

From the Zanesville Gazette.
Man was Made to Mourn.—BURNS.
'Twas close of day, the lily pale,
Was moist with falling dew,
And twilight now her dark'ning veil,
Wide o'er the landscape threw;
Down where musk-gum winds below,
There did my wanderings turn,
In silence to indulge my woe,
In solitude to mourn.
And now the night's returning hour,
Calls man to calm repose,
And sleep with soft oblivion's power,
Suspend his joys and woes:
But where with grief the bosom swells,
The evening shades return,
Sleep flies the couch where sorrow dwells,
And leaves the wretch to mourn.
Did pity e'er your breast alarm
For Jesse's royal son,
When cruel victor's sanguine arm,
The ruthless deed had done;
For nights and days on Zion's towers,
With keenest anguish torn,
The father wept the sleepless hours,
An equal loss I mourn.
Sweet solace of life's early hour,
My hopes in years to come;
Now blighted like the budding flower,
Lies mouldering in the tomb.
The inscrutable and wise decree,
My early joys have torn—
Thy will, O God, be done in me,
Nor blame the wretch to mourn.
Life's opening prospects promise fair,
As dawned in April's morn;
But soon the path seems dark and drear,
By murky clouds o'er borne;
Yet soon the pilgrimage shall close,
Nor for its utmost mourn,
Then shall the weary meet repose,
And man shall cease to mourn.

LIVES.
By the late Mr. Parsons, of Bath, England, in a Bible presented to his daughter Mary.
To cheer a wretched world with holy light,
From error's path the wanderer to invite,
To banish folly from the youthful mind,
To bid the sufferer become resigned,
To plant each sweet affection in the heart,
And every gracious principle impart,
The penitent offender to forgive,
To bid the guilty, hopeless sinner live,
To show us where our only refuge lies,
To elevate our hopes above the skies,
To soothe our passage through this vale of woe,
And grace and future glory to bestow.
For this, my dear, was the blest volume given—
Our guide to peace, to purity, and heaven.
Receive the gift descended from above,
The pledge, dear Mary, of a father's love.
Would you be wise? Its kind instruction hear,
And read and meditate with heart sincere.
Would you be holy? From its precepts draw
The living morsels of a perfect law.
Would you be lovely? From the Saviour seek
All that is generous, mild, and meek.
Would you be happy? To the promise fly,
And on its truth immutably rely.
May Heaven, all-gracious, all your steps direct;
From every specious snare your youth protect;
Through every scene of life be still your guide,
And o'er your thoughts incessantly preside.
Thus grow in years, in wisdom's ways increase,
And you shall find them "pleasantness and peace."
Selected.

A Broken Heart.
BY WASHINGTON IRVING.
I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that like the caterpillar eats
The leaves of the spring's sweet bud and rose.
It is a common thing to laugh at love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of poets and novelists, that never existed in real life. My observations on human nature have convinced me of the contrary, and have satisfied me that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, and the pleasures of society, there is still a warm current of affection running thro' the depths of the coldest heart, that prevents its being utterly congealed. Indeed I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex, but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.
Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of the early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But the woman's whole life is the history of affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her aversion seeks for hidden treasure. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection, and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.
To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.
But woman's is comparatively a fixed and meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings, and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.
How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affections. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when unfortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself, but when otherwise, she buries it in the recess of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has faded. The great charm of her existence is at an

end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"day sorrow drinks her blood" until her enfeebled frame sinks under the last external assailant. Look for her after a little while and you will find, friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition, that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.
She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its core. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth and shedding leaf by leaf, until wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest, and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self neglect and disappearing gradually from the earth almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven, and have repeatedly fancied I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, and melancholy, until I reached the symptom of disappointed love. But such an instance of the kind was lately told me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened; and I shall give them in the manner they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragic story of Emmet, the Irish Patriot, for it was too touching to be forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so brave; so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be in vain to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and only love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him—when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him more ardently for his sufferings. If then his fate could awaken even the sympathy of his foes, what must have been the anguish of her whose soul, which was occupied by his image. Let those tell who have the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being most loved on earth, who have sat at this threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world from whence all that was most lovely and loving had parted.

But the horrors of such a grave so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell upon that could soothe the pangs of parting—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt the sorrow into blessed tears sent like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile of the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so riven in by horror, they would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by the families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupations and amusements to dissipate her grief, and wear her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to visit the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there, as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at the blandishments of friendship, and heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibitions of so far gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and so woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid and giddy crowd, with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of the orchestra, and looking about some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the gay scene, she began with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice, but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that it drew a crowd, mute and silent around her, and melted every one in tears.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great sympathy in a country so remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed for the memory of a former lover. He however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and a sense of her own destitute and dependent situation for she was existing on the kindness of her friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with a solemn assurance that her heart was utterly another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but

nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away into a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

From the Winchester Republican.
MYSTERIOUS DOCUMENT. One of our worthy neighbors looked sadly puzzled yesterday, as he stood poring over a most mysterious bit of chirography found as he said in the street. Was it the yet unexplored chapter of the Koran, or an epistle from Junius, or a note from the lost Pleiad! The following is a copy ad. verb. only substituting initials for names.
J. B.—Paid and swore he'd stop.
L. C.—Couldn't find him.
P. N.—Not convenient just now.
L. G.—Never expected it.
D. M.—Never expected to be called on to pay.
T. T.—Swore he couldn't think of paying so soon—he had only had the paper ten years.
P. B.—House empty—and he moved no body knew where.
D. L.—Paid, but swore.
M. T.—Call again.
N. H.—Said, "damn the editor, don't I patronize him! What does he call on me for money?"
J. D.—Paid, but grumbled.
S. R.—Call at the office next week.

Now, to our illuminated optics, which had seen such things before, the matter was plain as daylight. It was evidently the memorandum of some newspaper collector, who was conveying these consoling items to his employer in lieu of the dollars and cents which were justly his right.—Verily if he of the goose quill has many such patrons as N. H. we predict that he will soon retire on a fortune.

FASHION.—Fashion rules the world; and a most tyrannical mistress she is; compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable for fashion's sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with a tight neck handkerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing. She makes people set up by night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning, when they ought to be up and doing. She makes it vulgar to wait upon one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless.

She makes people visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty.

She invades our pleasure, and interrupts our business. She compels the people to dress gaily, whether upon their own property or that of others, whether agreeable to the word of God or to the dictates of pride.

She ruins health and produces sickness—destroys life and occasions premature death. She makes foolish parents, invalids of children and servants of all.

She is a tormentor of conscience, despoiler of morality. And an enemy to religion, and no one can be her companion and enjoy either.

She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning, and yet husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and servants, black and white, voluntarily have become her obedient servants and slaves; and vie with one another, to see who shall be most obsequious.

WOODEN CLOCKS.—The versatile genius peculiar to the Yankees is found in no place under the sun, so widely spread as in the steady land of Connecticut. Here the inventive spirit which first ushered wooden clocks into existence saw the light, and here the wheels of this business have continued to revolve with accelerated speed until the present day. In the town of Plymouth alone, we are informed, not less than fifteen thousand wooden clocks are made annually, and one individual in that town has acquired a fortune of nearly \$200,000 by this business. One day last week, thirty handsome wagons, with two horses each, started from Plymouth, for one of the southern cities, on a clock-peddling excursion. About three hundred wooden time keepers, all warranted to go, were shipped recently for Baltimore or Richmond, where these wagons are to assemble, load up and disperse over the southern country. When their supply is exhausted they resort to the city depot, and when that is out Connecticut manufactures replenish it again. The original cost of these wooden vessels, is about \$5, and the retail price at the south, when made, like Peter Pindar's razors, to sell, is \$20. There are not less than six towns in Connecticut, all extensively engaged in this kind of business. Unitedly, they make not far from 50,000 every year, and yet the demand is still unsupplied.
Northampton Courier.

A Hint to Brides.—A few days since a couple went to Thames church to be married. The ceremony went on as usual, very well, until it came to the word "with this ring I thee wed," when the bride essaying to take the glove off her maiden hand for the last time could not effect it. Whether it was agitation or heat, nervousness or perspiration, the leather clung to her hand like man and wife ought to, and would not part company. The bridegroom (bold man) laughed right out; so did the father, so did the mother, so did the bride's maid, so did all the spectators except the clergyman, and he (the Rev. Mr. Lee) exclaimed, "I do not come here to be laughed at," and shutting his book, left the ceremony half finished, the bride half married and the glove—half off. We add, for the satisfaction of the sympathisers that the bride went to church the next day with her hand uncovered, and the nuptial knot was then tied "as tight as a glove."
Bucks Herald.

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.
F. LUCAS.
12—tf
Nov. 29, 1832.

Valuable Property for Sale.
THE subscriber offers for sale ONE ACRE of Land on the Indianapolis road, in Manchester township, about 10 miles from Lawrenceburg. 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. 38—

SHERIFF'S SALE.
BY virtue of an execution to me directed from the clerk's office of the Dearborn circuit court, I have levied upon and will offer for sale at the court-house door, in the town of Lawrenceburg, on Monday the 2d day of December next, between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock on said day, two out-lots in the town of Lawrenceburg, numbered 30 and 31—taken as the property of James Leonard to satisfy a judgment in favor of John Snyder. The rents, issues and profits of said lots for seven years will be first offered, and if the same will not bring enough to satisfy the said judgment, interest, and costs, then I will offer for sale all the right, title, interest, and claim of said Leonard in and to said lots.
WILLIAM DILS, Sheriff D. C.
By D. C. SMITH, Deputy.
Nov. 7, 1833. 43—ts

Sheriff's Sale.
BY virtue of sundry Executions to me directed from the clerk's office of the Dearborn Circuit Court, I have levied upon and will offer at public sale at the court house door in the town of Lawrenceburg, on Monday the 2d day of December next, between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock on said day, the following described property, viz: N. E. 1/4 of out-lot No. 11, as laid out on the original plat or plan of the town of Lawrenceburg, county aforesaid, containing one acre more or less; Also, the undivided two-thirds of lot No. 172, in said town, running 44 feet on High street, and back parallel with Walnut street to an alley in the rear; taken as the property of Frederick Utz and will be sold to satisfy three several judgments—one in favor of Benjamin Wilson against said Utz and Lytle W. Johnson, one in favor of John & West against said Utz, and one in favor of George Gaines against said Utz. The rents, issues, and profits of said property for seven years, will be first offered, and if these do not bring enough to satisfy said judgments, interest and costs, then I will offer for sale all the right, title, interest and claim of said Utz in and to the said lots.
D. C. SMITH, Dep. Sheriff D. C.
For WM. DILS, Sheriff.
November 7th, 1833. 43—ts

Lands for Sale.
SIX EIGHTY ACRE LOTS of LAND in the town of Manchester, Dearborn county, State of Indiana. Said Lands are in sections 21, 22, and 23, 3 of which have improvements of from 20 to 30 acres each, with Fruit Trees of different descriptions; most of said Lands are on the borders of Tanners Creek and near the School land in said town. The one third payment will be required down, and for the balance a credit given. For terms apply to Isaac Ferris of Manchester, who has the Patents from the United States in his own name for the same.
November 5, 1833. 43—tf

STATE OF INDIANA: DEARBORN COUNTY, DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT, David Tibbets versus John T. Bishop. On complaint in Chancery.
NOW comes the complainant aforesaid, by Major & Lane, his attorneys, and files his bill of complaint against said defendant, praying that defendant be compelled to make complainant a title to a certain tract of land in the said bill described, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court, by due proof now here in court made, that John T. Bishop, the defendant aforesaid, is not now a resident of the State of Indiana; it is therefore ruled and ordered by the court, now here in Chancery sitting, that notice of the pendency of said bill of complaint be published for four weeks successively, in some public newspaper printed in Lawrenceburg, notifying said defendant, that unless he appear here on the first day of the next March term of this court, and file his answer, or demur to said bill, the same will be taken as confessed and a decree entered thereon accordingly. By the court.
JAMES DILL, Clerk.
October 29, 1833. 43—4w

Sale of Land.
PURSUANT to an order of the Dearborn circuit court, made at their September term, 1833, the undersigned commissioners appointed by said court to carry said order into effect, will offer for sale to the highest bidder the S. W. quarter of section 34, town 7, range 1 west, on Saturday the 18th day of January next, between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock on said day; on the said premises; to be sold as the property of the heirs of Alexander White—on the following terms and conditions, to wit: one fourth of the purchase money to be paid in hand, one fourth in six months, one fourth in twelve months, and the residue in eighteen months from the day of sale, with interest from the time of said sale on such deferred payments, which said payments and interest are to be secured by note and mortgage on the property purchased, together with such personal security as said commissioners shall deem necessary.
SOLOMON MANWARING, ARTHUR ST. C. VANCE, WILLIAM MARSHALL, Commissioners.
November 4th, 1833. 43—ts

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.
Lawrenceburg, Sept. 10th, 1833. 35—tf

FRESH FLOUR.
A few Barrels Manufactured from New Wheat, for sale by
L. W. JOHNSON.
Aug. 7, 1833. 30—tf

Water Lime.
5 Barrels Water Lime for sale by
TOUSEY & DUNN.
October 25th, 1833. 41—

TAKEN UP.
BY Isaac Roseberry, living in Lawrenceburg township, Dearborn county, Ind., a DARK SORREL HORSE, about sixteen hands high, supposed to be between ten and twelve years old, heavy limbed, mand and tail mixed with some white hairs, a white strip of the forehead, both hind feet white about half way up to the knee, a sore on his weather, and a small lump or wart close under the right eye. No other marks or brands perceivable: appraised at twenty dollars by Jabez Whipple and Mahlon Hays.
I certify the above to be a true copy from my estray book. JOHN SALTSMARSH, J. P.
Oct. 24, 1833. 42—*3

NEW GOODS.
THE subscribers have received from NEW-YORK and PHILADELPHIA, a general assortment of
DRY GOODS,
Hardware, Hats, Caps, BOOTS, SHOES AND BROGANS, which they will sell low for Cash.
N. & G. SPARKS.
October 24th, 1833. 41—

OFFICER'S GUIDE & FARMER'S MANUAL.
(By JOHN CAIS, 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.

New Establishment.
THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Lawrenceburg 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.
ERASTUS LATHROP.
Sept. 18, 1833. 30—tf

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.
Lawrenceburg, Aug. 20, 1833. 33—4f

NEW GOODS.
THE subscribers have just received from the CITY OF NEW YORK, in addition to their former stock, an extensive assortment of
SEASONABLE GOODS.
Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call.
TOUSEY & DUNN.
October 15th, 1833. 40—

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.

ZANESVILLE SALT, for sale by the bbl. by
N. & G. SPARKS.
Oct. 4, 1833. 38—

Fresh Flour.
A few barrels of Fine and Superfine FLOUR, for sale by
TOUSEY & DUNN.
Oct. 25th, 1833. 41—

100 DOZ. BROOMS, first quality, warranted to do this year's growth and manufacture, just received and for sale low for Cash, by
L. W. JOHNSON.
Oct. 14th, 1833. 40—

STATE OF INDIANA: DEARBORN COUNTY, DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT, Amelia Collins versus Asa Collins. On Petition for Divorce.
NOW comes the plaintiff, by Lane her attorney, and files her bill praying to be divorced from her said husband, for cause of abandonment—and proves to the satisfaction of the court that the said Asa Collins is not a resident of this state; it is therefore ruled and ordered by the court now here, that notice of the filing and pendency of the bill aforesaid be published for three weeks successively in some public newspaper printed in Lawrenceburg, Dearborn county, notifying the defendant to appear before the judges of the Dearborn circuit court on the first day of their next March term and answer to the bill of complaint aforesaid, or the same will be heard and determined in his absence. By the court.
JAMES DILL, Clerk.
29th October, 1833. 43—3w

Cash for Pork.
WE will pay CASH for a quantity of PORK, to be delivered the first suitable weather.
TOUSEY & DUNN.
Nov. 8th, 1833. 43—

Administrator's Notice.
THE undersigned having taken out letters of administration from the Clerk's office of the Dearborn Probate Court on the estate of CALEB HAYS, late of said county, deceased, notifies those indebted to said estate to make immediate settlement; and those having claims are requested to present them properly authenticated for adjustment. The estate is believed to be insolvent, and will be settled accordingly.
MOSES ADAMS, Adm'r.
November 8, 1833. 43—3w