

## MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Albion.

### The Soliloquy of a Bachelor,

UPON BEING JILTED BY HIS FAITHLESS MELINDA.  
 O! how may the d—l confound me if ever  
 Hereafter to love or be lov'd I endeavor!  
 I have made three attempts at this thing they  
 call marriage,  
 And in each have encounter'd a deuced miscar-  
 riage—  
 This last snuck, might properly make me spleen-  
 tic!  
 And my feelings, I own, are not wholly pathet-  
 ic.  
 When I think of the close of my fav'rite adven-  
 ture,  
 Which I'd hop'd, would result in a wedding  
 Indenture—  
 I'm dislik'd! and the thought my tranquility  
 ravages,  
 The girls one and all must be turning to sava-  
 ges;  
 For, surely although I may not be a true sage,  
 I might justly have looked for more christian-  
 like usage—  
 To be welcom'd and smil'd on 'midst oceans of  
 flattery,  
 By her against whom I had planted love's bat-  
 tery;  
 To be told in the fondest of terms, she regard-  
 ed,  
 My bliss as her bliss—and to be then discarded!  
 Ye powers! what a blow! could the merciless  
 hatchet  
 Of the fiercest of Indians in cruelty match it?

I'd as well try to pull down the stars from the  
 sky,  
 Or up to their orbits without pinions to fly;  
 I'd as well try to number the drops of the  
 ocean,  
 Or to calm the huge waves when in stormy  
 commotion:  
 In short—I'd as well try to unbar the gates  
 Of Eternity's fabric, and conquer the Fates,  
 As to try to obtain that fam'd blessing of life—  
 That heavenly possession on earth call'd—a  
 wife—

I mean by a wife—a beautiful woman,  
 Enrich'd with a mind that's above what is com-  
 mon;  
 With a heart that in gentlest affection can melt,  
 And a face that can show when affection is felt;  
 Who will modestly blush when her praises are  
 nam'd,  
 And weep—without anger—whenever she's  
 blam'd—  
 Such a consort as this would, methinks, give a  
 relish  
 To life, and its whole range of scenery embel-  
 lish.

But 'tis over with me—I must shift as I can—  
 Though I can't be a husband—I'll yet, be a  
 man:  
 I'll not weep—nor go mad—nor become melan-  
 choly—  
 Nor plunge, as some lads would, in all sorts of  
 folly—  
 But I'll think upon fortune's raly'ng merits—  
 Will eat—drink and sleep,—and what's best—  
 keep my spirits.

\*Amplified by Moore—  
 "Who will blush when she's praised, and weep  
 when she's blam'd."

### FRANK VANDERHACKEN'S DREAM.

Frank Vanderhacken was one of those  
 discontented mortals, who are eternally en-  
 deavoring to wear out the patience of our  
 good lady, "Dame Fortune," with his com-  
 plaints. His crop never grew to his liking;  
 the season was always too wet or too dry,  
 too warm or too cold. The price of grain  
 was always too low, and that of groceries  
 too high, for the plain reason that he sold  
 the former and had to buy the latter—be-  
 cause madam and the young ladies loved  
 to set a smart tea-table; and Frank, himself,  
 was no very decided enemy to good living.  
 But things went wrong and he was not a  
 happy man.

His neighbors used to call him a castle-  
 building sort of a fellow, and said all his  
 troubles arose from his dreaming he was a  
 very great man every night, and waking up  
 plain Farmer Frank in the morning. But  
 however this may have been, his affairs be-  
 came in time, somewhat deranged, in con-  
 sequence of inattention to business, which  
 grew out of his perpetual repining. A  
 heavy heart never drives business speedily,  
 and misfortunes, some times comes in ear-  
 nest to those who take so much pains to  
 persuade themselves they are unfortunate.

Thus were affairs situated, when Frank,  
 who, from being discontented with his own  
 situation, had become envious of that of  
 every one else. After a long walk over his  
 farm, at this time loaded with the promise  
 of a rich harvest, he returned home, and  
 throwing himself on a sofa, fell into a profound  
 sleep. Directly, a tall, noble looking fig-  
 ure, wrapped up in a large cloak, stood by  
 his side, and accosted him, with, "come  
 Frank, my name is Fortune, go with me.  
 I have long heard thy complaints, and I  
 propose holding a fair to-day, by attending  
 which, thou mayest possibly better thy hard  
 lot."

He arose immediately and putting on his  
 hat accompanied his mysterious guide.

Presently he found himself in an exten-  
 sive plain, crowded with a great number of  
 persons belonging to all the different pro-  
 fessions in the country.

Here, said Fortune, pointing to the great  
 assemblage, here are many thousands of  
 good men, either of whom will exchange  
 situations with you, even handed, at my  
 command. You may now, therefore, take  
 your own choice.

Frank thanked his good friend—his eyes  
 sparkled with pleasure, as the crowd began  
 to pass, one after another before him—and  
 he could hardly contain his joy, as his eyes  
 rested on the portly form of a rich neighbor  
 of his, who was one of the first to approach  
 him, and whose long purse he had often  
 envied.

That is the man if you please, said Frank.  
 At the back of his companion, old Mort-  
 gage stood by his side, and very complai-  
 santly began to deliver up his deeds, and  
 bonds, and obligations—and having done so,  
 Frank was about to run home with the glad  
 news, and get ready to put the old man in  
 possession of his farm, when Mortgage lift-  
 ed up his gouty leg and Fortune called—

stay Frank, this goes with the rest—the  
 bargain is, situation for situation, and the  
 gouty foot goes with neighbor Mortgage's  
 estate.

Frank was thunderstruck. He started  
 for a moment, and then threw down his bun-  
 dle of papers as a man would a hot dumpling.  
 I would not have the gout for all the  
 dale, said Frank.

The next personage that arrested Frank's  
 attention, was a wealthy shipping merchant  
 of the city. He was again in raptures, and  
 bent on the exchange. The merchant be-  
 gan to deliver inventories of his property  
 and amongst the rest those of the cargoes  
 of five vessels at sea. These last consti-  
 tuted a main part of the clear estate—and  
 Frank never knew the anxiety that follows  
 the possession of such property till now.  
 He remembered the great storm but a few  
 days before—and had heard of the wreck of  
 some vessels on the shore—he hesitated—he  
 trembled—he turned to go—but he felt  
 that he should be forever unhappy—and he  
 once more declared himself to be dissatis-  
 fied, and that as yet he had not found one  
 whose situation was better than his.

Then a dashing young fellow, who owned  
 by far the largest, richest, and most elegant  
 farm in all Annapdale, presented himself,  
 and Frank was sure of being pleased. He  
 had often wished for Jehu's fine horses and  
 carriage, and thought, to be a farmer after  
 that sort, would be worth living for. But  
 when the young buck came to deliver up  
 the title deed, a bond and mortgage with  
 interest unpaid for half a dozen years, was  
 inclosed in it, enough to swallow two thirds  
 of the estate, and horses and curriole in the  
 bargain. Frank drew back. No, sir, says  
 he, the Dairy is clear of debt, and don't  
 slip through my hands in this way.

Thus it turned out with some hundreds  
 of others who were presented as candidates  
 for a change of situation with Frank.  
 Though those were taken promiscuously  
 from among the rich and poor—farmers,  
 merchants, mechanics, professional men,  
 &c. Some were encumbered with debts,  
 others with disease that belonged to their  
 necessary modes of life. Some had one  
 trouble, some another difficulty—and  
 Frank, in the end, was thoroughly con-  
 vinced he never would be able to better his  
 situation, on the whole, by an exchange,  
 expressed to his kind guide his perfect sat-  
 isfaction with his own condition.

"Take this home with you," said Fortu-  
 ne, "none are perfectly happy in this  
 world—few comparatively so."

"In every situation, there are difficulties  
 to be encountered—and he is the happiest  
 man, who is determined to be happy with  
 what he has, instead of troubling his head  
 about that which he has not. You can see  
 but the out side of others—you know no-  
 thing of the secret troubles which perplex  
 their bosoms—try to be happy, and you will  
 be as happy as your neighbors."

Frank awakened from his sleep just as  
 Fortune finished his speech, and has ever  
 since been a changed man. There is not,  
 at this day, a more merry fellow in all An-  
 nandale.

On-dits from Washington. Rumor states  
 that the boarders at Gadsby's were alarmed  
 on Friday night, by a terrible out-cry in one  
 of the chambers, occupied by the members  
 of the juvenile convention. On proceed-  
 ing to the spot, they found a promising  
 young politician standing in the middle of  
 the room, wringing his hands, and vociferat-  
 ing most lustily for his mammy. It seems  
 the poor little thing had waked up in the  
 night, and finding itself alone in a dark  
 room, was almost frightened out of its wits.  
 Mr. Gadsby, with his usual amenity, gave  
 the little child a handful of sugar plums,  
 and placed a careful old black nurse in the  
 room to sing "Hush a bye Baby" to it.  
 Whereupon it ate itself to sleep, and was  
 sufficiently recovered to make a speech the  
 next day in the convention.

It is also whispered in the fashionable  
 circles that a distinguished member of this  
 promising body, burnt himself so seriously  
 last evening, by snuffing a candle with his  
 fingers, that his life is despaired of, and no-  
 thing but the presence of his nurse will pa-  
 cify him.—An express has been dispatched  
 for the old lady, and all the little children of  
 the metropolis were brought by their mam-  
 mies and nurses to condole with the unfor-  
 tunate sufferer, who it appears never knew  
 that fire was hot until now. Every body at  
 Washington cries shame on the parents and  
 guardians of these little folks, for thus per-  
 mitting them to go from home, without  
 somebody to take care of them. The poor  
 little son with the burnt finger does nothing  
 but cry all the day, though the ladies Orphan  
 Asylum, pay it great attention, and a benev-  
 olent matron sits by its side all day, singing  
 songs from mother Goose's melodies. It is  
 affirmed that the only one of these which ap-  
 pears to sooth him in the least is—

"Harry shall have a fine hobby,  
 And Harry shall ride to the fair,  
 And Harry shall have a red ribbon  
 To tie up his boony brown hair."

It is said that the "Juvenile delinquents"  
 begin to be so home sick, that it will be  
 impossible to keep them together much  
 longer, especially as milk begins to grow  
 scarce in the District, and several have  
 been obliged to go to bed without their sup-  
 per in consequence. They will probably  
 adjourn soon, sine die—to the nursery.  
 New York Courier.

### MODERN DICTIONARY.

JAIL.—A large building where gentlemen  
 go to pay their debts.

ERROR.—A poor wretch who every day  
 empties his brain to fill his stomach.

GALLIOWS.—Where gentlemen sometimes  
 stretch their necks.

DEATH.—An ill bred fellow who visits  
 people at all seasons, and insists upon their  
 returning his visits immediately.

JURY.—Twelve prisoners in a box to try  
 one at the bar.  
 N. Y. Mirror.

From the N. Y. Courier and Enq.

VARMOUNT, APRIL 25, ATTEEN 100 AND 32.

Deer Misher Kuryer and Inkwerer,—I  
 ges iph you look pritty sharp ule find in this  
 letter a two-doler Kimikile bill, which I want  
 u tu give tu Dokter Phoster, tu help him,  
 hetchel oald Deekon Huntinton, for taken  
 up hiz wife kaize she was ridin on a Sabbar-  
 day. I kno a good minny ov these oald  
 square toed stiff rumps. I've got an ever-  
 lastin gruge agin some ov em—they'll du  
 innny thing under heaven the minister tells  
 em. Iph he siz the boy—they'll no Dokter  
 Phoster. Woa uv um tride tu kut up hiz  
 shins with me wonse, but I waz a leetle  
 tu wide awaik for him. Whin I go to Yawk  
 I hiv to go smack thru Konnettykut—so  
 won Sabbarday I was ridin thru Infield, as  
 still as a kat krawls after a mouse—un just  
 azi got rite aginst the meetin house out  
 popt oald Deekon Parsons, with a s-a-m  
 book in one hand and a tarnal big kane in  
 the tother. Hello! siz he,—yew wikkid  
 kriter don't you kno its Sabbarday? So I  
 put on a pritty middlin kind of a long face,  
 and told him I was goin to see my ant  
 Nabby—who'd marryd Deekon Amariah  
 Bige-low. Wall siz he, Deekon Bige-low  
 or Deekon Bigel-high, u kan't go no furdur  
 not'll arter sundown, kaise ime Deekon, un  
 squire—I'm selekt man and keep that tav-  
 vern, un you must go rite strate thare and  
 stay awl day; you kan get good intertane-  
 ment fur man un beest—I told him I waz  
 plagy glad on't for I was pritty darn'd nir  
 halfstarved un so wus the oald mare, and the  
 only reisin I was ridin Sabbarday waz, kaize  
 I had't got a single hooter ov munny—but  
 seein he was so good I didn't kare if I stade  
 awl nite—so's tu let the oald mare git kinder  
 filled up, iph he had good hay and otes. (I  
 told a most darnashun, awl fired lye—kaize  
 I had my trowsers pocket stuck chock full  
 of Arnel's Kimikiles.) By the lord hary if  
 he didn't roal up hiz ize—like a duk in a  
 a thunder storm. What siz he—you haint  
 got no munny. Heh!—how dare you trav-  
 el a Sabbarday when you haint got no mun-  
 ny to pay the fine—we dont allow no body  
 that haint got no munny to travel thure this  
 toun not by no means not a Sabbarday—so  
 you had better be joggin along—but don't  
 stop tu my house—so I started and when I  
 got a little out of his reach, I shook a roll of  
 kimikiles at him. Then siz I, what du you  
 think ov that oald snapstrings! He throw'd  
 his big kane arter me, un holler'd—O! yew  
 wikkid varmount, iph I could citch yew i'd  
 shake yer gizzard out. I laid the string on  
 to the oald mare—un that's the last I ever  
 see of Deekon Parsons. Noty beeny—I  
 don't never go thrue Hartford since they had  
 the grate Konvension, last war time. I  
 think it kinder smells bad.  
 Yewer loovin frind till dith.  
 JOE STRICKLAND.

Editors Difficulties. Next to poverty,  
 delinquent subscribers, and duns, to which  
 most editors are subject, the greatest diffi-  
 culty is to please the public. For so great  
 is the variety of public taste and feeling,  
 that had the conductor of a periodical pa-  
 per as many heads and as many pens, as  
 his paper has readers, he could never hope  
 to please all; for they cannot please them-  
 selves. Does he speak out in language  
 plain and simple? it is mere common place;  
 the taste of the learned is not gratified; it  
 is fit only for the vulgar. Does he aspire  
 to elegance, the unlearned cannot under-  
 stand; and the learned regard him as a pe-  
 dantic fellow, dabbling in what he had no  
 pretensions to. Does he show his colors  
 and boldly contend for his ground? he is  
 too severe. If he hides himself beneath a  
 mass of equivocal matter, he is temporising.  
 If he publishes extracts better than he can  
 write, he has no talents of his own to dis-  
 play; and if he fills his paper with original  
 matter, he might have given something bet-  
 ter from the works of others. If he at-  
 tempts to philosophize, it is dull and unin-  
 teresting; and if he writes on plain and  
 familiar subjects, every body knew them  
 before. Does he attempt to instruct? he  
 needs to be instructed. Does he use his  
 endeavor to amuse; it is light and trifling.  
 People generally are fond of being praised,  
 and one would suppose this might satisfy  
 them, but let an editor try the experiment,  
 and he will find out his mistake. For such  
 is the power of envy, that no one will thank  
 him for praising him, and every body will  
 hate him for praising others. Most people  
 are fond of hearing their neighbors slandered:  
 but if you attempt to point out either  
 the vices and follies of mankind, every one  
 will find something applicable to himself;  
 and here again you encounter the whole  
 mass. Every person can tell you how to  
 conduct a paper to please him; and of  
 course to offend every one else. These  
 being stubborn facts, there is no alternative  
 but for an editor to please himself if he  
 can and hazard the consequences.—If he  
 does this he will be certain of satisfying one,  
 which is more than he can say if he tries to  
 please all.

A countryman happened to be driving  
 his team on the margin of the Carolina  
 Rail Road, just as the Engine, with the  
 Cars attached, passed by with great rapidi-  
 ty. Motion by steam never having entered  
 into the head of the wagoner, he stood  
 aghast at the sight, while his frightened  
 horses ran off, breaking the vehicle and  
 scattering and otherwise injuring its con-  
 tents. When his senses returned, the poor  
 fellow set off in pursuit of his horses and  
 property—but the damage was so consider-  
 able that he was fain to resort to a subscrip-  
 tion to indemnify his loss. The Contribu-  
 tors, we are happy to learn, were liberal,  
 but one more inquisitive than the rest, asked  
 "why he did not hold on to his horses?"  
 "Hold on!" said Hodge, "how the devil  
 could you expect me to hold on, when I  
 saw Hell in harness coming down upon me?"  
 Augusta Constitutionalist.

Conviding by proxy.—A negro on a  
 plantation in the West Indies having misbe-  
 haved, was sent by his master to the over-  
 seer with a note, in which the latter was di-  
 rected to bestow upon the delinquent div-  
 ers and sundry stripes. Now Sambo had  
 been sent upon such errands before, and  
 keen were his pangs at being again delegated  
 upon such unpleasant duty. He surveyed  
 the note with a rueful visage, and meditat-  
 ed how he should escape the seemingly  
 unavoidable penalty. At length a thought  
 struck him: meeting a brother Abyssinian,  
 he feigned sudden a severe illness; "Brod-  
 der Jacko," he said, "me got mazin pain in  
 'tomac; prease han dis letter to oberseer,  
 and take a sick brodder's bressing." The  
 sympathetic Jacko complied with the pre-  
 tended sufferer's request, and to his amaze-  
 ment was forthwith "posted," and received  
 a tremendous whipping at the hand of the  
 overseer—a poor requital, he thought, for  
 doing a brother a favor. Sambo was in ec-  
 stasies at the success of his stratagem.  
 He soon got rid of his pain, and could never  
 see his friend Jacko, afterwards, without  
 an inward chuckle at the ingenuity of the  
 trick he played off upon him.

Rather Tough.—The Herimer American  
 says that during the late freshet in that vi-  
 cinity, an acre and a half of corn stubble  
 rose from the surface, passed over the ad-  
 joining farm and quietly settled down in the  
 next, without disturbing a single corn hill.  
 We have read of four story brick houses mov-  
 ing while the family were at dinner, and  
 have heard of removing wells from one  
 yard into another, but this goes a little ahead  
 of anything that has fallen under our obser-  
 vation. It places the owner of the premis-  
 es, on which the stray field squatted, so  
 unceremoniously, much in the predicament  
 of Paddy who had a swate farm in Ireland,  
 only there was another man's top of it.  
 Newark Daily.

"STANBERRIED"—A NEW TERM. An  
 eastern paper gives place to an entire new  
 term, which is rapidly growing into use. It  
 is taken, not like our language, from the  
 ancients, but from the late Houston affair  
 at Washington. This is the rule authoriz-  
 ing its use. "A man who gives an insult,  
 but refuses an explanation until after he  
 has been trounced, is said to be 'STANBER-  
 RIED.'"  
 Col. Sentinel

### Wool Carding.

THE subscriber wishes to inform the public  
 that he has leased for the term of 6 years,  
 the well known stand of Robert May's, de-  
 c'd, four miles above Harrison, at which he is start-  
 ing 4 CARDING MACHINES  
 of the very first quality, which will be in com-  
 plete operation by the first day of May next.  
 The great variety of machinery employed will  
 enable him to card any quality of wool and do  
 it ample justice. From his long experience  
 and close application to business, he flatters  
 himself that he will merit and receive a liberal  
 share of public patronage. Wool must be well  
 picked and free from burs and sticks, and one  
 pound of grease added to every eight of wool.  
 He will card for 4 cents per pound, or as low  
 as any other machine in the vicinity. Produce  
 taken in payment at a fair price. A1 work  
 left with him will be attended to with great  
 despatch. In addition to the carding work he  
 has a grist mill, at which he will be able at  
 all times to grind for customers and others.  
 ELI SEWELL.  
 Logan township, Dearborn co., Ia. April 21.

### BOOKS.

JUST received from Philadelphia, a good as-  
 sortment of BOOKS, consisting, in part, of  
**FAMILY BIBLES,**  
 (DIFFERENT SIZES.)  
**WATTS, and METHODIST**  
**Hymn Books,**  
**TESTAMENTS, ENGLISH READERS,**  
**GEOGRAPHYS,** And a variety of  
**SCHOOL BOOKS,**  
**NOVELS, &c.**  
 And for sale by  
 JOHN P. DUNN.  
 March 17th, 1832. 9-

### NEW GOODS.

JUST received from Philadelphia a general  
 assortment of  
**SPRING DRY-GOODS,**  
**Groceries, Hardware,**  
**SHOES, HATS, &c.**  
 Also, from Pittsburgh, an assortment of  
**HEAVY GOODS,**  
**SADDLERY, &c.**  
 which will be offered (at the old stand of  
 George Tousey,) on accommodating terms, by  
 TOUSEY & DUNN.  
 March 29, 1832. 11-12

### STONE FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has lying near the wharf on  
 Short Street, a lot of PAVING STONE,  
 which he offers for sale on accommodating  
 terms.  
 ISAAC SPENCER.  
 May 19, 1832. 18-

### JUST RECEIVED,

per Steam Boat Arab,  
 700 pounds Loaf Sugar;  
 1 cask Pepper;  
 1 do. 4th proof Brandy;  
 1 do. Holland Gin;  
 1 do. Port Wine;  
 1 do. Tenerife Wine;  
 and for sale by  
 SHAW & PROTZMAN.  
 April 28, 1832.

### Whiskey & Flour.

FOR Sale 50 bbls. Super Fine  
 FLOUR.  
 Also, 100 bbls. best Rectified  
 WHISKEY.  
 SHAW & PROTZMAN.  
 March 31st, 1832. 11-12

### 20 BBLs. first quality New Orleans

Sugar received and for sale by  
 SHAW & PROTZMAN.  
 April 6, 1832.

### BLANK DEEDS,

For Sale at this Office.



### Lawrenceburg to Cincinnati.

THE new and spacious United States' Mail  
 Coach, "SAM PATCH,"—the most  
 splendid vehicle of the kind in the west,—has  
 commenced running on the line from Law-  
 renceburg, via Hardinsburgh, Elizabethtown,  
 Cleves, Chiviot, to Cincinnati.

Leave Lawrenceburg every Monday, Wed-  
 nesday and Friday morning, at 6 o'clock, and  
 arrive at Cincinnati by noon each day.

Leave Cincinnati every Tuesday, Thursday  
 and Saturday morning, at 6 o'clock, and arrive  
 at Lawrenceburg by noon each day.

The above line will connect with the follow-  
 ing routes, viz: the Indianapolis mail stage line  
 on the same days, tri-weekly, connecting the  
 whole line from the East to the West, via Ter-  
 Haute to St. Louis, Mo. &c. &c.

The undersigned keeps horses to hire, & will  
 be ready at all times to convey passengers and  
 families in private hacks to any place desired  
 within the vicinity or adjoining counties.

The fare in all cases will be moderate. Bag-  
 gage at the risk of the owner.

For seats, apply to J. W. HUNTER, post and  
 stage office, Lawrenceburg; and at Scudder's  
 Hotel, main street, Cincinnati.

JOHN D. CUMMINS,  
 March 24, 1832. 10-11 Proprietor.

### Lawrenceburg

### CHAIR MANUFACTORY

THE subscriber takes this method to inform  
 the public in general that he has establish-  
 ed the chair making business, on High street,  
 opposite the market house, where he will  
 keep constantly on hand a large and splendid  
 assortment of



Which he warrants for durability and work-  
 manship, equal to any in the western country;  
 which he will dispose of, on reasonable terms.  
 Persons wishing to purchase, will please call  
 and judge for themselves.  
 WM. N. ROGERS.  
 Feb. 11, 1831.

### To the Public.

THE undersigned have just received from  
 New Orleans, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh,  
 a large and general assortment of  
**GROCERIES, &c.**

Which they are now opening, and offer for sale  
 on very reasonable terms, consisting, in part, of  
**TEAS best quality;**  
**Imported and Domestic Liquors;**  
**Spices; Window-Glass,**  
**All sizes; NAILS, well assorted;**  
**Iron; Sugar; Coffee;**  
**MACKEREL, RASINS,**  
 And many other articles.—All of which will be  
 sold at Wholesale or Retail, at their House in  
 Lawrenceburg, opposite the store of Enoch  
 D. John.

THOMAS SHAW,  
 ISAAC PROTZMAN.  
 March 29th, 1832. 11-12

### DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT,

DEARBORN COUNTY, ) Set.

Elizabeth Dean }  
 James Dean }

On petition for Divorce.

NOW comes Elizabeth Deans by Lawrence  
 her attorney, and files her petition to the  
 Dearborn circuit court, praying a divorce from  
 her said husband, for cause of abandonment;  
 and thereupon, it appearing to the satisfaction  
 of the Hon. Isaac Dunn and the Hon. John  
 M'Phee, associate judges of the Dearborn cir-  
 cuit court, that the said James Dean is not a  
 resident of this state: By order of the said  
 judges, Notice is therefore hereby given, to the  
 said James Dean of the filing of the petition  
 aforesaid, and that he be and appear before the  
 judges of the Dearborn circuit court, at their  
 term on the 4th Monday in September next, to  
 answer to this petition aforesaid, or the same  
 will then be heard in his absence and a decree  
 granted accordingly.

JAMES DILL, Clk.  
 May 17th, 1832. 18-4.

### NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received from Phil-  
 adelphia, and is now opening, a splendid  
 stock of

### NEW GOODS

At his old stand; where he is prepared to wait  
 on his Customers and all those who may think  
 proper to give him a call.  
 JOHN P. DUNN.  
 March 17th, 1832. 9-

### Iron, Nails, & Glass.

JUST received from Pittsburgh, per Steamer  
 Lady Byron, a quantity of  
**NAILS, Assorted; IRON, Assorted**  
**and GLASS—Also,**  
**FRAGE CHAINS, WHEAT AND**  
**WHEAT SEIVES,**  
 And for sale by  
 JOHN P. DUNN.  
 March 17th, 1832. 9

### Boots, Brogans, & Shoes.

THE subscriber has a first rate stock of  
**BOOTS, BROGANS, AND SHOES,**  
 (COARSE AND FINE.)  
**For Men, Women, and**  
**CHILDREN;**  
 Which he will sell low for Cash.  
 JOHN P. DUNN.  
 March 17th 1832. 9-

### Treasurer's Office,

Lawrenceburg, May 24th 1832.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given