

From the Liverpool Mercury.

### Autumn.

BY WILLIAM PRATT.

Again the parti-colored leaves,  
Are fluttering on the gale;  
And every tree a tint receives,  
That shows the seasons' frail.  
The hills and vales have slowly lost,  
Their verdant brilliancy of hue;  
And touched with early coming frost,  
Look brown, and gloomy too.  
And yet there's freshness in the breeze—  
The forests, like a grove of flowers,  
Bloom forth, as if the varied trees,  
Were Flora's giant bowers;  
Where fancy lingering might recall,  
The morning of our years,  
And every emblem of the fall,  
Bring memory its tears.

The evening and the morning air,  
Has colder grown and chill,  
As friendships, some our lot to share,  
When wants oppress us, will—  
But still like friendships that remain,  
They wait around us yet.  
To cool the fires that sear the brain,  
And bid us not forget  
That friendships, such as theirs, have been  
The earlier hopes of youth,  
Which cling—when life has lost its green—  
Around us still in Truth.  
Blest season of the year, Oh, thou!  
A moral teach to me,  
That when life's winter marks my brow,  
My wane as fruitful be.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

### True Greatness.

At heavenly synod once arose  
A wonderful strong debate,  
This mighty secret to disclose,  
What makes a mortal great?

Mars blustered forth, that love of arms  
Enriched the daring soul;  
While Bacchus swore the brightest charms  
O'erflowed the sparkling bowl.

That he who filled with generous wine,  
Could frolic, laugh and sing,  
Was far more rich—was more divine,  
And greater than a king.

Apollo vowed, with music's power,  
None other could compare,  
When Jove produced his golden shower,  
And fixed true greatness there.

Pallas, to wisdom ever dear,  
Heard gravely what had past,  
The goddess came prepared to hear,  
And silence broke at last:

Your shower, said she, will melt away,  
Your music lose its charms;  
Your sparkling bowls will all decay,  
And rust o'erspread your arms;

But heaven-born virtue knows no change,  
No time dissolves her state;  
To bless'd eternity she'll range—  
'Tis she makes mortals great.

### Retribution.

I had been reading of the sufferings which poor human nature is compelled to undergo in its passage through this world to a better. I had burned with indignation at the oppression and arrogance of the rich. I had wept for the indigence and sorrows of the poor and afflicted. I had dared to arraign the justice of the Almighty, for the unequal distribution of happiness. I had thought of these things till sorrow settled down upon my heart—my soul was heavy within me, for the afflictions of my fellow beings—then sleep came over me like a cloud—a death-like stupor was upon me, but my imagination was up and abroad.

I was in the midst of a mighty city; surrounded by works of art and magnificence. The rich and the great were there; but there, also, were the poor and needy, the suffering and the afflicted. The habitations of the rich were spread out in their splendor and glory, like the palaces of princes; and near them the hovels of the poor, disfigured the earth, and seemed placed there that their inhabitants might catch the crumbs as they fell from the rich man's table.

The voice of mirth and minstrelsy of wassail and joy, went up from the proud dwellings of the wealthy—while from the habitations of the wretched, came forth to the ear, the cries of children calling for bread, when there was none to give; then came the piercing cry of the mother, calling out in her agony, upon her God to send the comforter—and I went on—and the streets were filled with people, running to and fro in their anguish; and the multitude bowed themselves down with one spirit, and cried out for bread—for famine was there, and want had come over them like the simoom of the desert! And still the voice of merriment and of plenty went forth from the great; their windows were glancing with light and the forms of those at the feast and the dance, were reflected on the haggard and wan faces of the famishing poor. Then did the multitude murmur against their God; and their murmurs sounded like the wind among the forest trees as their branches bend and rise again at the growing onset of the blast. And then there came a cry, a shout, as though the enemy had come upon them; one had found a crust of bread, and the multitude set upon him, and snatched it from his hand, and they tossed it to and fro among them; and then one, more strong than his fellows, seized it, and rushed out from among them, and then a fearful cry arose, as of a lioness robbed of her whelps. And he was seized, and beat down, and crushed, and mangled, and they tore his bleeding limbs from his body; the muscles straining and writhing, even after separation. And then a thought at one and the same time, struck the murderers; a thought which famine suggested, and they gnawed the mutilated body even while the death throes was upon it. Still the feasting went on in the habitations of the wealthy. Then did I kneel down and pray, that power might be given me to bring down the haughtiness of the affluent, and make the rich and poor change places in the world; and my prayer was granted. I went up into the dwellings of the rich, and before me their food vanished; the red wine in the goblets dried up; the splendid palaces fell away, and mingled with the dust, and their proud owners sat down on the ruins, covered with rags and filthiness, and they begged of the passers by, in their poverty, and my revenge was complete. I went among the hovels of the poor, and their limbs were clothed with rich clothing; their dwellings grew up into proud palaces, and their cups overflowed with the good things of the earth, then went I out from among them full of joy.

The summer had passed in its loveliness—I returned—but the last state of that city was worse than the first. The poor man, unused to affluence, had squandered away his substance in riotous living. There were none to work, none to labor. The city had become deserted; silence reigned undisturbed in her walls, and time was fast blotting out her place from the face of the earth. And had these been

my doings! I wept—and in my agony awoke, a better man. I bowed in submission to the government of God; and never more did I dare to arraign his goodness, in meteoring out to man prosperity in unequal portions. *Nat. Pioneer.*

### HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

As far as possible, have bits of bread eaten up, before they become hard. Spread those that are not eaten, and let them dry, to be pounded for puddings, or soaked for brewis. Brewis is made of crusts and dry pieces of bread, soaked a good while in hot milk; mashed up and salted, and buttered like toast. Above all, do not let crusts accumulate in such quantities that they cannot be used. With proper care there is no need of losing a particle of bread, even in the hottest weather.

When ivory handled knives turn yellow, rub them with nice sand paper, or emery; it will take off the spots, and restore their whiteness.

When a carpet is faded, I have been told that it may be restored, in a great measure, (provided there be no grease in it,) by being dipped into strong salt and water. I never tried this; but I know that silk pocket handkerchiefs, and deep blue factory cotton will not fade, if dipped into salt and water while new.

Tortoise shell and horn combs last much longer for having oil rubbed into them once in a while.

Spots in furniture may usually be cleansed by rubbing them quick and hard, with a flannel wet with the same thing which took out the color, if rum, wet the cloth with rum &c. The very best restorative for defaced varnished furniture, is rotten stone pulverized, and rubbed on with linseed oil.

Sal volatile, or hartshorn, will restore colors taken out by acid. It may be dropped upon any garment without doing any harm.

Spirits of turpentine, is good to take grease spots out of woolen cloth, to take spots out of paint, &c. from mahogany furniture; and to cleanse white kid gloves.—Cockroaches, and all vermin, have an aversion to spirits of turpentine.

Lamps will have a less disagreeable smell if you dip your wick yarn in strong hot vinegar, and dry it. Clean a brass kettle, before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

Mrs. Child's Frugal Housewife.

**WANTS OF THE AGES.**—It is man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes, but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another. The child of a year old wants little but food and sleep, and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of those excellent things, than he begins whimpering, or yelling it may be for the other. At three, the young urchin becomes enamoured of sugar-plums, apple pies, and confectionary. At six, his imagination runs on kites, marbles and tops, and abundance of play time. At ten, the boy wants to leave school and have nothing to do but go bird-nesting and blackberry hunting. At fifteen, he wants a beard and a watch, and a pair of wellington boots. At twenty, he wishes to cut a figure, and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him. The young man at 26 wants a wife; and at thirty, he longs to be single again. From thirty to forty, he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it; about this time also, he dabbles in politics and wants office. At fifty, he wants excellent dinners and capital wine, and thinks a nap indispensable. The respectable old gentleman of sixty, wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousands; to marry his daughters, set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life he wants to be young again. *New York Traveller.*

### A REPLY.

Zedekiah Smitherton fell in love with farmer Hobson's rosy daughter Elizabeth; and as no introduction is considered necessary among neighbors in that part of the world, he "just dropped in" one evening to pay her a visit. He found Hobson himself, a surly, fat old mortal, sitting in his elbow chair, with a pipe in his mouth and a mug of beer on the table before him. After the usual compliments, which, on the farmer's part, were almost lost in puffs of tobacco smoke, Zedekiah asked timidly, "if Miss Elizabeth was at home." "To be sure she's at home," said farmer Hobson. "She's washing clothes. Do you want to see her? Puff, puff, puff." "Yes, sir," responded the lover, blushing. "Bet!" cried the farmer in a tone which made Zedekiah tremble; "Bet, come out here; a man wants to see you. Puff!" Miss Betty came out accordingly, smoothing down her apron and looking delightfully. "Puff, puff. Well, sir, do you see her?" said farmer Hobson to Zedekiah. "Yes, sir," says Zed. "Well, sir—you know the way out, I suppose—Bet go back to your wash tub. Puff, puff, puff!" This was Zedekiah's first and last visit to farmer Hobson's.

Central Courier.

### MIAMI CANAL.

It was expected that this canal would have been completed to the river, during 1833. The season has been such as to render this impracticable. From Court Street to the River, ten locks are to be constructed. All of them are partly prepared, one only completed. They are built of the most substantial materials, and in the most durable manner. Mr. Laughry, the undertaker, is a practical mason, and has evinced a good stock of mechanical pride, as well as skill, in their construction. It is a pleasant walk of a dry day, to traverse the line of the canal from where it crosses Main street to the river, and observe the work in its present progress. It cannot fail to excite reflections highly pleasurable to any mind disposed to rejoice at the successful efforts of our almost infant State, and to anticipate with satisfaction, the point of greatness to which she may arrive, if she continues as she has commenced in the construction of public works. *Cincinnati Gaz.*

**Siamese Terrapins.** A gentleman brought to our office yesterday two young Terrapins which exhibit a most singular freak of nature, being completely united at the neck. The bodies, one smaller than the other, are perfect, and are not joined, except at the neck, and the adjoining portion of the lower shell. The heads appear branching from the same neck. They are alive, and appear healthy. *Charleston Courier.*

**Touching the Corpse.** We did not suppose that the superstition of touching the body of a murdered person, to ascertain the murderer, had its believers in this country. We find, however, in the trial of Getter, who will be executed next Friday, at Easton, for the murder of his wife, the following passage of evidence.

"Juliana Leitz, sworn. If my throat was to be cut, I could tell before God Almighty, that the deceased smiled when he got (the murderer) touched her. I swore this before the justices, and that she bled considerably. I was sent for to dress her and lay her out. He touched her twice. He made no hesitation about doing it. I also swore before the Justice, that it was observed by other peo-

ple in the house. This was towards evening, when the doctor and jury, (Coroner's,) were gone." There is no corroboration of this singular story; and however positive the lady may be, we are constrained to believe that she was misled by an excited and morbid imagination. Nevertheless, evidence so positive and direct, of such a phenomenon, is somewhat singular in these days. *Philadelphia Intelligencer.*

**The Georgia Politicians** are taking the business of election in hand. The editor of the Augusta Courier saw a countryman the other day, with his hand in a sling. Being asked what was the matter, he said one of the candidates had squeezed it so hard, it had lost its natural feeling ever since. *Boston Morning Post.*

A person being asked why a jail, in some parts of the country was called a "Stone Jug," answered that it was because it contained ardent spirits.

**THE ALMSHOUSE BOY.**—A youth who was brought up at the almshouse was lately taken into the family of Mrs.—, in Pearl street, to run errands. The first day he became an inmate of her house, the following dialogue passed between them; "Are you not sorry my dear," said Mrs.—, "to leave home?" "No," answered he, "I don't care."—"Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave?" rejoined she. "No," replied the boy, "I am not sorry to leave any body."—"What not those who are good to you?" rejoined she. "Nobody ever was good to me," said the boy. Mrs.—was touch with the child's answer, which strongly painted his helpless lot, and the cold indifference of the world. The tear stood in her eye. "My poor little fellow," said she after a short pause, "was nobody ever good to you! have you no friend, my dear?"—"No, for old dusty Bob, the rag-man, died last week." "And was he your friend?" "Yes that he was," replied the boy, "he once gave me a piece of gingerbread." *New York Sun.*

**ANOTHER TRICK.**—A few years since, a man—it is well enough to say from the land of steady habits—had a wagon load of corn brooms to dispose of, but finding poor sale in the towns about Milton, halted his wagon and came to this town, where he made a feint in trying to buy up a load at a pretty fair price—there being none in market at the time, engaged a large quantity, promising to call again. In the mean time, his partner, accidentally, drives along with a load—his hallo! by one of the merchants: "Is your brooms for sale?" "O!artin." The price was then asked, and being much lower than that which his partner had engaged to give, a bargain was knocked up immediately for the whole lot.—Our merchant, though out of business for several years, has still a supply of brooms on hand. *Miltonian.*

**Priestcraft Outwitted.**—An Italian noble being at church one day, and finding a priest who begged for the souls in purgatory gave him a piece of gold. "Ah! my lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul." The count threw upon the plate another piece.—"Here is another soul delivered," said the priest. "Are you positive of it?" replied the count. "Yes, my lord," replied the priest; "I am certain they are now in heaven." "Then," said the count "I'll take back my money, for it signifies nothing to you now; seeing the souls are already got to heaven, there can be no danger of their returning to purgatory."

### A MODERN DICTIONARY.

**Politeness.** Fashionable hypocrisy.

**Patriotism.** An "indefinite article," in ancient times, signifying love of country; we believe at present it means villifying political opponents.

**Soft Soap.** An article much used by aristocrats just before an election, principally applied by them to workmen, who are at all times despised by these self-styled "high classes."

**Lady.** A female who cannot cook her husband's dinner, but is expert in reading novels and playing on the piano, &c.

**Humanity.** Weeping over the "poor slaves" of the South, and making slaves of all whites in your employ at the North.

**Benevolence.** Sending money out of the country to educate foreign children, and leaving thousands in ignorance at home.

**University.** An establishment where the rich obtain an education at the expense of the poor, and learn to live without labor.

**Modesty.** Staining at a gnat and swallowing a saw-mill; as circumstances and fashion may dictate.

A lad who was sent to school to one Wilkins, having one day insulted a gentleman by calling him *Pontius Pilate*, was severely corrected for it, the master at every cut he gave him cautioning him never to say *Pontius Pilate* again.—This the lad carefully treasured in his memory, and being soon after catechised in the church, when he came to the *belief*, instead of saying he suffered under *Pontius Pilate*, he said, *he suffered under Timothy Wilkins, School-master.*

**REMNANTS OF CIVILIZATION.**—History records, that a people called the Trausi, neighbours of the Thracians, when an infant was born, sat down and wept over it; and that, on the contrary, when any one died, they bore his corpse away with singing and dancing. There would be no difficulty in accounting for such a custom, if it prevailed in a school of philosophers, instead of a nation of barbarians. The opinion in which this custom originated may be correct; for no mortal can avoid drinking of the bitter cup of sorrow, and, to many death is a deliverance thrice welcome. Yet life, in all its multiplied forms, has its enjoyments; and with man, were it not for himself or his fellow-men, good would greatly preponderate. How a practice then, the result of subtle and refined learning, and so opposite to the prevailing sentiments of mankind, could have originated among a nation of barbarians, is a question difficult to answer; unless we believe that it is the remnant of a remote civilization. Customs indicating something of this kind, are frequently observable among savages, like the solitary remnant of a wreck of superior workmanship on a barren and desolate shore, which at once bespeaks its origin, and affords some idea of the vessel of which it formed a part. The frequent allusion to such customs in what is now called ancient history, and the discoveries of the present time, make it probable that a wide-spread civilization once prevailed on the globe, which too was overwhelmed by some moral deluge.

### 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 30th, 1833.

### 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) 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

### CASH

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

L. W. JOHNSON.

Aug. 7, 1833.

30-4f

### 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. 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.

Nov. 29, 1832.

F. LUCAS.

12-4f

### 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.

### An Ox-Cart.

OF GOOD QUALITY, for Sale by

TOUSEY & DUNN.

Aug. 22, 1833.

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### 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 despatch, 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.

Sept. 18, 1833.

ERASTUS LATHROP.

30-4f

### 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.

25-4f

### 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.

D. V. CULLEY.

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.

### Pay Your Toll!

ALL those indebted to the Tanners Creek Bridge Company for Toll up to the 1st September, are hereby notified that payment must be made immediately, otherwise they will be proceeded against by due course of Law.

J. PHINNEY, Treasurer.

October 10, 1833.

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### List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post-Office at Lawrenceburgh, Ia., on the 1st of October, 1833, which, if not taken out within three months, will be sent to the General Post-Office as dead letters.

Agleston Mr.	Lawrence Jacob
Armstrong E. Mrs.	Longdale Thomas
Armstrong John	Larrison George
Blackmore Robert	Lucas Tuder
Bell Hugh	Moore Mary
Bowers James	McKernan John
Bishop Jackson 2	McWilliams James 2
Bradley Bonapart 2	Mitchell Wm.
Baker Joseph E.	Mason John
Baily Mary B. Mrs.	Moto Mary
Brown James	Moore Robert
Brasher G. W.	Majors D. S.
Cobb Wm.	Moore Wm.
Caldwell Isaac	Morris Isaac
Cheek George	Michael Phillip
Cosaboom Rebecca Mrs.	Marsh David
Cathers John	Mendell Abijah jr.
Coshlar Jesse	Mills Cyrus
Curtis Thomas	Moore William 2
Cooper Charles	McBride James
Chapman Carter	Moran Richard
Clark Cyrus	Nesley Daniel B.
Cooper Richard S.	Noble B. S.
Clark Jotham	Noeland John
Craig Mary A. Miss	Perine David
Douill Joseph	Ripley Wm. P.
Dunkey Rachel	Pratt Edwin G.
Dills Wm.	Prest Richard
Dunn G. H.	Pierce Mr.
Douglas Wm.	Ramsey Watkins
Elliott Samuel	Runcles Levi
Elliott Gardner 2	Ravenscraft Asford or
Farrar Henry M.	Thos.
Fuller Benjamin	Smith Sarah Mrs.
French John L.	Shank Emily Miss
Ford Nathaniel	Stattler Sarah Mrs.
Fleming Wm.	Smith Hamilton
Ferry Thomas G.	Stevens Andrew N.
Gary Micah	Shored James
Gibson David	Thornton George
Garrard Hamilton	Tipple R. S.
Goucher Samuel P.	Upp William
Griffith Francis	Wyatt S.
Gilbert Mary, Care of	Woodberry Caroline
Thomas	Way Philip
Hillhouse James	Wickersham Isaac
Holladay Jediah 2	Wheeler Percy
Hayes Joshua	Wright James
Howard Samuel	Wilkinson John
Johnson Abraham 2	Wilkinson John R.
Johnson Wm.	Wynond Wm.
Jonson Jacob	Wiley Hiram
Dow John M.	

JAMES W. HUNTER, P. M.

### Valuable Property for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale ONE ACRE of Land on the Indianapolis road, in Manchester township, about 10 miles from Lawrenceburgh. The property is advantageously situated for any mechanical business or for trade, and is in a thickly settled neighborhood. On the lot there are a

GOOD HOUSE, STABLE, OUT-HOUSES,

WELL OF WATER, CISTERN,

and other conveniences for a family. The whole will be sold low for cash. For terms apply to the subscriber on the premises.

SIMEON TOZIER.

Sept. 30, 1833.

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### Frame Dwelling House.

ONE SAW-MILL, ONE GRIST-MILL, and other Out-Buildings; all of which will be sold on the premises, now occupied by John R. Rounds. Terms, one half down, and a credit of six months for the balance.

JOSHUA GIVAN.

Manchester, Sept. 20th, 1833.

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### Pay Your Debts!

ALL persons indebted to Wm. Brown, or the firm of Wm. and Ellis Browns, either by Note or Book Account, now due, will please call and make settlement by the 1st of November, either by Note or Cash. Those who neglect this notice, may expect to find their Notes or Accounts at the Justices office for settlement. We have to pay our debts—so must our debtors.

WM. & ELLIS BROWN.

Sept. 30th, 1833.

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### List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post-Office at Manchester, Ia., on the 1st Oct., which, if not taken out before the 1st Jan'y, 1834, will be sent to the General Post-Office as dead letters.

Beach Joel	Kempton Joseph
Barrett Isaac	Larrison Geo.
Barton William	Richardson Joshua
Chance John	Riggins Isaac C.
Caldwell Jno.	Smith John
Elliott John	Seldor Robert S.
Elliott Reyleigh	Snell John
Ewan Joseph	Todd Nathaniel
Faulkner Cornelius	Willson Ira

OLIVER HEUSTIS, P. M.

Manchester, Oct. 1, 1833.