

From the New-York Mirror.

Stanzas on Care.

Oh, how I hate thee, odious care!
Thou art so very mean a foe;
Thy goadings on my spirits wear,
And check their animating flow.

Hadst thou the dignity of grief,
I'd meet thee and repel thy dart;
Or call on friendship for relief,
Sweet soother of the troubled heart!

Let those who scorn the joys of ease,
Rejoice themselves in wisdom's power;
But me no hard-earned honors please,
I only crave the peaceful hour.

In those delicious Indian climes,
Where nature asks no aid from toil,
Where fragrant myrtles, almonds, limes
And splendid flowers adorn the soil.

E'en in the land of blest Cashmere,
Of which a much-loved poet sings;
Mid scenes to love and peace so dear,
I would not covet angel-wings;

But soft mysterious joys to feel,
Within the pleasant shades I rest,
And bid voluptuous languor steal
Each rude emotion from my breast.

Blending her sweetness with repose,
Should music breathe a murmuring sound;
And the deep-glowing Indian rose,
Its choicest odours shed around,

In dreams on this enchanting shore,
Might life's brief shadows pass away;
Could I but hope, when all was o'er,
To enter on eternal day. H. D. K.

To an Old Friend.

Come here's a health to thee and thine;
Trust me, what e'er we may be told,
Few things are better than old wine,
When tasted with a friend that's old;

We're happy yet; and in our track,
New pleasures if we may not find,
There is a charm in gazing back
On sunny prospects left behind.

Like that famed hill in western clime,
Through gaudy noonday dark and bare,
That tinges still at vesper time,
With purple gleam the evening air;

So there's a joy in former days,
In times, and scenes, and thoughts gone by,
As beautified their heads they raise
Bright in Imagination's eye.

Time's glass is fill'd with varied sand,
With fleeting joy and transient grief;
We'll turn, and with no sparing hand,
O'er many a strange fantastic leaf;

And fear not—but, mid many a blot,
There are some pages written fair,
And flowers, that time can wither not,
Preserved, still faintly fragrant there.

As the hushed night glides gently on,
Our music shall breathe forth its strain,
And tell of pleasures that are gone,
And heighten those that yet remain;

And that creative breath divine,
Shall waken many a slumbering thrill
And call forth many a mystic line
Of faded joys, remembered still.

We'll hear the strains we heard so oft
In life's, warm, impassioned hours,
That fell on our young hearts as soft
As summer dews on summer flowers;

And as the stream where'er it hies,
Steals something in its purest flow,
Those strains shall taste of ecstasies
O'er which they floated long ago.

E'en in our morn, when fancy's eye
Glance'd, sparkling o'er a world of bliss,
When joy was young, and hope was high,
We could not feel much more than this:

Howe'er, then time our day devours,
Why should our smiles be overcast,
Why should we grieve for fleeting hours,
Who find a future in the past? [Selected.]

A Reverie.

Some days are filled with pleasure,
And some are filled with pain,
And though a different measure
Each mortal may obtain,
There's joy enough to speed us
Through life's short journey home,
And we enough to lend us
To long for worlds to come.

Life bears such recollections,
Such changes on its wings,—
Such beautiful affections,
Such black and beautiful things,
That though fond hope would try it,
For future joy and pain,
Who that has hurried by it
Would try that past again? [Selected.]

From the New York Mirror.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Rosanna, the Ugly One.

"But look, then," said Mrs. Moore, to her husband, "how ugly that little one is. Is she not, William?"

And Mr. Moore, who was sitting in a rocking-chair, amusing himself with poking the fire, laid down the tongs he held, and gravely answered his wife.

"But, my dear, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say it one hundred times more, Rose would not become less ugly for your saying so."

Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen. She was their only child, and, to do her mother justice, was really very ugly—nay, almost revolting: with her little gray eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick protruding lips, red hair, and, above all, a form remarkably awry.

Rose was, then, very ugly—but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt, as she listened to her mother's observation, "Oh, you little fright, you will never get a husband."

Eight o'clock struck; Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

"Go to bed, Rosanna!"

Tremblingly the little girl approached her mother, to give her the kiss of good-night.

"Tis useless, you little monster," said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one's eye. She hastily wiped it away, and turning to her father, presented him the yet humid cheek.

He kissed her tenderly.

"I am not altogether miserable," she murmured, leaving the room.

Retired to her chamber, she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked thus, part of the night, for she desired to be able to present it to her mother, when she rose in the morning.

The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow, Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one's reward.

Her eyes, by chance, glanced over a neighboring mirror.

"Yes," she said, internally, "I am ugly—they are right," and she sought in her young head to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world—new pangs wounded the little ugly one's heart. A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age—but then she was so good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, and then loved her. Now, indeed, our little one was happy.

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became, in consequence of some trifling prevarication, highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled for eight long days—for eight long days Mrs. Moore was continually crying. Rosanna in vain racked her young brains to discover why—but her father still continued angry, and her mother was still continually weeping. At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile them.

They were all three seated in the parlor—Mr. Moore was arranging the fire—when this was concluded, he threw the tongs from him, snatched a book from the mantel, and opened it abruptly; but after a moment's perusal, he closed it again, in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms about his neck, as he was about to rise, and affectionately caressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moistened handkerchief wherewith her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith; she then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caress with all a mother's fondness.

The parties being now favorably disposed, naught remained but to establish the peace. This was no easy matter—neither would make the first overture—and without the penetration of little Rose, the reconciliation would not then have taken place.

She took her father's hand between her own little hands, and pressed it to her bosom; she then took her mother's hand, and joined it to her father's, as it lay near her heart. Human pride could resist no longer—the alienated parents rose at the same moment and cordially embraced each other.

From that hour Rose was the idol of them both. Six years after this, Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun, which, during the day, had shed over nature an intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long, wide bands of red—clouds more and more dark were heaping themselves on the eastern sky—the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth was returning to the sun the heat she had been receiving from the latter during the day. All was heavy and weary—the air was inhaled seemed rather to suffocate than nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon, whose every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding, here and there, in the darkened light, groups of young females, whose white dresses, slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical wherein the imagination loved to dwell. A low languishing whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet. A young woman, seated before a piano, was expressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporaneous melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering, but a general silence took place, for hers was a celestial symphony, a seraph's song.

Lord Underwood, a fine blue-eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody, that his frame seemed agitated by a momentary convulsion. He listened to the angel's voice, so softly harmonizing with the sweet tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the witty and original trifle to which he listened, that transfixed him where he stood.

"How beautiful must that young girl be," thought Underwood. "Happy the man on whom may fall her choice," and he involuntarily sighed.

Suddenly lights are brought in. The young woman was the ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupefied—he closed his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her a second time, and he found her less ugly; and Rose was, indeed, less ugly. The beauties of her mind seemed transferred to her person, and her gray eyes, small as they were, expressed, wonderfully well, her internal sensations.

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and became the happiest of men in the possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us, but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us even to the grave. D. D.

A Good One.—As the orchards generally in Connecticut produce abundantly this season, some of the zealous temperance folks in towns distant from city markets began to be much disturbed in consequence a few weeks ago.—They could not afford to make cider and cart it 20 or 25 miles to market, at \$1 or 1.25 per barrel. They were too conscientious to sell their cider for distillation in their own neighborhoods; and they were too conscientious to suffer the fair fruit with which a kind Providence had blessed them, to be wholly lost. It seemed as though something ought to be saved from this source to aid "the benevolent operations of the day."

We quote this because it is one of the most beautiful sentences in the new Bible, and is in the mouths of all those who had rather beg than work, and is also in the mouths of those who seek for a good name by giving to some society from 2 to 5 per cent. of what they obtain dishonestly from the poor. But the apples—they were too good to be lost, and like an old Mr. —'s homestead lot, when he was making his last will, they were "too good to give away."

In the midst of this conscience dilemma, information was received from New-York that the owners of Steam Boats have concluded to abandon the use of wood and coal, and burn Alcohol as the latest and most approved method of propelling boats.—This was good news indeed, since the receipt of which, the men, women and children, who possess all the temperance, have been most zealously engaged in gathering all the apples they can put their fingers on, and making them into cider, for distillation into Steam Boat Alcohol. New Haven Reg.

Capt. Doughty, at New York, from Matanzas, 22d ult. informs that a serious insurrection of the negroes in the interior of Cuba, had recently occurred. News had, however, just reached Matanzas, that the insurgents had been overpowered by the troops. It was said that upwards of 500 negroes had been shot.

SHOPPING—Scene in a Jeweller's shop!

Jeweller, solus.

Here comes the two pretty Miss Edwardes. They are always gadding, and give more trouble to the shopkeepers than they are worth. They are fond of overhauling the nicest goods, but never buy any thing, always complaining of the extravagant prices! Egad, if they call in, I'll find out what they are after, I'll warrant them, or my name is not Jack Robinson. Here they come—good morning, ladies—(enter ladies.) Can I serve you with any thing this morning?

Miss E. Why, I don't know. What have you that's pretty? I want a ring, a finger-ring. What do you ask for those amethysts?

Jeweller. Three dollars and a half.

Miss E. Three dollars and a half! what a price—I know I can buy them at other stores for two dollars. What do you ask for this plain gold one?

Jeweller. I have always sold rings of that kind for one dollar and a quarter a piece; but if you really wish to purchase, you may have it for fifty cents.

Miss E. Fifty cents for this plain ring—why it is a monstrous price—I never heard of such a thing.

Jeweller. I wish I could trade with you Miss E. Come, you shall have it for thirty-seven and a half.

Miss E. No, sir; I cannot think of it—I want to buy a ring, but cannot afford to give such an exorbitant price.

Jeweller. Say no more, ma'am you shall have it for twenty-five.

Miss E. O, that's altogether too much—I know I can buy them cheaper elsewhere.

Jeweller. I am desirous of securing your custom, ma'am, and I will sell it for twelve and a half cents.

Miss E. Ah, you are getting to be a little more reasonable, but twelve and a half cents is too high—too high.

Jeweller. I am resolved to please you—and my lowest price is six and a quarter cents.

Miss E. (After examining it closely.) Will you warrant it to be pure gold?

Jeweller. Gold of an extra fineness.—It suits your finger exactly, and you shall have the little box into the bargain.

Miss E. (Aside to her sister.) O, I almost wish we had brought some money with us. (Aloud.) Is that your lowest price, sir?

Jeweller. That, ma'am, is my lowest price.

Miss E. If that's the case, I am afraid we shall not be able to trade—I know I can buy them for three cents at the other shops. Good morning, sir.

Jeweller. Good morning ladies. Well that beats all. Three cents for a gold ring that cost me one dollar by the dozen! And this is called shopping. It is shopping with a vengeance. I wish these pretty women could find some better employment, than to go the rounds regularly every pleasant day to exhibit their charming persons, and tire out the patience of the shopkeepers. They will not trouble me again very soon, however.

Some few years since, in the country of Penobscot, there lived a man by the name of H—, whose greatest pleasure was in tormenting others. His own family was generally the butt of his sport. One cold and blustering night he retired to bed at an early hour, his wife being absent at a neighbour's. Some time after she returned—finding the doors closed, she demanded admittance.

"Who are you?" cried Mr. H.

"You know who I am; let me in, it is very cold."

"Begone, you strolling vagabond, I want nothing of you here."

"But I must come in."

"What is your name?"

"You know my name—it is Mrs. H."

"Begone! Mrs. H. is a likely woman—she never keeps such late hours as this."

"If you do not let me in, I will drown myself in the well."

"Do if you please."

She at the same time taking up a log, plunged it into the well, and retired to the side of the door. Mr. H. hearing the noise, rushed from the house to save, as he supposed, his drowning wife. She immediately slipped in and closed the door after her. Mr. H. almost naked, in turn demanded admittance.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"You know who I am, let me in, or I shall freeze."

"Begone, you thievish rogue! I want nothing of you here."

"But I must come in."

"What is your name?"

"You know my name, it is Mr. H."

Mr. H. is a very likely man—he don't keep such late hours.

Suffice it to say, she, after keeping him in the cold until she was satisfied, opened the door and let him in.

Infant Sovereigns.—The following is from one of the latest of O. P. Q's letters:

It is not a little singular that the heirs to the Thrones in England, Spain and Portugal are all little girls; and it is possible, nay probable, that at one and the same time there will be Queens reigning in these three countries. It is also worthy of remark, that the aspirants for the Thrones in these countries and in France (I mean Henry the Fifth) are all minors—and we have therefore presented to us the principle of Monarchy, which is so much extolled and talked about, in all its helplessness, and in all its weakness. Instead of having, as in America, a man of experience, knowledge, vast acquirements and national reputation, of matured age and opinions, selected by the mass of people as the chief of the Government—this wonderful principle of Monarchy, which is called eternal, and perennial, and so forth, is giving to England, France, Spain, and Portugal, four Infants, three of whom are female children, as their Sovereigns!!

The sedentary habits of authors are generally supposed to be the predisposing cause of indigestion, but this we deny. Exercise without amusement is nothing. The state of the mind more than that of the body, we hold to be the predisposing cause. The disease again re-acts upon the mind; and this action and re-action, if long continued, produces a nervous excitement, which sometimes ends in madness. Review.

The New York Journal of Commerce tells us that the whole number of beef cattle slaughtered for consumption in that city, exceeds a thousand a week.

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.

Z. CASTERLINE, Principal.
JESSE HUNT,
JAMES W. HUNTER,
DAVID V. CULLEY, Trustees.

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

Lawrenceburgh, July 20th, 1833. 29-1f

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

**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 Lanus and James Boyle, executors.

Estate of David Askew, deceased, Absalom Runion and Polly Runion, 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.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.
23d August, 1833. 33-3w

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.

Clocks, Watches, &c.

THE subscriber has just received from Philadelphia, an extensive and splendid assortment of

JEWELRY,
TABLE AND TEA SPOONS,
(SILVER AND COMMODITY)

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. Ferris', 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. 12-1f

NOTICE.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing under the firm of Adams & Lothrop, is this day, by mutual agreement, dissolved, and the books and notes of said firm are transferred to Isaac Lothrop, Jr. for adjustment.

**A. B. ADAMS,
ISAAC LOTHROP, Jr.**
Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 2d, 1833.

N. B. All persons having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle the same.

ISAAC LOTHROP, Jr.
34-1f

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. 30-1f

CASH

WILL be paid for any quantity of good clean TIMOTHY or CLOVER SEED, by

L. W. JOHNSON.
Aug. 7, 1833. 30-1f

FRESH FLOUR,

A few Barrels Manufactured from New Wheat, for sale by

L. W. JOHNSON.
Aug. 7, 1833. 30-1f

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have this day taken out letters of administration, from the Clerk's Office of the Dearborn Probate Court, on the Estate of John Conaway, late of said county deceased. All those indebted to said Estate, will please make immediate payment; and those having claims against said Estate, will please present them, duly authenticated for settlement. The Estate is deemed amply solvent.

WILLIAM CONAWAY, Adm'r.
Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 9, 1833. 35-3w

Family Pork.

PUT up in half barrels, packed in Alum Salt, expressly for family use, for sale by

L. W. JOHNSON.
Sept. 10th, 1833.

DANIEL J. CASWELL and DANIEL S. MAJOR, have, by mutual consent, dissolved the partnership heretofore existing between them. All business, however, which has been entrusted to them, will receive their united attention until fully settled.

Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 9, 1833. 35-1f

Revised Laws of Indiana.

A FEW copies of the Revised Laws, the Pamphlet Laws of 1832 and '33 and the Indiana Gazetteer (a new and valuable work) just published by Douglass and Maguire, Indianapolis, (received and for sale at this office.)

Sept. 14, 1833.

**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. DILL, 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. 33-3w

DR. BROVIER

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 Dunn.

August 15, 1833. 31-3mo

Collector's Notice.

THE undersigned would inform the tax-paying citizens of Dearborn county, that he will attend at the following times and places to receive and receipt for taxes due for the year 1833, to wit:

At Samuel Howard's, Rising Sun, on the 19th inst.

At Beckner's, Union township, on the 20th.

At Turner's, Caesar Creek, on the 21st.

At Lawrenceburgh, on the 23d, 24th and 25th.

At his own residence, Laughery township, on the 26th.

At Hogsheer's, Sparta township, on the 27th.

At Heustis's, Manchester township, on the 29th.

At the place of holding elections in Jackson township, on the 30th.

At M'Kinzie's Cross Roads, Kelso township, on the 1st October next.

At Major's old stand, in Logan township on the 2d.

At all of which places he earnestly solicits the attendance of those indebted for taxes, that the same may be settled without further trouble. Those who neglect to attend at the places named and pay the assessment upon them, will be proceeded against without delay and with the utmost rigor of the law. It should be borne in mind that 5 per cent. commission is chargeable on all levies for taxes, where payment is made before sale, and 8 per cent. where sale is made, and charges for keeping property. Those who pay at the times named will save those charges.

WILLIAM FLAKE, Collector
of Dearborn county.
Sept. 7th, 1833. 34-4w

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. Ferris.

NEHEMIAH DAVIS.
August 23, 1833. 32-

PRINTING PRESS.

THE press on which this paper was formerly printed—a Ramage, in good repair—is offered for sale. It will be sold for about one half the money usually given for a press of the same size and quality.

D. V. CULLEY.
Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 7, 1833.

Administrator's Notice.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given, that some time since, I took letters of administration from the Probate Court of Dearborn county on the estate of Edward Round, which estate is insolvent; those persons having claims will present them immediately, properly authenticated for settlement, and those indebted to the deceased will make immediate payment to

JOSHUA GIVENS, Adm'r.
August 20th, 1833. 32-3w

An Ox-Cart,
OF GOOD QUALITY, for Sale by
TOUSEY & DUNN.
Aug. 22, 1833. 32-