

Miscellaneous

A Good Story

Col. Johnson, in his talk to the people of Trenton, told a capital story about a minister by the name of Sucket, who is a near relative of the Vice President.

It seems that Sucket had been a dissolute fellow, and a great fighter, but just before the battle of the Thames had suddenly changed his course, and become pious. He, however had a strong inclination for the camp, and volunteered his services to assist the Colonel against the enemy, under the condition that he should have the privilege of preaching to the soldiers in the camp.

He was an energetic, stirring man; a capital officer and a zealous preacher. On the day before the battle of the Thames, Col. Johnson dropped into one of his meetings. He was holding forth with a strong stentorian voice, and insisting strongly on the doctrine of predestination. "All the destinies of men" said he, "are in the hands of the Almighty, and not a sparrow falls to the ground without his direction. He is, too, the 'God of Battles.' He directs the bullet in the fight as the peaceful operations of the household, and hence, there is just as little danger on the field of battle, as in the workshop or at the plough tale. If you are to die, you will die at all events, but if you are to live, the Almighty can turn the bullet out of its course as easy as he can number the hairs of your head, if your time has come you will die, whether on the battle field or not."

"But," continued he, "I don't believe your time has come. I don't think, my friends, you are to die just now."

The next morning while preparations were making for the battle, Johnson met the preacher.

"Well Sucket," said he with a smile, "we are likely to have a serious work to day, as you think that a man can't die till his time comes and that he's just as safe in one place as another, I should like to have you charge at the head of your column; and, mark me now, don't you fire till the enemy has discharged every gun, then take aim at the whites of their eyes, and having fired, stop for nothing, but grapple them by the throat and make sure work of it."

"Very well, Col.," says Sucket, "I'm always willing to test my faith by my works."

Accordingly Sucket took his position at the head of his command which was about 500 strong, and received the fire of 700 of the enemy. He stood it like a man, winking a little as the balls came whizzing past in showers. But he obeyed the orders to the letter; and having received the 700 bullets of the enemy, he advanced forward, poured in a deadly fire and immediately grappled hand to hand with the foe, which soon decided the fate of that day.

After the action was over, the Col. remonstrated with him good humoredly, for killing so many of the enemy. "Why Sucket," said he, "it was altogether useless; half the number would have answered every purpose. How come you to cause such a useless waste of human life?" "Don't know how it was Col.," replied the preacher, "we only fired once, and I rather think it was because their time had come."

Sucket is still living and preaches to this day in one of the western states.

DUTCH JUSTICE.—Justice.—"Brissoner, be you guilty or not guilty?" "Prisoner.—"Guilty, your worship."

Justice.—"Sigs months in der haue of correction. Tudder brissoner. Pe you, guilty or not guilty?" "Prisoner.—"Not guilty."

Justice.—"Den what der duvel did you come here for? Go 'pout your business."

SAM AND PETER AGAIN.—"Sam, what does chaps wot Massa Courier be always talkin' 'bout—Jose 'ere fellows wot he calls guidances."

"Why, Pete, you knows nuffin; dey be the best judges od de raal Virginny weed—dey neber puts a quid in dere mout dat aint fuet chalk 'backer."

WHAT A PUN!—"Why," said Digby the other day, as he finished pulling on for the second time his new warm-weather pants—"why do I resemble a man whose wrongs have been suddenly righted?" Who can tell?—Boston Post.

He was summer-ily re-dressed.

AN INDIAN RETORT.—An Indian complained to a retailer that the price of his liquor was too high. The latter in justification said that it cost as much to keep a hoghead of brandy as to keep a cow. The Indian replied "May be he drink as much, but he no eat so much hay."

A COCKED HAT.—The Hon. Charles S. was looking in vain one night at a ball for his chapeau-bras. "My fellow," said Rogers, "you have no right to find it." "Eh! why so?" "Because a hat, when it is cocked, must be expected to go off!"

A GENTLE HEART.—A gentle heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

An Incident of the Revolution.

The following history of William Bancroft in revolutionary days, may be read by some with satisfaction, and is worthy to be kept in remembrance among the noble deeds of those times. It was related to me some time since by Mr. Bancroft, a slight notice of which I had in Gordon's History of the American Revolution.

When on a tour to the West, I met with the subject of this treatise at Utica, New York. The grateful remembrance of the soldiers of the Revolution by our country, became the subject of conversation. After there had been an interchange of opinion among us, Mr. Bancroft observed that he had applied to Congress for a pension, but, owing to the circumstance that his name was stricken off the roll before he had served nine months, to serve General Washington in a more hazardous relation, he could not obtain it; though he thought his circumstances and his claims for consideration were as great as any soldier's. He then related the following history of his life:

I was born in Woburn, north of Boston. At the age of fourteen was sent to Boston and put behind the counter. I was warmly attached to the Whig cause, and at the age of sixteen was obliged to leave town. I then enlisted in the army as a soldier for three years. I studiously endeavored to understand my duty in my relation, and thought I was a proficient, at least as much so as other soldiers. One day, immediately after Washington's arrival at Brooklyn, I was detached by the officer of the day among the guard. It so happened that I was placed as a sentinel before the General's quarters at nine o'clock. About ten o'clock, the General's carriage drove up, which I knew as a soldier, but not as a sentinel. I hailed the driver—"Who comes there?"

He answered "Gen. Washington."

"Who is Gen. Washington?"

He replied, "The commander of the American army."

"I don't know him; advance and give the counter-sign."

The driver put his head within the carriage, and, then came and gave me the counter-sign.

"The counter-sign is right," I replied; "General Washington can now pass."

The next morning the officer of the guard came to me and said, "Gen. Washington has commanded me to notify you to appear at his quarters precisely at nine o'clock."

"What does he want of me?"

"I don't know," replied the officer. In obedience to this order, I went to his quarters at the time appointed; but my mind was greatly harassed to know whether I had discharged my duty aright, the night previous. I gave the alarm at the door, and a servant appeared.

"Inform Gen. Washington," said I, "that the person he ordered to his quarters at nine o'clock is now at the door."

The servant made the report, and immediately came and bade me come in, and conducted me to the General's room. When I entered, he addressed me—

"Are you the sentinel who stood at my door last night?"

"Yes sir, and I endeavored to do my duty."

"I wish all the army understood it as well as you do," said the General. This relieved the burden on my mind.

The General then continued, "Can you keep a secret?"

"I can try."

"Are you willing to have your name struck from the roll of the army, and engage in a secret service at the hazard of your life, for which I promise you forty dollars a month?"

"I am willing to serve my country in any way you may think best."

"Call here, precisely at seven o'clock this evening, and I will give you further instruction."

I then retired; and, precisely at seven o'clock, I returned. The General presented me with a sealed letter without any superscription. He asked me if I had ever been on Roxbury heights. I told him I had; and, at his request, I described the level ground on the top. He gave me the countersign, lest I should not be able to return before the sentinels received it; and charged me on the way to converse with no one, and endeavor not to pass any person, if possible; and if I should observe any person who appeared to notice me particularly, not to go on the height until out of his sight. And when I ascended the height, I must look around carefully; and if I discovered any person, I must keep at a distance from him, and suffer no one to take me. If everything appeared to be quiet, I must go to the West side of the plain: there I should see a flat rock which I could raise by one hand, and a round stone about four feet from it; I must take the round stone and place it under the edge of the flat rock, which would raise it high enough to put the hand under it; then you must feel under the rock," said the General, "till you find a small hollow; if there is a letter in it bring it to me, and put this letter in the same place."

Having received my instructions, I made my way for the height; and nothing occurred worthy of note, except I found the rock and the stone as described, and in the hollow a letter sealed, without any superscription. I then adjusted the rock, and placed the stone as I found it. I returned to the General's quarters, and delivered the letter I found under the rock. The General broke the seal and read it to himself. He then said:—"You may retire, and appear at 7 o'clock to-morrow evening."

This I did for some time, carrying and bringing letters, without being annoyed in any respect. At length I observed a person at some distance travelling the same way I was going, and he eyed me with more attention than was pleasing to me. I took rather a circuitous route, and when I came on the height, I was confident I saw two persons, if not more, descend the hill on the opposite side among the savins. I went even to the savins to make the discovery, but could see none. This I told the General on my return.

He upbraided me for my presumption. He said "they might have sprung on you and taken you. Never do the like again."

When I returned the next evening, he gave me a stricter charge than before. There was nothing occurred till I ascended the height; I then plainly saw three persons dodge behind the savins. I hesitated what to do. I placed my head to the ground, to obtain a clearer view of the opposite side. In an instant three men rushed from behind the savins on the other side, in full run to take me. I rose and ran with all my speed. No Grecian in their celebrated games exerted himself more than I did. I found one of three was a near match for me. When I came to the sentinel, he was not more than six rods from me. I gave the countersign without much ceremony. The sentinel then hailed my pursuer, who turned on his heels and fled. I went to the General's quarters, and, on presenting his letter said:—"Here is the letter you gave," and then related the above story to the General.

He said I might retire, and need not call on him again till he should give me notice. He strictly charged me, when in company, or in camp, to make myself a stranger to the movement of friends or foes; never to enter into any dispute about the war or the army, but always to be an inquirer.

In about a week the General sent for me; and I repaired to his quarters at the usual hour.

He inquired if I was ever down on what was then called Cambridge Neck. I told him I had been there twice. He then handed me a letter, as usual, and said:—"Go to the lower house, and enter the front door, and when you enter the room, if there be more than one person present, sit down, and make yourself a stranger. When all have gone out of the room but one, then get up and walk across the room repeatedly. After you have passed and re-passed, he will take a letter out of his pocket, and present it to you; and, as he is doing this, you must take this letter out of your pocket, and present it to him. I charge you not to speak a word to him on the peril of your life. It is important you observe this."

I went to the house; and, on entering the room, I found but one man in it; and he was at the corner of the room. He rose at my entering. I immediately commenced my travel across the room, and eyeing him attentively. The third time I passed, he put his hand into his pocket; took a letter out, and extended it toward him. With his other hand he took hold of my letter; and B did the same with his. I then retired, with a bow, and returned to the General. We two could well recognize each other, though we were not allowed to speak. This mode of communication continued for some time.

One evening, as this man was presenting his letter, he whispers to me—"Tell General Washington the British are coming on the Neck to-morrow morning at two o'clock."

When I delivered the letter to General Washington, I addressed him thus:—"General, the person who delivered this letter to me, whispered and said, 'Tell General Washington the British are coming out on the Neck to-morrow morning at two o'clock.'"

The General started, and inquired—"Was it the same person you received letters from before?"

"Yes, sir."

He then broke the letter, and read it; after which he asked—"Did you speak to him?"

"No, sir."

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The General started, and inquired—"Was it the same person you received letters from before?"

"Yes, sir."

He then broke the letter, and read it; after which he asked—"Did you speak to him?"

"No, sir."

Then saying, "Stop here till I return," he took his hat and came, and locked the door after him. He was gone nearly an hour and a half.

When he returned, he said, "I do not know that I shall need your services any more; you will continue about the encampment, and I will allow you the same pay you now have."

Having nothing to do, I had the curiosity to ramble about the army and vicinity, to find the man who whispered to me; but I never saw him. Whether that whisper was fatal to him, I know not. The injunction on me was tantamount to it, in case of disobedience. I continued with the army till they left Cambridge; then was discharged.

RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS.—We have been handed the following receipt for curing hams by one of the most eminent practitioners in this city; the saleratus is at least new to us and we therefore publish it, although it may not be a new ingredient in the receipt, to others. In Cincinnati, where large quantities are annually cured, pepper, allspice, cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon and other little ingredients are usually added; but to the receipt:—"Cover the bottom of the casks with coarse salt, lay on the hams with the smooth side down, sprinkle over fine salt, then another layer of hams, and so continue until the cask is full. This ought to be of the larger kind. A cask holding 64 gallons is small enough, and it would be better if it held 120 gallons. Make a brine in the following proportions: 6 gallons water, 9 lbs. salt, 4 lbs. brown sugar, 3 oz saltpeter, 1 oz saleratus. Scald and Scum, and when cold pour the brine into the cask until the hams are completely covered. The hams should remain in this pickle at least three months and a little longer time would do them no harm."

Forty Years Ago.—Forty years ago, if a mechanic proposed to do your work, you might depend on his word, it would be done.

Forty years ago, when a mechanic finished his work, he was paid for it.

Forty years ago, printers were paid, therefore enabled to pay their debts. What a falling off.

A FAIR HIT.—"Here, you bog trotter," said a half dandy soap-lod to an Irish laborer, "Come, tell the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to a whiskey punch." "An by my soul, yer honor's a gentleman," retorted Pat.

A GOOD REASON.—"Why did you get off your horse in this muddy place?" said a gentleman to one who had dismounted for the very plain reason that he was too drunk to maintain his seat. "Why, I got off to get on better," was the satisfactory reply.

NEW SORT OF GOODS.—"John, you are a good boy?" "Yes, I s'pose you are one of the kind o' goods. Mother used to say there was too kinds—the goods for something, and the goods for nothing. I guess I belong to the goods for nothing."

SUN AND MOON.—Dr. Lardner says that in three hundred thousand full moons were in the heavens at night, we should have it as light as noon day, i. e. the intensity of the sun is to that of the moon, as 300,000 to one.

GRAMMATICAL.—"Bobby, what is steam?" "Boiling water." "That's right; compare it." "Positively boil; comparative boiler; superlative burst!"

WE'RE GOING THERE.—Young Temperance ladies at the north, now kiss young gentlemen's lips, to see whether they have been tasting toddy. They do this of course from the very purest of motives.

IS HE AN IRISHMAN?—A popular lecturer, in this city, lately spoke of certain fixed stars, "all of which" as he said, "were of an exceeding thickness, none of them being considerably small."

TAKE CARE GIRLS.—"Well Frank is it she a perfect creature?" "Why, I think she would do, if she—" "If what didn't eat onions!"

QUERY.—Why does this present year resemble the year before last?—"C'est la meme chose?" Because the year before last was 1840, and this is eighteen hundred and forty too.

EXPLICIT.—"Miss Grimes lend me your tub!" "Can't do it! all the hoops are off; its full of suds, besides I never had one, because I wash in a barrel."

PUN.—"I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in a public company. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller, "I am obliged to work for it."

TIME.—Men and watchmen stand still, while the hand that guides them is winding them up to run another day.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A friend ours lately kissed his wife's maid, and didn't discover his error till the girl cried out, "mistress is a coming."

PUT OUT.—Not long since, a fellow got into the river at Hartford, in the night, and began to cry fire. "He was put out."

A WISE APPLICATION OF THE FINE ARTS.—Some women use paint as fiddlers do rosin—to aid them in drawing a beau.

AH! WE PART.—It's surprising how a farewell squeeze of the hand will often press juice from the eyes.

HOPELESS LOVE.—Hopeless love is like a name too deeply cut in a tree, which makes three itself perish.

A CLOCK BASHFUL.—Why has a Clock a bashful appearance? Because it keeps its hands before its face.

The Yankee Shop Revived!!

NOW on the south side of the public square, in the building adjoining the Clarendon Tavern house, owned by N. Tuttle, where the proprietor does not hesitate to say that he has just received from the State of New York, the BEST article of STOVES ever brought into Towanda, such as Crossed's pt. im. Cooking Stoves, elevated oven. An assortment of Parlor Dining Room Cooking, Cylinder Coal, [shades] A quantity of Six Plates, of different sizes and Which are now for sale as low as any other establishment in Towanda, or elsewhere, for ready pay. Wheat and oats received in part pay for the above named stoves, and in addition to the above list, customers will always find Store Pipe and Elbows, of all sizes on hand, with an Assortment of Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron WARE,

wholesale and retail. Have-tough conductors, sheet iron drums, with all other kind of job work, made and fitted up on short notice, and in a workmanlike manner.

The undersigned would render his most sincere thanks to the public for previous patronage, and respectfully solicits a share of the same for the future. D. C. HALL.

Towanda, Oct. 23, 1843. 21-m

Watch and Clock Repairing.

W. A. CHAMBERLIN, RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the above business at his old stand, one door south of Thomas Elliott's store, and nearly opposite the Hay Scales.

Watch and Clock Repairing, will be done on short notice, and warranted to be well done. From a long experience in the business, he believes that he will be able to render perfect satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

CLOCKS.—A large assortment, just received and for sale very low for cash. Towanda, September, 1843.

SADDLE, HARNESS & TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

THE SUBSCRIBERS respectfully inform their old friends and the public generally that they are carrying on the above business in all its various branches, in the north part of the building occupied by B. Thomas, as a Hat shop, on Main street, nearly opposite Mercers store, where they will be happy to accommodate old and new customers.

SADDLES, BRIDLES, MARTINGALS, HARNESS, CARPET BAGS, VALIGES, TRUNKS, COLLARS, WHIPS & C. C.

of the latest fashion and best materials will be made to order on moderate terms for ready pay. Most kinds of country produce will be taken in exchange for work.

ARNOUT & CULP. Nov. 13, 1843.

D. Vandercook—Cabinet Maker.

Corner of Main & State streets, Towanda Pa. KEEPS constantly on hand, all kinds of Furniture, made of the best materials and of the latest fashion, which he will sell on better terms for cash than can be had at any other establishment in the world. Towanda, Oct. 10th, 1843.

NEW BLACKSMITHING ESTABLISHMENT.

THE SUBSCRIBER has taken the Blacksmithing Shop on the west side of Main street, in the south part of the Borough, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line such as HORSESHOEING, CARRIAGE & COACH WORK and EDGE TOOLS.—Having learned his trade thoroughly, and had considerable experience in the business, he is able to say that his work will bear comparison with that of any man in the country of city. He would refer to G. H. Drake, for whom he has made the iron work for carriages for the last two years. The patronage of the public is solicited.

N. B. Country Produce received in payment for work. HENRY ESENWINE. Towanda, May 30, 1843.

STOP DRIVER!

AND GIVE a way-faring man a passage in that stage. I'm altogether a working man, and prefer riding; here, take this shiplaster! The subscribers are now running the following Stages, and look to a liberal public for support.

To Athens every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, in time for Owego stages same days. Fare, \$ 75.

To Tunkhannock every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and arrive next morning in time to reach Wilkesbarr same day by 2 o'clock P. M. Fare, \$2.25.

To Elmira every Saturday, Tuesday & Thursday and arrive early in the afternoon same days. Fare, \$1.75.

To Corning every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—arrive in time to take the Wellsboro' stages same days. Fare, \$2.00.

For Seats apply at Raynolds's Hotel. Relief notes and shipplasters always taken, but credit like Dan'l Webster's bank question, is obsolete. WM. TROUT, & OTHERS. June, 1843.

P. S. The Williamsport stage also leaves the above place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4 o'clock A. M., via. Ralston.

C. BRINCKERHOFF'S HEALTH RESTORANT.

WERE it not for the wonderful powers possessed by this invaluable medicine, the proprietor would feel some hesitation in commending it to the attention of the public, so many worthless, and indeed dangerous, trams have been brought forward, and a parade of false certificates and testimonials, which even the most valuable are received with distrust. The Health Restorative, however, with its foundation upon the superior powers of its beneficial effects, confidence of its efficacy in cases of Coughs, Colds, Fever, raising of blood, pain in the side and skin, and all other complaints arising from want of tone in the stomach. The most unusual attention to diet, not in themselves, but to be apprehended from exposure to meroous certificates in testimony of its efficacy, the following are selected.

Letter from Samuel Noyl. Mr. C. Brinckerhoff:—Sir: Having been afflicted with a disease of the lungs, attended with a severe cough and great difficulty of breathing, and compelled at times to give up my bed, I tried many medicines, but found no relief, until hearing of your Health Restorative, I procured two bottles of Sabin Hatch's Health Restorative, and used it for some time, and I feel in health in some years, and I think that God, it has been the means of prolonging my life, and most cheerfully recommend it to the public as a valuable medicine.

Yours, &c. SAMUEL NOYL. Skinner's Edly, Wyoming Co., Pa. December 10, 1842.

Letter from C. W. Dunn. Mr. C. Brinckerhoff: Dear Sir—I was troubled for a length of time with a severe and had tried many medicines which were commended to me, but found no relief, I was induced to try a bottle of your Health Restorative, which has cured me effectually. It is from the knowledge I have of the value of this medicine that I so cordially commend it to others; believing that any one who is afflicted with a severe cough, will by the use of this Health Restorative experience the same happy results. Yours Respectfully, C. W. DUNN, 121 Front-st., Montrose, Pa., August 6, 1842.

Letter from Daniel H. Kuhn. Mr. C. Brinckerhoff: Dear Sir—I was with a severe cold about the middle of July which kept increasing, and seated on my chest and threw me into a violent cough, which vere pain in the side, so that I was unable any kind of business for about three weeks. I had within that time taken all kinds of medicine which I thought could do any good to me, but still I grew worse, until I finally obtained your Health Restorative, use of only two bottles of which I was able to perfect health. Yours, &c. DANIEL H. KUHN, Silver Lake, Sus. Co., Pa., October 14, 1842.

Letter from Walter Hatch. Mr. C. Brinckerhoff: Dear Sir—I was afflicted with an affection of the lungs in the left side and breast, attended with alarming cough. I was in New York, and friends there advised me to try your Health Restorative. I procured two bottles, and had used one of them I found my health gradually improved, and after using the second I enjoyed as good health as I had for any time within five or six years. After I speak of being in New York, my friends paired of my ever reaching my home. In other medicine, and can attribute my present health to nothing, under God, but to the use of your Health Restorative. I have medicine here spoken of, and I am desirous every one similarly afflicted would give it a trial. SABIN HATCH, Montrose, Pa., August 6, 1842.

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