

From the New-York Mirror.

## The Robber.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Beside a lonely mountain path,  
Within a mossy wood  
That crowned the wild wind-beaten cliffs,  
A lurking robber stood.  
His foreign garb, his gloomy eye,  
His cheek of swarthy stain  
Bespoke him one who might have been  
A pirate on the main,  
Or bandit on the far off hills  
Of Cuba or of Spain.

His ready pistol in his hand,  
A shadowing bough he raised,  
Glared forth, as crouching tiger glares,  
And muttered as he gazed—  
"Sure he must sleep upon his steed—  
I deemed the laggard near;  
I'll give him, for the gold he wears,  
A sounder slumber here;  
His charger, when I press his flank,  
Shall leap like mountain deer."

Long, long he watched, and listened long—  
There came no traveller by.  
The ruffian growled a harsher curse,  
And gloomier grew his eye.  
While, o'er the sultry heaven, began  
A leaden haze to spread,  
And, past his noon, the summer sun  
A dimmer beam to shed,  
And on that mountain summit fell  
A silence deep and dread.

Then ceased the bristling pine to sigh,  
Still hung the birchen spray;  
The air that wrapped those mossy cliffs  
Was motionless as they;  
Mute was the cricket in his cleft—  
But mountain torrents round  
Sent hollow murmurs from their glens,  
Like voices under ground.  
A change came o'er the robber's cheek,  
He shuddered at the sound.

'Twere vain to ask what fearful thought  
Convulsed his brow with pain:  
"The dead talk not," he said at length,  
And turned to watch again.  
Skyward he looked—a lurid cloud  
Hung low and blackening there;  
And through its skirts the sunshine came,  
A strange, malignant glare.  
His ample chest drew in, with toil,  
The hot and stifling air.

His ear has caught a distant sound—  
But not the tramp of steed—  
A roar as of a torrent stream,  
Swollen into sudden speed.  
The gathered vapours in the west,  
Before the rushing blast,  
Like living monsters of the air,  
Black, serpent-like and vast,  
Writhe, roll, and sweeping o'er the sun  
A frightful shadow cast.

Hark to that nearer, mightier crash!  
As if a giant crowd,  
Trampling the oaks with iron feet,  
Had issued from the cloud;  
While fragments of disordered rock  
Go thundering from on high,  
And eastward, from their eyrie-cliffs,  
The shrieking eagles fly,  
And lo! the expected traveller comes,  
Spurring his charger by.

To that wild warning of the air,  
The assassin lends no heed:  
He lifts the pistol to his eye,  
He notes the horseman's speed:  
Firm is his hand and sure his aim—  
But ere the flash is given,  
Its eddies filled with woods upturn,  
And spray from torrents driven,  
The whirlwind sweeps the crashing wood—  
The giant firs are riven.

Riven and wrenched up from splintering cliffs,  
They rise like forest in air;  
At once the forest's rocky floor  
Lies to the tempest bare.  
Rider and steed and robber whirled  
O'er precipices vast,  
Mong trunks and boughs and shattered crags,  
Mangled and crushed, are cast.  
The catamount and eagle made,  
At morn, a grim repeat.

## Light Reading.

Extracted from the "Western Comic Almanac," published at Cincinnati.

## FLOWERS OF RHETORIC.

The following patriotic speech was delivered, it is said, at a late meeting in Illinois, called for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of getting up a second expedition against the hostile band of Sacs and Foxes:

## Friends and Fellow-Citizen Soldiers!

We are met here for the purpose of excussing the subject about the hospitalities lately convicted against our peaceful and blooming frontiers by the condacious red-skins. (A murmur of applause.) I say we have met here to instigate whether we will sit still in our shanties, and see the spoiler whet his deadly, and bloody, and murderous knife against the hearts of our friends and fellow squatters—they are fearless spirits who have gone forth with a bold heart and a strong arm to dig ditches and drain the swamps of the west; and whom we look upon impatiently and tottally as the pianos of a new world! (Much cheering, and calling out "hear!" "hear!") Whether we will sit still and see their corn fields ravished, their wives inviolated before their very eyes, and their smiling, prattling infants used up in the most barbaric manner—or whether we will march at once upon this second champagne, and by our timely valorosity, save them from a state of total defunction, and at the same time extinguishing ourselves in eternal fame! (Here the scalp halloo was thrice repeated.) Ah! my fellow citizen soldiers! I fully propitiate the symptomatic feelings of your hearts. I need but remind you of your duties towards your suffering and distressed and conflicted brethren! Their woes cry aloud for address, and perhaps are heard even now in the retracy of our firesides and our chimney-corners! Behold they lay down at night with a blooming cheek and a ruby lip, and—oh! my fellow soldiers, must I revulge the cruel, the dreadful, the fatal catastrophe!—they wake up ere morning in death! (Here the scalp halloo was again sounded, and after a little calling to order by an amateur speaker, who was taking notes with a piece of chalk on a board fence, the orator of the day resumed.) But I cannot dwell upon this horrible, this appalling, this dreadful subject,—a subject, fellow citizen soldiers, whose horrors runs ferneest the very grain, as I may say, of the soul, without, I say without—(clearing his throat and addressing one of the crowd)—stranger will you hand me a gourd of water with a leetle sprinkle of the crittun in it!—without feeling inquisinable thirst for—(tasting the liquor and addressing the individual who brought it)—a leetle more of the critter, if you please—just a sprinkle—a mere drap—thar—an inquisinable thirst for that vengeance which all the gods of war, Wul-

can, and Plato, and Wesuvius claim as their high prerogative, but which I would shower, fellow citizen soldiers, which I would shower in beams of wrath upon them as illegal, unconstitutional, and incivilized savages, which stalks amongst our bottoms, by day and by night, sallies forth to kill and murder our families, and to rob our potato patches! Yes, gentlemen and fellow citizen soldiers! my soul rises spontaneously as I contemplate the glorious event that must extinguish our names in the hearts of our countrymen till time shall be no more! Our success in this expedition is sartin—it is a mere sarcumstance. The pianos will be aroused, and we will all light on 'em and tottally oblisticate them from off the face of the yearth! I know you are all the real grit, I myself am particularly a caution—a raal snag boat—and will lead you where a good chunk of a fight is sartin to be hit again. I will flank you into a solemn column, and receding by a retrograde advance, we will away to the field of glory—the field of garish and of blood! Yes, my friends and fellow soldiers! we'll meet the enemy in their own diggings, "and the way we'll use 'em up 'll be a sin to Crockett."

(The scalp halloo again rose to a deafening height, but died away as the whole party, bearing their orator upon a rail, receded by a retrograde advance, towards a shantee, where the "critter" had not yet entirely yielded to the ravages of consumption.)

N. B. The orator in question is a candidate for a seat in the next legislature.

## GETTING A FLAVOR OF SIN.

"Never, my children," old Dr. Syntax used to say, lifting his great brown eyebrows, and looking awfully solemn, "never taste of sin; for it hath a delectful flavor—and I warn you always to beware of the odor of wickedness."

This was an excellent precept, but the Doctor had such an odd way of saying it, as he crossed his fat hands over his round belly, and rolled up his white eyes, that it grew into a proverb among us; and whenever we went to rob an apple tree, or a melon patch, we used to mock the worthy Doctor, and quote his proverbs about the flavor of sin and the odor of evil deeds.

One summer there came to visit the Doctor, a kind of cousin, an odd sort of a gawky about our age. He wore a homespun, old brown coat, with a tail that nearly swept the ground; he was blind of one eye, had a queer sort of a freckled face, and was as deaf as a haddock. Poor fellow! he was a rare butt for the practical wit of his school fellows, and we were forever getting him into some scrape. At one time we got him and his long coat into a ditch full of filth; another time we managed to tie a fierce old cat between his sheets, and another nailed the tail of his old coat to a bee-hive and the bees nearly stung him to death.

But the best of all was the egg hunt. The Doctor had forbidden us to enter his barn where his hens resorted to deposit their eggs, because we hooked so many that the worthy Doctor had none left for his custard and egg-nog. But cousin Zach knew nothing of these orders; and finding he was very fond of raw eggs, we determined, one Saturday afternoon, to make one grand crusade in the Doctor's hay-mow; and placing Zach in the van we secretly and successfully invaded and entered the barn through the back window.

All was safe and still! We knew where the nests were and crept along towards them—one of the number was under a beam, and the only way of reaching it was by crawling into a hole under the beam just big enough to admit a man. Now the joke was to make Zach crawl into this hole, in hopes the old hen would be on her station—and then for fun. Zach at first slunk back, but we worked his courage up by inches, till at last he agreed to go in. He listened, and had he not been deaf, he would have heard there was something more than eggs in the hole. "That's the old hen," whispered one. "I hope she'll scratch him well," said another. "I guess he'll come out faster than he goes in," said a third. Meanwhile Zach, was gradually disappearing among the fodder—sneezing occasionally as the dust tickled his broad nostrils; while we tipped the wink to each other and held our breaths, ready for a roar on the first sign of Zach's discomfiture. We did not wait long—for presently there came a smothered cry of pain, and fear, and horror, and astonishment! Forth burst our pent up laughter—when—whew!!—there rushed out the strong smell of that American musk, called by some a polecat, and by others a skunk; and in another moment Zach reappeared and close upon his heels, or rather his head, the author of the potent smell. What a scattering! We flew like the four winds of heaven, out of the windows, doors, and I was near saying rat holes. But, poor Zach! who shall describe his situation! He was completely drenched and blind—having been shot directly in his only eye. He had to bury his long tailed coat in the onion bed, and to be rubbed with soap and sand for a whole day—and then smelt most awfully!

This gave us the first clear notion we ever had of "the flavor of sin and the odor of wickedness."

## SCENE—ALDERMAN SOUPGUTS PALOR.

[ENTER ICHABOD QUIZ.]

Quiz. Sir, if you please, I come for a little instruction as it regards corporations. I wish you to understand that I am sorter ignorant, and would be highly pleased if your honor would just enlighten me a little on this score. Be so kind as to inform me what a corporate body is.

Soupgut. Why, you fool! don't you know that a corporate body is—a—body corporate!

Quiz. I understand what body means; but I don't exactly know the meaning of corporate.

Soupgut. Corporate! Why, corporate means a kind of hanging together of different parts.

Quiz. How, sir?

Soupgut. You see my body?

Quiz. With pleasure, sir.

Soupgut. Well, it, sir, is a body corporate.

Quiz. Indeed!

Soupgut. Aye, sir; there are united in me a complete chain of great and little bowels, that are delegated and empowered to transact business with my stomach, the same as though I had but one organ to perform the office of carrying off my food.

Quiz. This is called a body corporate!

Soupgut. To be sure.

Quiz. It is amazing fine; but if you split or burst, you would become a body vacate, like an empty hogthead with the bung out, and a few emptings at the bottom.

Soupgut. You're a blackguard and a fool!

Quiz. I hope no offence, sir; I only inquire for information.

Soupgut. Well, sir, having condescendingly answered your questions, you will please, sir, take yourself off.

Col. "Why, Cuff, is that you? I'm glad to see you, Cuff. How's your family? Won't you take something to drink, Cuff?"

Cuff. "Why, Colonel, I don't care if I does. Some niggers is too proud to drink with a melishy ossifer; but I think a nigger never ought to feel above a melishy-man—specially when a nigger is dry."

How does your newly purchased horse answer?

said a friend to another. I really don't know, for I never asked him a question.

## RARE SPORT.

"Do you love to shute!" said Jim Ramrod to his friend Gorbely one day, after they had been dining together at the Indian Queen.

"Yes, I'm 'mazin fond of shute when there's good game."

"Well, here's Simon Shine and Peter Dash I know will be glad to join us, and we'll have some rare sport."

Accordingly the next morning the whole sporting party started early in search of game, and rambled over hill and dale, and through woods, and brush, and mud, and mire—hunting sometimes in a body, sometimes separately, and sometimes in pairs—but all in vain—not a single living thing could they find.

It was a hot day in July, and the whole party sweat like so many stage horses. Gorbely, in particular, "larded the lean earth" with the fat that rolled off him. He and Ramrod found themselves at length in the midst of a swamp, sinking into the mud at every step, almost to their knees.

"I can't stand this no longer," said Gorbely. "I have had sport enough for one day, and I move that we make the best of our way home."

But at this lucky moment, a little solitary wren flew over their heads, and lighted on a dry shrub in the midst of the swamp. Gorbely's heart leaped almost into his mouth. "Don't speak a word," whispered he to Jim, as forgetting his fatigue, he crept slyly along, up to his knees in mud and water, with his friend Jim close behind him. "Why don't you shute!" said Jim, as they approached within a few feet of the bird. "I can't find a good rest," said Gorbely.

In the mean time, Simon and Peter, who had also discovered the wren, came wading up on the other side. "Do you think I'm near enough," said Simon. "No, don't shute," said Peter, "just let me knock it down with the butt end of my gun," and making a pass with his gun, he missed the bird, but knocked his friend Peter as flat as a flounder.

Gorbely, who had at last found a rest, and had been taking aim for about five minutes, shut his eyes just as the wren flew away, and pulling trigger, his fuzee went off and kicked him backwards into the mud. After being raised up with some difficulty, and recovering his lost senses, he ejaculated with an air of triumph, "I come 'mazin near shute that critter!"

## THE YANKEE AND DUTCHMAN.

After some sporting and bantering between Mynheer and Jonathan, who had shown off some common slight-of-hand tricks, the latter declared he could swallow his robust host! Notwithstanding Jonathan had already played off several of his Yankee tricks, which puzzled the good people exceedingly, yet the assertion was too great a mouthful for them to swallow, if the pedlar could. A bet sufficient to moisten the throats of the whole company was the consequence, though the landlord, in proposing it, had no idea that his customer would accept, when, as he supposed, he must be certain of losing. Jonathan directed that Mynheer should be divested of his coat and boots, and be stretched longitudinally upon the old oaken table, which had stood in the bar-room for half a century. These arrangements having been made, Jonathan voraciously seized upon the honest landlord's great-toe, which he pressed rather violently between his teeth, giving the good man a twinge which caused a writhing movement and a groan.

"Dunder and blixum!" exclaimed Mynheer; "Vat te feil do ye pite me sho for?"

"Why, you darn'd great fool," said Jonathan, "You didn't think I was going to swallow you whole, did you?"

A burst of laughter proclaimed Jonathan the victor, and Mynheer had to pay the toast and toddy.

Tom Lout was once troubled with the fever and ague. A friend asking his physician how he was, he said that the fever still hung by Tom, but the ague had left him, because he was too lazy to shake.

"I've broken your rotten wheel-barrow upon n't; you'll please to get it mended right off, cause I'll want to borrow it again this afternoon."

"Friend, it shall be repaired and sent to thee."

## STATE OF INDIANA, } DeARBORN COUNTY, } DeARBORN Circuit Court.

John Test, }  
Vs. } In an action of debt, \$20 00.  
Michael Cusack. }

WHEREAS, a writ of Domestic Attachment issued from the clerk's office of the DeARBORN Circuit Court, on the 27th day of August, 1833, at the suit of John Test against Michael Cusack, a non resident, in an action of debt \$20 00.—which writ of attachment has been returned to the said clerk's office by the sheriff of the said county of DeARBORN, with the following endorsement thereon, to wit: In obedience to the command of the within writ I have levied and attached 80 acres of land, being part of the north west quarter of section 20, town 3, range 2 west, in the county of DeARBORN, the property of the within named defendant; 30th Aug., 1833.

(Signed,) WM. DILS, sh'ff D. C.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, to the said Michael Cusack, that unless he be and appear before the Judges of the DeARBORN Circuit Court, at their term on the 4th Monday in September next, then and there to receive a declaration and plead to the action aforesaid, or the same will be heard in his absence and judgment will be rendered against him by default, and the property so attached will be sold for the benefit of his creditors.

JAMES DILL, Clerk  
DeARBORN Circuit Court.  
30th August, 1833. 33-3v

## A CARD.

## The Lawrenceburgh High School

IS continued in the basement story of the Presbyterian Church. Parents and patrons of literature are invited to call and see for themselves, the mode of government and the improvement of the pupils. Spelling and reading, taught on the Analytical and Expository system—writing on a new and improved plan, and Arithmetic, \$2 50 per quarter. English Grammar, Book-keeping, Philosophy, Chemistry, Rhetoric, Composition, Geography, and Astronomy, with the use of the globe, \$3 50. Mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, and Spanish languages, \$5 00.

Refer to JESSE HUNT, JAMES W. HUNTER, Trustees. DAVID V. CULLEY.

J. H. Brower, M. D.; J. Percival, M. D.; A. St. C. Vance; G. H. Dunn; E. D. John; Thomas Dunn; Isaac Dunn.

Lawrenceburgh, July 26th, 1833. 29-4f

## Pork, Bacon & Lard

CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale by L. W. JOHNSON.

Aug. 7, 1833. 30-4f

## Sale of Town Lots.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given, that the Probate Court of DeARBORN county, at the August session, 1833, appointed the undersigned, commissioner for the sale of the following real estate, to wit: In lots No. 177 and 178, in the town of Lawrenceburgh, and in lot No. 83, in what is commonly called New Lawrenceburgh, and that I shall proceed to offer the same by Public Outcry, at the Court House door, in Lawrenceburgh, on the Fourth Saturday in September next, on the following conditions, to wit: one fifth part of the purchase money in hand, on the day of sale, one fifth in three, one fifth in six, one fifth in nine, and the residue in twelve months from the day of sale; the deferred payments to be well secured. This property is sold as the property of Solomon Hayes, deceased, for payment of just debts, and the title deemed indisputable.

D. S. MAJOR, Commissioner.  
15th August, 1833. 31-ts

## Administrators' Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned have taken out letters of administration, from the DeARBORN county Probate court, on the estate of ISAAH BISBEE, late of said county, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those who have claims will present them for adjustment, as the estate is supposed to be solvent.

NOTICE is also given that there will be offered for sale, on the 10th day of September next, at the late dwelling house of the said Isiah Bisbee, in the town of Aurora, and county aforesaid, the personal property belonging to said estate; consisting of

One Set of Watch-Makers Tools,  
AND A VARIETY OF ARTICLES OF STOCK,  
SEVERAL OLD & NEW  
SILVER WATCHES,  
Jewelry, &c.  
Some Blacksmith's Tools;  
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,  
CONSISTING OF  
BEDS and BEDDING, TABLES,  
AND CHAIRS;

Also a variety of BOOKS, including one full set of Dr. Reed's New Encyclopedia, with many other articles not enumerated in the above enumeration. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. on said 10th of September, when the terms will be made known.

HENRY WALKER,  
J. W. EGELSTON,  
August, 16, 1833.—31-ts Administrators.

## OFFICER'S GUIDE & FARMER'S MANUAL.

(By JOHN CAIN, Esq.)  
JUST received and for sale at this office a few copies of the above named work, "containing a comprehensive collection of Judicial and business forms, adapted to the jurisprudence of Indiana, with an explanation of law phrases and technical terms both Latin and French; to which is prefixed the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and of the State of Indiana." The Guide & Manual contains an abstract of the principal laws in force in the State, and correct forms for transacting legal business.—In short, it is a lawyer of its self, by the aid of which every intelligent reading person may be enabled to transact his ordinary law business correctly, without the aid of counsel.  
July 20th, 1833.

## LAW NOTICE.

AMOS LANE, Attorney and counsellor at Law, will, in future, give his undivided attention, to his profession—may be consulted at his office, on High street, near the clerk's office, at all times, except when at Court—will attend the Circuit, Probate, and Commissioner's Courts, in the County of DeARBORN. The Circuit Courts in Franklin, Switzerland, Ripley and Decatur counties. The Supreme and District Courts at Indianapolis. And will attend to business of Importance, either civil or criminal in any other courts in this, or adjoining states. He trusts that his long and successful practice, will insure him his former liberal portion of professional business, when the public shall be assured, that all business entrusted to his charges shall receive his prompt attention, and best efforts, to bring it to a speedy and successful close.

AMOS LANE.  
Lawrenceburgh, June 13th 1833. 24—

## Clocks, Watches, &c.

THE subscriber has just received from Philadelphia, an extensive and splendid assortment of JEWELRY, TABLE AND TEA SPOONS, (SILVER AND COMMON); Also—A Selection of Common, Patent Lever and Repeating WATCHES.

And various other articles, not strictly in his line, among which are

## Percussion Caps, &c. &c.

All of which he will sell at Cincinnati prices. He has removed his shop to the room on the east side of High street, one door south of Dr. Ferrie's Drug Store, where he will be ready at all times to repair Watches, Clocks, and attend to all kinds of business in his line.

F. LUCAS.  
Nov. 29, 1832. 12-4f

## LAW.

DANIEL J. CASWELL and DANIEL S. MAJOR, Attorneys & Counsellors at Law, have entered into partnership, and will practice in the third Judicial Circuit of Indiana, particularly in the Counties of DeARBORN, Franklin, Ripley and Switzerland; Also in the Supreme Court at Indianapolis. Office on Short street immediately opposite Mr. Ludlow's large brick building; where D. S. Major will at all times be found, unless absent on business, ready to attend to any professional services that may be required. He will also attend to the settlement of estates before the Probate Court; and of claims before the Commissioners Court of DeARBORN county. Persons wishing Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, or conveyances of any kind, can have them drawn in a legal and unexceptionable form, by calling at their office.

All business confided to Caswell & Major will receive the united and strict attention of both.  
Lawrenceburgh, Oct. 13, 1832. 39-4f

## LUMBER.

500,000 FEET BOARDS,  
500,000 SHINGLES,  
30,000 FEET JOIST,  
85,000 FEET SCANTLING.  
Also 50,000 feet of last year's Lumber, well seasoned, for sale by

WM. TATE.  
Lawrenceburgh, Aug. 29, 1833. 33-4f

## DR. BROWER

HAS removed his residence to the house on High street, recently occupied by Capt. Thos. Porter, and opposite J. W. Hunter, Esq's, new building. His office is in the bank room, adjoining the dwelling of Judge Dana.  
August 15, 1833. 31-3mo

## Flax & Hemp wanted.

THE subscriber will pay the highest Cash price for any quantity of good clean Hemp or Flax, if delivered early in the season.  
L. W. JOHNSON.  
Aug. 7, 1833. 30-4f

## CASH

WILL be paid for any quantity of good clean TIMOTHY or CLOVER SEED, by  
L. W. JOHNSON.  
Aug. 7, 1833. 30-4f

## STATE OF INDIANA, } DeARBORN COUNTY, }

Probate Court of DeARBORN County,  
August Term, 1833.

Ann Hudson, }  
Petress } On petition for Dower.  
The heirs of Christopher Hudson, dec'd. }

IN this matter now comes Ann Hudson, widow of Christopher Hudson, late of DeARBORN county, deceased, by Test her attorney, and files her petition, showing that her husband died intestate, being the owner of the north west quarter of section 28, town 7, range 2 west, in the county of DeARBORN; that she is entitled to dower in the said land; to set off which, pursuant to statute, the heirs have hitherto failed and neglected—and praying relief hereon: Notice is therefore hereby given to Christopher Hudson, John Hudson and all others, the heirs of the said deceased, that the court will hear and act on said petition at the next term, to be held on the second Monday in November next;—and will there appoint commissioners to assign and set off to the said widow, her dower in the said land, pursuant to the laws of Indiana. By the court.  
22d August, 1833. 33-3w  
JAMES DILL, Clerk.

## STATE OF INDIANA, } DeARBORN COUNTY, }

Probate Court of DeARBORN County,  
August Term, 1833.

NOTICE is hereby given to the heirs, creditors, and all other persons concerned in the settlement of the following estates, that the administrators on the same, have filed in the Probate Court of DeARBORN county, their final accounts, and praying a settlement of said estates, to wit:  
Estate of Jacob Cox, deceased; Daniel Bartholomew and Aaron Foulk, administrators;  
Estate of Moses Musgrave, deceased; Samuel B. Wood, administrator;  
Estate of John T. Fulton, deceased; William Lanius and James Boyle, executors.  
Estate of David Askew, deceased; Absalom Rumion and Polly Rumion, administrators;  
Estate of Christopher Hudson, deceased; Christopher Hudson and John Hudson, administrators.  
And that the court will proceed to act on said petitions and make final settlements of at the term of said court on the second Monday in November, 1833. By order of the court.  
22d August, 1833. 33-3w  
JAMES DILL, Clerk.

## Sale of Real Estate.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that I shall expose to sale, at public outcry, on the premises, on Saturday the 21st of September next, the south half of the west half of the north east quarter of section twenty-six, in town seven, of range three west, in the county of DeARBORN. This land is sold as the property of Edward Round, late of DeARBORN county, deceased, for the payment of his just debts, and will be sold on the following conditions, to wit: one third of the purchase money in hand, at the time of sale, one third in six months, and the residue in twelve months from the day of sale; the deferred payments to be well secured. The title is indisputable.

By order of the Probate court of DeARBORN county,  
JOSHUA GIVENS,  
Commissioner.  
August 20th, 1833. 32-3w

## LAND IN MARKET.

I PROPOSE to be at Lawrenceburgh on the 30th day of September next, to remain four days to receive propositions, if any person wishes to purchase the Real Estate of TIMOTHY DAVIS, late of said town, deceased, consisting of the valuable lot known by the name of the ROUDY CAMP tract, 271 acres Bottom of the first quality, lying in the suburbs of said town; also nine acres on the river bank, in the upper end of town, one in lot, and one quarter section on Tanner's creek, near Bullock's ford. I may be found by inquiring at the store of Dr. Ferrie.

NEHEMIAH DAVIS.  
August 23, 1833. 32—

## NOTICE.

THE personal property of the estate of James Moore, deceased, consisting of ONE STUD HORSE, 1 MARE, Sheep, Household and Kitchen Furniture, WHEAT & OATS in the SHEAF.

## Farming Utensils, &c.

will be sold at Public Auction at the late residence of the deceased, in Laugherly township, near Wilmington, on Friday the 13th September next. Nine months credit will be given.

PETER MOORE, Adm'r.  
August 21, 1833. 32-ts\*

## Wheat Wanted.

THE subscribers wish to purchase 20,000 bushels of GOOD WHEAT, to be delivered at their Store in New-Lawrenceburgh, for which they will pay 50 cents per bushel until the 15th of August next, and the highest cash price the remainder of the season.

ADAMS & LOTHROP.  
New-Lawrenceburgh, July 20, 1833. 28-4f

## Administrator's Notice.

THE subscriber having taken out letters of administration on the estate of James Moore, deceased, late of Laugherly township;—requests those having claims against said deceased to present them properly authenticated for settlement, and those indebted are desired to make payment with as little delay as possible. The estate is supposed to be insolvent.

PETER MOORE, Adm'r.  
August 14, 1833. 31-3w

## An Ox-Cart,

OF GOOD QUALITY, for Sale by TOLSEY & DUNN.

Aug. 22, 1833. 32—