1-64

**"LOOK HERE!" WHAT A CHANGE.**—We will furnish the Penfield Extra, and the Literary Companion one year, together with one copy of the Illustrated Etymological Journal, which is devoted to Etymology, Phrenology, Physiology, Psychology and Physiognomy, with "sign of characters," and how to read them; the three at \$2.00 a year, in advance. Please Address, Penfield Extra, Penfield, N. Y.

**HERMAN METZGELER**—Dealer in China, Carbon and Glass Ware; also general House Furnishing Goods, No. 121 Main street Rochester N. Y.

**M. J. MONROE,**  
**WHOLESALE GROCER AND**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANT,**  
**90 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.**  
Choice Wines and Liquors, of the best varieties kept constantly on hand. ju-63

**Shirts that always Fit,**  
MADE TO ORDER.  
**OCCEURER AUGERS,**  
**FRENCH YOKE SHIRTS,**  
Neck Ties, Shirts, Collars, Bosoms and Suspenders, Mens Furnishing goods. New Goods now arriving. Hosiery. Directions for Self-measurement sent by mail, free of Charge  
J. QUINLAN,  
219 10 Main-st. Bridge, Rochester, N. Y.

**"How 'Tis Done."** Whiskers in six weeks.  
Fortune telling, 100 Great Secrets.  
Sent post-paid for 25 cents.  
Address, HUNTER & CO. Hinsdale, N. H.

**EDWARD SHAW, UNDERTAKER**—Rochester N. Y., keeps constantly on hand a splendid variety of ready made Coffins—Also a good assortment of materials prices.

**PENFIELD STAGE**  
Will leave the Union Hotel, Penfield, at 8 o'clock, a. m., and the  
**New England House, Rochester,** at 3 o'clock, p. m. Fare each way, 40 cents. Collected at Brighton.  
**JOHN L. GREEN, Proprietor.**  
Nov 1 64

A Correspondent from Cottonwood Cut formerly from cold Brook Herkimer Co. N. Y. informs us that on the first of February, the frogs were croaking cheerfully, and the small birds were singing sweetly, and that they were preparing their gardens for flower beds, and the writer says that she would send us a beautiful bouquet, only she is afraid that we would not appreciate luxuries out of season in this cold state of N. Y.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

For the "Extra."

## LAUGHING MARY.

BY JENNIE ST. CLAIR.

Ally, light and winsome Mary,  
Always lad of fun and glee,  
Surely gifted by a fairy  
With those eyes that smile on me.

Rosy mouth that's never quiet,  
Singing, laughing all the while,  
If a sudden sadness reaches  
There is still that winning smile.

How time pass thy life forever,  
Joyous ring that merry tones,  
Naught to fear—but wouldst ever  
Care a change to sad and moans.

## My Bear That's in the Army.

AIR.—The girl left behind me!

In folksome sleep he lay on his side,  
To make thees and danger  
To cross or hit not with this,  
And quarter with the sinner.

'Tis just one year ago this night,  
He took his leave in sadness;  
But in a week his mis-treatment  
We'll meet again in gladness.

I long upon those ruby lips  
To print the welcome token,  
Assuming him my sacred vow,  
Canst thou, no, never can be broken;

For I will ever constant be,  
Though life is dark and stormy,  
To him who is so gallant, brave—  
My heart that's in the army.

We spent the hours so sweetly bare,  
Till freedom revolted;  
So kind and winning in his way,  
That he could ne'er be faulted.

But as the larum of the drum,  
He did both grieve and charm me,  
By dying to the nation's aid,  
My heart that's in the army.

The gent who sits at home in ease,  
And dreams of fame and glory,  
While soldier's groans float on the breeze,  
Must hear a different story.

Yes, I despise the coward drone,  
There's naught in him to charm me;  
But give me he who'd die for home,  
My heart that's in the army.

Now if there's one within our land  
Whose sympathy is callous,  
I do not think it would be just  
To stretch him to the gallows;

But let me warn you if you leave,  
Perhaps his bag for me,  
To tell you plain you can't out  
My heart that's in the army.

—Catridge Box.

For the "Extra."

## THE ANGEL IN THE SPRING.

Many years ago, two little girls, apparently 8 and 10 years of age, sat upon a rock, near a bubbling spring. The surrounding country was covered with beautiful trees, and hill and dale stretched away from the little spring, in all directions. The ground was covered with green grass and beautiful wild flowers, and each of the little maids had a basket in their hands—for to gather dowers was their object in leaving their homes, in the village,—and they now sat down by the spring to rest themselves. Said the youngest of them, as she looked in the water: "Hattie, do you see a bright little angel down in the bottom of the spring?"

"No!" said Hattie, "do you, Tillie?"

"Yes, yes, I see it, and it is talking to me, don't you hear it?"

"No, you foolish little minx you see your own shadow, that is all!"

"Well, you must be blind if you can't see the little angels wings and deaf if you don't hear how like a musical box the angel speaks."

"Come, Tillie, let us go home, your sleepy and dreaming."

The little girls went home, and that night Tillie was taken sick with a fever. In less than a week, while Hattie was sitting by her side, she said:

"Hattie, I see that little angel we saw in the spring. I am going with her to gather flowers to-morrow," saying which she fell asleep to wake no more.

The little spring bubbles on as merrily as ever, and a little white stone near it points out where Tillie sleeps.

PHILADELPHIA, March 10th, 1865.

THE SENECA OBSERVER.—Says: That 23 more soldiers deserted from the Auburn barracks last week tuesday.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## LITERARY COMPANION.

PUBLISHED BY

Little Allie Williams.

Penfield, N. Y.

The Literary Companion will be published on the first of every month, and mailed to subscribers at the low price of forty cents a year, including a gem picture of the editress to each subscriber.

CLUB TERMS.—Five copies of the present volume, to one address thirty cents each—Ten copies of per cent volume to one address, twenty-five cents each—20 copies of present volume, to one address twenty cents each—Office subscribers thirty cents each, and single numbers in wrappers three cents.

The Companion will be devoted to Romance and Literature, and will contain but few advertisements, which will be accepted only on the following terms:

One square.	1m	2m	3m	6m	9m	12m
	30	75	100	150	200	250

Twelve lines of this type or a space equal to them make one square. Half, quarter or double square in the same proportion. Editorial notices five cents per line.

We start with a circulation of about 2000 copies, taking the place of the Penfield Extra once every month. By this it will be seen that our advertising rates are very low compared with our circulation. Address Little Allie Williams.

March came in very pleasant, but the 10th was one of the coldest days of the season, the 11th was very pleasant again.

Jim! why art thou Jeff. Daws, the most likely man in America? Bessie is more likely to be hung than drowned.

The first Robin has made its appearance in Penfield, and the chickens and crows begin to cackle.

THE CHERRY VALLEY GARRETTE.—Says: That warm weather and tight shoes, are somewhat alike, as they both make corn grow.

Middle Sugar begins to make its appearance in market, and looks rather soapy.

A SENSIBLE WOMAN.—A Lady of our town who has been in the habit of buying some of our old Exchanges, sends us word that she does not wish any more, as she intends buying the Rochester Daily Union, so that so long as the Union, and our reliable news. We certainly admit a her judgment.

## The Penfield Extra.

Is published every Thursday, at Penfield, Seneca Co., N. Y.

Belle Williams.

It was commenced its weekly publication when she was only eleven years of age.

Terms.—For year (variable in advance, including a Gem Picture) to each subscriber, single copy 10 cents. Ten copies to one address \$2.00—Twenty copies to one address \$3.00—Eight copies to one address \$1.00—Twenty copies to one address \$2.00.

Foreign on a club of eleven subscribers or under, to one address, will be 10 cents per quarter. Postage on single copies, a cent per quarter.

### TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Twelve lines of this type, or a space equal to them make one square.

Half square.	1w	2w	3w	1m	2m	3m	6m	1y.
	25	50	60	75	125	200	350	500

Half, Quarter or Double square in the same proportion.

The Extra is claimed to be one of the best advertising mediums in the state as every body will read it from province to province. Circulation 17,000.

### CLUB TERMS

FOR THE NEW-YORK MONTHLY, AND WORKING WOMEN'S ADVOCATE.

One Copy, one year.	.....	\$1.25
Five Copies, one year.	.....	3.50
Ten Copies, one year.	.....	6.50
Twenty Copies, one year.	.....	12.00

Address Miss KATE J. BOYD, Box 6423, New-York Post Office.

All orders containing money must be registered to avoid loss by mail.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For 10 lines or less, 1 insertion.	.....	\$1.00
2 insertions.	.....	2.00
3 insertions.	.....	3.00
4 insertions.	.....	4.00
5 insertions.	.....	5.00
6 insertions.	.....	6.00
7 insertions.	.....	7.00
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46 insertions.	.....	46.00
47 insertions.	.....	47.00
48 insertions.	.....	48.00
49 insertions.	.....	49.00
50 insertions.	.....	50.00

News Dealers and Agents supplied by the "AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY," 119 Nassau Street, New-York.

### A NEWSPAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

Containing original Stories from the pens of the best American talent. Its first page stories are complete in one number. It is designed for all classes of readers.

Historical Reminiscence, Biographical Sketches, Wit, Humor and Poetry, grace its make-up.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## Vicksburg Daily Herald.

PUBLISHED BY

Dr. J. B. Patterson

Vicksburg, Miss.

AGENTS (wholesale and retail) for the Herald, are all Agents of the Herald in Mississippi.

In this section we call the Herald a sound republican paper; it touches the negro question very lightly, just as all good Union Journals should do.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

Forty Cents per Annum,  
Postage not prospectus.

Devoted to Romance and Literature.

Single Copies Three Cents  
at the Office.

VOL. 1.

PENFIELD, N. Y. MAY, 1865.

NO. 8.

If you wish a splendid engraving of any kind do not forget to call on L. C. Mix, Rochester, N. Y., one of the best engravers in this State.

**MY DESTINY. WHAT IS IT?**

PROFESSOR EUSTIS LARKARD, (prof. of Theol. in the London Astrologer,) will write out artificially and correctly the future earthly destiny of any man, woman or child.

No cards of fortune telling tricks resorted to. These Life-Cards point out particularly the Future in regard to Health, Money, Success, Love and Marriage, Business, Friends, Enemies, &c., and are sure guides. Full Charts, \$5, ten years, \$4; five questions, \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send day, month and year of birth, where you were born, and sex. Address, EUSTIS LARKARD, Camden, New Jersey. June-1-p

The *Huntingdon* (Pa.) *Globe* says: The number of books in the New Testament is 27; chapters 260; verses 7,959; words 184,256; letters 848,580. The number of books in the Bible is 66; chapters 1188; verses 31,172; words 757,967; letters 3,666,680.

**BOOK NOTICE**

PETERSON'S FOR APRIL.—This Excelsior Magazine with all of its splendor and beauty is before us, every lady in the Union, of common intelligence should by all means be a Subscriber to Peterson's Magazine: see lowest club terms elsewhere in this paper.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—This favorite Magazine for April, published by Ticknor and Fields, of Boston is before us, and we find interesting stories for children splendidly arranged, please see the lowest club rates elsewhere in this paper.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—The May number of this interesting Magazine is the number of all others as usual. For lowest club rates please see card of club rates elsewhere. The May number is now on sale by all news dealers, do not fail to get it.

"LOOK HERE!" WHAT A CHANCE.—We will furnish the *Penfield Extra*, and the *Literary Companion* one year, together with one copy of the *Illustrated Phrenological Journal*, which is devoted to Ethnology, Prenoology, Physiology, Psychology and Physiognomy, with "sign of characters," and how to read them; five three at \$2.00 a year, in advance. Please Address, Penfield Extra, Penfield, N. Y.

THE PHILADELPHIA AGE.—Says: That our public debt is now posted to the amount of \$3,164,625,289.34 We should not be surprised if an equal amount now stood on the day book that was not yet posted.

THE MASSILLON [OHIO] UNION.—Says: That the Post Office of the place has been removed across the street in rooms formerly occupied by J. S. Lockwood as an Express Office. We suppose J. S. Lockwood to be our Uncle. We would much like to hear from him, and also the whereabouts of Horace Lockwood.

An inducement made, to help Soldiers children. If any person wishes to give a present to some poor child, we will send to any address on receipt of 25 cents, one copy of our paper, for the current year, and one picture Post paid. What poor child will you subscribe for?

Send in your advertisements for this paper, we don't care how long they are if your money is as long as the advertisements, as we can let one end hang over.

It is stated that one ton of Peter will drive eight R. Engine twice the distance of a ton of coal, at two thirds of the cost.

The following is one verse of a rejected poem sent to a Down East editor. He thinks it untrivial, considering its brevity, for the number of subject of which it treats:—

"Turpentine comes out of pine,  
And pitch comes out of knots;  
Mosquitoes breed in stagnant pools,  
White horses die of bots."

The *Syracuse Standard* says: that a ton of mail matter accumulated in that city at the time of the young flood and got it all done to the Selina Salt works.

The *Sanbury Democrat*—Says: That fifty years ago, not one girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this wonderful age.

NO BODY HURT.—Twenty five cent sugar, or rather, eight cent sugar is now selling in this market at 18 cents a pound.

The Republicans of this town nominated a town clerk, who could not write his own name, so that he or any other man could read it. He was of course defeated.

The following list of popular Magazines and Journals have all been received for April, and as we have published the prospectus for each, we will now only give our readers the lowest club rates, which any person can get them at, by giving the amount to your local editor, or sending it to us.

Godey's Lady's Book,	\$2.55
Peterson's Magazine,	\$1.05
Our Young Folks, or Illustrated Mag,	\$1.05
Atlantic Monthly,	\$2.05
American Exchange & Review,	\$1.65
American Phrenological Journal,	\$1.80
Dollar Monthly Magazine,	\$2.55
American Union,	\$2.05
Mercantile Journal,	\$2.00
Scientific American,	\$2.00
Moore's Rural New-Yorker,	\$2.05
American Artisan,	\$1.65
The California Sunday Mercury,	\$4.00
The New York Citizen	3.00
The Banner of Light	3.00
The Baltimore Daily Clipper	6.00
The Philadelphia weekly Age	2.00
The Vicksburg Daily Herald	12.00

A NEW GER PICTURE.—Any Person will receive by return mail a half years Vol. of the *Literary Companion*, and a gem picture of the twelve year old Edithree (post Paid) on the receipt of twenty five cents, who wants a package;

DIED.—The three cent fractional currency it died, has died in its infancy, and three cent coins to take its place. It is three cents out;

THE PALMER (MASS) JOURNAL.—Says! That young Joe Smith is again reviving a Mormon settlement at Nauvoo Illinois.

How THE DEVIL LOST.—The following is too good to be lost:

A young man, who ardently desired wealth, was visited by his Satanic Majesty, who tempted him to promise his soul for eternity if he could be supplied on this earth with all the money he could use. The bargain was concluded. The devil was to supply the money and was at last to have the soul, unless the young man could spend more money than the devil could furnish. Years passed away, the man married, was extravagant in his living, built palaces, speculated widely, lost and gave away fortunes, and yet his coffers were always full. He turned politician, and bribed his way to power and fame, without reducing his "pile" of gold. He became a "Slibuster," and fitted out ships and armies, but his banker honored all his drafts. He went to St. Paul to live, and paid the usual rates of interest of all the money he could borrow; but although the devil made wry faces when he came to pay the bills, yet they were all paid. One expedient after another failed; the devil counted the time, only two years, that he must wait for the soul, and mocked the efforts of the despairing man. One more trial was resolved upon—the man started a newspaper the devil growled at the bill at the end of the first quarter was savage in six months, melancholy in nine and broke—"dead broke!"—at the end of the year. So the newspaper went down but the soul was saved. *The Frankfort Commonwealth*

VERY GOOD DIRECTION.—A Collector while in Walworth, Wayne Co. inquired of a gentleman the route to different villages which he wished to visit.—He Says; can you tell me the most direct road to Pittsford? Yes; you go to Penfield and turn south.—Which is the best road to Fairport? Go to Penfield, and south east.—Which is the nearest and best road to Rochester? go to Penfield, and turn south west. Which way do I go to Webster? Go to Penfield and turn north, by this time the Collector began to think he was being imposed upon, when he said, suppose that I wished to go to Satan which way would I go? Go to Penfield of course, for every business man that ever did go there, went to Satan before he left.

MAKE A BEGINNING.—If you do not begin you will never come to the end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed sown in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning and thereby give a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered; if instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning. The Popish fabric of St. Deuys, who lifted up his head from the ground after deception, and walked away with it, was drawn by Sir Joshua Reynolds with the legend underneath, "It is but the first step which is difficult."  
*Waltham Sentinel*

THE POUCHKEEPER TELUSIAR.—Says: That 3,674,612 gallons of Sugar, and 350,000 gallons of molasses went into bond the last week of March in Boston.

What makes more noise than a pig under a gate? Two pigs, or the boys in the street.

THE LITERARY COMPANION.

The Literary Companion.

PENFIELD, MAY 1865.

From the Staten Island Journal.

A CHAUSONETTE.

BY KATE J. BOYD.

Come where scenes are brightest,  
Where hearts are light and gay,  
Where the rosy hours plighted  
There troth with the lovers may.  
Come, come, come,  
Hie, to the woods away!

Come where the silvery echo  
Resounds through grove and dale,  
Where beauty never tires,  
Or lovelight never grows pale.  
Come, come, come,  
Hie, to the wood away!

Come in the early morning,  
When the birds are on the wing,  
And the rippling brooklets murmur  
To whispering breeze of spring.  
Come, come, come,  
Hie, to the woods away!

QUICK WORK.

Some men go out hunting  
For ten or twenty years,  
But there is something 'bout their boots,  
That frightens all the dears.

Just at the time they're ready  
To make the question pop,  
The girls behold their mended boots,  
And down their heads all drop.

But all the boys of Rochester  
(If we tell, we mean no harm,)  
They just call on Van Dake & Co.,  
Who fits them like a charm.

Then they start off a wooing,  
With perfect grace and ease,  
And the next day they can marry  
Just any girl they please.

Let all young men who would marry  
Just once take our advice,  
Call on H. S. Van Dake & Co.,  
And ask for something nice.

H. S. Van Dake & Co., No. 34 Buffalo street, Rochester, is just the place to get a first rate pair of boots at a reasonable price.

Good Housekeepers.

How many men are living  
Unhappy, useless lives,  
Who might be good and happy,  
With cheerful, prudent wives.

How many men are having  
Their noses always ground,  
Who might live in happiness,  
If such wives they could have found.

For the best and cheapest Dry Goods  
You'll see these prudent wives,  
Flock to 53 on Main street  
Just as best folk to their choice.

Such wives there are in old Monroe,  
As you will understand,  
For they always call at Burke & Co's,  
With money in their hand.

Such wives when they have money,  
Know precisely where to go,  
To the store of Burke, Fitz Simmons,  
And mister Hone & Co.

NOTE.—The poet that composed the above verses must have seen the great rack at Burke, Fitz Simmons, Hone & Co., 53 Main street, Rochester, N. Y. The people are buying all kinds of dry goods at about half their original price. This establishment is the largest of the kind in western New-York.

NOTICE TO CLUBS.—In getting up clubs for the Literary Companion, have them sent to one address if possible, as the postage is no more on a four ounce package than it is on a single copy.

THE KINGSTON PRESS.—Says; that great guns cost something. A ten inch Parrot gun costs \$4,500; an eleven inch Rodman gun costs \$7,500; a fifteen inch Knappa gun costs 29,400; a twelve inch Blakely gun costs \$85,000. The latter are made of steel.

AN Ohio politician was boasting in a public speech, that he could bring an argument to a pint as quick as any other man. "You can bring a quart to a pint a good deal quicker," replied a Kentucky editor.

AN old lady who had insisted on her minister praying for rain, had her cabbage cut up by hail a storm, and, on viewing the wreck, remarked that she "never knew him to undertake anything without overdoing it."

A young lady in Brooklyn, N. Y. is making a large number of young men unhappy. She is employed by the Provost Marshal to draw the names from the draft wheel.

DON'T BE GUILTY OF IT

Never laugh at any one who does not dress as well as you do. They may know a great deal more than you. They probably are better far to their parents or little brothers and sisters. Treat them kindly. Don't look at their clothes and then at yours, as if to say: See how nicely I am dressed! Such conduct is mean and ill-bred. Don't be guilty of it.

LAWYERS and sailing vessels go by wind, drinking men and propellers by steam.

A MAN named Peck, in St. Louis raised children by the bushel. He has ten Pecks now—two bushels and a half.

GODEY FOR APRIL.—This excelsior Magazine is before us with all of its beauty. Please look at the lowest club rates Elsewhere in this paper, and see how you can get the best Magazine in the world at the cheapest price. If you are not a subscriber for Godey's Lady's Book, get one number at your news depot, and we are sure of the consequence that will follow.

BACK AGAIN.—We see that Mr. L. S. Case is back again at his old stand in Brighton, which fact the people of the eastern part of Monroe county will be glad to know. Mr. C. is both kind and obliging, and is well calculated to keep a first class country hotel. Give him a call.

WITH four metallic qualifications, a man may be pretty rare of earthly success.—These are gold in his pocket, silver on his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart.

DID the man who ploughed the sea and afterwards planted his foot upon his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

HAD A CALL.—We understand that Rev. J. J. Keyes formerly of this place, and now at Nunda, has had a call from the first Baptist Church of Elyria, under a Salary of \$1500, a year, which he has accepted. His friends all congratulate him.

THE CLYDE TIMES Says: That there is a class of men always ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

A MERCHANT having sunk his store floor a couple of feet announces that in consequence of recent improvements, goods will be sold considerably lower than formerly.

Boots and Shoes at reduced prices. See the new card of H. S. Van Dake & Co, 34 Buffalo St. and when you visit Rochester, do not forget that your children is a good foot, and that you can get them shoes at your own prices.

WE do not see any very great inappropriety in allowing a well educated Negro the privilege of voting, but the idea of a real simon pure ebony leading a beautiful white young lady to the altar—O! corn cobs.

A MISTEROUS BLACK CAT.—A lady of the writer's acquaintance was one evening sitting alone in a room from which a door opened into a long dark hall. As she chanced to look in that direction, she was somewhat startled to see what appeared to be a large black cat sitting upon the hall stairs. There was two brightly gleaming eyes glaring upon her in a manner that made her feel rather uncomfortable, especially as she owned no cats, and it must have been a strange animal. "Scat!" she exclaimed, stamping on the floor. It did not move. "Scat!" once more, with a louder stamp.—But still it remained. She drew off her shoe, and with another "scat" threw it directly at the object. But there it sat as before. Though somewhat startled, the lady was no coward, and taking the lamp she went directly to the mysterious animal and found she had been trying to drive away the ends of two frozen brass rods, from which the light had been reflected, presenting the appearance of two glittering eyes—the shadow of the stair—an excited imagination might easily represent the body of a black cat. How many ghost stories originate similarly!

A TALK IN THE NIGHT

A little girl woke in the night, and put her arms close around her mother's neck. After caressing her a while, she spoke out:—"I thank God every day for such a dear good mother."

"But what if I should be taken away, what would you do then?" the mother asked.

"I should keep on thanking him, and try to be good, and come to see you in heaven?" "And you think little children will know their mothers in heaven?"

"Mother," said Minnie, "does a soul have eyes to see with in heaven?"

"The Bible says we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known."

"My eyes won't ache there, will they, mother?"

"No, dear there will be no sort of pain in heaven."

"And my eyes won't cry, too, will they?"

"No, God shall wipe away all tears."

"But if I should fall down and hurt me?"

"There will be nothing to hurt in all God's holy mountain."

"Is heaven a mountain, mother?"

"Heaven is likened to every beautiful place and every beautiful thing. But does my little daughter think she is fit to enter the holy heaven where God is?"

"I shall be ready," she replied, "when Jesus puts on me the beautiful garments you told me about. How glad I shall be to have my eyes ache any more!"

"Yes darling, but there is a better thing to be glad about; there will be no sin in heaven."

"I shan't want to disobey you then; shall I, mother?"

"No; and the beauty of heaven is that we shall not want to do any wrong thing."

"Go to sleep now, child, to wake up bright in the morning."

"Shall I have to go to sleep in heaven, mother?"

"There will be no night there; but we can trust God for what we shall have to do, can't we, darling?" We know it will be all pleasant, for we shall be satisfied when we awake in his likeness."—Boston Investigator.

NOTICE TO SMALL MONTHLIES.—We are requested to say to the publishers of small monthly papers that they will not expect a regular exchange with the Penfield Extra, unless they keep a card of the Extra in their papers, like the "Bath Union" or send four copies of each of their editions like the Little Oddity or the Busy Bee. The Companion will exchange with all monthlies all shapes and sizes, and will keep a card set for all its weekly exchanges.

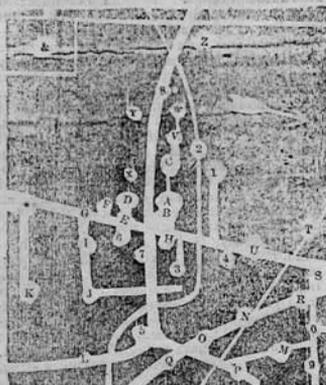
A new beverage in this section, is called the Johnson Snaps, and if a man imbibes a little to heavy, they say that he was "high as Johnson."



# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

## PENFIELD VILLAGE.

Our special Artist, has this week given us a very correct map of Penfield, with its public institutions marked by letters and figures. The Arrow points to the south.



- A. Is our Post Office and Town Clerks Office.
- B. Is R. Staring's Dry Good Store.
- C. Is our Union Hotel, kept by Mr Frank Vary.
- D. Is our Penfield Seminary.
- E. Is our Methodist Church.
- F. Is our District School.
- G. Is Dr. Burrows Residence & Office
- H. Is our Presbyterian Church, adjoining our Engine House.
- I. Is the residence of Supervisor J. Harris.
- J. Is the end of Liberty Street.
- K. Is Flower's Large Nursery.
- L. Is the Road to Rochester.
- M. Is Dr carpenter's Slaughter House.
- N. Is Irondequoit Creek, one of the best never-fail privileges in America.
- O. Is the Livingston stone Mills Property
- P. Is the Pittsford Road.
- Q. Is the White Grist Mill.
- R. Is Lincoln's Large Stone Mill.
- S. Is Lincoln's Mill Dam.
- T. Is Percinton Town Line.
- U. Is the Five Mile Line Road, South to Fairport, and North to Webster.
- V. Is the Free Mason Hall, and Law Office.
- W. Is the Printers Residence.
- X. Is the Town Clerks Residence.
- Y. Is our Baptist Church.
- Z. Is Old Penfield Village Corners.
- 1. Is the Burying Grounds.
- 2. Is Rockefeller Lane,
- 3. Is known as Honey Creek
- 4. Is our Barn Burners Residence.
- 5. Is E. N. Thompson's Grocery Store.
- 6. Is the Penfield Extra Printing Office.
- 7. Is Dr. Brown's Residence and Office
- 8. Is Main Street, and Road east to Walworth.
- 9. Is Allen Creek Road.
- 10. Is Bushell's Basin Road.
- 11. Is Judge A. S. Clark's Residence.

Books in these days are generally like some kind of trees—a good many leaves and no fruit.

## PROSPECTUS

### OF THE LITERARY COMPANION.

PUBLISHED BY

*Little Allie Williams.*

Penfield, N. Y.

The *Literary Companion* will be published on the first of every month, and mailed to subscribers at the low price of forty cents a year, including a gem picture of the editress as each subscriber.

**CLUB TERMS.**—Five copies of the present volume, to one address thirty cent is each.—Ten copies of present volume to one address, twenty-five cents each—30 copies of present volume, to one address twenty cents each.—Office subscribers thirty cents each, and single numbers in wrappers three cents.

The *Companion* will be devoted to Romance and Literature, and will contain but few advertisements, which will be accepted only on the following terms.

One square	1m	2m	3m	6m	9m	12m
	50	75	100	150	200	250

Two lines of this type or a space equal to them make one square. Half, quarter or double square in the same proportion. Editorial notices five cents per line.

We start with a circulation of about 2000 copies, taking the place of the *Penfield Extra* once every month. By this it will be seen that our advertising rates are very low compared with our circulation. Address Little Allie Williams.

The great rush of visitors to Rochester seems to centre at the New England House, kept by Decker & Bro., we see no wonder in this, as the Hotel is in a central location, and the Proprietors are gentlemen of the first order, give them a call. All Editors visiting this House, will please pass their card to the Clerk.

The great flood of Rochester did not effect the Fancy Dying Establishment of D. Leary Corner of mill and Platt St. in the least, his extensive orders will be all finished up on time in a Superior style.—Mr. Leary seems to almost excel himself in the beauty and luster in which he gives to old and soiled garments and goods.

We found twenty two more articles in the reading matter of the "Literary Companion" last month, than we found in any of our large Exchanges. *Monthly Visitor.*

**PLEASANT SPRING.**—The numerous shade trees which our village abound draws the sweet little warblers of all varieties. The robins seem to be as numerous as in mid-summer, and their sweet music is the first thing we hear about the peep of day, we have no call to cage sweet little birds to have their company, when they are so numerous. The red breast, the english robin, the blue bird, the yellow bird, chipping bird and swallows are the most numerous kinds of birds that we have. The swallows build their nests out of mud under the eaves of barns, and we have seen near one hundred nests on one barn, by this the reader can judge of the quantity of birds that we have. The game law of our County protect these little birds, this is the reason probably why we have them so plenty.

**THE VICKBURG DAILY HERALD.**—Says among the articles innumerate, that may be given, to our Soldiers at Fort Fish, it mentions playing cards, we did not see prayer books, or bibles in the list, we suppose they would not answer as a substitute for gambling equipage.

**CHEAP INK IT.**—We will send any person the best ink recipe, that was ever invented, on receipt of a three cent stamp to pay return Postage.—The ink will cost only 15 cents per gallon to make it.

There is a letter in the Penfield Post Office for Jennie StClair, if she will give us her address we will forward it to her.

## The Penfield Extra.

Is published every Thursday, at Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y., by

*Belle Williams.*

Who commended its weekly publication when she was only eleven years of age.

**TERMS.**—For year in advance, including a "Gem Picture" to one subscriber, Single copy 7 cents. Three copies to one address \$2.00.—Five copies to one address \$3.00.—Eight copies to one address \$3.60.—Eleven copies to one address \$4.00.—

Postage on a club of eleven subscribers or more, to one address, will be 12 cents per quarter. Postage on single copies, 2 cents per quarter.

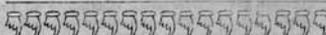
### TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Twelve lines of this type, or a space equal to them make one square:

1 square	1w	2w	3w	1m	2m	3m	6m	1y
	40	50	75	100	150	200	300	400

Half, quarter or double square in the same proportion.

The Extra is claimed to be one of the best advertising mediums in the state in every body will read it from preface to date. Circulation 17,000.



Please send this copy of the *Companion* to some distant little friend, it will go in a letter Envelop with a small note, for single rate of Letter Postage.

We are in the regular receipt of the following magazines and journals, in an exchange for our little paper, for which the kind Editors will please except our many thanks.

- Phelps Union Star. Phelps, N. Y.
- Published by W. S. Pleasant at \$2.00
- Clyde Weekly Times. Clyde, N. Y.
- Published by Joseph A. Paul at \$2.00
- Republicans & Messenger. Canandaigua, N. Y.
- Published by W. Garrison at \$2.00
- Buffalo Sentinel. Buffalo, N. Y.
- Published by M. Hagan at \$2.00

## LITTLE PILGRIM

EDITED BY GRACE GREENWOOD

- AND PUBLISHED BY
- L. K. Lippincott, 123 Nassau St., Phil. Pa. to whom all orders must be addressed. Single copies, 60 cents.
- Yearly copy \$6.00. Ten copies \$5.00. Fifteen copies \$4.00.
- Price per copy 10 cents.

**A NICE CLEAN PAPER.**—Send for a specimen copy of the *American*, Published at Bonaeste, Pa. by a 13 year old Editor Master W. S. Lord, at 50 cents, per year.—Five copies \$2.00. Address as above.

## CLUB TERMS

FOR THE

### NEW-YORK MONTHLY AND WORKING WOMEN'S ADVOCATE.

- One Copy, one Year..... \$1.25
- Five Copies, one Year..... \$5.00
- Ten..... \$9.00
- Twenty..... \$12.00
- Address—Miss KATE J. HOYD, Box 622, New-York Post Office.

All letters enclosing money must be registered to avoid loss by mail.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

- For 10 lines or less, 1 insertion..... \$1.00
- ..... 3 months..... \$2.50
- ..... 6 months..... \$5.00
- ..... 1 year..... \$9.00

Business cards, not exceeding 3 lines, for 1 year \$3.00. Payment in advance. Ten words average one line. Persons writing to our advertising patrons will confer a favor by stating first they saw the advertisements in the *New-York Monthly*.

News Dealers and Agents supplied by the "AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 113 Nassau Street, New-York."

**A NEWSPAPER FOR THE FAMILY.** Containing Original Stories from the pens of the best American authors. Its first page stories are complete in one column, it is designed for all classes of readers. Historical Reminiscences, Biographical Sketches, Wit, Humor and Poetry, give its mass-up.

**THE CURIA PATRONE.**—Says, that Dwellings is 80 scarce in that village, that one man advertised for a large dry good box, or hoghouse, sufficiently large to accommodate a small family for a house.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

Forty Cents per Annum, }  
Postage, see prospectus. }

Devoted to Romance and Literature.

Single Copies Three Cents,  
at the Office.

VOL. 1.

PENFIELD, N. Y. JUNE, 1865.

NO. 9.

## MY DESTINY. WHAT IS IT?

PROFESSOR EUSTIS LARRARD, (pupil of Raphael, the London astrologer,) will write out artificially and correctly, the future earthly destiny of any man, woman or child.

No cards or fortune telling tricks resorted to. These Life-Charts point out particularly the Future in regard to Health, Money, Sickness, Love and Marriage. Business, Friends, Enemies, &c., and are sure guides. Full Charts, \$3; ten years, \$2; five questions, \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send day of month and year of birth, whether married or single, and sex. Address, EUSTIS LARRARD, Camden, New Jersey. June-1-p

For the Extra.

## A Leaflet from Memory.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

'Tis night, the gem-eyed stars have one by one appeared until the brow of night is crowned by a star gem coronet. The moon throws her silver radiance over the earth, and the evening zephyrs murmur soft through the trees. I have to night been roaming through the chambers of the past. I have again walked and talked with the friends of my childhood.

I see before me, the old red school house, where I, when a child learned the daily lessons, and played tricks with the good natured teacher who sat behind the oaken desk upon the platform. I see sweet Lizzie May sitting in her accustomed seat by the window which looked out on the broad bright creek which flowed just beyond the old school house. I see her pleasant smile, and merry laughing eyes, I see that the haughty toss of her queenly head, and hear her bird like, ringing laugh, but, lo!—where is she now—this school mate of mine whom I loved so well? She has fallen—and home is a gilded palace of sin—she yielded to the voice of the tempter when he came and offered her gold, diamonds and a luxurious home, and she left the humble roof of her parents and went out into the world to mingle in its pleasures, lusts and sins.

Ah, Lizzie May, does your heart never grow sick of the scenes around you? Does your soul never yearn to know of the joy and peace of your childhood? Does your brain never whirl, and your head grow dizzy as you think of the great hereafter to which you are hurrying along, the highway of inquiry?

Oh, yes, there are moments in you unhappy life when you long to know something of the sweetness of those vanished years when across your memory floats the voice of your gentle mother, when you hear the earnest prayer fall from the lips of your aged father, and a tear trickled down your painted cheek and a sigh comes up from the depths of your heart—but you cast aside the memory, wipe the tears away, and the sense of eviltry try to forget that you were ever pure and innocent; but when you stand before the bar of justice in another world—Lizzie May you cannot forget, your tears and sighs will then bring you no relief. Poor unhappy girl, we pity you!

☞ If you wish a splendid engraving of any kind do not forget to call on L. C. Mix, Rochester, N. Y., one of the best engravers in this State.

☞ We are in receipt of the May number of the Phrenological Journal, and Life Illustrated, and we would like to have any Scientific person compare this beautiful work with the old New York water cure Journal; and see what an improvement Messrs Fowler & Wells have accomplished within a few years. The Phrenological Journal now stands among the first works published in the United States. Please get one number of some news dealer so as to prove our assertion, it will only cost you 20 cents, and after examination, should you agree with us, give your local Editor \$2.00 and he will get it for you a whole year.

## MISCHIEF MAKERS.

O! could there in this world be found,  
Some little spot of happy ground,  
Where village pleasures might grow round,  
Without the village tattle

How doubly blest that place would be,  
Where all might dwell in liberty,  
Free from the bitter misery,  
Of gossips' endless prattling!

If such a spot were really known,  
Dame Peace might claim it as her own,  
And in it she might fix her throne.  
Forever and forever:  
There like a queen might reign and live  
While every one would soon forgive,  
The little slights they might receive,  
And be offended never.

The mischief-maker that remove  
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,  
And lead us all to disapprove

What gives another pleasure:  
They seem to take one's part, but when  
They've heard our cases, quickly then  
They soon retail them all again.  
Mixed up in poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way  
Of telling tales. They whispering say,  
"Don't mention what I say, I pray;  
I would not tell another."

Straight to your neighbor's house they go,  
Narrating everything they know,  
And break the peace of high and low,  
Wife, husband's friend, and brother.

Oh! the mischief-making crew  
Were all reduced to one or two,  
And they were painted red or blue;  
That every one might know them,  
Then would one village soon forget  
The rage and quarrel, fume and fret,  
And fall into an angry pet,  
With things too much below them.

For 'tis a sad degrading part  
To make another's bosom smart,  
And plant a dagger in the heart  
We ought to love and cherish;  
Then let us evermore be found,  
In quietness with all around,  
While friendship, peace and joy abound  
Nor angry feelings cherish.

The following are the debts of several of the principal States of the Union, according to the official reports: New York, \$28,750,724; Pennsylvania, \$39,379,603; Massachusetts, \$22,893,972; Ohio, \$13,590,751; Illinois, \$11,478,514; Main, \$6,137,506; Connecticut, \$5,000,000; Michigan, \$3,451,129; Wisconsin, \$2,500,000; Vermont, \$1,642,845.

## COMING! COMING!

Prof. C. C. Pratt, is soon to favor us with another of his celebrated Concerts, and he will try to get up a Musical Convention in this town. He is now in Oswego, traveling west, since he gave us a concert last season, to a Crowded House. He has been traveling through Upper and Lower Canada, and the Eastern Section of this state, with unbounded success.

LATTER.—Prof. Pratt is in town, and will give us a concert in the course of the week, due notice will be given, by the circulation of Programs. We shall expect to see the Hall well filled, as Mr. P. is a very popular Musician, come one and all.

## Ballou's Dollar Monthly MAGAZINE FOR JUNE,

Is thus early upon our table. It contains the usual complement of interesting stories, written by some of the best authors, charming poems, sketches, biographies, and history. As this is the season for the culture of flowers, a perusal of the "Florist" will be found very beneficial. The "Housewife" contains many excellent receipts. The "Picture Gallery" is replete with fun. Subscribe for the Dollar Magazine. 150 per year. Single copies 15 cents. Address

ELLIOT, THOMES & TALBOT,  
Boston, Mass.

A GREAT SUCCESS.—Messrs. Tickner and Fields of 135 Washington St, Boston are meeting with great success in publishing their Juvenile Magazine entitled "Our Young Folks". The circulation has already reached forty thousand copies, and is steadily increasing. Every Father or mother that has a little son or daughter large enough to read, should subscribe for the "Illustrated Magazine". Published expressly for boys and girls. Single copies only 20 cents, kept by all news dealers. The June number now ready. Hand \$1.50 to your local editor, and he will get you the Young Folks a whole year.

☞ Population of all of the different Cities of the state of New York, taken from the census of 1860.

New York 813,669... Brooklyn 266,661...  
Buffalo 81,120... Albany 62,667... Rochester  
48,204... Troy 39,235... Syracuse 28,119...  
Utica 27,529... Poughkeepsie 17,720... Oswego  
16,815... Newburg 15,196... Lockport 13,  
529... Auburn 10,986... Schenectady 9,679...  
Elmira 8,682... Hudson 7,187...

THE LITERARY COMPANION.

**GOLD**  
**SELDEN & CO.**

**MANUFACTURING JEWELERS,**  
27 COURTLAND ST. NEW YORK.  
100,000 WATCHES,

**CHAINS,**  
**GOLD PENS, PENCILS,**  
**ETC. ETC.**  
**WORTH \$500,000!**

TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE AND NOT TO BE PAID UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WILL RECEIVE.

**Splendid List of Articles,**

All to be sold for **ONE DOLLAR** Each.

- 300 Gent's Gold Hunting Case Watches \$50 to \$150
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- 300 Gent's Hunting Case Silver Watches 35 to 75
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- 2,500 Gold Oval Band Bracelets 4 to 8
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- 3,000 Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches 4 to 8
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- 4,500 Coral, Opal, and Enamelled Ear Drops 4 to 6
- 4,000 California Diamond Breast Pins 250 to 10
- 4,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys 250 to 8
- 4,000 Gold Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides 3 to 10
- 4,000 Solid Sleeve Buttons Straps, etc. 3 to 8
- 4,000 Gold Buttons, Buttons, etc. 8 to 7
- 6,000 Miniature Lockets 6 to 8
- 5,000 Miniature Lockets—Magic Spring, 8 to 20
- 4,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc. 2 to 8
- 5,000 Plain Gold Rings 4 to 11
- 5,000 Chased Gold Rings 4 to 11
- 7,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings 250 to 10
- 5,000 California Diamond Rings 2 to 10
- 7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold, 5 to 15
- 6,000 Sets of Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo Pearl, etc. 4 to 15
- 5,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension Holders and Pens, 4 to 18
- 5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders, 5 to 0
- 5,000 Gold Pens and Extension Holders, 6 to 10
- 6,000 Silver Cigarettes and Drinking Cups, 6 to 60
- 3,000 Silver Caskets, 10 to 50
- 2,000 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets, 10 to 50

1,000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoon, \$10 to \$20  
1,000 " " Table Spoons and Forks, " 29 " 100

**MANNER OF DISTRIBUTION.**

CERTIFICATES naming each article and its value, are placed in SEALED ENVELOPS, which are well mixed. One of these Envelopes, containing the Certificate or Order for some Article, (worth at least one dollar if retail, will be sent by mail to any address, without regard to choice on receipt of 25 Cents. The purchaser will see what Article it draws, and its value, which may be from One to Ten Hundred Dollars, and can then send One Dollar and receive the Article named, or any other on the list of the same value and addressing the article, will not give perfect satisfaction, we desire it to be immediately returned and the amount paid will be refunded. By this mode we give selections from a varied stock of fine goods, of the best make and latest styles and of intrinsic worth, at a nominal price, which all have a chance of securing articles of the very highest value.

In all cases we charge for forwarding the Certificate, postage and doing the business, the sum of Twenty-Five Cents, which must be enclosed in the order. Five Certificates will be sent for \$1; seven for \$2; thirty for \$5; sixty five for \$10; one hundred for \$16.

Articles dealing with us may depend on having prompt returns, and the article drawn will be immediately sent to any address by return mail or express.

Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Write your Name, Town, County and State plainly, and address

**SELDEN & CO.**  
27 COURTLAND STREET,  
NEW YORK.

Please send this copy of the Companion to some distant little friend, it will go in a letter Envelop with a small note, for single rate of Letter Postage.

**HOME.**

Oh the spot I love near the ocean breast  
Where the gleaming waves roll high,  
And the woody grove near the pebbled shore,  
Calls forth a heart felt sigh.  
I long for the bright and mellow rays  
Sent forth by a summer's sun,  
And see the flowers themselves array  
While they bid me a kind welcome.

It seems I can see each spot as if you're  
Every bush and tree and flower  
And old ocean speaks to me as before  
Saying "there is a Higher Power"  
No need of church nor chapel there  
To tell of the presence of God  
Its felt and seen in the valleys fair  
Trees, sky and the bright green sod.

Oh let me roam where e'er I will  
I'll still turn back to thee,  
While gurgling of the little rills  
Softly speak "Remember me."  
The winding path the soft sea breeze  
All have a welcome for me,  
I'll cling to them because they are "home,"  
And home Im joyous and free.

Respectfully

Jennie St. Clair.  
Phila. April 6th 1865.

**TO A FRIEND.**

BY WILLIE WARE.

May flowers of love and Truth Sublime,  
Of Friendship true—Sincere,  
Of Sympathy, and hope, and peace,  
Bloom in thy pathway line.  
May not a cloud speck float between  
These and life's fair sky,  
May winds of grief, and pain, and care,  
Pass thee, friend gently by.  
And when Sun of life shall set,  
And thou art called away,  
Oh, mayst thou find a home above,  
Where is perfect day.

**PROSPECTUS**

OF THE

**LITERARY COMPANION.**

PUBLISHED BY

**Little Allie Williams.**  
**Penfield, N. Y.**

The *Literary Companion* will be published on the first of every month, and mailed to subscribers at the low price of forty cents a year, including a gem picture of the address to each subscriber.

CLASS TERMS.—Five copies of the present volume, to one address thirty cents each.—Ten copies of present volume to one address, twenty-five cents each—20 copies of present volume, to one address twenty cents each.—Office subscribers thirty cents each, and single numbers in wrappers three cents.

The *Companion* will be devoted to Romance and Literature, and will contain but few advertisements, which will be accepted only on the following terms.

One square	1m	2m	3m	6m	9m	12m
	50	75	100	150	200	250

Twelve lines of this type or a space equal to them make one square. Half, quarter or double square in the same proportion. Editorial notices five cents per line.

We start with a circulation of about 2000 copies, taking the place of the *Penfield Extra* once every month. By this it will be seen that our advertising rates are very low compared with our circulation. Address Little Allie Williams.

**SOMETHING NICE**

A Beautiful Photograph of Abraham Lincoln, (our martyred President) taken from the most perfect Negative, will be sent post paid to any address, on the receipt of twenty cents.  
Address E. O. LELAND  
Hinsdale, Catt. Co. N. Y.

**SUICIDE.**—Julius Thyer, who committed Suicide in East Penfield May 16th by cutting his throat with his razor, has been troubled with Symptoms of insanity for some time. The horrible deed was done in presents of his wife, she not being able to prevent it. He survived but a few moments.

**PETERSON'S FOR JUNE.**

This Ladies favorite is now ready, kept for sale by all news dealers. The June number of Peterson's Ladies Magazine is a beautiful number. Now is a good time to subscribe and begin with the July Number. Your Local Editor will secure you this interesting work a whole year for \$1.50 do not fail to hand him the money. The very latest and most approved fashions can always be found in this work. Patterns for childrens clothing, etc. In fact it is just the thing to suit every Lady in America. Specimen Copies sent free if written for, address CHARLES J. PETERSON  
306 Chestnut St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**

This valuable work for June is now ready, kept by all Book Dealers, single copies 35 cents. The lowest club rate is \$8.00 a year, which amount you can give your local Editor, and he will secure the work for you at that price. Be sure and get the June number if you wish something good.

**The Penfield Extra.**

Is published every Thursday, at Penfield, Monroe Co. N. Y., by

**Jellie Williams.**

Who commended its weekly publication when she was only eleven years of age.  
**Terms.**—Per year in advance, including a "Gems Picture" to each subscriber. Single copy 75 cents. Three copies to one address \$2.00.—Five copies to one address \$3.00.—Eight copies to one address \$4.00.—Eleven copies to one address \$5.00.  
Postage on a club of eleven subscribers or under, to one address, will be 18 cents per quarter. Postage on single copies, 5 cents per quarter.

**TERMS OF ADVERTISING.**

Twelve lines of this type, or a space equal to them make one square.

1 square	1w	2w	3w	1m	2m	3m	6m	1y
	40	60	80	120	200	280	500	900

Half, Quarter or Double square in the same proportion.

The Extra is claimed to be one of the best advertising mediums in the state as every body will read it from preface to finish. Circulation 17,000.

**A SPLENDID HISTORY.**—Any person that wish to preserve a good history of passing events should by all means subscribe for *The American Exchange and Review*, Published by Fowler & Moon \$3.00 Chestnut Street Philadelphia. Terms \$3.00 per year. It is especially devoted to Finance, Mining and Metallurgy, Insurance, Railways and Trams, portation, Manufactures, Patents, Trade, Commerce, Art, Joint Stock Corporation Interests, Physics, Social and Economic Science.

**300 000.**

Godey's Lady's Book will soon reach a Circulation of 200,000 copies monthly, the great demand for this popular work is steadily increasing, being larger at the present time, than it ever was before. *The June number is upon our table and it almost surpasses Godey himself*, the double colored fashion sheet is most splendid, illustrating the present fashions from the celebrated House of Messrs A. T. Stewart & Co. of New York. It is impossible for us to describe this valuable work to do it justice, therefore we would solicit the thousands of people who read this notice to secure the June number which can be obtained at all News Depots. And we would further say that all should immediately Subscribe for Godey, who wish to commence with the July number, give your local Editor two dollars and fifty cents, and he will secure you the work a whole year.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

## LITERATURE.

### Rochester Daily Union & Advertiser,

PUBLISHED BY  
**CURTIS, MOREY, & CO.**  
Joseph Curtis, John E. Morey, William Purcell,  
George G. Cooper, Lorenzo Kelly.

DAILY—By mail for three months \$2.50; to Agents and Bookers, per 100, \$3.00; at the Counter, five cents per copy. City Subscribers who receive their papers by Carriers, 20 cents per week.  
Semi-Weekly—\$1.00 per quarter, or \$4.00 per year. Weekly—\$2.00 per year, or fifty cents per quarter.  
Single copies sold every Eve. at Starling's Penfold, and by all our agents in our neighboring villages at 5 cents each.

### California Sunday Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY  
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At \$4 per year, it is a very large and beautiful Family Journal, containing but very few advertisements.—Copies can be seen at our office.

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**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
Two volumes of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN are published each year, at \$1.50 each, or \$3 per annum, with correspondingly low terms to Clubs; \$1 will pay for four month's subscription. The numbers for one year constitute a work of 832 pages of useful information, which every one ought to possess. A new volume will commence on the first of January, 1865.

**CLUB RATES.**

Five Copies, for six Months	..... \$6
Ten Copies, for six months	..... 12
Ten Copies, for Twelve Months	..... 23
Fifteen Copies, for Twelve Months	..... 34
Twenty Copies, for Twelve Months	..... 49

For all clubs of Twenty and over, the yearly subscription is only \$2.00. Names can be sent in at different times, and from different Post-offices. Specimen copies will be sent gratis in any part of the country.

Canadian subscribers will please to remit 25 cents extra on each year's subscription to prepay postage.  
**MUNN & Co., Publishers.**  
No. 37 Park Row, New York.

### The Baltimore Clipper.

The Clipper is published daily, Morning and Evening, at Baltimore, Md., by  
**MESSRS BULL & TUTTLE,**  
Terms in advance—at the low price of  
**\$6.00 for one year,**  
**\$3.00 for Six Months,**  
**\$1.50 for Three Months,**  
**One Month 50 cents.**

The Clipper is a great favorite with the Soldiers in the Army—our news are set down as reliable, unless they find it in the columns of the Clipper, and we have set it down as a *Clipper* of a Union Paper—Send red stamp for a specimen copy.

### J. TAYLOR,

NO. 23 FRONT ST. Rochester, N. Y.  
Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of  
**HATS & CAPS.**  
Which he offers for sale cheaper than any other Store in Rochester. Hats & Caps made to order.



A pamphlet directing how to speedily remove spots and give up spectacles without aid of Doctor or medicine, sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cents. Address,  
ay, N. Y.

**The Philadelphia Age.**  
A first class Family Newspaper published by Messrs Glosbreuner & Welsh, 430 Chestnut st. Philadelphia Pa., at \$2. per year.

**THE MERCANTILE JOURNAL,**  
Published at No. 1 Franklin Square, N. Y., by  
**Wallace, Pratt, Groom & Co.,**  
AT \$3.00 PER YEAR.

Every merchantile man in the Union should subscribe for it, as it gives the wholesale prices weekly, and other valuable information for merchants.

### BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal in the World  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON MASS BY  
**WILLIAM WHITE & CO.**

LEVERNE CONROY, Editor.  
**Terms of Subscriptions in Advance:**  
Per year, ..... \$3.00  
Six months, ..... 1.50  
Single copies, ..... 5 cents each.  
If you wish an insertion from the above prices.  
All Business Letters must be addressed  
"BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS."  
**WILLIAM WHITE & CO.**

### THE AMERICAN UNION,

A FIFESIDE JOURNAL.  
The best Literary Paper ever Published in this Country.  
**Terms in Advance.**  
One copy one year, ..... \$3.00  
" " " six months, ..... 1.50  
Single copies five cents, sold by all News Dealers.  
Post Masters are requested to act as Agents. All Post Masters, can have the Union at \$1.00 per year.  
Address the Publishers,  
**ELIOTT THOMAS & TALBOT,**  
118 Washington St. Boston Mass.

### THE HANOVER CITIZEN,

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**WELSH & DELLONE,**  
AT HANOVER, PA.  
A LARGE TWENTY EIGHT COLUMN  
**DAILY NEWS PAPER.**  
Devoted to the Democratic Principles and the common interest of our Country.

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The Citizen is one of the best advertising medium in Pennsylvania—Circulation large, and rates of Advertising low considering the times. All those who wish a good family news-paper, or wish to advertise, would do well to Address  
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at \$2.00 per year in advance. Specimen copies sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

### PROSPECTUS OF THE Vicksburg Daily Herald,

PUBLISHED BY  
**Wm B. Batterton**  
Vicksburg, Miss.  
At 25 cents per week. The Herald is a true Advocate of the whole Union—"The old Union as it was."  
In this section we call the Herald a sound republican paper, it touches the negro question very lightly, just as all good Union Journals should do.

### THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE D. LEARY'S STEAM FANCY DYEING AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

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The reputation of this Dye House since 1828 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY FANCIAL ESTABLISHMENT, Crane, Brooch, Cashmere, and Plaid Shawls, and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors. Also,

**LADIES AND GENTLEMAN'S GARMENTS** Scoured or Colored without ripping and pressed nicely. Silk, Wool or Cotton goods of every description, dyed all colors and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.  
Goods dyed black every Thursday.  
All goods returned in one week.

GOODS RECEIVED AND RETURNED BY EXPRESS. BILLS COLLECTED BY EXPRESS CO.  
Address, D. LEARY, Mill street corner of Platt street Rochester, N. Y. Jan-1-63

**HERMAN MUTHSCHLER**—Dealer in China, Earthenware and Glass Ware; also general House Furnishing Goods, No. 121 Main street Rochester, N. Y.

**W. F. NEWBROOK,** WHOLESALE GROCER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, 90 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y. Choice Wines and Liquors, of the best varieties kept constantly on hand. Jan-63

### Shirts that always Fit, MADE TO ORDER.

**OCUMPAUGH'S, FRENCH YOKE SHIRTS,**  
Neck Ties, Shirts, Collars, Bosoms and Suspender, Men's Furnishing goods. New Goods now arriving. Orders for Self-measurement sent by mail, free of Charge. OCUMPAUGH, at 19 10 Main-st. Bridge, Rochester, N. Y.

"How 'Tis Done." Whiskers in six weeks. Fortune telling. 100 Great Secrets. Sent post-paid for 25 cents. Address, HUNTER & CO. Hinsdale, N. H.

**EDWARD SHAW, UNDERTAKER**—Fairport N. Y. keeps constantly on hand a splendid variety of ready made Collars—Also a good line of underwear at moderate prices.

**PENFIELD STAGE**  
Will leave the Union Hotel, Penfield, at 8 o'clock, a. m., and the New England House, Rochester, at 3 o'clock, p. m. Fair each way, 40 cents. Collected at Brighton. JOHN L. GREEN, Proprietor. Nov 1 64

**LITERARY.**  
I take this method of informing all requiring literary aid, that I will be happy to furnish long or short Poems upon any subject, Acrostics, Private or Public letters, Advertisements in prose or verse, Orations, Addresses, Replies, Essays, Sketches, Stories, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and prepare matter for the press, on short notice, and for moderate compensation. The utmost accuracy maintained. Address, with stamp for reply) J. William Van Namee, cookly, N. Y.

**LITTLE PILGRIM**  
EDITED BY GRACE GREENWOOD AND PUBLISHED BY I. K. Lippencott 419 Walnut St, Phil. Pa. to whom all orders must be addressed. Single copies 60 cents. Five copies 2 75 Ten copies 5.00 Fifteen copies 7.50 Fifty copies 22.00.



# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

Forty Cents per Annum. }  
Postage, see prospectus. }

Devoted to Romance and Literature.

Single Copies Three Cents.  
at the Office.

VOL. 1.

PENFIELD, N. Y. JULY, 1865.

NO. 10.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY COMPANION.

PUBLISHED BY  
**Little Allie Williams.**  
Penfield, N. Y.

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	50	75	100	150	200	250

Twice lines of this size of a space equal to them make one square. Half, quarter or double square in the same proportion. Editorial notices five cents per line.

We start with a circulation of about 2000 copies, taking the place of the *Penfield Extra* once every month. By this it will be seen that our advertising rates are very low compared with our circulation. Address Little Allie Williams.

(From the Cattaraugus Union.)  
**HOME AND FRIENDS.**

O!t there's a power to make each hour  
As sweet as Heaven designed it;

Nor need we roam to bring it home,  
Though there be that find it.

We seek too high for things close by,  
And lose what Nature found us;

For life hath here no charms so dear  
As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy  
For future hopes—and praise them;  
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet  
If we'd but stoop to raise them!

For things afar still sweeter are,  
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;  
But soon we're taught that earth hath naught  
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of heed,  
When Hope's last red is shaken,  
Do show us still, that, come what will,  
We are not quite forsaken.

Though all we're night, if but the light  
From friendship altar crowned us,  
'Twould prove the blist of earth was this—  
Our home and friends around us.

**CHEAP MEAT.**—We shall soon have an abundance of lambs in market, as we have probably double the amount judging from the large flocks that pass our Office to be washed. Every thing bespeaks cheaper living than we have had since the war began. Nine tenths of the products of our town will be for market and we shall have plenty left. Good butter is now selling at 29 cents. All things must come down.

**HARD FOR RICH MEN.**—A poor laborer in a certain village died after a long illness, and presented himself at the gate of heaven, when he found he had been preceded by a rich man who had just died, and having previously knocked, and just been admitted by the apostle Peter. The laborer who stood waiting without was enchanted at the ravishing sound of rejoicing and sweet music which appeared to hail the entrance of the rich man, and having knocked in his turn was also admitted. But what was his astonishment at finding silence where graphic sound had so lately been joyously uttered.

"How is this?" he demanded of Peter. "When the rich man entered, I heard music and singing; is there then the same distinction between rich and poor in heaven as on earth?"

"Not at all," replied the apostle; the poor come to heaven every day, where as it is scarcely once in a hundred years that a rich man gains admission." *Town State Press.*

Remember that you can get the present volume of the *Literary Companion*, and a beautiful picture of the editress "Post Paid" for the low price of 25 cents.

A passenger having hired a boat to take him across a rather rough stream, asked the boatman if anybody was ever lost there. "Niver" replied Patrick; "a passenger was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day."

We have ten territories waiting to become States. They are: Wyoming, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah, and Washington. *The Hanover Citizen.*

The death of the largest animal ever seen on this continent is reported in the Bedford [Pa] Inquirer.

The well known Elephant Hannibal died at that Place May 12th, his age is supposed to be 66 his weight was 15,000. Bones of larger animals have been found in America, called those of the Mammoth but the present Generation never saw a living Mammoth.

The water that has no taste is purest; the air that has no odor is freshest, and of all the modifications of manner the one most generally pleasing is simplicity.

California is the youngest of all nations, for half its population are miners, and there are plenty of children besides.

An Exchange Says: An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God, We should think it would be a noble work to make one honest.

Coleman, the dramatist, was asked if he new Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied the wit; "Hook and Eye are old associates."

"A Bachelor of thirty years" writes to the Country Gentleman for a recipe for making bean soup. A lady correspondent replies, "Get a wife that knows how to make it."

We must labor while 'tis day;  
Soon the light will fade away.  
Whate'er we find to do,  
Let us with our might pursue  
Keeping still our thought in view.  
Precious is the time.

THE BALTIMORE CHIEF.—Says: That a young lady of Newark Ohio, swallowed a thimble last week, and died in a few moments after.

## IMPROVED.



## MACHINE.

The Simplest, Cheapest and Best; With all the Modern Improvements—Sils, Thread, Oil, Needles, and all Machine Trimmings, Stitching, Stamping, and Branding, done to order on short notice, call and see Machines and Samples of work, at 57 Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y. D. E. RICE, Agent. Jy-26-65

**COMING HOME.**—We see some few of our Soldier boys at home, who have their discharge, but two thirds we shall never see again. We see Martin Daggett, but we don't see his brothers John and Horace. We see C. J. Grippen, but we don't see L. K. Williams or Nathan Buck. We see Henry Bryan, but we don't see Henry Owen or Marvin Darling. We see Thomas Beeman, but we don't see P. W. Church or Edward Lockwood. We see Wm Keith, but we don't see J. Leach or C. Dancy. We see Mr. Gardner but we don't see H. Ooley or Edward Burton. We see Mr. Strouger but we don't see A. F. Case or D. C. Hammond.

This is about the way that our town list will everage, two dead to one living.

Francis Pigg, of Indiana, has run away from Mrs. Pigg and four little Piggs. Our Inn, "Franky," says he is a Hog. *The Berks County Press.*

Editors are offered a rare chance to secure a very large and first class Magazine free by inserting the Advertisement of *Merrygrams* monthly, in another column. It is the best work of the kind published, and the offer made to both Subscribers and Editors, very liberal.

## THE LITERARY COMPANION.

### The Literary Companion.

PENFIELD, JULY 1865.

Do you wish to give some little friend a nice present? If so: I will send them the Present volume of my paper, and my gem picture, Post paid, on the receipt of twenty cents.

If you wish a splendid engraving of any kind do not forget to call on L. C. Mix, Rochester, N. Y., one of the best engravers in this State.

How is PENFIELD?—Penfield at the present time looks lovely, the numerous shade and ornamented trees hide all of the old rickety dwellings, that is about ready to fall with age, the buildings are diminishing, there has been several torn down in the past year or two, but there has not been any new ones erected in a long time, two or three have been fixed over and look very respectable.

Our town is now very healthy, the weather is rather pleasant with frequent showers, crops all look well, early cherries and strawberries are now ripe, we shall not have a very large crop of fruit as all kinds are falling from the trees. What we have will probably be large, cherries not bad on the trees, probably caused by our cold spring. Gardens never looked better.

A SPLENDID PICTURE.—We have a photograph taken full size by D. E. Rice & Co. 27 Smith's Arcade Rochester N. Y. a decided beauty, taken as I now am with pen in hand endeavoring to describe it, at the Editorial Table, this picture is too costly to offer as a premium to our Subscribers being highly finished and painted, but we do not intend to forget all Editors who exchange with the Literary Companion, expecting that they will not forget to mention who made the picture, and send them a marked copy, post paid.

We do not pretend to say that this is a pretty picture, but we do say, that it is the most perfect picture we ever saw, which gives the Artists much Credit at least, and we will venture to say, that if they have a pretty subject, they will give you one of the most perfect pictures to be obtained in this State.

JANUARY OR JULY.—Either of these months seem to be the best months in the year to get up clubs for popular Magazines, the Penfield January club for Petersons Ladies National Magazine is a large one, but we have very many Literary Ladies yet who do not take Petersons Magazine only as they barrow from their neighbors.

The July number of this *Excelsior* work is upon our table, and we had it illustrated with all things useful for the Ladies, the most splendid fashions, and patterns to instruct any Lady how to make their own dresses. This is worth more than the price of the work to any Lady, not saying anything about the valuable sewing matter, Embroidery, Music and &c. Now we advise all to hand their local Editor \$1.00 and he will most undoubtedly, and most cheerfully secure you this *Climax Magazine* for a whole year.

DON'T WORRY EAT DOG.—The Rochester Daily Union and Advertiser Says: That the dog pissing will on the first of this month, scatter promiscuously sausages well saturated with strychnine in all parts of the City, in order to kill all of worthless curs. We predict that the curs will be perfectly safe, as dog will not eat dog.

ESCAPEE.—John C. Beckenbridge and party made their escape from the coast of Florida on the 10th of June in a small Boat and landed safely at Corderous on the Isle of Cuba after a eight days voyage.

They made a solemn vow that they would sooner risk the chance of a watery grave, than to bend their knees to their enemies and ask forgiveness.

VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.—We have seen Dr. E. J. Merick's card, a recent resident of our Village; and we call the attention of those interested in Artificial Teeth to a very valuable improvement which he makes use of in his plates. Our opinion is, that it is as important as any improvement that has ever been made in mechanical Dentistry.

By its use that portion of the plate which covers the roof of the mouth is made Elastic or Flexible and causes it to adhere to all parts, and set upon the Gums so firmly that the Teeth can be worn with all the freedom; and confidence of the natural organs. By his improved process the trouble of learning to wear the plate is greatly overcome.

And another and greater advantage over the old style of work is that, this kind of Plate will not Rock nor Fall down.

We are sure parties need only see a specimen to be convinced in what their advantage consists. Dr. Merick offers greater facilities for obtaining this kind of work than was ever before offered to the public. He says if it is desired by his patients in the vicinity of Rochester, he will build their plates at their residences, and to accommodate parties any where in Western New York who want the improvement mentioned above. He offers to go into neighborhoods by having engaged as many as six whole plates with honorable persons.

There need be no fear in making engagements with him because he guarantees entire satisfaction or no charge. Give him a trial.

His residence will be at Rochester or vicinity. At present it is at Penfield Village seven mile east of said City. Address him at Penfield N. Y.

"Sam, where has Bill gone?"

"Oh, he's off to the oil region."

"Is he doing well?"

"Yes; he is 'taking them all down.'"

"How is that, what is he doing?"

"Oh, he's got a long job before him."

"What kind of a job?"

"Why he has bought an old oil Well very cheap, and commenced digging."

"How deep is the Well now?"

"About 800 feet."

"Does he expect to strike 'em' below that?"

"Oh, no; he has taken a job to bore through to China, so as to put a telegraph down through."

"Ah, is that so?"

"I suppose that they will be able to pore oil down at the same time, and save transportation; you green horn."

COME AGAIN.—Our Young folks for July is upon our table, and we think it one of the most perfect Companion for little folks that we ever saw.

It is kept for sale by all News Dealers, but the best way to get this valuable work is to give your Local Editor \$1.50 and he will secure it for you a whole year. We advise all who see this notice, and are not Subscribers already, to procure the July number and read the Splendid little stories, which are illustrated by numerous Engravings. We find among the contents of this number, Freddy's New-Years Dinner...The Moddel Young Lady...The Fish I Did n't Catch...How our Great, Grandfather was Killed...A Complaint...Lessons in Magic...Farming for boys...Our Dogs...The Little Prisoner...Winning his Way...Afloat in the Forest...The Night Moth...Round the Evening Lamp.

This work is published at 135 Washington St. Boston by Ticknor & Fields Publishers of the Atlantic Monthly, The Companion Poems and a host of other valuable works.

Many Editors place a ✕ on the wrapper of a newspaper to signify to the subscriber that their names crossed off from their books. While other Editors place the date on the wrapper on which the subscription expires, and all Subscribers should mind this date so as to renew their subscription in time not to lose any number. All papers out of the country where published now stop when the subscription expires.

THE CORA TRUE PATRIOT.—Says? That they have not a dead Advertisement in their Columns. They have one that has always looked rather sickly to us since Mr. B. T. Rabbit offered us two bottles of cider to publish his advertisement three months. We never noticed the offer of course, as we was not doing that kind of advertising. It is bad enough to advertise a humber when you get good pay for it.

CONFISCATED. The purchasers of Jeff. Davis, Confiscated property at New Orleans, must have little-faith in our Government hanging the traitor, for in case of his death all of his property will fall back to his heirs under our Constitution.

A GOOD ONE.—An amusing little incident occurred during the fight at Newtonia Mo.—The fight was a fierce one while it lasted, and one of the officers became very thirsty.—And repaired to a spring in the forest near by to get a draught of cool water, and kneeling down, drank from the fountain itself without the aid of a cup. As he arose from this refreshing tod, he sat himself fair and square upon his heels, which were armed with a pair of tremendous Mexican spurs. The instant he felt the prick of the rowels, he thought the enemy were upon him and a bayonet entering his flesh. When some of his men arrived, he was howling, "Oh, I surrender!" The articles of war do not admit of stating his name.—Stauben Courier.

THEY CAN BE MADE NEW.—How many people there is, that have some old worn-out Ballad or Song that they prize highly, and many have songs wrote off because they are unable to find one that is printed, most of those which are of a moral tendency, you could get printed by the hundred, for ten cents a versa, and returned to you post paid. Thus you can see that your old Songs and Ballads can be made new for a small trifle. Send all that you like to this office with money enclosed.

Family Record leaves for your Bible, can be got up in splendid style. Always send the exact size of your Bible leaf, and write every name plainly when you send for the price. A large record can be put in a small Bible, as well as a large one. In this way every Father, Mother, Son, Daughter, Uncle Aunt or any body else can have a record very cheap, as a hundred will not cost but a trifle more than ten would. Send your copy and post stamp and you will receive the price by return mail.

ONE DROP AT A TIME.—Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze, one drop at a time until it was a foot-long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clean, and sparkled brightly in the sun, but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If every thought be pure and right, the soul would be lovely and will sparkle with happiness, but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

(From the Chatham Courier.)

## The Reward of Kindness.

Could kindness spread lifes path with gems  
And stud each step with diamonds,  
We'd lay us down and wait the day,  
When all unkindness fades away.

While time on wings is passing by  
And we are hastening to the sky,  
With kindness lamp on either side  
All trimmed to be our future guide.

Up where salvations gushing streams  
are frescoed on wild heavenly beams;  
Where kindness ever loves to stay  
And ever round the heart will play.

These gathering storms will never come  
To fright the cheerful soul from home.  
For kindness rides above all storms,  
And keeps the cheerful heart so warm.

Life here may sometimes wear a frown  
Till kindness calls her sunbeams down,  
And shades them long in life so gay  
To lull besetting cares away.

Hele in life few roseat-flowers  
Are wet by kindness dipping showers,  
But food of such in heaven will grow  
First wet by fountains streams below.

## CHAPMAN & CORK.

Rochester City Coffee, Spice and Mustard Mills.

NORTH WATER STREET.

Coffees, Spices, Mustards, Cream Tartar, Moris' Baking Powder, Starch, Soda, Indigo, Flavoring Extracts, &c., at Wholesale Jy. 1-65

A NICE CLEAN PAPER.—Send for a specimen copy of the American, Published at Honesdale, Pa. by a 13 year old Editor Master W. S. Lord, at 50 cents, per year. Five copies \$2.00. Address as above.

Any person sending us the largest club before the 1st of Aug. we will send them the *Midton Free Press* gratis. It is a beautiful monthly paper.

A gentleman lately returned from Europe says half the people he met supposed North America was with South America; and he was frequently asked where the State of New England was? Dansville Herald.

The mountain sentinel, retrnas thanks to Mr. M. & Co. for a nice mess of eels. We had a very pretty little snake gave us last week.

For some years to come, old iron will be plenty enough around Petersburg, Va, to supply several large founderies. East and south of the city, plowing is dangerous, as exploding shells are very likely to send horse and driver hell in the air.

## LITTLE NELLIE'S INK RECIPE

To five quarts of pure rain water, take three ounces of extract of logwood, and one ounce of gum arabic.—Boil the above in an Iron vessel twelve minutes, then add one drachm of bicromate of potash, and one drachm of pruciate of potash—boil again fifteen minutes, then cool, strain, and bottle and keep it from the frost. Should a quantity freeze, and become red, boiling again would restore it. A smaller quantity can be made as good as the above quantity, as a small quantity of water boils away faster than a large one does.

TO PRINTERS ONLY.—We have a notice sent us, for the Express consideration of the craft, which says; a Great Bargain offered. The type and material which was used but a few weeks on the "American Eagle" Arkport N. Y. will be sold at a great bargain as they are of no use to the owner.

We know the type to be perfectly new, and should judge them to be long primer, and as they were purchased a short time before the first rise in printing material, they most undoubtedly can be bought at a Great Bargain. We are sorry that we are unable to give the variety and quantity of type and furniture, but any person wishing a new assortment of "new type" very cheap, can obtain full particulars by addressing the owner.

CHA'S A. BALDWIN.  
Artport. N. Y.

An old lady who had nearly lost her reason, was asked one day by a grand child. Granny what do you suppose become of the dove that Noah let loose out of the Ark the third time? O! I suppose some wicked fellow shot it.

Who is John Chapman; and where is he?—John chapman was the well known and highly esteemed proprietor of the Farmers Hotel in Rochester for a long time.

His acquaintance is far and wide. We have often seen his hospitality mentioned by the press; and heard him highly spoken of by all that knew him.

He can be found at the present time, on North Water Street a few rods North from Main Street stone Bridge, doing an extensive business in the coffee trade under the firm of Chapman & Cork.

We have visited their establishment, and should judge it to be second to none in Western New York. It would be labor lost for to invite the old friends of Mr. Chapman to call on them, as it is quite sufficient to inform them where they may be found.

TAKE NOTICE.—The Penfield Extra will not be published until after the fourth, we all claim our holidays.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—All old Subscribers who renew their Subscription to the Literary Companion before the first of October next, shall have the next volume for 25 cents, and a gem picture of the Editress included.

All new Subscribers before the first of October shall have the next volume, with picture included for 25 cents, or the Present volume and picture with next volume included for 40 cents.

We shall not publish any Extra copies at the Commencement of the next Vol. For this reason we wish all who wish to subscribe to do so previous to the commencement Oct. 1st 1865.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—First our circulation is very large. Second there is Gentleman in this County who order Extra Copies by thousands for free distribution in the County. In this way can you find a better medium for Advertising?

Why is a kicking Gun, like an office holder? "Cause it kicks when it is discharged. Bellefonte (Pa) Watchman.

THINKING AND DOING RIGHT.—It is much easier to think right without doing right than to do right without thinking right. Just thoughts may fail of producing just deeds, but just deeds always beget just thoughts. For, when the heart is pure and straight, there is hardly anything which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate concernment; but the clearest understanding can do little in purifying an impure heart, or the strongest in straightening a crooked one. American Union.

Sam; how is Pete to day?—Pete who? Why Pete-Hole!m you num.scuil.

## DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM VAN NABEE.

How cheering to the afflicted and careworn heart are dreams sometimes. In the many realms of dreamland we can hold communion with those who have gone before; we can wander to the heavenly land; we can hear the voices of seraphs whose music tones rest on the golden gates of dreamy slumber; we can feel the touch of their angel hands, and our souls are stirred to their utmost depths, as the mighty deep is stirred by the wind.

We can feel the kiss of the loved and lost upon our lips, and when we wake, we sigh that we no longer rest in slumber's embrace; and we breathe a wish that we might, add another link to the chain forged by the angel of sleep.

In dreamland, life's cares and troubles are all forgotten; we are free, free from every galling chain of sorrow. Ah, would that we might often wander through the pleasant paths and flowery ways of dreamland.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All old subscribers renewing their subscriptions before the first of August, shall receive another gem picture of the Editress, by return mail.

Three of the New England States, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, have a Governor Smith. And what is more remarkable, they are all Black Smiths.

## RUBBER CEMENT. RECIPE.

To 1½ pounds of best white glue, add one quart of soft water, and boil sufficient to melt the glue.

Take ¼ ounce of gum shellac, and cut it in one pint of alcohol, then put both together in a tin pail, and place the pail in a kettle of boiling water and boil about ten minutes.

Then add half table spoon full of hartshorn, and ¼ Pound of dry white lead, stirring the lead well through the mixture while cooling.

Add more water to make thick, if required. HENRY A. MILLIGAN, Baldwinsville N. Y.

TO MAKE CIDER VINEGAR.—Many people will keep a barrel of cider for years, without ever having it turn to vinegar, and very often it becomes spoiled and is thrown away.

Any person out of this county, sending us ten cents in stamps, or a subscriber to our paper for one year, we will forward them a receipt for turning cider into vinegar in a short space of time.

The receipt is from a person who has death largely in vinegar a number of years. No chemicals are used or nothing but what is as harmless as milk.

## VOSBURG'S WHITE LINIMENT, RECIPE.

To 8 ounces of spirits Ammonia, Add 4 ounces of Sweet Oil—2 ounces of Oil Ceder—half ounce of Gum Camphor—2 ounces of Oil Hemlock—and 2 ounces of Oil of Organum.

This liniment when made after the directions is the best article known, for Cuts, Bruises, Fresh wounds, Swellings, Rheumatic complaint, and all of the pains which flesh is heir too.

THE LITERARY COMPANION.

ONLY FORTY YEARS AGO.

How wondrous are the changes  
 Since forty years ago,  
 When girls wore woolen dresses  
 And boys wore pants of tow.  
 When shoes were made of calfskin  
 And socks of homespun wool,  
 And children did a half-day's work,  
 Before the hour of school.

The girls took music lessons  
 Upon the spinning wheel,  
 And practised late and early  
 On spindle, swift and reel; [mill]  
 The boys would ride "bare-backed" to  
 A dozen miles or so  
 And hurry off before 'twas day—  
 Some forty years ago.

Then people rode to meeting  
 In sleds instead of sleighs,  
 And wagons rode as easy  
 As buggies now-a-days,  
 And oxen answered well for teams,  
 Though now they are too slow;  
 For people lived not half so "fast"  
 Some forty years ago.

There was old deacon Smith  
 That good old man, we say,  
 He'd call at our house every week  
 And invite all to pray,  
 But now such calls are not popular  
 Our Ministers never do,  
 To visit all poor families  
 As did they forty years ago.

O well I do remember  
 That Wilson's Patent stove,  
 That father bought and paid for  
 In cloth our girls had wove,  
 And how the neighbors wondered  
 When we got 'th-thing to go;  
 They said 'twould "burst" and kill us all,  
 Some forty years ago.

Yes every thing is different  
 From what it "used it was"  
 For men are always tampering  
 with Gods dear natural laws;  
 And what on earth we's coming to—  
 Does any body know?  
 For every thing has changed so much  
 Since forty years ago.

From the Vicksburg Daily Herald.  
**List of Presidents and Vice-Presidents.**

- The following list of Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States, as well as of those who were candidates for these offices since the organization of the government, will be found to be very convenient for references:
- 1789—George Washington and John Adams, two terms, no opposition.
  - 1797—John Adams, opposed by Thomas Jefferson, who, having the next highest electoral vote, became Vice-President.
  - 1801—Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr, beating John Adams and Charles C. Pinckney;
  - 1805—Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton; beating Charles C. Pinckney and Rufus King.
  - 1809—James Madison and George Clinton; beating Charles C. Pinckney.
  - 1813—James Madison and Eldridge Gerry; beating DeWitt Clinton.
  - 1817—James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins; beating Rufus King.
  - 1821—James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins; beating John Quincy Adams.
  - 1825—John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun; beating Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay; and Mr. Crawford, there being four candidates for President, and Albert Gallatin, for Vice-President.
  - 1829—Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun; beating John Quincy Adams and Richard Rush.
  - 1833—Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren; beating Henry Clay, John Floyd and William Wirt for President; and William Wilkins, John Sergeant, and Henry Lee, for Vice-President.
  - 1837—Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson; beating William H. Harrison, Hugh L. White, and Daniel Webster, for President, and John Tyler for Vice-President.
  - 1841—William H. Harrison and John Tyler; beating Martin Van Buren and Littleton W. Tazewell. Harrison died one month after his inauguration, and John Tyler became President for the remainder of the term.
  - 1845—James K. Polk and George M. Dallas; beating Henry Clay and Theodore Tilton.
  - 1849—Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore; beating Lewis Cass and Martin Van Buren for President, and William O. Butler and F. Adams for Vice-President. Taylor died July 9, 1850, and Fillmore became President.
  - 1853—Franklin Pierce and William R. King; beating Winfield Scott and W. A. Graham.
  - 1857—James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge; beating John C. Fremont and Millard Fillmore for President; and William L. Dayton and A. J. Donelson for Vice-President.
  - 1861—Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin; beating John Bell, Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckinridge for President and Edward Everett, Herschell V. Johnson, and Joseph Lane for Vice-President.
  - 1865—Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson; beating George B. McClellan and George H. Rives.

Lincoln was assassinated by J. Wilks Booth April 14th 1865 which made Andrew Johnson President.

SARATOGA DAILY. The *Daily Republican and Sentinel* will be published by Thomas G. Young at Saratoga Springs N. Y. through the summer at \$1.50 in advance for the season, commencing July 3d. Advertising done on the most reasonable terms. Address as above.

The value of Advertising in a small paper.—We have actually had more orders for pictures from a notice in the *Star Spangled Banner* Published at Hinsdale N. H. than we have from any other paper published in the Union. The fact is, that Every body will read every thing found in a small paper, and then look for more, and when they are done with them they will send them to their friends to read. The Banner is only 25 cents a year monthly.

DONT TELL ANY BODY.—Soft Soap is the best known remedy for galls on horses breasts, it will cure the worst sores in a short time, to be applied with the hand, and well rubbed in.

The following anecdote of Daniel Websters boyhood was told by Mr. Lincoln: When quite young, at school, Daniel was guilty of a gross violation of the rules, he was detected in the act, and called up by the teacher for punishment. This was to be the old fashioned "feruling" of the hand. His hands happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, on his way to the teachers desk he spit upon the palm of his right hand, wiping it off upon the side of his pantaloons. "Give me your right hand, sir," said the teacher, very sternly. Out went the right hand, partly cleaned. The teacher looked at it a moment and said, "Daniel, if you will find another hand in the school as filthy as that, I will let you off this time. Instantly from behind his back came the left hand. Here it is, sir," was the ready reply. "That will do," said the teacher, "for this time, you can take your seat sir!"

"Tis strange," said a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners, I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening and now I'm a tumbler myself."

WHAT A GOOD NEWSPAPER MAY DO.—Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without these silent private tutors can know their educated power for good or evil. Have you ever thought of the innumerable topics of discussion with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted, great philanthropic question of the day to which unconsciously their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chaty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young as a great moral in the social light.  
 Brookville (Pa) Republican.

Postage on small News-Papers.

Religious, Educational, and Agricultural. Newspapers of small size issued less frequently than once a week, may be sent in packages to one address at the rate of one cent for each package not exceeding four ounces in weight.

United States Mail, August 1863

Each new Subscriber to the Penfield Extra before the first day of August, shall receive a full volume of the Literary Companion not paid, as a premium, to be sent to the Subscriber or any of their friends.

A VALUABLE MACHINE.—We next week intend to give our readers, the cuts and directions for making the cheapest Washing Machine and Clothes Wringer combined that was ever invented, being an article that will do a large washing in less time than half a dozen wash-woman could do it, and the construction of the machine is so simple that any Carpenter can make one in one day. The Inventor lives in this town and claims no patent on the wringer, but offers it as a labor saving benefit to the ladies who are subscribers to the Literary Companion.

A firm faith is the best theology; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty, the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

The Penfield Extra.

Is published every Thursday, at Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y., by  
**Jellie Williams.**

Who commenced its weekly publication when she was only eleven years of age.  
 Terms.—Per year in advance, including a "Pen Picture" 50 each subscriber. Single copy 75 cents. Three copies to one address \$2.00.—Five copies to one address \$3.00.—Eight copies to one address \$4.00.—Eleven copies to one address \$5.00.—  
 Postage on a club of eleven subscribers or under, to one address, will be 12 cents per quarter. Postage on single copies, 5 cents per quarter.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING,  
 Twelve lines of this type, or a space equal to them make one square.

1 square	1w	1m	1q	1m	2m	3m	10m	1y
	40	60	90	70	120	150	300	600

Half, Quarter or Double square in the same proportion.  
 The Extra is claimed to be one of the best advertising mediums in the state as every body will read it from preface to flia. Circulation 1700.

Please send this copy of the Companion to some distant little friend, it will go in a letter Envelop with a small note, for single rate of Letter Postage.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

Terms—Twenty five cents;  
Per year in advance;

Devoted to Romance and Literature.

Single Copies Three Cents.  
at the Office.

VOL. 1.

PENFIELD, N. Y. AUGUST, 1865.

NO. 11.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY COMPANION.

PUBLISHED BY

**Little Allie Williams,  
Penfield, N. Y.**

The *Literary Companion* will be published on the first of every month, and mailed to subscribers at the low price of twenty five cents a year, including a gem picture of the Editress to each Subscriber.

**CLUB TERMS.**—Five copies of present volume to one address Post Paid for one dollar.—Twelve copies of Present volume to one address Post Paid for \$2.00 Postage to clubs, 12 cents a year for a package under 4 ounces. Single copies the same.

The *Companion* will be devoted to Romance and Literature, and will contain but few advertisements, which will be accepted only on the following terms.

One square	1m	2m	3m	6m	9m	12m
	50	75	100	150	200	250

Twelve lines of this type or a space equal to them make one square. Half, quarter or double square to the same proportion. Editorial notices free each period.

We start with a circulation of about 2000 copies, taking the place of the *Penfield Extra* once every month. By this it will be seen that our advertising rates are very low compared with our circulation. Address Little Allie Williams.

## D. H. RICE & CO.,S Photograph and Ambrotypes GALLERY 27 SMITH'S ARCADE.

BUFFALO STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
Gallery easy to access, up but one pair of stairs. The Citizens of Rochester, and adjacent County, are respectfully invited to call. The services of one of the most skillful artists in the state, has been secured. Our Cameras are large, of the most approved style, India Ink, and water colors done in the finest style of the art. Particular attention paid to Copying and retouching old pictures. Pictures from the largest size, down to those beautiful Gems, taken in all kinds of weather. Your patronage is solicited.  
J. H. Rice, D. H. RICE & CO.

## NEW YORK CENTRAL R. R.

On and after June 5th 1865 until further Notice, Cars will leave Pittsford

### EASTWARD.

New York Express	5-55 a.m.
Local Freight	8-25 a.m.
Through Freight	1-00 p.m.
Albany & Buffalo Express	6-25 p.m.

### WESTWARD.

Through Freight	7-08 a.m.
New York Mail	11-38 a.m.
Local Freight	4-10 p.m.
Mail	11-25 p.m.

Cars will leave Fairport.

### WESTWARD.

Mail—9-20 a.m.—Freight—2-40 p.m.—Freight—7-25 p.m.

### EASTWARD.

Freight—6-20 a.m.—Freight—10-10 a.m.—Mail—4-25 p.m.

H. W. Chittenden, Gen. Supt.



## STAGE & CAR TIME.

The Penfield Stage leaves this village at 8 o'clock A. M. Arriving in Rochester in time to take the

Steam Boat Express Via; Clyde	10-35 A.M.
Freight Accom'n Via; Auburn	12-30 P.M.
New York Mail Via; Batavia	10-50 A.M.
New York Mail Via; Lockport	10-50 A.M.
Baltimore Express Via; Avon	10-25 A.M.
Trains for Charlotte and Canada	2-20 P.M.

Returning will leave New England House Rochester at 3 o'clock P. M. Fare each way 40 cents, positively collected at Brighton.

W. S. Watson, proprietor.

**TO PRINTERS ONLY.**—We have a notice sent us, for the Express consideration of the craft, which says: a Great Bargain offered.—The type and material which was used but a few weeks on the "American Eagle" Arikport N. Y. will be sold at a great bargain as they are of no use to the owner.

We know the type to be perfectly new, and should judge them to be long primer, and as they were purchased a short time before the first rise in printing material, they most undoubtedly can be bought at a Great Bargain. We are sorry that we are unable to give the variety and quantity of type and furniture, but any person wishing a new assortment of "new type" very cheap, can obtain full particulars by addressing the owner.

CHA'S A. BALDWIN.  
Arikport, N. Y.

## Postage on small News-Papers.

Religious, Educational, and Agricultural Newspapers of small size issued less frequently than once a week, may be sent in packages to one address at the rate of one cent for each package not exceeding four ounces in weight.

United States Mail, August 1863

We are in the regular receipt of the following magazines and journals, as an exchange for our little paper, for which the kind Editors will please except our many thanks.

Clyde Weekly Times	Clyde, N. Y.	\$200
Published by Joseph A. Pain at		
Repositary & Messenger	Canandaigua N. Y.	\$200
Published by J. J. Mattison at		

## LITTLE PILGRIM

EDITED BY GRACE GREENWOOD

AND PUBLISHED BY

L. K. Lippencott 419 Walnut St, Phil. Pa. to whom all orders must be addressed. Single copies, 50 cents. Five copies 2.75 Ten copies 5.00 Fifteen copies 7.00 Fifty copies 22.00.

It is reported that the Express going to Exeter in England, travels 75 miles per hour some portion of the way. It would take a smart boy to run before and keep the cows off of the track.

## LITERATURE.

EVERY MECHANIC  
Should subscribe for the  
**American Artisan.**

Published at 212, Broadway, New York by  
BROWN, COOMBS & Co.

at \$2.00 per year in advance. Specimen copies sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

## THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN FOR 1865.

VOLUME XI.—NEW SERIES.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
Two volumes of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN are published each year, at \$1.50 each, or \$3 per annum, with correspondingly low terms to Clubs; \$1 will pay for four month's subscription. The numbers for one year constitute a work of 832 pages of useful information, which every one ought to possess. A new volume commenced on the first of July 1865.

### CLUB RATES.

Five Copies, for Six Months	..... \$8
Ten Copies, for six months	..... 12
Ten Copies, for Twelve Months	..... 23
Fifteen Copies, for Twelve Months	..... 34
Twenty Copies, for Twelve Months	..... 40

For all clubs of Twenty and over, the yearly subscription is only \$2.00. Names can be sent in at different times, and from different Post-offices. Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any part of the country.

Canadian subscribers will please to remit 25 cents extra on each year's subscription to prepay postage.

MUNN & CO., Publishers.  
No. 37 Park Row, New York.

## The Penfield Extra.

Is published every Thursday, at Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y., by

### Jellie Williams.

Who commenced its weekly publication when she was only eleven years of age.

**Terms.**—Per year in advance, including a "Gem Picture" to each subscriber. Single copy 75 cents. Three copies to one address \$2.00—Five copies to one address \$3.00—Eight copies to one address \$4.00—Eleven copies to one address \$5.00—

Postage on a club of eleven subscribers or under, to one address, will be 35 cents per quarter. Postage on single copies, 5 cents per quarter.

### TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Twelve lines of this type, or a space equal to them make one square.

A square	1w	2w	3w	1m	2m	3m	6m	1y
	40	60	80	70	120	200	300	500

Half, Quarter or Double square in the same proportion.

The Extra is claimed to be one of the best advertising mediums in the state as every body will read it from preface to finish. Circulation 17,000.

CHANGED HANDS.—It will be seen by our Express time table, that the Penfield stage has again changed hands. We understand that Mr. Wm. Watson is to be the conductor. "He will be the right man in the right place". He will probably suit our people as well as any man we have had in a long time, as he is called very kind and obliging.

## THE LITERARY COMPANION.

### The Literary Companion.

PENFIELD, AUGUST 1865.

#### Talk in Meeting.

That tall young fellow's here to-day!  
I wonder what's his name?  
His eyes are fixed upon our pew—  
Do look at Sallie Dams.  
Who's that young lady dressed in green?  
It can't be Mrs. Leach;  
There Mrs. Jones with Deacon Giles—  
I wonder if he'll preach?  
Lend me your fan, it is so warm;  
We both will sit in prayer;  
Mourning becoms the wid' w' Ames—  
How Mary's bonnet flares!  
Do look at Nancy Sleeper's veil,  
It's full a breadth to wide;  
I wonder if Susannah Ayers  
Appears to day a-brief!  
Lord what a voice Jane Rice has got;  
Oh! how that organ roars;  
I'm glad we've left the singer's seat;  
How hard Miss Johnson snores!  
What ugly shavls those are in front!  
Did you observe Ann Widd?  
Her new straw bonnet's trim'd with black  
I guess she's lost a child.  
I'm half asleep; that Mr. Jones,  
His sermon's as so long!  
This afternoon we'll stay at home,  
And practice that new song.

**PETROLEUM IN PENFIELD.**—The Rochester Daily Union speaks favorable of the discovery of oil about two miles north of our village. This is not the only place in Penfield that Petroleum smells strong. There is many little inlets to Irondequoit Creek where oil swims freely on the surface, and sticks that have been gathered by the boys out of these brooks to make fishing fires have, the appearance of pine knots burning, and the bottom of some old fence post dug up near a small creek in rear of our Union Hotel, were actually split up, and kept for kindling fires which would burn similar to a tar barrel stove. With much smoke and odor.

**POPULATION.**—The population of Penfield according to the Census of 1853 is 3,943—In 1850—3,185—In 1855—3,031—In 1860—3,210—A Decrease of 164 in five years, from war and other causes.

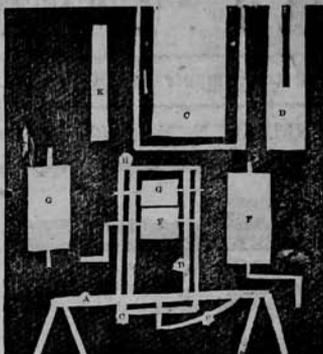
**KIRBY SMITH.** is represented as having become the richest man in America, in cotton speculation. It is supposed that he has a sister in this town.

**MEN WILL WRANGLE FOR RELIGION;** write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but—live for it!

**WE** have had two colored boys in this town, and one of them says; that he got to be twelve years old before it was decided which way he was to walk as his leg was so near the centre of his foot.

**ALL** new Subscribers to the Literary Companion before the first of August, will get the directions for making the new Washing Machine, in the August number. Subscribe for your friends, for 25 cents you can get the present volume, and a pretty picture of the twelve year old Edress included, Post Paid. Who has some little Lady friend, that they can highly please for the small trifle of 25 cents?

### Climax washing Machine and Wringer Combined.



The above cut is intended to represent the construction of a very simple and durable Washing Machine and clothes Wringer combined, which does the best of work, and any person is at liberty to make and use them.

First letter A. Is a bench about 34 feet long; and 16 inches wide.

Second B. Is a steel spring (a short leaf of wagon spring) which is connected to a bar which is fastened to two slats that run up on each side of the bench to hold down the top roller, as shown and spoken of in letter C.

Some prefer a weight instead of the spring, and we think it better, as the pressure on the top roll is more even. The weight can be made by placing the end of a board on the cross bar, some 5 or 6 feet long, so that you can stand on the board when you are turning the machine.

Third C. shows the two slats with a cross bar at the bottom, which is attached to the spring under the bench and also to the top roller, so as to hold the rollers firmly to any thickness of goods you may be passing through them: One of those slats should be of a circle so as to pass the rod in the under roller.

These slats should be fastened to gather, by a wire rod, running from one to the other through the groove of the standard above the rollers, so as not to allow the pins in the top roller to slip out.

Fourth D. Is one of the standards which is to be nailed to one side of the bench about mid way, and the other standard nailed to the opposite side. These standards should be about 24 feet long; and just as wide as you wish your rollers in diameter; with a groove in the top, about 10 inches down to allow your rollers to run in them.

Fifth E. Is the under roller and crank, the crank should be of about 3/4 iron, but may be governed by the size of your rollers. The rollers are to be turned of wood, any size and length that you may require, and to make them more soft, you can cover them with coarse duck, which will prevent breaking buttons.

Sixth G. Is the upper roller.

Seventh H. Is intended for a rod to hold the slats together firmly on the pins of top roller.

Eighth K. Is a two inch slat, that should be nailed on front of each standard, so as not to allow the clothes to run off of the end of the rollers. Rollers on the edge of the standard would be better.

In using this Machine, the following washing fluid will be found to assist materially, which is made in the following way.

Take one pound of Sal Soda, and a half lb. of unslacked lime to one gallon of water, let them boil twenty minutes, then cool and settle, after which pour off the clear liquid in a stone jug, and keep for use.

Directions for Washing. Let your clothes soak over night and then run them once

through the ringer, using a rotary motion for those very dirty, then soap the stiff parts, and place them in a boiler with sufficient water to cover them, adding a table spoon full of the washing fluid to every pail of water, then boil your clothes a half an hour, then roll your clothes from your boiler which is placed on your bench in front of the rollers, into a tub or basket set on the bench back of the rollers.

Now examine your clothes, and add a little more soap to any dirty or soiled spots that may remain, and place them again in the boiler, and run them through again, using a rotary motion on all thick dirty clothing carpets &c.

Now roll them twice from tubs of clean water, and you will be convinced that a washing can be well done without breaking your arms, or even wetting your hands. By this washing process you have no strain on the fabric, and your clothes made much cleaner, with less than one fourth of the ordinary labor.

Any person wishing to make the above mentioned machine, and not being able to do so, with our explanation, we will send them a perfect model Post-Paid, on the receipt of one dollar (address this office) but we think that any mechanic could make one from our description. The cost of a good machine made in this way cannot vary much from \$4.00 where a mechanic is willing to work for \$3.00 a day. One can be made in six hours.

NOTE.—This same machine will be found of great value to those who wish to make grape or currant wine, as it will do the work effectually, by placing a temporary hopper in front of the rolls, and a tin slope on the opposite side, to catch the pumice when it comes through perfectly dry.

A cheap sugar mill can be made in the same way. And by removing the rollers you can use a stationary bed piece with teeth, and a crank roller with teeth, and scrape apples for fresh cider in a short time, and then press your pumice as you do your grapes.

**ONE WAY TO DO IT.**—An Exchange says; that Whiskey barrels make good pork barrels, and also Oil barrels make good pickle barrels, and the barrel heads which are moved bring a large price up West and down in the Oil region. We expect that they prefer the heads with the Revenue Inspectors Mark.

All dealers who empty a cask of Oil or Spirits are subject to a penalty of \$800, if they neglect to Erase the Inspectors mark, but if they take out the marked head and box them up we suppose it is just as well.

**SMUGGLING.**—We understand that the most profitable business now in Canada, is that of making whiskey, hundreds of packet distilleries are now in operation. This whiskey is principally put up in casks of ten gallons, some of which are quite often found anchored out in Irondequoit Bay.

This Bay is one of the best on Lake Ontario for Smuggling purposes, as there is thousands of acres of flags, and in many places a large sail boat can run in them over a mile from the main channel, and on either side for a distance of seven or eight miles the shores are a complete wilderness, with but few exceptions where large Hotels have been built for the accommodation of pleasure parties.

These shores are mostly high bluffs covered with thick underbrush and are seldom visited except by regular paths through some revein.

In many places a good sized meeting house might be secreted so that it would trouble a custom house officer to find it, and were it possible for them to guard this Bay day and night, contraband goods could be landed by this small class sale boats, with perfect safety on our shore for many miles in small packages like kegs of Whiskey Boxes of Cigars &c.

We understand that good Whiskey is sold along our border for \$1.50 per gallon, and most likely Government tax of \$2.00 has been paid on it.

It is reported that in Troy N. Y. boys only 12 years old have become highway robbers

## THE LITERARY COMPANION.

From the LayFayette (Ind.) Lilliputian.

### TOBACCO.

Some men now, as in days of yore,  
Worship God, but tobacco more,  
At early morn, at noon of day,  
At golden eve and twilight gray,  
Their foul perfumes and incense rise  
In circling clouds-towards the skies.  
The poorest fool that walks the sod,  
Must bow before this modern god,  
Priest and peasant, pope and king,  
All venerate the dirty thing.  
And little "hopefuls"—'tis to true,  
Have learn'd the art to smoke and chew,  
With bliss within, a sober face,  
They whiff and chew with Yankee grace,  
That lighted roll, the quid of sin,  
Stain the heart as they stain chin!  
Watch that smoker with burning roll,  
Ah, is he not a happy soul?  
Yes, happy, though his children go  
In tatter'd clothes when chill winds blow!  
The troubles of a careworn man  
Are banish'd by this simple plan;  
If evil thoughts should haunt his mind,  
A certain cure for these he'll find;  
If spirits blue should drag him down  
And bow his head toward the ground,  
He need not fear, this potent pill  
Will cast them out with magic skill;  
And devils would as I suppose,  
Be changed to saints by three cent dose.  
The floor and pulpit, bench and pew,  
Of sacred church, are spattered too,  
And simple souls, who lain would kneel  
With contrite hearts, must shurely feel  
That 'tis an awful filthy place,  
To pray to God to give them grace.  
What man or woman with decent taste,  
With heart that's good and wholly chaste,  
Will assume 'tis a freeman's right,  
To spoil our clothes and shock our sight,  
To breathe his fumes in the vital air,  
To bear us company ev'ry where?

The National Defender and several other Pennsylvania Exchanges says; that the apple crop in Western New York will be enormous this Season. We are very glad to hear it, if we can not see the apples. We consider the apple crop a perfect failure in this section, so much so, that old cider and cider vinegar has rose to about three times the value which it was sold at last fall.

ALL VISIT ROCHESTER.—There is but very few people in Western New York but what visit Rochester, and many people visit the City to see and be seen consequently they have or calculate to have some leisure hours, of which a few moments could be well spent in the beautiful Photograph Gallery of D. E. Rice & Co., No. 27 Smiths Arcade a few doors east of the Court House.

History informs us that one man was in more danger of being drowned by staying on land, than he was in going to sea. How is this Mr. Noah.

Some wicked rascal says that he has invented a new telegraph. He proposes to place a line of woman fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first as a very profound secret.

We suppose that you have heard of old Browns plasters. It is stated that a man cut his dogs tail off, and applied some of this plaster to stop the blood, and to his surprise the plaster caused the tail to grow out again, and now having such faith in the plaster, he applied some to the tail which he had cut off and the result was that a new dog grew on the tail. If the above story be true, the plaster was very powerful, but after all we do not think that it would cure Broken Breasts, Burns, Old sores, and Fresh Wounds, Bites of Beasts or Sting of Insects half as quick as Gardner's All-Healing Salve. Try it. Sold by all druggists. Manufactured by N.H. Gardner Rochester N. Y.

### Our Visit at Canandaigua

Knowing that the loyalty of the people of our town would wither, when the time should come to tax their pockets to celebrate our glorious Independence, we concluded to spend our fourth in a town, whose name stands "first" in loyalty, and accordingly we took a trip to Canandaigua, and placed ourselves under the kind care and protection of Uncle J. J. Mattison and Lady. We shall long remember the pleasant trip and the kindness that we received. Aunt Mattison is a love of a lady; and has two little daughters who are loving and happy.

We do not covert them their happiness; but feel that if we had such a kind loving mother our worldly happiness would be complete.

Little Cora is nearly our own age, which added much to the enjoyment of our visit.

Uncle Mattison is a kind, somewhat aged man, known to the world as Editor and proprietor of the Ontario Repository and Messenger. We are sorry to think that he is passing down the opposite side, of the hill of life, his wrinkled brow begins to show the toil and hardships which he has passed, but we are pleased to see that Uncle Mattison is soon to be superceded, we should judge from appearances that his son Master Clarence who we take to be somewhat past Eighteen, but whose knowledge of business and manly appearances has placed him far ahead of his years, we think that he will soon say; Father go thou hence and smoke thy pipe, and leave me to revege these old type cases which has nearly worn you out.

As for the fourth, the people seemed very much disappointed, the knowing ones said that the committee pocketed the funds, and left the small boys to celebrate with firecrackers.

The day was somewhat enlivened by the St. Catharines brass band, who done honor to themselves and the occasion, and the three fire companies turned out in uniform with their Engines beautifully trimmed.

The brass band of the 144 N. Y. V. who by chance were detained at Canandaigua most of the day, were invited to assist in the exercises of the day which they did nobly, and one of their commanding Officers was called to the stage and made the best speech on the occasion.

As to the regiment itself we shall say but little at the present time, except that they were treated more like swine than they were like human beings, or even worse, as they were not allowed to ride in cattle cars, but were placed as thick as they could be placed on the most common kind of lumber cars unprotected from the hot sun or drenching showers. We would say in honor to the Canandaigua Ladies Aid Society that these veterans were well fed, after going without rations over 24 hours.

On the fifth, as all were somewhat dissatisfied with the previous day, most of Uncle's household concluded to finish up by taking a trip up the Lake in the Beautiful little Steamer Joseph Wood, the day was most beautiful, with just sufficient breeze to make it lovely, we landed at most of the Points on the Lake, and finally arrived at its head, and having nearly two hours to spare before the return of the Steamer, we wandered down the shore, and soon found a lovely spot, on which to partake of some splendid refreshments, which our kind hearted Aunt had not forgotten to pack some large baskets for our use.

After our repast some of us who wished to go, were taken out on the deep blue sea in row-boats until we heard the whistle of the little Steamer.

On our return down, we were introduced to Capt. S. Standish one of the Proprietors of the splendid Craft, and from our judgement he is the "right man in the right place" and notwithstanding there is a new boat building on the Lake, we predict that the James wood will do its full share of business while it is conducted by Capt. Standish.

LATER.—Since writing the above, we see by a supplement (which is a love of a little

sheet the same size of this paper) that Uncle has broken his large new cylinder press, and thinks that it may take two or three weeks to repair it, we are very sorry, and yet we are obliged to laugh when we look at Uncle's funny little paper, which is to be a semi weekly.

STARTED TO DEATH.—It has been ascertained beyond a possibility of a doubt that our brother L. K. Williams and John Daggott starved to death in a rebel prison, a Corporal of Comp. C. Eight N. Y. Cavalry was in the prison at the same time and saw them die with dispendancy and starvation. Our informant who is a brother of Mr. Daggott did not learn the name of the prison or the time of their death, but says that there is no doubt but they lost their life by starvation and dispendancy, having no hopes that our Government would ever Exchange for them, knowing before they were captured that thousands of men were starving at Andersonville. They were both Captured, in the Shandooch valley last September, since which time we have heard nothing of their whereabouts, excepting that they were among the missing, some hopes were entertained that they were taken prisoners and would finally get through alive, but for the last few months we have given up the idea of ever seeing them again, and are not the least surprised to hear of their cruel death.

Never buy goods of those who do never advertise, says Prentice of the Louisville Journal. Those that advertise sell much more, and in consequence are able to sell much cheaper.

### NEW MUSIC,

We are in receipt of some splendid pieces of sheet music, from the Publishing House of

WM. S. MACKIE & SON.

Music and Piano Dealers,

No. 82 State St. Rochester N. Y.

Among which are the Celebrated

Wizard Schottisch.

Bell Brown. Ballad written by H. E. G. Avery, Music by Geo. R. Poulton Price 30 cts.

The Grand National Medley.

Dedicated to Prof. Geo. P. Poulton

Underground Rail Road March.

Dedicated to the North Star Arranged for the Pianoforte. Price 25 cts.

And we find in Messrs Mackie's Bulletin for July nearly fifty pieces of New Music, a few of which are Oil on the Brain Price 35 cts., Night before the Battle Price 30 cts.

Pa has struck the Price 30 cts. President

Lincoln's Funeral March Price 40 cts.

Where is my boy to Night Price 40 cts.

Maj. Gen. Sherman's Grand triumphal

March Price 40 cts. Lily of the valley Price

60 cts. The hundred Pipers Price 50 cts.

and a score of other new pieces too numerous

to mention, Send for the Catalogue

address Wm. S. Mackie & Son

82 State St. Rochester N. Y.

He who takes an eel by the tail, or a woman by the tongue, is sure to come off empty handed.

MOTHER'S AND THEIR INFLUENCE.—When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, says one I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and, among other things, he informed me that at their start they made a gross mistake—they only sent boys to school.—These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives; and the uniform result was, the children were like their mothers.

The father soon lost all interest both in wife and children. "Ah! now," says he, "if we would educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls; for when they become mothers, they educate their sons."

This is the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully enlightened when mothers are not in a good degree qualified to discharge the duties of the home work of education.

The Le Roy Gazette,

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

**NOTICE.**—All persons wishing to renew their subscription to this paper for another year, had better do it immediately, so as to commence with the first number. We shall not publish extra copies of our next volume. The subscribers price will be the same as now in our prospectus picture included. Postage to one address, twelve cents a year for a four ounce package.

**TO SUBSCRIBERS.**—We very seldom mention that we wish you to assist us in obtaining new Subscribers. We would be pleased to have each one of our present Subscribers send us a new name, and all old Subscribers, that renew their Subscription can have two papers sent to one address for one dollar, and get two pictures, since our brother was starved to death in the rebel prison we are thrown cutely upon our own resources for a living, and would be thankful for your assistance.

## MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

The Atlantic for August is before us. This work stands unrivaled as a literary Magazine, the services of the best writers of the world are secured. It is kept at all periodical depots, single numbers 35 cents. Published by Messrs Ticknor and Fields, Boston Mass. Publishers of the following New and interesting works.—Tennysons Poems.—Seaside Studies.—A man without a Country—a very interesting book, price only 10 cents.—Household Poems price 50 cents.—Songs for all seasons, Price 50 cents.—and a host of other interesting new books sent at two cent strap for a mammoth catalogue or send ten cents for the Man without a Country and order the free catalogue. Address as above.

**GODEY FOR AUGUST.**—This climax Magazine for August is early on hand, and we do not feel competent to illustrate the splendid engravings with the pen, therefore we will solicit all to secure the August number and read it and see it for themselves. Sold by all News Dealers single copies 25 cents. Club price by the year \$2-50 which you can give to your local Editor and secure the work. Don't fail to do it. Back numbers from January can always be obtained.

**PETERSONS LADIES NATIONAL MAGAZINE.**—This valuable work for August is on hand, we have a large club in this town, and should judge that it will be doubled by another year, from what we hear said about it.—It is making all of our Ladies Dress Makers. The patterns, as well as all the present fashion plates are found in this Magazine every month, beside a large quantity of excellent reading matter, embroidery, music &c.—The lowest club rates to this Magazine is \$1.50 which you can hand to any Editor and they will secure you the full volume.—Don't fail to do it.—You can find single copies at all Periodical Depots.

**ONLY 20 CENTS.**—Well this is cheap for a Magazine like Our Young Poets Every Little Girl and Boy in America could save 20 cents every month to purchase this work. The reading matter and illustrations are all arranged to please and instruct the young, and we think that every intelligent young person should read it. It is kept for sale by all news dealers, and also by the Publishers Messrs Ticknor & Fields, who are now publishing a host of new works, among which is a man without a country price only 10 cents, send for this, and the new mammoth catalogue. Address Ticknor & Fields Boston Mass.

**NATIONAL LYRICS.**—By John C. Whittier—This is the name of the third series, of the Companion Poets for the People, published by Messrs Ticknor and Fields, Boston Mass, they are certainly a very interesting work, each volume containing over 100 pages, and sold at the low price of 60 cents each. The National Lyrics, is before us, which number is very beautifully illustrated.—This, as well as the two preceding numbers, Household Poems and Songs for all Seasons.—Will each be mailed post paid on the receipt of the price.—Those volumes which are soon to follow are Lyrics of Life, Humorous Poems, and Religious Poems, by Harriet Beecher Stow, all with Illustrations splendidly engraved.

**Dr. Massie** who had recently come to this Country, Says: that there will be about £200,000 raised in England to educate the freedman of this Country. Massachusetts will stand a good chance to get a good share, as the Banner of Light says; that Springfield alone has 1083 persons over 20 year of age who can neither read or write.

**An awkward man**, attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "There now!" exclaimed his wife, "we've lost our dinner." "Oh no, my dear!" answered he, "it's safe, I have got my foot on it!"

**A woman** being enjoined to try the effect of kindness on her husband, and being told that it would heap coals of fire on his head, replied that she had tried "boiling water, and it didn't do a bit of good."

**Excited Orator**—"We have taken Atlanta, we have taken Savannah, Columbia, Charleston, and now at last we have captured Petersburg and occupied Richmond, and what remains for us to take?" An Irishman in the crowd shout, "Let's take a drink!"—The crowd disperses in various directions.

## Niagara Intelligence

**Somebody** has found out a new way of taking pictures, by which they can be taken better by night than in the day-time. A photographer has missed several from the frames that hang by the door, and doesnot approve of the new plan.

**To honest to sell Whiskey.**—A man in Vermont was last week sentenced to three months confinement for selling whiskey.

He went alone to Middleburg Jail and demanded admittance according to his sentence.

**THE WAYNE DEMOCRAT PRESS.**—Says: That young ladies demand one hundred dollars a month in Colorado, payable in gold, beside a ritte good change for a husband, as there is about no market to one female. What do you think of this ye old maids.

**A CHANGE.**—We see that Mr. Frank Decker has retired from the firm of Decker Brothers one of the former proprietors of the popular Hotel, New England House of Rochester. The present proprietor is Mr. M. Decker, the "right man in the right place," and many people have found this to be a fact, as the New England is now daily crowded with people from all Sections of Western New York, and we hear many say that their tables can not be excelled by any other house in Rochester, but prices can be found much larger. It will only require one visit to the New England to convince any person of the above assertions. Daily Stages for all inland villages, leave this house at 9 o'clock P. M. The street cars pass the New England about ever fifteen minutes through the city connecting with the New York Central Road, so that no "Buss" is required. This house can be found at 110 Main Street, and is one of the most pleasant Situated Hotels of Rochester. It is on the opposite side of the St. from the Mammoth Dry Good House of Messrs. Burke Fitz Simmons Hone & Co.

**A NEW SIGN.**—We see the sign of Cochran over the door of a very extensive Wine and Liquor store, next east of the Union-office Buildings. This we suppose to be the new establishment of our old friend Mr. Joseph Cochran. Here we can stop, as it is quite sufficient to simply inform his large circle of friends where he may be found, go and see him.

**We Suppose** that many dealers in Western New York will be pleased to know that Mr. M. B. Breck is again located in business. For years he has been known as a dealer in pure wines and liquors—His trade now is strictly wholesale, and it is reported that he will sell the best common whiskey at \$1.60 per gallon. All dealers would do well to call on him. No. 61 Buffalo St. Rochester,

The following list of popular Magazines and Journals have all been received for

Godey's Lady's Book,	\$2.55
Peterson's Magazine,	\$1.55
Our Young Folks, or Illustrated Mag,	\$1.55
Atlantic Monthly,	\$2.00
American Exchange & Review,	\$2.05
American Pheonological Journal,	\$1.55
Dollar Monthly Magazine,	\$1.30
American Union,	\$2.65
Merchantile Journal,	\$3.05
Scientific American,	\$2.00
Moore's Rural New-Yorker,	\$2.55
American Artisan,	\$1.55
The Banner of Light	3.00
The New York Citizen	3.00
The California Sunday Mercury,	\$4.05
The Baltimore Daily Clipper	6.00
The Philadelphia weekly Age	2.00
The Vicksburg Daily Herald	12.00

## DONT READ THIS.

For Sent to all the following places: New York, N. Y., Boston, Mass., Philadelphia, Pa., Baltimore, Md., Washington, D. C., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Cincinnati, O., Cleveland, O., Detroit, Mich., New Orleans, La., Memphis, Tenn., Louisville, Ky., St. Paul, Minn., Portland, Me., Albany, N. Y., Syracuse, N. Y., Rochester, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., and all other places where the name of the publisher is known.

## THIS YOU MAY READ.

For Sent to all the following places: New York, N. Y., Boston, Mass., Philadelphia, Pa., Baltimore, Md., Washington, D. C., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Cincinnati, O., Cleveland, O., Detroit, Mich., New Orleans, La., Memphis, Tenn., Louisville, Ky., St. Paul, Minn., Portland, Me., Albany, N. Y., Syracuse, N. Y., Rochester, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., and all other places where the name of the publisher is known.

**Do you wish to give some little friend a nice present? If so, I will send them the Present volume of my paper, and my gem picture, Post paid, on the receipt of twenty cents.**

## BURLESQUE JEFF DAVIS!

The most glorious funny thing, just as full of humor as it can be, with numerous comic illustrations, in July No. of **MERRYMAN'S MONTHLY**. A splendid number with improvements and new features. **Price Puzze** every month with **Greenback Prizes**. Sold by news men or sent post paid for **15 cents**, **3 specimens 30 cents**. No free copies. **HANLEY & CO., 109 Nassau St., N. Y.**

Will be sent **6 months** (July to Dec. inclusive) for **60 cents**, **2 copies \$1. Club of 4 and one free to gether up \$2.** Regular rates **\$1.25 a year**. Subscribe now. Editors inserting the above [as displayed] as often as they see fit will receive copy six months free.

**To the MOUNTAIN SENTINEL.**—We must inform the Editor that our little snake, was of the real copperhead stripe, but as he was determined to go Negro Sufferage at any rate, we thought best to amancipate him.

Please send this copy of the Companion to some distant little friend, it will go in a letter Envelop with a small note, for single rate of Letter Postage.

**EDWARD SHAW, UNDERTAKER.**—Fairport N. Y. keeps constantly on hand a splendid variety of new made Coffins—Also a good Hearse at moderate prices.

## UNITED STATES MAIL,

AND POST MASTERS ASSISTANT. We should think this journal an indispensable publication for all post-masters. Price only \$1 a year. Address, U. S. Mail, N. Y. City.

# THE LITERARY COMPANION.

Terms Twenty five cents  
Per year in advance

Devoted to Romance and Literature.

Single Copies Three Cents  
at the Office.

VOL. 1.

PENFIELD, N. Y. SEPTEMBER, 1865.

NO. 12.

## THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

This is a small sixteen column Paper published monthly at Nyack, N. Y. by Chas. A. Morford Jr. at the low price of 25 cents per year. Ten copies \$2.00 Send for a specimen copy with stamp to pay postage. Address American Eagle Nyack, N. Y.

A young lady in California recently broke her neck while resisting an attempt of a young man to kiss her. This furnishes a fearful warning to young ladies.

The Siamese twins, having lost their property in North Carolina by the rebellion are about to exhibit themselves in the Northern cities again.

## \$25 for Original Conundrums.

The proprietors of MERRIMA'S MONTHLY, one of the very best Family Magazines in existence, offer \$25 each for Original Conundrums. This is a liberal offer, and as all are invited to send in their contributions we believe we are doing our readers a service by calling their attention to the matter. We advise all to send five cents for a copy which will tell you exactly what is wanted. Three different sample numbers for 30 cents. No free copies. HASEY & Co. 110 Nassau-st. New York.

Attention.—As many scrupulous Parties through the reputation of Messrs Seiden & Co. 114 Broadway St. New York have advertised similar Establishments, we would caution all parties to beware of all concerns which have no foundation or reputation. Messrs Seiden & Co. Manufacture all of their own goods, consequently can offer much better inducements than any other establishment. Several of our citizens have sent to this establishment for certificates, and without any exception within our knowledge all parties have, or intend to send for the articles mentioned in said certificates. All parties seem to be well pleased, as they did not expect to get a certificate of any value, and some did not even expect to ever hear of the twenty five cents they had given. We hear of several in our town who have drawn certificates for goods valued from five to six dollars and we believe the same parties have, or are about to send for more certificates, hoping to reach one of the hundred and fifty dollar packages. Every person is sure to give a certificate calling for goods valued from one dollar to one hundred and fifty dollars. How is this? The "Cautious man" how can Messrs Seiden & Co. give all persons the worth of their money, and many persons such large prizes for such a small amount? We think that we can explain this, but we do not know as our explanation will be correct. The fact is this: In manufacturing their own goods, and take this way to get the wholesale price for them, the value of goods in a certificate are our common retail prices, like you find in retail Jeweler Store where they calculate to make from 50 to 100 or 200 per cent profit, this most people know. See our headed gold elsewhere in this paper and send for a certificate, you are sure that you will not be cheated. Parties sending for a certificate will please state in what paper they saw the notice and oblige.

## Photograph Family Record.

We understand that Messrs Raymond & Co., of Emittis Arcade Rochester, N. Y. are manufacturing some most beautiful Family Records. We expect to have a specimen in our office. Address as above for circular and terms.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PAPERS. We have often alluded to the fact, that if you wish a good local paper you must give it your support. The fact is, the better a paper is supported the more interesting it will become, as it costs just as much to set the type for a paper for a small circulation as it does for a large one, and where a paper has a small circulation it will not pay to hire help to set a large amount of type. All people should bear in mind that they are the foundation of a good local Journal: first you should all subscribe for your local paper, and second you should give the Editor all the advertising that would be to your advantage, and thirdly each person who might hear of some local matter that might interest others should send it to the press and not be disappointed if they did not see it published. Send all of your local news to the Editor and let him make his own selection, and you will be sure to have an interesting paper.

The Pontiac Jacksonian publishes a notice every week of all Subscribers whose subscription expires that week, but our paper is so small that we could not do this, as all, or nearly all Subscriptions to this paper, runs out with this number, and we hope all will renew their subscriptions in time to commence with the October number as we shall publish no extra copies. Any person sending us a club of five Subscribers, we will send them our last year's volume "post paid" as a premium. We shall not publish our next number until the first week of October, so as to give all a chance to commence with the second volume. Remember each new or old Subscriber gets a gem picture of the twelve year, old Editors. We have reduced our price, so as to please our readers, and reach every little boy and girl in America. Single subscriptions only twenty five cents, and to clubs of over five, twenty cents each, and a picture included.

To a club of ten Subscribers, to one address, the postage will only be twelve cents a year, and a single paper will cost the same. Therefore it would be advisable for some one to get up a club, if it is possible. This we call the cheapest monthly paper published as the picture will cost half the money.

We hope to hear from you all, send in your clubs immediately.

A SMALL PRESENT.—"What are you going to give me for a present?" asked a damsel of her lover. "I have nothing to give but my humble self," was the reply. "The smallest favors gratefully received," was the merry response of the young lady. City & Country.

August 31st, Thursday noon. This day is the hottest of the season. The Thermometer only stands 91 in the shade, (six degrees less than it has stood this season in the same place) but the ground has become so parched from the want of rain, that every thing seems to be burning. It is now five weeks since we had sufficient rain to lay the dust in the streets, and our wells and springs are all becoming dry, and many people are obliged to drive their stock some miles to water. Our meadows are all scorched, and many people are obliged to fodder the stock. This weather causes much sickness, or at least many of our people are on the sick list.

We hope to report a good rain storm before we go to press, but we have no signs of it now.

A COURT SCENE.—William Look; tell us William who made you—

William who was considered a fool, screwed up his face, and looked thoughtful, and somewhat bewildered, 'Moses I s'pose?'

'That will do,' said Counselor Grey, addressing the Court. 'The witness says he suppose Moses made him, that is an intelligent answer, more than I thought him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of Scripture. I submit that it is not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn as a witness, capable of giving evidence.'

'Mr. Judge,' said the fool, 'may I ax the lawyer a question?'

'Certainly,' said the Judge.

'Wall, then, Mr. Lawyer, who d'ye s'pose made you?'

'Aaron, I s'pose,' said the Counselor Grey imitating the witness.

After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness drawled out, 'Wall, now, we do read in the book that Aaron once made a calf but who'd thought the darned critter had got in here?'

The Judge ordered the man to be sworn.  
Sandy Hill Herald.

Out West the young ladies keep a light burning in the parlor to a late hour on Sunday night, to "make believe" they've caught a beau.

TO THE PRESS.—We have endeavored to send each Editor that exchanges with the "Extra" or "Companion" a gem picture of myself (Little Allie) and we might have inadvertently omitted some, therefore we will make the following offer:

To any editor who has not received our picture or to any Editor who has had one and gave it away to his wife or sweet heart, who will notice the following card, and send us a marked copy we will send him a picture by return mail.

THE LITERARY COMPANION.—Published at PENFIELD, N. Y. by Little Allie Williams (a little lass of twelve summers) will commence its second volume the first week in October next.

Each Subscriber will receive a Photograph picture of the Address. Terms: single copies twenty five cents or five copies or over to one address twenty cents each. Postage on a package of four copies, only three cents per quarter.

A SPLENDID PICTURE.—We have a photograph taken full size by D. E. Rice & Co. 27 Smith's Arcade Rochester N. Y. a decided beauty, taken as I now am with pen in hand endeavoring to describe it, at the Editorial Table, this picture is to costly to offer as a premium to our Subscribers being highly finished and painted, but we do not intend to forget all Editors who exchange with the Literary Companion, expecting that they will not forget to mention who made the picture, and send them a marked copy, post paid.

We do not pretend to say that this is a pretty picture, or we do say, that it is the most perfect picture we ever saw, which gives the Artists much credit at least, and we will venture to say, that if they have a pretty subject, they will give you one of the most perfect pictures to be obtained in this State.

The Penfield Extra is the cheapest weekly paper published in the world—single copies 75 cents or two copies to one address \$1.00 and a picture to each Subscriber. Abolitionist will not like it.



THE LITERARY COMPANION.

The Literary Companion.

PENFIELD, SEPTEMBER 1865.

THANKS.

With this number closes the first volume of our paper the *Literary Companion*, and we feel to return our thanks to the many hundred Subscribers who have given us their patronage, and we hope to retain them all for the year to come. We shall endeavor to keep aloof from all articles that would tend to displease any person, and endeavor to make our little paper both instructive and interesting to all little children, and some big children.

We have now placed our price within the reach of all, and by taking our paper in clubs, it will be very cheap, as the postage for a four ounce package, to one address will only cost twelve cents a year. Each Subscriber either new or old will be entitled to a picture of the twelve year old editress. And any person sending us a club of five names, or over shall have our last year's volume "Post paid" if they desire it.

To the Press. We would also return our many thanks for their aid, in giving notice of our little paper, and particular to those who have exchanged their valuable publications for our little sheet, among whom we would mention The Ontario Repository and Messenger Published by Mr. J. J. Mattison of Cananadigua N. Y. The Clyde Weekly Times Published by Mr. Joseph Paine of Clyde N. Y.

Our Young Folks a very interesting Magazine for the special devotion and instruction and of the young, Published at Boston Mass. by Messrs Ticknor and Fields at \$2.00 per year.

Petersons Magazine the most perfect Ladies Book published in the United States price only \$2.00 or in clubs only \$1.50

Address Cha's J. Peterson  
306 Chestnut St. Philadelphia Pa

Merryman's Monthly This is a work destined to take the lead of all comic Publications it has a very extensive circulation, and offers large premiums for puzzles, single copies fifteen cents, or three numbers for thirty cents address Hanney & Co. 109 Nassau St. N. Y.

Merry's Museum - Published by J.N. Sterns 111 Fulton St. N. Y. City at \$1.50 per year.

This work now is in its twenty fifth volume and stands a head of all works for children.

The Bureau Co. Patriot, Published at Princeton, Illinois. We might mention many others but have not space to do so, but they will all please except our thanks, and see notice to the press elsewhere,

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day.

In a few weeks the master inquired how much money he had saved.

"Faith, none at all," said he, "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

THAT IS CHEAP.—We are requested to say in "large letters," that the "Penfield Extra" will be furnished to democratic clubs, until after Election at ten cents each copy Send in your names

PERSONAL.—We last week noticed Lieut. Wm. Pigott of the 14th Heavy Artillery in town, he has been through the war from the commencement, being a prisoner with Hon. Alfred Ely, and paroled at the same time.

A SINGULAR CASE.—A young soldier in New York recently offered a ten-dollar bill which was refused by a trader as bad. He offered it again, was arrested, and, both shopkeepers appearing to testify against him he pleaded guilty. When about to be called up for sentence, a broker was sent for, and the bill was found to be genuine. American Union.

—A sophist wishint to puzzle Thale, the Milician, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him in rapid succession these difficult questions.

The philosopher replied to them all, without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety the reader can judge for himself.

What is the oldest of all things?  
God, because he always existed.

What is the most beautiful?  
The world, because it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things?  
Space, because it contains all that is created.

What is the quickest of all things?  
Thought, because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.

What is the strongest?  
Necessity, because it makes men face all the dangers of life.

What is the most difficult?  
To know thyself.

What is the most constant of all things?  
Hope, because it still remains with man after he has lost everything else.

THUNDER.—What is the meaning of this word? It is a vulgar word, that is used to represent a loud noise, any thing is thunder that causes a vacuum of the air, when electricity flashes in the clouds, the velocity in which the lightning passes through the air causes a vacuum, and when the air comes together we hear the noise, and the further the distance is from us, the longer it will be after we see the lightning before we hear the noise and this is the way with a gun, we may see the flash of a gun and even see the game fall before we hear the report, and we may see a hammer strike at a distance before we can hear the sound.

Who would call the report of a gun, the stroke of a bell, the whistle of an engine, or any such noise thunder? we hear them all from the same cause that we hear that sound which we term thunder. Most little children, and many big children are, or seem to be very much alarmed at a heavy clap of thunder, and powder me tell you all, that when you hear thunder all danger has passed. Should lightning strike your house it will do so long before you hear the noise. Therefore never be scared at thunder, as it perfectly harmless.

The following list of popular Magazines and Journals have all been received for

SEPTEMBER.

and as we have published the prospectus for each, we will now only give our readers the lowest club rates, which any person can get them at, by giving the amount to your local editor, or sending it to us.

Godey's Lady's Book,	\$2.55
Peterson's Magazine,	\$1.55
Our Young Folks, or Illustrated Mag,	\$1.55
Atlantic Monthly,	\$3.05
American Exchange & Review,	\$2.05
American Phrenological Journal,	\$1.55
Dollar Monthly Magazine,	\$1.80
American Union,	\$2.55
Scientific Journal,	\$3.05
Scientific American,	\$2.00
Moore's Rural New-Yorker,	\$2.55
American Artisan,	\$1.55
The Banner of Light	3.00
The New York Citizen	3.00
The California Sunday Mercury,	\$4.05
The Baltimore Daily Clipper	6.00
The Philadelphia weekly Age	2.00

Our readers attention are particular called to the club rates of Popular Magazines found elsewhere in this paper.

As it is doubtless a hard job in some localities to get up a club for certain kinds of works, we will cheerfully take subscriptions for any work found in our list at prices annexed to them. This is the cheapest way that you can get any work unless you can succeed in getting up a large club.

THE WIFE'S PRAYER

Father, most merciful and kind  
Before thy throne I kneel,  
And in this holy twilight hour  
Would tell thee all I feel.

With humble faith and tearful eye,  
With love, and hope and fear,  
With trust in Him of Calvary,  
A wife would meet thee here.

The offerings of a thankful heart  
For mercies rich and free,  
Bestowed since first this heart had birth  
Father I bring to thee.

Thanks for my parent, brother's friends  
For home and si-ters blessed,  
And dearer still, for that fond heart  
Whence mine hath found a rest.

Thanks for the kindly words and looks,  
The sympathy divine,  
That heart hath ever shown to me  
Since first its love was mine.

And Father in the hour of prayer  
May we united be,  
And may the lives thy love hath joined  
Be consecrate to thee.

When sorrow's night shall round us fall  
Wilt thou our Guardian be;  
And in the dangerous path of joy  
Sull may we turn to thee.

In all our hopes, in all our fears,  
Be thou our Guide and Friend!  
We would be thine now—evermore—  
In all—ill life shall end.

And, Father, as our days increase  
So may our love to thee,  
And may we love each other more,  
But worship—only thee.

We thank thee Father for a home,  
An earthly home of rest;  
And in that home, blest Savior, deign,  
To be a constant guest.

And when on earth our eyes shall close  
Supported by thy love,  
May we, as one, together gain  
A happier home above.

DIED.

In Penfield August 26th Mrs. Orien Upson in the 69 year of her age. It is but a few weeks since her husband left for a better world, and this makes the fourth time within the past year, that Mr. Charles Weaver, her son-in-law hath been called to mourn, first by the loss of a child, next his father-in-law next his brother-in-law Rev. Mr. Goss who was killed by the overturning of the Penfield express and lastly his mother-in-law.

THE SEAR SPANGLED BANNER.—This valuable paper, published by Hunter & Co. of Hinsdale New Hampshire must have a tremendous circulation, as we believe about one hundred copies is received monthly at our Penfield Post Office, for forwarding any other paper sent to this office, and the only reason that we can give for its circulation is the neatness in which it is got up and the low subscription price, which is only 25 cents a year. We hear from the banner in all parts of the United States and the kind Editor generally advises people to send for a specimen copy of our paper and our new gem picture.

Business before pleasure, as the man said, when he kissed his wife, before he kissed his servant girl.

THE LITERARY COMPANION.

Death of Willie Jump.

Spring had come, robed in her beauty,  
 Sunlight decked this world of care;  
 Birds, their songs of gladness warbled,  
 Beams sparkled everywhere.  
 Bat upon a perch of sunny bough,  
 "Little Willie" suffering lay,  
 Wasting 'neath the breath of sickness,  
 Sinking 'neath its deadly decay.

One long forenoon, had death's dark shadow  
 Hovered 'round that once glad home,  
 As if loath, to pass that sentence,  
 On that brow, when beauty bloomed,  
 But in brightness, just at eleven,  
 Guided first, the orient noon,  
 Came a group of unseen angels,  
 On the gentle breezes borne.

Floating in with noiseless motion,  
 To the couch where Willie lay,  
 Mantled 'neath their snowy pinions,  
 See them bear him far away,  
 Ah! there's a sadness in that household,  
 Grief and bitter tears are shed,  
 Young and aged wept together,  
 O'er the loved and silent dead.

And the mother here in anguish,  
 Clasp her treasure to her heart,  
 Could she thus resign her darling?  
 O! could she with Willie part?

Ah, "I start not" at her anguish,  
 Wonder not that she should weep;  
 'Tis a mother's heart that's riven,  
 For the child she could not keep.

Lo! all long these walls will echo,  
 To the notes of sorrows wail,  
 And full many a heart of pity,  
 Listen to the mournful tale,  
 When the silent shadow deepened  
 There'll be sorrow in that home,  
 For a chair will there be vacant,  
 To remind them he is gone,

Then the mother, will weep in silence,  
 And p. father bow his head,  
 For the teardrops will be falling,  
 In mourning for the early dead,  
 There are aged sires and mothers,  
 Bending 'neath the weight of years,  
 Will be weeping for they loved him,  
 And unchecked shall be their tears,

Other children gather 'round them,  
 But the hand is broken now,  
 And the clouds of sorrow gather,  
 Round each fair and youthful brow,  
 And they listen for his footsteps,  
 As they did, in days of yore,  
 But they weep as they remember,  
 "Little Willie" will come no more.

Mourning lights, weep not in darkness,  
 There is light amid the gloom,  
 Listen hear ye not, the music,  
 On the ransomed safe at home,  
 See ye not the midnight visions,  
 Little Willie's form once more,  
 See him, as he bids you follow,  
 Pointing to that shining shroud.

He'll be first to bid you welcome,  
 When your work on earth is done,  
 And with arms out stretched will greet you,  
 Sounding loud your welcome home,  
 And amid the brighter glories,  
 Safe amid the angelic train,  
 On the banks of "life's pure River"  
 You shall find your own again.

By J. Adams Rochester, N. Y.

**LIGHTNING RODS A HUM BUG.**—It has been decided over and over again, that a lightning rod on a house placed the building in more danger, than it would be without a rod, as it is a well known fact, that a rod will turn electricity from its natural course. It could do no harm in case that a person has more money than they need, and are bound to have a lightning rod, it would do no harm to place one in the vicinity of their buildings in a tall tree, or set a flag staff or liberty pole on purpose this might act as a safe-guard once in a thousand years to protect their property from a stroke of lightning, we contend that it would be much more advisable to build your houses with an ark bottom so that you would be ready in time of a flood to sail out upon the waters. It is a well known fact, that we hear of much more damage being done by flood, than we hear of being done by lightning. The only building that we remember of being burned by lightning in this vicinity was a large barn, on which was placed two large lightning rods, at a cost of nearly \$40.00. The barn might have been struck, if the rods had not been on it, as to this we can not say, but the rods did not save the barn.

**A Good Advertising House** writes us that they must discontinue their cards, as their goods are such that children would not like to purchase and as they conclude that our circulation is mostly among children, our cards will not pay them for the money expended.

Now this reminds us of the dutchman's article of an agreement. He commenced to write it in this way.

Know all woman by these presents. Hold! Hold! says a bystander, why do you say all woman, instead of all men? because said the dutchman what all woman know all men is safe to know, and this is the way with our paper, what all children know, all parents are sure to know. Now we will contend for the sake of argument that we believe that our paper is the best advertising medium in the State of New York according to its circulation, yes; and we think it quite equal to any other paper in the state of New York with double of its circulation. We generally calculate to publish fifty extra copies every week, to fulfill orders for specimen copies, what Country paper will compare with this? we will leave the advertiser to answer.

**THE SPATEN ISLAND JOURNAL.**—Says; that John Hall of New York is making perfect pictures so small that they can not be seen by the naked eye, and the only difference we can see between the New York Artist, and our Rochester Artists is this; prof. S. D. E. Rice & Co. of 27 Smiths Arcade makes a perfect beautiful picture that you can see with the naked eye. Go and try them.

**Thanks to the Penn-Yan Democrat,** for a copy of the *New Organ* Published under the supervision of the Loyal Legers of Penn-Yan. Pinto Jumbo Editor and Proprietor.

We have seen a similar Journal from that county before, published in a different town, and it may be a grand-son of the Record.

**A man passing through a gateway** in the dark, hit his nose against the post. "I wish that post was in —" said he. "Better wise it somewhere else," said a bystander "you might run against it again."

**WANTED.**—A submarine telegraph office wanted, and an operator to work one end of the Atlantic Cable. Here is a nice job for some Yankee.

**THE CHURCH ADVOCATE.**—Says; that the Lake Tunnel of Chicago is now 2900 feet and is progressing at the rate of twelve feet per day.

Please send this copy of the Companion to some distant little friend, it will go in a letter Envelop with a small note, for single rate of Letter Postage.

BOOKS FOR SEPTEMBER.

**Godey's Lady's Book** with its usual splendor is upon our counter. We find the September number chock full of all things that are interesting both to the old and young. The price has not changed, and probably every reader of Godey will be able to get this work in clubs next year at \$2.50 we are sure that they can in case that they subscribe in time. If you now give your local Editor \$2.50 he will get you this work a whole year commencing at any time back to the first of last January. The first of October is a good time to get up a club. Single copies for sale at all Periodical Depots price 25 cents.

**Petersons Ladies National Magazine** for September is now ready, it can be found at all Periodical Depots in the United States.

Now is a good time to get up clubs to start with the October number. In places where clubs are not got up any person can hand their local Editor \$1.50 and secure the work a whole year. Should your Editor refuse you can send that amount to us and we will secure the work for you. We have a very large club in Penfield, but we wish to make it double for next year, the fashions and patterns will richly pay any person the subscription price of this work as it will teach all ladies how to make their garments in fashion without the advice of a dress-maker. You will find the stories in Petersons always very instructive and interesting.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**—This book of all books except the book of books. The September number is upon our table and contains 225 pages of solid two column reading matter which is very interesting.

Single numbers 35 cents. Single subscription price \$4.00. The lowest club rates is \$3.00 which amount you can give your local Editor, and he will get you the work. The Atlantic monthly is published by Messrs Ticknor and Fields Boston Mass. Publishers of a great variety of new works.

They have now ready a new catalogue of all books published by them which they will send free to any application. Address

Ticknor & Fields Boston, Mass.

**COME AGAIN.**—We receive no book that we prize higher than we do our *young folks*.

The illustrated magazine for boys and girls it is just the book that will please them all, and if we do not mistake, we think that it will please many old folks. This is one of the productions of Messrs Ticknor and Fields the large Boston Publishers, and offered in clubs at a low price of \$1.50 per year. Single subscription \$2.00 per year, and single numbers only 20 cts. kept for sale at all periodical depots. Every little boy and girl that reads this notice should be sure and get the September number of this work, and send to the publishers for their large catalogue of good and useful books, which will be sent you gratis by sending for it. Address Ticknor and Fields Boston, Mass.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

We are in the receipt of the September number of this valuable work which should have a place upon every center table in America. The great object of this work is to "know thy-self."

Sample numbers can be had of the publishers at 20 cents. Single copies one year \$2.00.

Any person sending us two dollars for this Journal, shall have our paper and picture one year gratuitously. For specimen copies address Fowler & Wells. 389 Broadway, N. Y.

**IF** We are in the receipt of the first number of the *Family Friend* published by the "world renowned poet" J. William VanNamee Brooklyn, N. Y. at \$1.00 per year.

**THE SANDY HILL HERALD.**—Says; that 8,000,000 of barrels of potatoes will be raised in the State of Maine this year, and that they only demand \$9.00 per ton.

**THE ATTICA ATLAS.**—Says; that they had frost in that town August 24th, we are glad that our tobacco is not growing down there.

The past year we have sent our paper, the "Literary Companion" regular to all Subscribers of the Penfield Extra, but hereafter each paper will be sent to its own Subscribers only. See the price of the "Companion" to clubs elsewhere, and get up clubs to commence with next volume. This paper is perfectly neutral in politics.