

The Mower.

I'm a father of ploughmen, a son of the soil.
And my life never tires, for pleasure is toil.
There are worse stains to bear than the sweat on the brow.
And worse things to follow, my friend, than the plough.

What is sorrow? I think such a matter there is,
But to me it showed never its ill-looking phiz.
What is want? To be idle, to steal, and to lie,
And a sickness the Doctor can tell but not I.

I suppose I must come to the scratch though at last,
For Time has a scythe that would cut down a mast.
Though on the corners of three score and ten,
Your corners I cut, and can do it again.

If the best of you're willing to try with me feels,
Let him strip to the cotton, and look to his heels—
Through the clover and timothy look at my swath,
Like the wake of a frigate—stand out of my path.

Boston Courier.

Song.—BY CAMPBELL.

When Love came first on earth, the Spring
Spread rose buds to receive him,
And back he vowed his flight he'd wing
To Heaven, if she should leave him.

But Spring departing, saw his faith
Pledged to the next year's comet—
He revel'd in the warmer breath
And richer bowers of Summer.

Then sportive Autumn claim'd by rights
An archer for her lover;
And even in Winter's dark cold nights
A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls and fire-side joy,
For this time were his reason—
In short, young Love's a gallant boy;
That likes all times and seasons.

From the Boston Statesman.

Stanzas.

There may be pleasure in the sound
Of trumpets in the battle wailing;
And joy to hear the vessel bound
Along the summer billows sailing:
But never sound so sweet can be
As woman's voice of melody.

It may be joy, to list the chime
Of horn and hound, 'mongst green hills ringing;
And in the Spring's calm evening time
To hear the thrush and blackbird singing:
But never sounds so sweet can be
As woman's voice of melody.

But sweet though be that silvery voice
In hour of pleasure or of sorrow;
Its tones best bid the heart rejoice,
When soft affection's words they borrow:
Oh! then, what sounds so sweet can be
As woman's voice of melody!

From the American Monthly Magazine for Sept.

Fables.

BY J. K. PAULING.

The drop of water, the brook, the river, and the ocean.—A drop of water, that sparkled like a jewel in the sun, once fell from the clouds, into a little mountain-stream, and ere it lost its identity, exclaimed, in all the anguish of dissolution, "Alas! what a catastrophe—I am swallowed up in immensity." The little stream laughed, as it leaped down the mountain side, at the lamentation of such an insignificant thing as a drop of water, and, vain of its consequence, continued brawling its crystal way in all the pride of conscious superiority, until, at length, with a sudden plunge, it fell headlong into a mighty river, and, like the drop of water, was lost in a moment, crying out, in its last agonies, "Oh, fate! who would have thought a brook of my size could be swallowed up so easily?" The river murmured its contempt for the little foolish stream, and continued its course, gathering strength and pride, breaking through mountains, tearing the rocks from their seats, and coursing, in a thousand graceful meanders, through flowery meadows, until it found its way to the vast and melancholy ocean, in whose boundless waste it lost its being, like the drop of water, and the little mountain-stream. "Is it possible," exclaimed the mighty river, "that I have been thus collecting tribute from half a world, only to become nothing at last?"

"Is this with thee, oh man! Thou beginnest in insignificance, like the drop of water; thou becomest a laughing, leaping, brawling thing, like the brook; thou waxest proud and great, like the mighty river; and ere thou canst say, in the vanity of thy heart, 'What an illustrious mortal am I,' thou art lost in eternity."

The mole-hill and the mountain.—A towering mountain reared its head to the skies, on one side of a wide and deep valley; on the other a little mole-hill lay basking in the sun. As it contemplated the distant mountain, shooting its snow-capt brow into the regions of boundless space, far above the clouds, and beheld the gilded glories of its distant summit, the mole-hill became discontented and unhappy. It contrasted its own insignificance with the awful and majestic outlines of its mighty neighbor; it wished a thousand times it could raise its head above the clouds; it sighed at the thought that it could never become a mountain, and impeached the justice of the gods, for having made it only a mole-hill to be trodden upon by man, and crawled upon by the most contemptible insects. In short, it pined itself into wretchedness, and sacrificed all the comforts of its own littleness to the desire of becoming great.

As it one day lay gazing upward at the distant object of its envy, a storm suddenly gathered around the summit of the mountain; the lightnings leaped with forked tongues, the thunder rolled, the tempest lashed its lofty sides, and the torrents poured down, tearing down their way, and plunging deep ravines in their course, while all beneath remained perfectly quiet, and the little mole-hill lay basking in the sunbeams of summer morning. Scarcely had the storm passed away, when the earth began to rock and tremble, as with an ague; a trembling and appalling noise raged in the bowels of the mountain, which suddenly burst, throwing volumes of smoke, and showers of fire into the peaceful skies, that turned from blue to glowing red. Rivers of burning lava gushed out from its sides, coursing their way towards the valley, and scattering the verdure and the woods into black smoking ruins. In a few hours the majestic mountain seemed as it were disembowelled, and having nothing to sustain it, fell in, with a crash that shook the surrounding world, and hid the ambient skies in a chaos of dust and ashes. The mole-hill had all this time remained quiet and safe in its lowly retreat, and when the obscurity had become dissip-

ated, and it beheld the great object of its envy crumbled into a mass of smoking ruins, it became all of a sudden the happiest of mole-hills. "Body o' me!" it cried "but it is a great blessing to be little. Oh, terra! I thank thee that thou didst not make me a mountain!"

The revenge of the beasts.—One day a number of animals that had been highly aggrieved by the tyranny and injustice of man, resolved to petition Jupiter for satisfaction. Oh, Jupiter! exclaimed the camel, "revenge me on this indolent tyrant, who, instead of carrying his own burthens, claps them on my back, and drives me into the desert, where I travel whole days without a drop of water." "Oh, Jupiter!" cried a great fat green turtle, "revenge me on this glutton, who kidnaps me while I am sleeping in the sun—starves me for weeks on board of a ship, and eats me afterward, though he gives me nothing to eat." "Oh, Jupiter!" squeaked the pig, "he stuffs me first, and then stuffs himself with me afterward." And, "Oh, Jupiter!" brayed the ass, he loads me with panniers of liquor and delicious fruits, and gives me nothing but water and thistles: I beseech thee to revenge us!" "Behold answered Jupiter, "thou art revenged already! Dost thou see that turbaned wretch yonder, chewing opium, and dezing away a miserable existence? And dost thou see yonder christian, in his night-gown and slippers, taking doses of physic and making wry faces! And dost thou see that wretch, reeling along, with his blood-red face and carbuncled nose? The one is a martyr to indolence; he is thy victim, oh, humpbacked camel; he is reaping the fruits of making three bear his burthens, instead of carrying them himself. The physic-taking mortal is paying the forfeit of your wrongs, oh, pig and turtle! And the reeling wretch is securing to himself a life of guilt, misery and disgrace, by means of the liquor thou carriest on thy back, oh, most unreasonable donkey! Go thy ways in quiet, for again I say thou art revenged." The petitioners departed, but the camel, being a quadruped of great gravity, and somewhat of a philosopher, could not help thinking to himself, neither he nor the rest of the beasts were much the better for this species of vengeance. It is thus with man. He persuades himself that revenge will redress his wrongs and assuage his sorrows, and when he hugs it to his heart, finds only the fangs of the serpent distilling venom into his wounds.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS.

In the year 1810, while two hunters, by the names of Colter and Potts, were setting their traps, in Missouri, they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals—soon after which from 500 to 600 Indians made their appearance, and beckoned to them. Potts expecting to be tortured to death, if he was taken, drew up his rifle and shot one of the foremost Indians—upon which, in return, they filled his body so full of arrows, that he fell dead instantly.

They now seized Colter, stripped him naked, and began to contrive how to put him to death. Some were for setting him up as a mark to shoot at; but the old Chief interposed, and asked him if he could run fast? Colter, understanding Indian customs, & knowing it would be hard outrunning 500 to 600 Indians, replied that he was a very bad runner, though the hunters did not call him so. The chief now led him 300 or 400 yards, and then released him, telling him to save himself if he could. At this moment, the horrid war whoop sounded, and the chase began.

Colter ran like a deer across the plain six miles in breadth, and the Indians after him, at full speed. At every instant he was treading on the prickly pear with his bare feet, and wounding them. When about half way across the plain, he ventured to look over his shoulder, and perceived that the Indians were widely scattered, except one, and he 90 or 100 yards off. A faint gleam of hope now cheered his heart, and he exerted himself still more, till the blood gushed from his nostrils and almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the action, and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop; but, exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavoring to throw his spear, which struck in the ground and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight.

The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stepped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton wood, on the border of the plain, through which he ran and plunged into the river.

Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper part of which, a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of the trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. The Indians arrived, screeching and yelling like so many furies. They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the clinks by Colter, who was rejoicing at his escape, until the idea arose, that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night, when hearing no more of the Indians, he dived under the raft and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance, where he landed and travelled all night.

Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful; he was completely naked, under a burning sun; the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear, he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance round him. He arrived at the Fort in seven days, however, having subsisted on a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, now known by naturalists as *psoralea esculenta*.

The extraordinary rise in the price of cotton is said to be in a great measure owing to the fact, that the rich banker, Mr. Rothschild of London, is engaged in a cotton speculation. The cause of the rise in the price of this article in 1825, is also ascribed to the same gentleman. This shows what can be done by the power of money when under the direction of a skillful capitalist.

From the Philadelphia Spy.

A FAMILY VISIT.

The other day I went to visit my old friend Tommy Linkins who promised to show me some of the finest young Linkins that ever breathed. I don't say he didn't, because what he considers *fine* I may consider *coarse*, according to the axiom—"What's one man's bane is another's antidote." I knocked at the door *pro forma*, when in an instant, all was glorious confusion within. "Tom, you rascal, put away that chair. Here, Susan, throw this in the bed room; wipe down the table, quick; get the broom and sweep up the room;—there's always somebody coming, when nobody don't want to see 'em."

Unluckily the key-hole was so large, that I couldn't avoid hearing all this, and was taken completely aback; whether to retreat or advance was the question. I had sounded the alarm; I could not well do the first, and, therefore, preferred the latter, although at the expense of some few minutes precious time, which Mrs. Linkins employed in setting her house in order. After giving them a fair opportunity to do all that I heard them threaten to do, I again ventured a gentle rap, which was answered with the somewhat trite rejoinder "walk in." In I walked. "Why, hi! Mr. Sheepshanks, how do you do? how's the wife, and all at home?—I never was so glad to see any one, in all my life; sit down."

I sat down: and was proceeding to answer all these kind inquiries, when I was interrupted by one of the fine young Linkins bawling out, "Mother, Tom's punting me." "Tom you bad fellow, what do you mean; go and sit down in the corner, and, if you stir again, I'll cut you in inch pieces!" Tom had heard all about inch pieces before, and knew very well that there was no particular meaning in them. I was resuming the thread of my discourse, when Tom made another interruption, by making mouths (so they termed it) at little Joe. Little Joe did not like to be made mouths at, so enters his complaint, and Tom was sent into the next room, to give a family concert. In vain did I essay to broach a conversation on "matters and things in general;" it was useless; the fine young Linkins were too fond of showing off their parts. I was drawing my visit to a hasty conclusion, and had already seized upon my chapman; but the good lady would have me stay to tea. "Indeed you must, Mr. Sheepshanks—if you don't I won't never ask you again!"—(Thinks I, "tis better to endure the ills we have, than fly to others, that we know not of." I am sure of my tea, if I stay, and I am not sure of it if I go, and therefore, I will oblige them.) I did so, and, after many "dreadful notes of preparation," I was ushered into the room adjoining. Scarcely had we seated ourselves, when a rap at the door announced another visitor. "Phaw! this is always the case," exclaimed Mrs. Linkins—"our house is always run down by folks nobody wants to see." (I believe my face began to grow warm!) Sally went to the door & was followed in by Mr. Yarny, a nice old gentleman, & a good friend of mine. "You're just in time, Mr. Yarny," said our hostess—"come, sit by me, and join our social party." "I am obliged to you, Mrs. L., but really cannot stop: I merely called in to inquire where your brother puts up—I want to see him on pressing business."

"Oh, we'll talk about that, by and by; you must try a dish of tea, before you have any thing to do with business." "I had rather be excused—as my affairs require the utmost speed." "Well, Mr. Yarny, speed or no speed, I insist upon your taking a cup of tea with us, and I won't tell you a syllable until you do."

Poor Yarny had to take his tea, whether or no, and in comfortable style did he have it; the "fine little Linkins" had much the best of the business—they were fingering here, and stopping there, and jarring every where in the most familiar simplicity. "Mother, Tom's putting his fingers in the sugar-dish!" "Why, Tom, you nasty dog, haven't I whipped you enough for that trick already?—if I ever catch you doing so again, I'll skin you within an inch of your life." Poor little fellow—thought I—that will be close shaving. "Why, Mary, now look what you've done: you've spilled all your tea in the gentleman's lap. I hope you are not scalded sir." "Oh! no," I replied, with as good a grace as my smarting limbs would allow me; "you must excuse her: she could not help it." "I'll make her help it, the good for nothing thing, she's always doing something bad." "I didn't go to do it, mother: I won't never do so any more." "Well, I'll forgive you this time. Take this bread and butter away from Billy; don't you see he's greasing Mr. Yarny's coat all over!"—And, true enough, so he was; which so completely disconcerted the poor old fellow, that he could contain himself no longer, but, raising hastily, left the house *sans ceremonie*.

Scarcely was he out of the house, when Mrs. L. began on him. "The cross old curmudgeon! he can't allow for children! it served him just right; he'd no business to stay, nobody wanted him: I only asked him out of compliment!"

And who knows but that's my case, thought I; it will do no harm to suppose so, and get myself off as easily as possible. After the exercise of all the politeness of a dancing master, I took my cane, resolving never to visit another family of *fine* children, until I have one of my own.

I submit a story, recorded, I believe, by Montague:—"A lady who had been long married, and never had a child, paid a visit to one of her tenants who had ten or eleven. The farmer's wife was complaining to the lady how hard she found it to provide for her numerous family:—the lady soothingly said:—'Be comforted, good woman; when God sends mouths, he always sends meat.' 'Yes, truly, my dear Madam;—but unfortunately he sends the meat to you, and the mouths to me.' Such is the case with many of our wealthy men, who are blessed with a superabundance of all the good things of this world, with few children, while many of our weavers and labourers with half a dozen, have not means to afford them proper nourishment."

Mathew Carey.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
Her shallow draughts intoxicate the brain;
But drinking deeply sober us again.—[Pope.]

APPRENTICES.—Mr. Fleet: When a Student enters college, he is called for the first year a Freshman, the second year Sophomores, or wise fool, the remaining two years serve to teach him that he knew less than he imagines the second year. The same may be observed with most of our apprentices. The second year they think they know more than their masters, and are apt to be discon-

tented; but towards the end of their apprenticeship they generally discover that they have much yet to learn, and begin to doubt their infallibility. Some of the ancient Philosophers have said that "to doubt was the beginning of wisdom;" and I am much inclined to think so too. Yours, &c.

R. M. T.

Potter, July 15, 1833.

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

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 26th, 1833. 29-4f

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 itself, 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.

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 16th instant.

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 28th. At the place of holding elections in Jackson township, on the 30th. At McKinnie'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

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.

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 Dunn.

August 15, 1833. 31-3mo

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. 35-4f

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.

Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 7, 1833.

Family Pork,

PUT up in half barrels, packed in Alum Salt expressly for family use, for sale by L. W. JOHNSON. Sept. 10th, 1833.

CASH

WILL be paid for any quantity of good clean TIMOTHY or CLOVER SEED, by L. W. JOHNSON. Aug. 7, 1833. 36-4f

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 dec'd. 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

Clocks, Watches, &c.

THE subscriber has just received from Philadelphia, an extensive and splendid assortment of JEWELRY. TABLE AND TEA SPOONS, (SILVER AND GILDED.) 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'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. 42-4f

NOTICE.

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

A. B. ADAMS, ISAAC LATHROP, jr. Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 2d, 1833. N. B. All persons having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle the same. 34-4f ISAAC LATHROP, jr.

An Ox-Cart,

OF GOOD QUALITY, for Sale by TOLSEY & DUNN. Aug. 22, 1833. 32-

FRESH FLOUR,

A few Barrels Manufactured from New Wheat, for sale by L. W. JOHNSON. Aug. 7, 1833. 30-4f

New Establishment.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Lawrenceburgh and its vicinity that he has opened a

TAILORING SHOP

on High street, in the lower story of Mr. Hunt's stone building, where he is prepared to execute work in his line with neatness and dispatch, and on reasonable terms. Having the advantage of an extensive acquaintance with the business, and made such arrangements as will enable him to procure the latest fashions, he hopes to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

ERASTUS LATHROP. Sept. 18, 1833. 36-4f

BROWN & BAILY'S

CIRCUS & MENAGERIE.

WILL be exhibited at Rising Sun, on Thursday the 3d; at Hartford the 4th; at Wilmington the 5th; and at Lawrenceburgh on Monday the 7th of October, 1833. Hours of Exhibition from 11 o'clock A. M. until 4 P. M. Admission 25 cts.—children under 9 years of age half price.

The Proprietors in recommending their united Menageries to the public feel confident that it contains the most rare and beautiful collection of wild beasts ever offered in this part of the country; this together with the splendid performance of the Circus renders it one of the most pleasing performances ever offered to the public. The Exhibition consists in part of the following animals, viz:

THREE ASIATIC LIONS.

In one cage. The keeper will enter the cage each day in presence of the audience.

THE TIGER, JAGUAR.

The Red ALPACHO of Chili, a pair of English FERRETS.

The Mammoth African Lion.

The proprietors bid defiance to the world to produce his equal under a forfeiture of \$5,000.

The untamable Hyena of Ethiopia.

A full grown KANGAROO, of New Holland. A PAIR OF NORTH AMERICAN LEOPARDS. The only pair ever raised in the United States.

THE LAMA OF PERU,

An African LEOPARD, and North American PANTHERESS, in one cage.

MACAW BIRD, of South America,

Together with a Large Collection of Simia or MONKEY Tribe.

J. W. CROW

Will also appear on his Shetland Pony.

The performance of the CIRCUS will consist of Horsemanship, Vaulting, Tumbling, Juggling, &c. &c. aided by the whimsicalities of the Clown.

Sept. 18, 1833. 36-3w

Market House.

THE undersigned, president of the town of Lawrenceburgh, will offer for Rent on Monday the 7th Oct. at 2 p. m. Six Stalls in the Market House, from No. 1 to No. 6 inclusive—the lease to be for one year. The cash in all cases will be required to be paid on the stalls, at the time they are struck off, otherwise they will immediately be re-offered for rent.

DAVID V. CULLEY, Pres't. Sept. 19, 1833. 36-4f

LAW NOTICE.

DANIEL J. CASWELL and PHILIP L. SPOONER, are associated in the practice of law, in the Dearborn Circuit Court. All professional business entrusted to either, in the said court, will receive the punctual attention of both. Office on High street, in the room formerly occupied by E. Walker, Esq. where P. L. Spooner may be found, except when absent on professional business. Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 10th, 1833. 35-4f

NOTICE.

THE Election will be held at the Office of the Lawrenceburgh Insurance Company, on the second Monday in October next, to elect nine directors, to serve as such for one year and until their successors are chosen or elected.

By order of the board. THOMAS PORTER, Sec'y. Sept. 16th, 1833. 37-3w