

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADDRESS BY THE CARRIER, TO THE PATRONS OF THE INDIANA PALLADIUM, JANUARY 1, 1826.

Lest others, who can float on Fancy's wings,
And strike Apollo's harp of seven strings,
Who can with magic touch each trembling wire,
Loud blow the trumpet—while listening worlds
admire—
With solemn pathos godlike deeds rehearse,
And swell with wind and noise their sounding
verse;
On eagle pinions borne, through heaven rove,
And wield with skillful hand the shafts of Jove;
Be mine to catch from thence a glimmering beam,
While I attempt to touch a humbler theme.
But ere I mount upon the buzzard's quill,
And of my subject make a dedication,
I cast my eyes to that celestial hill,
Whence flows the sacred boon of inspiration
O thou, Apollo, patron of the lyre,
Who holds the vases of promethean fire!
May not a feeble bard approach thy throne,
And at thy holy altar prostrate fall?
In humble confidence, his suit make known,
And for thy favour importunately call—
I do not ask to taste ambrosial food,
Nor drink of nectar from Parnassus' flood;
To ride upon thy golden car of fame,
Nor on the sacred scroll inscribe my name;
But, while around thy throne a countless band
Of tuneful Muses wait on thy command,
Dispatch a seraph from thy peerless height,
To hold communion with the bard to-night.
The god of poetry hears my request,
And moved with pity for my sad condition,
Straight from his temple, by his high behest,
A Muse departs to favor my petition.
The fair-haired deity now mounts his steed,
The fiery Pegasus, of matchless speed;
O'er heaven's high arch his magic wand unfurls,
And scales the ramparts of celestial worlds;
From high Olympus' cloudy tops he flies,
Swift as a meteor through the azure skies.
Hail Muse!—I greet thy flight with pleasure—
Thy heaven-born essence now display;
Breathe in my soul thy mystic treasure;
While I attempt a New-Year's Lax.
Wake up dull Fancy from her slumbers,
Bid Fame her silver trumpet to blow;
Strike, strike thy harp and let its numbers,
Like undulating waters flow.
The smiling god obeys—but o'er each wire,
Discrepant he moves his fingers;
Bids sober reason and dull prose retire,
While frenzied speculation lingers.
Charming New-Year now, again,
O'er the eastern hill advances;
With a bright and sparkling train,
As the early morning dances.
Sons of pleasure, rise to meet him;
Haste to join the merry throng;
Blushing maidens, run to greet him,
Mingle in the choral song.
Sordid souls, renounce your care,
New-Year's comes but once a year.
Fancy floats on airy pinions—
Would you taste her joys divine?
Would you seize her bliss dominions?
Then take a bumper full of wine.
Pleasure lies in swimming glasses;
Then to day let mirth abound;
Love resides with bythesome lasses;
Then drink to them, and pass it round.
Come fill the bowl and drown each sorrow,
Ere the fickle phantom glides;
What care we about to-morrow,
While Bacchus o'er the feast presides.
Then sons of pleasure, fill the bowl,
Let's toast the fair and quaff the soul!
Cease, cease to strike the harp—those mirthful
lays.
To me are melancholy. Once, in former days,
I heard such strains, and felt their thrilling power;
When with a friend I passed the social hour.
Ott have I with him spent this festive day;
Our spirits then were buoyant, blithe and gay;
A ray of hope did then our path illumine;
But Ah! how vain! as slumbers in the tomb!
Departed friend—thou never canst return—
Let memory drop a tear upon thy mould'ring urn.
Now tune thy lyre, O Muse, to loftier rhyme,
And tell us something of Columbia's clime;
Let not thy steed in foreign regions roam;
But give the passing incidents of home—
He strikes the chord—Impressed with awe I
pause!
Say—is a lance, or a world's applause?
Hark! hark! thro' heaven tremendous thunders
roar,
And bursts in deafening peals from shore to
shore!
List! list! again—tumultuous shouts arise,
And mingling voices rend the vaulted skies!
The trumpet loudly blows, the chariot rattle,
As when the warring Angels met in battle.
Say—Is it Mars, the mighty god of war,
Or dread Belona, thundering on his car?
Is it H. H. once dead, her friends with fury fought?
Or millions bowing down to Juggernaut?
Avast! dull mortal, let thy quiver end;
Freedom greets with joy her ancient friend,
Great Lafayette, the illustrious Chief has come,
And shouting millions hail him welcome home:
The immortal gods in heaven's high court con-
vene.
Look down and ponder o'er the greatful scene;
Ints descends to grace the glittering show.
Aid casts athwart the heavens her shining bow.
But see! yon band in virgin white array'd,
With songs of greeting join the gay parade;
And while anon the deafening welkins ring,
The nymph-like maidens thus divinely sing—
"Haste—fling green garlands through the
crowd'd street,
Roll back the portals, let the trumpet sound,
Through every battlement the chief to greet,
Who comes with glory's brightest chaplet
crowned.
"And while to hail him wait an anxious throng,
The hero on the couch of Fame reposes;
Greet him ye youths, with symphony and song,
And strew ye maidens fair, his path with
roses.
"And ever shall such strains be sung,
To him who help'd our country save;
In days of yore, when she was young,
He snatch'd her laurels from the grave.
"Then welcome god! be hero, Gallia's son,
Thou brother, friend, and heir of Washington!"
We change our course and other scenes pursue,
Till Buxton's lofty Hill heaves full in view.
There first Freedom struck the important blow;
There first she boldly met the invading foe,
Made many a haughty son of Albion yield;
While groaning hundreds graced the ensanguin'd
field.
But shall the Muse the direful issue tell?
'Twas there, Oh Fate! th' illustrious Warren fell,
And while the laurel twined around his head,
The hero sunk to rest on glory's bed.
But ever shall his wreath of laurel bloom!
Immortal glory rises from the tomb:
Behold yon towering Monument arise,
Whose cloud-capp'd top salutes our wondering
eyes!
'Twas rear'd by freemen, it shall stand sublime,
Till mountains moulder in the tide of time!
Oft shall its summit kiss the morn's first ray;

Oft round its summit linger parting day;
The passing stranger shall its form admire;
And unborn millions hail its glittering spire.

But say, thou wandering Muse, before we part,
How fare improvement and our noblest Art?
The smiling Genius hovers o'er New-York,
Directs my view to her stupendous work!
See there the pride, the glory of her soil,
The self-reward of her adventurous toil;
From Erie's bosom to Atlantic's tide,
Rutshall New-York alone attract the eye,
Since other States with her begin to vie!
Onto views afar the golden crown,
And takes the road to honor and renown.
Shall these alone their great improvements boast?
Shall Indiana in the theme be lost?
O no—a Ray of intellectual light,
Burns from the chambers of Oblivion's night;
Sheds o'er her soil a bright, refulgent blaze,
And points the unerring path to better days.

Prophetic vision now with pride appears,
Looks through the vista of succeeding years;
Beholds Missouri's wide extended plain—
Where darkness seems to hold perpetual reign;
Where beasts of prey and gnawing vultures brood
And Nature sleeps in silent solitude—
Spring from the mazes of the dark profound,
And burst the bonds which long her empire
bound;

O'er her wild waste, where man ne'er deigned to
live,
Proud Art asserts his high prerogative;
Her woodland forests to the axe-man bow,
And o'er her bosom moves the gliding plough;
Where once we could the lonely path pursue,
Now domes, and towns, and cities rise to view;
Oft where the Indian built the funeral fire,
The child of genius wakes the thrilling lyre.
Where'er we turn improvements deck the soil,
And peace and plenty crown the labourer's toil
From ice-bound regions to the burning South,
From Nova Scotia to Columbia's mouth,
Brown Agriculture shall bedeck our shores,
And Commerce bring her treasure to our doors.
E'en stubborn Darien shall submissive prove,
And o'er his brow the rolling squadrons move;
The tide which now our Eastern borders lave,
Shall meet and gambol with Pacific's wave.
Delightful vision! (vision did I say?)
But soon we hope to realize that day!

America, ere Time has told us dear,
Shall rise and shine in glory's brightest page.
But finally—Will freedom prize the Art,
"That fosters genius and improves the heart?"
Or shall its influence ever be confined?
Say—shall we check the immortal march of mind?
O no—While Freedom shall our country bless,
So long shall live the Freedom of the Press,
No threatening clouds shall ever o'er it low,
While truth proclaims—Intelligence is power.

And now, kind Parnassus, ere the lyre is still,
And ere the Muse ascends the sacred hill,
Ere yet her glittering lamps dim rays expire,
Say—is the labourer worthy of his morn?
If so—then bid the Printer's troubles cease;
Give him to feel that blessed hour of peace—
"When sullen winter, bleak and drear,
Comes ro'ld in storms, and clouds, and
vapour,
He hears in whispers, soft and dear,
"We've come to pay you for your Paper!"
The Muse departing bids the bard good-night!
And thro' the azure heavens pursues his flight.

SKETCH.

It was a mild afternoon in summer.
The earth was arrayed in luxuriance,
and the heavens glowed with rich light.
All nature was hushed into a languid si-
lence, except that the breeze sometimes
gently whispered along the air, and the
hum of distant woods, and the sound of
flowing waters ever and anon broke up-
on the listening ear.—I remember the
scene well, although when I gazed upon
it, I was a boy, unpractised in the pains
and stronger pleasures of the world. I
stood beneath the old oak that shadowed
the house which I inhabited. The busi-
ness of the day was over—I had es-
caped from the bustle of the school; the
voices of my merry mates were but faint-
ly heard in the distance, and I stood al-
one contemplating the scene as it glow-
ed in the last smile of the setting sun.
About me were the objects which by be-
ing frequently gazed upon in those youth-
ful days, had become deeply impressed
upon my heart, and interwoven with my
infant imagination. The giant oak, the
old rail fence, the river, beautifully tinged
in the golden sunset, and reflecting on
its bosom the rough ridge and the
flowers that blossomed at its side. I re-
marked, in particular, one tall locust,
whose foliage received an indelible
beauty from the richness of the light,
and as it gracefully reared its form and
waved gently in the air, I beheld it de-
lined clearly in the stream near which
it grew. I resembled it to the erectness
of my own hopes. Thus, methought, do
I stand ready to do battle with the ele-
ments, looking proudly around upon the
brightness of my prospects, and fearless
of the storm.

Then I was happy. I had a father
and a mother. When I turned from my
musing, I could be clasped in the em-
braces of both, and revel in the luxuries
of a sweet home. Then too had my
wandering imagination created dreams
of a still more delicious nature.—Woman,
woman. I was lost to woman, a young
girl in the fondness of innocence and
youth had glanced upon me the magic
look of love.—Fervently and with reli-
gious devotion I cherished her sacred
image, and would have been glad to die
in her defence.—I will not expatiate.
Dull prose has no charm to portray the
emotion, whose delights, such as I expe-
rienced them, could be but faintly cele-
brated in the sweetest breathings of the
poet's lyre.—I was satisfied in the bless-
ings of home. The forms of my beloved
parents seemed moving in life and mer-
riment around me, and she to whom I
was devoted, I felt instinctively was mine.

All these distinguished pleasures seem-
ed to grow more vivid in my remem-
brance, in the softening influence of this
scene, and I gazed long and deeply till
tears of happiness gushed from my eyes,
and I poured forth a prayer of thanks to
my Creator for the thousand advantages
which I enjoyed.

It was many long years after that rich
hour of reflection, when business of an
important nature called me to that part
of the country; and as I was riding along
a winding road, musing on the events of
my past life, I found myself unconscio-
usly near the scene of my earlier years,
and determined to pause and look at it
again. By one of those coincidences
which frequently occur, as we proceed
in the journey of life; it was the same
season of the year, and about the same
hour of the day at that well remembered
time, when I stood under the oak, and
contemplated the loveliness of the sur-
rounding landscape—I turned my horse's
head towards that enchanting spot. As
it broke upon my view the striking re-
semblance which the afternoon bore to
that I have previously attempted to de-
scribe, forcibly urged itself on my mind,
and the effect was heightened by the ob-
servation that almost every thing remain-
ed in the same situation. Again after a
dim lapse of troubled years, I stood mus-
ing beneath the far spreading branches
of the same oak, and the old rail fence,
but little decayed, and the stream yet
placid in the hues reflected from the sky,
and the roughly hewn old bridge, now all
again tinged with the enchanting colours
which the sun in his bountiful magni-
ficence flings in streams upon the earth as
he sinks in his majestic repose.

One alteration alone attracted my no-
tice. The beautiful locust, which I re-
membered, as if it had been yesterday,
that I resembled it to my own hopes, was
in ruins; it had been lately struck with
lightning, a dreadful bolt had rent it a-
sunder; its boughs were dry on the
ground, and a few withered leaves were
the only remnants of the bright and pro-
fuse foliage which I had there so ardently
admired.

Yes, it was yet an emblem in its mel-
ancholy desolation. Blasted and broken
as it was, it yet presented its resemblance
to my own heart.

The objects around me were unchang-
ed. The clouds were as beautiful, and
the scene as bright; but oh! what a dif-
ference in my own affections. The moth-
er upon whom I doted, was gone. My
beloved father was dead—and the object
of my youthful passion reposed in her
quiet grave. A thousand hopes had
been blasted—a thousand dreams were
dispelled for ever. Those to whom I had
looked with deep affection, were passed
away, and here I stood again alone, and
contemplative, musing on the beauties of
the scene.

ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING.

In the history of the discovery of A-
merica; the landing of the forefathers,
and the engagement with the Indians, by
the Rev. James Stewart, D. D. I find
the following account of the origin of our
New-England Thanksgiving Day, which
I wish you would insert, and inquire if
the author is correct.

"The English of Connecticut colony
were willing to afford their brethren all
the assistance possible, in a protracted
and bloody war, with their unmerciful
foes—they accordingly furnished three
companies of cavalry, who, under the
command of the experienced Major
Talcott, on the second of April, proceed-
ed to the westward in search of the en-
emy: on the 6th they fell in with, and at-
tacked, and defeated a considerable bod-
y of them.—Apparently, by the special
direction of Divine Providence, Major
Talcott arrived in the neighborhood of
Hadley in time to preserve that town,
and save its unfortunate inhabitants from
total destruction! The enemy to the
number of 500, were on the eve of en-
tering the town, when they were met by
the Major, with the troops under his com-
mand. This unexpected relief animat-
ing the few inhabitants which the town
contained, they hastened to the assistance
of their brethren, who at this moment
were seriously engaged with the whole
body of the enemy—victory for a long
time appeared uncertain—the enemy at
the commencement of the action having
gained some signal advantages, victory
for a considerable time appeared likely
to decide in their favor.—Fortunately,
the inhabitants of Hadley having for
their defence a few weeks previous pro-
cured from Boston an eight pounder,
it was at this critical period loaded by
the women, and being mounted, was con-
veyed by them to the English, which, (be-
ing loaded with nails, small shot, &c.)
was by them discharged with the best ef-
fect upon the enemy, who immediately
thereupon fled in every direction—thus
it was that the English in a great meas-
ure, owed the preservation of their lives
to the unexampled heroism of a few wo-
men!

"The Governor and Council of the U-
nited Colonies, taking under serious con-
sideration the miraculous escape of
the inhabitants of Hadley, from total de-
struction, and the late success of the arms
of the English in various parts of the
country, appointed the 27th day of Au-
gust, 1669, to be observed throughout
the Colonies, as a day of Public Thanks-
giving and Praise to Almighty God; this,
it may be well to observe, was the com-
mencement of an annual custom of our
forefathers, which to the present day is
so religiously observed by their descend-
ants throughout the New England states."

A true Mathematician.—The Abbe de
Moliere was simple and poor. He at-
tended to nothing but his controversy on
the system of Descartes, and knew noth-
ing but his mathematics. He had no
servants, and in winter, for want of fuel,
he studied in his bed, with his small
clothes on his head over his night-cap,
the legs hanging down on each side.
One morning he was in this grotesque
trim, in bed, working hard at his prob-
lems, when he heard a loud knocking
at the door—Who is there? cried he—
"Open the door," answered a voice.
The Abbe pulled a string, and the door
opened, when without turning from his
problem to look at the person who had
entered, the Abbe said to him, "Who
are you?"

The Thief.—Give me your money!
The Abbe.—Money?
The Thief.—Yes, your money.
The Abbe.—Oh! I understand you are a
robber.

The Thief.—Robber or no robber, I
must have some money.

The Abbe.—Very true, you must have
some money as you say. Here (raising
his hand and inclining one side of the
small-clothes towards the thief, but with-
out turning) feel inside.

The Thief.—(Feeling in the pocket)
there is no money here!

The Abbe.—Very true, but there is my
key.

The Thief.—Well, what of that?

The Abbe.—Take it.

The Thief.—I have it, what then?

The Abbe.—Go and open that secretary.
(The thief goes and opens a wrong
drawer.)

The Abbe.—(In a passion) Leave it,
they are my papers; don't damage them.
Ventre bleu—will you have done med-
dling: the other drawer: there it is, take
it, shut the drawer and be off.

(The thief takes a purse and runs off.)

The Abbe.—Hold! master thief, shut
the door after you! he has left the door
open! what a dog of a thief! I must get
up and shut it to stop the cold wind that
he has let in—cursed thief!

The Abbe gets up, goes shivering and
grumbling to shut the door, gets into bed
again, and recommences his problem,
minding as little the loss of his money as
Archimedes did the loss of Syracuse,
whilst he was engaged in a demonstra-
tion.

Ingenious Weaver.

In 1819, Thomas Hall, an ingenious
linen weaver, in Ireland finished a shirt
entirely in his loom: It was woven
throughout without seams, and very ac-
curately and neatly gathered at the neck
shoulders and wrists, the neck and wrist-
bands were doubled and stitched: there
was a regular selvage on each side of the
breast: the shoulders, straps and gussets
were neatly stitched; as well as the wrist;
—in short it was perfectly finished, as if
made by an expert seamstress. The
shirt was exhibited to several persons in
the linen trade, who completely satisfied
themselves that it was actually the pro-
duction of the loom without any assist-
ance from the needle.

NEW STORE.

Johnson, Armstrong, & Co.
HAVE just received and are now opening at
their old stand, corner of High and Walnut
Streets, a

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF FALL & WINTER GOODS,

AMONG WHICH ARE
Super Broad Cloths, Ladies' Pelisse, Cassi-
meres, Casinets, Satinets & Domestic Cloths.
Red, White, and Yellow Flannels.
Calicoes, stamped and printed.
Bombazets, figured and plain.
Crape Robes do. do.
Shawls do. do.
Silk do. do.
Silks, Satins and Lustrings, field & plain.
Poncello, Satin and Morocco Ladies' Shoes.
Men's Boots and Shoes.
Water Proof and Gator Hats
Brown & Bleached Shirtings and Sheetings
Plaids, Stripes and Checks.
Irish Linens.
India Muslins.
Super Waterloo Shawls, Bored and plain.
Silk and Cotton do. do.
Figured and Plain Silk Vestings.
Touillettes & Marseilles do.
Silk, Flax and Bandana Handkerchiefs.
Cotton do. do.
1 Case No. 30 to 50 Leghorns.
1 Case Fine Straw Bonnets.
Silk and Beaver Gloves.
Silk, Cotton and Woollen Hose.
Pinaid Cloaks, &c. &c.
Together with a large assortment of
Hardware, Nails,
Liverpool and Paints,
Queensware, Oil,
Iron, Window-Glass,
Castings, Dye Stuffs, &c.
Which they offer to sell low for cash, or ap-
proved country produce.
For further particulars—call and see.
October 14, 1825 41

JAMES H. GRAVES, TAILOR,

RESPECTFULLY returns his thanks to
his customers, and the public generally,
for the liberal encouragement he has hereto-
fore received; and informs them that he will
continue to carry on the above business, at his
room in Lawrenceburgh, on Main street, two
doors below John Gray's Inn; where all orders
in his line, will be thankfully received, and
punctually attended to.

AN APPRENTICE

Wanted immediately, to the above business, a-
bout 12 or 14 years of age. One coming well
recommended, would be thankfully received.
J. H. GRAVES.

La Mott's Cough Drops.

IMPORTANT MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND CONSUMPTIONS.

THIS Elixir is not offered to the public as
infallible, and a rival to all others, but as
possessing virtues peculiarly adapted to the pre-
sents prevailing disorders of the breast & lungs,
leading to consumption. A timely use of these
Drops may be considered a certain cure in
most cases of Common, Colds, Coughs, Influen-
za, Whooping-Cough, Pain in the Side, Diffi-
culty of Breathing, Want of Sleep, arising from
debility; and in Spasmodic Asthma it is singu-
larly efficacious. A particular attention to the
directions accompanying each bottle is neces-
sary.

The following certificates from respectable
gentlemen, physicians and surgeons, are sub-
joined, to show that this composition is one
which enlightened men are disposed to regard
as efficacious and worthy of public patronage.
Having examined the composition of Mr.
Crosby's improvement upon La Mott's Cough
Drops, we have no hesitation in recommending
them to the public, as being well adapted to
those cases of disease for which he recom-
mends it.

Doct's JONATHAN DORR, dated Albany, De-
cember 4th, 1824; JAMES POST, of White-
creek, February 14th, 1825; WATSON SUMNER
and JOHN WEBB, M. D. of Cambridge, Feb.
20th, 1825; SOLOMON DEAN, of Jackson, Janu-
ary 10th, 1825.

Mr. A. Crosby—I am pleased with this ap-
portunity of relating a few facts, which may
serve in commendation of your excellent Cough
Drops. For ten years I was afflicted with a
pulmonary complaint; my cough was severe,
my appetite weak, and my strength failing. I
used many popular medicines, but only found
temporary relief until by a continued use of
your valuable drops, I have been blessed with
such perfect health as to render further means
unnecessary. Rev. EBENEZER HARRIS.

Salem, (N. Y.) January 12th, 1825.

Prepared by A. Crosby, sole proprietor,
Cambridge, (N. Y.) whose signature will be
affixed in his own hand writing to each bill of
directions. Be particular that each bottle is
enclosed in a stereo or check label, which is
struck on the same bill with the directions.

Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. G. Daw-
son, Pittsburgh—J. Cramberger, Wheeling—
E. H. Weddell, Druggists Cleveland—Pratt
and Meach, Druggists Buffalo—O. and S.
Crosby, Druggists Columbus—Goodwin Ash-
ton & Co. M. Woolf & Co., and A. Fairchilds,
Druggists Cincinnati—and by special appoint-
ment at the Drug Store of Dr. E. Ferris, Law-
renceburgh.

Each bottle contains 45 doses. Price one
Dollar single; nine Dollars per dozen.
May 20, 1825. 20—1y'r

INDIANA HOTEL.

THE subscriber grateful for past favours,
respectfully informs his friends and the
public, that he has returned to the HOTEL,
and is prepared to accommodate those who may
call on him, in a genteel and comfortable man-
ner. From his experience and attention to busi-
ness, together with the convenience of his
house, he hopes still to continue the Public's
favour'd humble servant.

JESSE HUNT.

Lawrenceburgh Dec 12, 1825 50

Administrators' Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of John
M. Miller, late of Dearborn county, de-
ceased, are hereby requested to come forward
and make immediate payment; and all those
having claims against said estate are requested
to present them on or before the 28th of Janu-
ary, 1826, duly authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL DAY, JACOB STEILER,

Administrators. 52

December 30, 1825.

Administrators' Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that we shall, on
Monday the 23d of January next, proceed
to sell all the personal goods and chattels be-
longing to the estate of John M. Miller, de-
ceased. Sale to be held at the house of Jacob Steiler,
in Manchester township—at which time and
place the terms will be made known by us.

SAMUEL DAY, JACOB STEILER,

Adm'rs. 53

December 30, 1825.

GUY HUDSON—TAILOR,

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabi-
tants of Lawrenceburgh and its vicinity,
that he has commenced the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in this place, in a room one door south-west of
the Union Hotel, on High-street, where he
hopes by long experience in his profession and
faithful attention to business, to merit a share
of public patronage. He has received the lat-
est and most approved fashions from the east-
ern cities, and will constantly have advices
from those places. Ladies and Gentlemen de-
siring of having their habits and coats execu-
ted in the neatest and most elegant style, are
requested to call.

Cutting done on the shortest notice; and
all orders punctually attended to.

Nov'r 4, 1825. 44—6m.

For Cash will be given for a quantity of
TALLOW. G. H.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The PALLADIUM is printed weekly, on super
royal paper, at THREE DOLLARS per annum,
paid at the end of the year; which may be dis-
charged by the payment of TWO DOLLARS in
advance, or by paying TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY
CENTS at the expiration of Six months.
Those who receive their papers through the
Post-Office, or by the mail carrier, must pay the
carriage, otherwise it will be charged on their
subscription.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Containing 12 lines, three insertions or less, one
dollar; twenty-five cents for each additional in-
sertion—larger advertisements in the same pro-
portion.

* Letters to the editors must be post-paid,
otherwise they will not be attended to.