

(Written for the Sunday Times.)  
**THE COWARD'S CONVERSION,  
OR LIFE IN ARKANSAS.**

A long experience on the frontier has settled in the present writer's mind this generalization; that there are two classes of heroes—the heroes by primary organism, and the heroes from fictitious habit. Some men, so to speak, are born brave lions; blood boils in their veins when children; like young eagles, their chief delight is to toy with the tempest; endowed with a double portion of burning energy, their hearts have no room for the sentiment of fear. Nature appears to have intended such individuals for warriors, if we judge of final from efficient causes. The fable of Hercules proves that this principle was rightly understood at a remote period of antiquity. The infant who was destined to achieve the "twelve" superhuman labors, had courage to strangle the horrid serpents which came hissing around his cradle.

On the contrary, there are others who seem cowards by constitution. Organized with a large share of cautiousness, and possessing an intense love of life, they shrink from the very shadow of danger, as the sensitive mimosa trembles at the slightest touch of a finger.—Such persons commonly continue timid to the end of their days; but there are not wanting instances, falling under this category, of transformation of character as strangely romantic as any of Ovid's metamorphoses. Usually, such changes are only consummated in a long course of perilous years. Thus the veterans of many battles are always brave; but, sometimes on rare occasions, the effect is produced at once, by some unendurable insult, or the shock of an irreparable misfortune, that annihilates all affection for life, and, by the same fierce collision, strikes a stream of unquenchable fire from the soul, before cold and passive as a bar of steel. Our biography presents a striking illustration of this latter class of phenomena.

The beautiful little town of Van Buren, on the Arkansas river, near the Cherokee line, during its early history, was famous for the number and ferocity of its desperadoes, being the principle meridian and focus of rendezvous for gamblers, Indian traders, and all sorts of adventurers who had found it necessary to change their domicile from lands governed by the administration of a rigid criminal code. The half breed "braves" from the Cherokee nation also flocked to the same site to drink, carouse, take a hand at cards, and exhibit their prowess in sanguinary "set too," with pistols and long knives.—Such a state of society may be imagined; it cannot possibly be described. Not a sun performed its circuit that did not witness some dreadful single combat, with or without murderous weapons, while now and then dozens at a time, and by mutual agreement, marched from the rum shops out into the public square, and encountered in mortal strife.

At this period Thomas A. Meyers emigrated to Arkansas, and opened a large grocery store in Van Buren, acting himself as the keeper and retailer. Such an occupation at that time required a man of the most determined courage, as the store had always a back room or shed attached, specially appropriated to gambling both by night and day, and where the players were supplied with the choicest liquors of the bar, and would be sure to bully the grocer out of his reasonable charges unless they were restrained by fear.

For a while, however, Meyers succeeded admirably. The half-breeds, loafers, and "chartered fighters," as they call themselves, held a caucus, and unanimously voted "that the new arrival was a dangerous subject, and had better be let alone." This verdict was altogether owing to the stranger's personal appearance, as military as might well be conceived. Tall, manly, and symmetrical in shape, with great endowments, both of strength and agility, he would have had few equals in a fair contest with the arms of naked nature. But, by the cunning inventions of art, iron, steel, and lead, and the thunder and lightning of gunpowder, are made to fight for the feeblest bosom; and thus dwarfs and giants, provided both are alike the heirs of true courage, now stand on the same dead level. It was believed also that Meyers possessed the resolute will to handle those awful engines of destruction, where life and death hang on the touch of a trigger.—His countenance betokened the perfection of bravery. His fine face generally wore a stern expression, and when that melted to a smile, the smile seemed sterner still. His eyes were exceedingly black, wild, penetrating, and restless, and had that cold, gleaming, metallic look, which may be regarded as the surest sign of thorough desperation.—Besides, he carried an appalling supply of pistols, and a bowie-knife fourteen inches in the blade. Hence, everybody was respectful and obliging to the ostensible hero for a period of several weeks, during which an unusual calm reigned in the village.

At length a terrible affray occurred in Meyers' grocery. Half a dozen firearms exploded in quick succession, and the deafening roar so frightened the keeper that he fairly took to his heels and fled from his own establishment.—

The fact settled public opinion as to his character.

"What a chicken-hearted coward, to run from his castle!" exclaimed General Cole, the Napoleon of frontier duellists and gamblers.

"Why he hasn't the spunk of a dead possum!" hissed Bill Green, the dandy loafer, combing his perfumed "soap locks" with his long rosy nails.

"Let's drink his liquor and smoke his cigars, and not pay him for them, because as how he's a coward," said Jack Warhawk, a huge half-breed; and having enunciated this enthymeme of genuine Cherokee logic, Jack leaped over the counter and began to fill glasses and hand out cigars, crying—"Toast to the brave, my boys! We'll never want while the world has chickens of the white feather."

The firing in the grocery having ceased for more than an hour, being replaced by a din of the most boisterous mirth, Meyers, by a great effort, mustered the spirit to return. He found the customers helping themselves with a vengeance, and thought to overawe them by the assumption of heroic airs. He snatched his revolver from his pocket, and pointing it at Warhawk's breast, sternly ordered him to leave his house.

"If that's what your arter," shouted Jack, unsheathing his big bowie, and springing back over the counter, "here's what will give you a ladle-full!"

Meyers still kept his revolver presented; but his hand shook like a leaf in the tempest, his very lips grew white with terror, and his trembling feet involuntarily retreated backwards by short quivering steps. The two feelings, physical fear and moral courage, were struggling for the mastery. He was endeavoring to act bravely. His will was brave, but his nerves refused their concurrence, and he remained, so to speak, in equipoise—totally incapable of acting at all. He was impotent to fight, and as powerless to fly.

There was no such hesitation in the conduct of Jack Warhawk. Brandishing his great knife with his right hand, he seized the flowing locks of Meyers in his left, and roared at the top of his lungs—"Down, coward! down on your marrow-bones, or, by the blue blazes, I'll cut out your heart!"

Incredible as it may seem, Meyers, still holding his deadly revolver, loaded with six rounds, cowed to the floor like a beaten dog, and begged most piteously for his life—a prayer which the mocking half-breed granted on the condition that the other should treat the crowd for a whole week.

From that hour the unfortunate Meyers was subjected to every species of insult and outrage. The loafers would pull his nose for their amusement; the half-breed would spit in his face to make him treat; and General Cole, when intoxicated, would strike him with his cane, to cure him of cowardice, as he said. The poor grocer-keeper brooked all these gross indignities with the patience of a martyr, and would sometimes meekly remonstrate—

"Gentlemen, it is ungenerous to abuse me thus, for I confess I have no courage. I cannot fight."

This continued for a whole year, when a change occurred that caused the insulters of Meyers to rue their ignoble persecutions.

He had a young and very beautiful wife, whom he loved with the tenderest passion. One day, when the husband was absent, the hideous half-breed, Jack Warhawk, instigated to the damning deed by the persuasion of General Cole, went to the grocer's private residence, and maltreated his lady in the most shameful manner.

Meyers returned home to find his beloved one drowned, as it were, in tears. He heard the harrowing tale without any external manifestation of extraordinary emotion. His face, it is true, became somewhat pale; his lip quivered an instant, and then settled to an expression rigid as a mouth of iron; and his wild black eye, it may be, shot a few more beams of penetrating fire; but he did not rave or mutter curses. He uttered not a whisper of menace; he did not even condole or sympathize with his afflicted wife. He only armed himself with that bowie knife fourteen inches in the blade from hilt to point, and started for the village.

He came within sight of his enemy, then promanaging the public square and boasting of his villainous achievement. At the vision Meyers' lip curled into a horrid smile, and his dark eye melted in a stream of tears. He approached till he stood nearly touching the half-breed, and then said, in a shrill, hissing whisper—"Wretch, be quick! Draw, for on this spot one of us must die!"—And he waited till the other should be ready for the strife on equal terms. He did not have to wait long, for Jack, understanding that cold, glittering, snaky smile, and those hot, gushing tears, as the certain tokens of murderous madness, immediately unsheathed at the same moment with his adversary, and they began the dreadful combat, which, indeed, was soon decided. Meyers parried three furious blows of the half-breed, and then grasping his foe's clothing with his left hand, with his own plunged his knife up to the hilt in his heart. The Cherokee expired without a groan.

And now the inward and terrible passions of Meyers found vent in appalling explosion. His curses were fearful to

hear; he spurned his fallen enemy with his foot, and wished aloud that he had a hundred lives so that he might himself enjoy the pleasure of killing him a hundred times over! His wrath then changed to other insults. He flew at the loafer, Bill Green, and tore out his "soap locks" by the handfuls. He sprung upon Gen. Cole, and pulled his nose until it was flattened between his fingers—all the while that gory knife dripping with blood in his red right hand! His enemies were so taken by surprise, terror-stricken, stupefied, that for a space they seemed utterly incapable of voluntary emotion.

The coward had suddenly become braver than the bravest. The equipoise of opposing feelings was destroyed forever; the sheer power of pure will had conquered physical fear! Does any one doubt our strange story? Let him address a letter of inquiry to the Hon. G. W. Paschal, of Van Buren, late judge of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, and fullest confirmation can be obtained.

But the tragedy did not end with the death of the half-breed; a greater victim was required to complete the expiation.

On the same evening, Gen. Cole called a special council of his friends to consult on the course he should pursue. There was but one opinion—that, as he had been insulted by indignity, he must call his foe to the field of honor. Accordingly on the following morn a challenge was despatched, which Meyers promptly accepted, and fixed the time at noon of the same day—the weapons to be double-barrelled shot guns—distance ten paces! The parties met on the sand beach, under the bank of the river above the village, and hundreds collected to witness the issue. The mortal belligerents were placed in position by their seconds, and the death-dealing guns—enormous double-barrels—rested with dark, yawning muzzles on the sand in their hands. The spectators were much astonished at the strange contrast exhibited by their appearance. Gen. Cole was an old, experienced duellist, who had shot his man before he was eighteen; and had often since been engaged in affairs of the kind. On the contrary, Meyers was little acquainted with the use of fire-arms, and had always hitherto been deemed an unmitigated poltroon. And yet, singular to record, the duellist stood up nervous, agitated, almost trembling, while the reputed coward was calm, firm, steady as a rock, with that appalling smile still on his curling lip, and a few scattered tear-drops, gleaming in the sun, on his cheek!

Gen. Cole's second gave the word: "Fire—one—two—three!" He needed not, however, to have counted so many, for with the echo of the sound, "Fire," Meyers elevated his piece quick as thought and touched trigger. There was an awful roar, and Gen. Cole, the duellist, fell dead. His head was torn into fragments, pierced by twenty buckshot!

No one ever more again called Meyers a coward in Arkansas—no one ever even thought the term, as his shadow gleamed by in the sunlight. He had taken his degrees in the college of desperation, and his diploma was written in blood! He became a politician of great popularity, a leader in that section of the legislature, where he acquired distinction by his talents, but still more by his fearless daring; and as he is said to be yet in the progress of ascension, having recently obtained the commission of a Major General of militia, we may expect before long to see his name in the roll of members of Congress. Nature made him a coward; love for his insulted wife rendered him brave; and bravery has conferred honor.

**THE GREAT CHINA STORE**  
OF PHILADELPHIA.  
THANKFUL to the citizens of Huntingdon and its vicinity for their increased custom, we again request their company to view our large and splendid assortment of  
**CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE**  
Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Toilet Sets, and single pieces, china, Glass, or Stone Ware, sold in quantities to suit purchasers, for less than they can be had elsewhere—  
IN FACT AT LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES.  
**AMERICAN AND ENGLISH**  
**BRITANNIA METAL GOODS**  
In greater variety than ever before offered in the city.  
FANCY CHINA in great variety very cheap.  
We would invite any person visiting the city to call and see us—they will at least be pleased to walk around our beautiful store, and to view the finest china and the cheapest the world produces.  
Very respectfully,  
TYNDALE & MITCHELL,  
No. 219 Chestnut Street.  
Phila. Sep. 25, 1849—1y.

**PRIVATE SCHOOL.**  
FOR the Intellectual and Moral training of young persons and children of both sexes, kept by J. A. HALL, in the new Academy building, Huntingdon, Pa.  
The fall session will commence on MONDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF OCTOBER, INST. For particulars apply to the Teacher.  
J. A. HALL.  
REFERENCES.  
Rev. John Feebles, James Steel, Esq., Dr. A. M. Henderson, Mr. James Maguire, Maj. W. B. Zeigler, Hon. John Kerr, Maj. D. McMurtree, Hon. George Taylor, and James Clark.

**MUSIC.**  
A FINE assortment of Violins, Flutes, Accordions, Banjos, Musical Boxes, &c., with Preceptors for each instrument; for sale at Father Time's office.  
Nov. 6, '49. NEFF & MILLER.

**New Firm!!**  
**NEFF & MILLER**

HAVE this morning received, at the old stand of H. K. Neff & Bro., an entire new stock of  
**Clocks and Watches,**  
Jewelry, Cutlery, Stationery,  
Perfumery Soaps, &c.,  
which is positively the largest, best and most fashionable, and cheapest assortment ever offered for sale in the place.  
Having in their employ one of the best workmen in the State, they can most confidently engage to repair Clocks and Watches cheap and as well as it can be done in any of the Eastern cities.  
The public are politely requested to call and test the truth of our declarations. The proof is in trying.  
N. B. The highest prices given for old gold and silver.  
Remember No. 1001 Market Square, Huntingdon, Pa.  
October 30, 1849.

**CITY HOTEL.**  
41 & 43  
NORTH THIRD STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
A. H. HIRST  
Would respectfully inform his friends and the travelling public generally, that he has leased the above large and well known Hotel. The location is one of the very best for business men in Philadelphia, and he flatters himself that by giving it his entire attention, that he will be able to render perfect satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.  
He returns thanks for the very liberal support already extended to him by his friends of Huntingdon and the neighboring counties, and begs leave to assure them that he will spare no pains or expense to render the CITY HOTEL worthy of their continued support.  
Philadelphia, Oct. 30, 1849—1y.

**COVERLY'S HOTEL.**  
HARRISBURG, PA.  
THE Proprietor of this large and well known Hotel, would respectfully inform the public that it has recently been enlarged, repainted inside and outside, newly papered, and thoroughly renovated throughout. This has been done at a very large expense, and with the view of keeping pace with the improving taste and spirit of the age. He now flatters himself that he can accommodate his friends in a style beyond the ability of any other landlord at the Seat of Government. He has in his employ attentive and obliging servants, Cooks of long experience, and he is determined to spare no expense to furnish his table with the very best that can be procured in the market. It is with great confidence in his ability to render entire satisfaction, that he invites members of the Legislature and others to make his house their stopping place while in Harrisburg.  
He would beg leave to return his sincere thanks to his friends on the Juniata, for the very liberal support heretofore extended to his house, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their patronage.  
W. COVERLY.  
Harrisburg, Oct. 30, 1849—3m.

**Chair and Furniture**  
**Ware-Rooms!**  
Up Stairs above Peter Swoope's Store and Sheriff Crowner's office, and three doors east of McKinney's Hotel.  
THE undersigned has again commenced the above business in all its various branches, and is now prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom on the most reasonable terms.  
He intends keeping on hand all kinds of CHAIRS and FURNITURE, from common to the most fashionable style, and made in the most durable manner, which he will sell low for cash or country produce.  
All kinds of Lumber taken in exchange for chairs or furniture.  
COFFINS will at all times be kept on hand, and funerals attended in town, and shortly in town and country, as he is getting a splendid hearse made for the accommodation of the public.  
HORSE AND SIX PAIRING attended to as usual.  
THO. ADAMS.  
Huntingdon, October 30, 1849.

**MILWOOD ACADEMY.**  
A Boarding School for Young Men,  
Shade Gap Huntingdon county, Pa.  
REV. J. Y. M'GINNES, A. M., and J. H. W. M'GINNES, A. M., PRINCIPALS.

THE Winter Session will commence on the first Wednesday of November, and continue five months. The course of instruction embraces all the branches necessary to prepare young men either for the higher classes in College, or for the studies of a profession and the active business of life. The Academy building is new, commodious, and in every way adapted to the accommodation of a large number of boarders. The location is distinguished for its healthfulness and religious character of the surrounding community. It is easy of access, being on the stage coach connecting Chambersburg with the Central Railroad at Drake's Ferry.  
TERMS PER SESSION.—For Orthography, Reading and writing, \$5; Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Composition, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Physiology, Chemistry, &c. \$8; Mathematics, Greek and Latin Languages, \$12; French and German, each \$5. Boarding, exclusive of fuel & light, \$1.25 per week. For reference or further particulars address  
JAMES Y. M'GINNES.  
Shade Gap, Oct. 30, 1849.  
Blair County Whig please copy it.

**NOTICE**  
**Estate of Daniel Kurfman, &c.**  
Notice is hereby given to the Heirs and legal representatives of Daniel Kurfman, dec'd., late of Union pt. Huntingdon co. to all others interested, that by virtue of a writ of Partition and Valuation, issued out of the Orphans' Court of said county and to me directed, an Inquest was held to part and divide or value and appraise, all that certain tract, piece or parcel of land, situate in Cass township, Huntingdon county, adjoining lands of Lewis Stever, Philip Kurfman, Conrad Kurfman and Peter Kurfman, and Shirley's Knob, containing about two hundred and sixty acres or thereabouts, being the farm upon which the said Daniel Kurfman resided at the time of his death—and that at the November term of said court a Rule was granted on said heirs, &c., to appear at the January term of said court, on the second Mouday (14th day), and to show cause if any they have, why the Real Estate of said deceased should not be sold.  
MATTHEW CROWNOVER, Sheriff.  
Nov. 27, 1849—6t.

**Orphans' Court Sale of VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.**

THE following described Real Estate, late the property of Abraham Long, dec'd., in pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court, will be exposed to public sale on the premises, at the following times and places, viz: On Wednesday, the 26th day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M., there will be offered for sale on the premises, near the residence of William McLain, in Dublin township, Huntingdon county, the four following tracts, to wit: All that valuable

**TRACT OF LIMESTONE LAND,** of the first quality, situate in Dublin township, Huntingdon county, near the Burnt Calins, and known as the Cabin Farm, containing 197 acres and 28 perches more or less; the said tract having about 125 acres cleared, and under good fence, and in the highest state of cultivation—having thereon a Log Dwelling House and Stable, and two never failing springs of water.  
ALSO—A small Tract of Land, situate in Dublin township, Huntingdon County, formerly owned by Samuel Findley, and lately occupied by the widow of said dec'd., containing about 28 acres, nearly all of which is cleared and under good fence, and having thereon a Log Dwelling House and barn, and an excellent Orchard of Fruit Trees.

ALSO—Two contiguous and adjoining tracts of Land, in the said township of Dublin, in said county, bounded by lands of Thomas W. Neely, Esq., and others, containing 80 acres more or less, and having thereon a good stone Dwelling House—a small portion cleared and cultivated. The whole thereof will be sold as one tract.  
ALSO—A Tract of Land situate in said township and county, bounded by lands of Samuel Findley's heirs, Franklin county line, lands of William Phillips, and others, containing 100 acres, more or less—being well timbered.

On Thursday the 27th day of December, at 10 o'clock A. M., on the premises, at the house of John J. Harman, in Cromwell township, in said county, the following tracts of land, to wit: a valuable tract of land, a good portion of which is of the first quality of limestone, containing 168 ACRES, more or less, about 100 acres of which are cleared and cultivated, about 1 mile from Rockhill Furnace, and about 1 1/2 miles from Orisbon, and on the main road from Huntingdon to Chambersburg, and having thereon a large two story log house, stone spring house, and a new frame bank barn—a never failing stream of water runs through the farm.  
ALSO—On the same day, at 3 o'clock P. M., on the premises in Orisbonia, a frame dwelling house, blacksmith shop, and log stable, and the lot of ground, now occupied by John B. Stains.

On Friday the 28th day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M., all that large and valuable tract of land situate in Black Log valley, Shirley township, in said county, well cultivated, containing about 290 acres more or less, a large portion of which is cleared and under good fence—having thereon a log dwelling house and barn, and an orchard. Black Log creek runs through the premises, and affords a first rate water power for a Saw Mill or manufactory, and surrounded by an abundance of the best timber. The said tract of land is about two miles from Shindler's Tannery. Also—a tract of

well timbered, lying on the Black Log mountain, in Shirley township, adjoining lands of Samuel H. Bell and others, containing 86 acres more or less.  
TERMS.—One third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, one third in one year with interest, and the remaining third at the death of the widow, with interest thereon during her life, to be paid annually, and to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser. Any information will be given by William McLain of Dublin township, John J. Harman of Cromwell township, Samuel Long of Shirley township, or Gen. A. P. Wilson at Huntingdon, or by the subscribers at Shirleyburg, Huntingdon county.  
By order of the Orphans' Court,  
M. F. CAMPBELL, Clerk.  
WILLIAM B. LEAS,  
SAMUEL McVITT, Trustees.  
Nov. 20, 1849.]

**WAR WITH FRANCE**  
IS not now very generally expected, still great excitement has recently been produced in Huntingdon by the arrival of a most splendid assortment of  
**Fall and Winter Goods,**  
at the old and popular stand of  
**Geo. Gwin,**  
Market Square, Huntingdon,  
His stock comprises Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Cutlery, Caps, Shoes, Boots, Muffs, Umbrellas, Bonnets, &c. He has a splendid assortment of French, English and American  
**CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS,**  
Cassinets and Jeans in great variety. Also, Ready-made Clothing, of all kinds, A carefully selected variety of Silks, Merinos, Alpaccas, Cashmeres, Delaines, Prints, Ribbons, Laces, &c.  
as well as every variety of  
**Ladies Dress and Trimming Goods:**  
All of which will be sold at prices to compete with anything in the place, as he is determined that no one can or shall undersell him for cash or approved country produce.  
Those desiring good goods and fine styles, at low prices, are respectfully invited to call soon at his store where they will find the above fully verified.  
GEO. GWIN.  
Huntingdon, October 9, 1849.

**AWFUL DISCLOSURE!**  
THE Hungarians not satisfied! Another Grand attack on the Agent's OYSTER HOUSE!! Thousands are slain nightly!! The Excitement still increasing, notwithstanding the Agent's great efforts to allay their thirst for Blood!! Hundreds are attracted to the scene of action to see this brilliant establishment, and all have come away satisfied that it is the finest Oyster Saloon in the world; and in addition, Agent's Oysters are of the most superior quality. He has just received of this day an entire stock of Gefelicany, to which the attention of the Public is invited.—Thankful for past favors he still hopes for a continuance.  
If you want to know where this fine establishment is, just step down into Railroad Street, one door above William Stewart's Store, you there will see the sign of the Red Curtain.—That is the place.  
HENRY AFRICA.  
Huntingdon, November 6, 1849.

**SADDLES.**  
A GOOD assortment of well finished Saddles now on hand and for sale at the Saddle and Harness Manufactory of Wm. Gilesgow, opposite the Post Office, Huntingdon.  
Huntingdon, August 7, 1849.

**GREEN'S OXYGENATED BITTERS,**  
FOR THE CURE OF  
**DYSPEPSIA, GENEAL DEBILITY,**  
&c., &c., &c.

This medicine is an excellent tonic. It imparts strength and vigor to the digestive organs and thus strengthens the whole system. Hence it is just the thing for Spring, when so many need something strengthening. Let every one read the following cases, and if you have one or more symptoms like those mentioned, don't fail to try this invaluable medicine.

**Severe Case of Dyspepsia.**  
From R. P. STOW, Esq., Asst. Clerk U. S. House Representatives.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 15, 1846.  
DR. GEO. B. GREEN:—Dear Sir—I feel it not only a pleasure, but a duty, to make known to you and to the public, (if you desire it,) the surprising effects of the "Oxygenated Bitters," in relieving me from that discouraging disorder, Dyspepsia. I have been afflicted for about seventeen years with the usual attendant symptoms, viz: constipation of the bowels, headache, pain in the chest, flatulence acidity of the stomach, and severe hauses; and for months at a time not the least particle of moisture would appear on the surface of the chest or limbs, and most of the time I was extremely bilious. I have used various remedies, have been strict in my diet, have been dosed with calomel and emetics day after day by physicians, but all to no good purpose. Hearing of the wonderful effects of the "Oxygenated Bitters" in the cure of Dyspepsia, I procured some as a last resort, have used four bottles of the medicine, and find the bad symptoms all removed, and myself once more in the enjoyment of health. None but the Dyspeptic sufferer, who has felt all the horrors of the disease, can at all appreciate the value of the medicine. I most sincerely hope that all will make trial of the medicine, and with me be able to rejoice in the return of health.

**Lady Cured of Neuritis.**  
From Rev. THOMAS KIDDER, of Vermont.

WINDSOR, Vt., Aug. 8, 1846.  
DEAR SIR.—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the "Oxygenated Bitters," which you furnished my wife, has wrought a cure in her case. About two years since, my wife was violently attacked with neuritis in the face, through the chest, in the wrists and ankles. So violent was the disease, added to a general derangement of the female system, that her strength was completely prostrated, her flesh wasted, and she rendered miserably indeed. I feel grateful for the restoration of her health, and in duty bound to give publicity to the above facts, that others similarly afflicted may know where to seek for cure. Truly your friend,  
THOMAS KIDDER.

"For some twenty years I had suffered severely from humoral Asthma. I was compelled to sit up one-third of the night, and the rest of the time my sleep was interrupted by violent fits of coughing and great difficulty of breathing. In all my attendance upon our courts I never went to bed in Northampton in twenty years but twice, and then was compelled to get up. Now I lie in bed without difficulty, and sleep soundly. I took the "Oxygenated Bitters," according to directions. The violent symptoms immediately abated, and perseverance in the use of the remedy has removed all its troublesome consequences. The value of such a remedy is incalculable, and I hope its virtues may be widely diffused and its beneficent agency extensively employed."  
GREEN & FLETCHER, General Agents, No. 26, South Sixth St., Philadelphia.  
Sold wholesale and retail by THOMAS REAR & SON, Huntingdon, Pa.  
Price—\$1.00 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.00.  
May 8, 1849.

**BLIND MANUFACTORY.**  
**H. CLARK,**  
Venetian Blind Manufacturer,  
Sign of the Golden Eagle, No. 139 & 143 South 2d Street, below Dock St., PHILADELPHIA.

KEEPS always on hand a large and fashionable assortment of WIDE and NARROW SLAT WINDOW BLINDS, manufactured in the best manner, of the best materials, and at the lowest cash prices.  
Having refitted and enlarged his establishment, he is prepared to complete orders in any amount at the shortest notice.  
Constantly on hand an assortment of  
**Mahogany Furniture**  
of every variety, manufactured expressly for his own sales, and purchasers may therefore rely on a good article.  
Open in the evening.  
Orders from a distance packed carefully, and sent free of portage, to any part of the city.  
H. CLARK.  
Philadelphia, Aug. 21, 1849—1y.

**CROMELLEN & BROTHER,**  
Commission Merchants,  
IMPORTERS OF

**FOREIGN WINES,**  
COGNAC BRANDIES, HOLLAND GIN,  
AND DEALERS IN  
**Teas, Segars, &c.**  
No. 11 Walnut Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.

Consignments of Western and Southern Produce solicited.

**Manufactory of Pocket Books, &c.**  
No. 52 1/2 Chestnut St., above Second, PHILADELPHIA.

THE subscriber respectfully solicits public attention to his superior and tasteful stock of Pocket Books, Pocket Knives, Banker's Cases, and other fine cutlery. Bill Books, Gold Pens and Pencils, Dressing Cases, Segar cases, Card cases, Chess Men, Port Monies, Back Gammon Boards, Purse, Dominos, &c.  
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