

## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

BY C. W. D'OLLEY.

Fling forth that proud Banner! whose glorious light  
Triumphantly shines o'er every ocean and sea,  
Its stars will blaze brighter, as darker the night  
Spreads its gloom o'er the land of the brave and  
the free.

"Fling forth that proud Banner!"—ah! whence was  
that cry?

As borne on the blast, from the mountains it came,  
And hark! to the summons the valleys reply,  
"Unswerving for ever its brightness and fame!"

Flag of my country! thou standard of glory!  
When menaced by traitors, thy honor to save,  
We welcome the field, though so dreadful and gory,  
Ay! welcome the combat, and welcome the grave.

Think of the blood which your fathers have shed—  
Think of the blood which that Banner has cost:  
Then swear by their tombs and the fields where they  
bled,

Not a star shall be dimmed, not a stripe shall be lost.

When to battle aroused by the shrill trumpet's sound,  
And the shouting of thousands come thund'ring  
after,

When furious steeds with their charge shake the  
ground,

'Midst the rage of the fight and the storm of the  
war—

Oh look on that Banner! its sight will inspire  
Your souls to high deeds of heroic renown—  
Oh look on that Banner! enveloped with fire,  
And remember the Flag is your country's—your  
own!

Like a Condor, alarmed for the fate of her young,  
From the cliffs of the Andes she darts through the  
air,

The clouds by her pinions all backward are flung,  
To the spoilers her screams bring affright and des-  
pair.

Ye souls of the hills, from your mountains descend  
In a whirlwind of flame, like your fathers of yore  
On the foes of the Banner, and swear to defend  
Its stripes and its stars until time be no more.

## A LOVER'S SONG.

You are very lovely, lady!  
Soft and fair your skin;  
Beauty's pencil has been there,  
Blending colours fresh and rare;  
Is all fair within?

Yes; that blush, with modest glow,  
Sweetly tells what I would know.

You are very gentle, lady!  
Humble and discreet.  
Let not words of artless praise  
Kindle anger in your gaze.

Praise is not unmeet,  
When the lip of truth doth find  
Language for the approving mind.

You are very dear, sweet lady!  
Will you hear my suit?

Honest is my love, and pure,  
Lasting while my days endure;  
Why are you so mute?

Ah! you smile, and blush, and sigh—  
I ask no more reply.

## THE THREE THIEVES.

There lived formerly in the neighborhood of Laon  
three thieves, who by their ingenious stratagems,  
audacity, and skill, contrived to lay the whole coun-  
try under contribution. Two of them were brothers,  
and they were named Haimet and Barat. They  
were sons of a worthy sire, who had followed the  
same calling as themselves, and ended his career  
upon the gallows—a fate commonly for individuals  
who exhibit the peculiar species of talent for which  
he was distinguished. The third was called Travers,  
it remains but to say, that they never added  
murder to robbery, but contented themselves with  
simple felonies, which they committed with an ad-  
dress which was little short of miraculous. It hap-  
pened one day that they were all three travelling  
through the forest of Laon, when the conversation  
turned upon their respective abilities. Haimet, the  
elder of the two brothers, discovered upon the sum-  
mit of a lofty oak, a magpie's nest, and saw the old  
magpie go into it. "Brother," said he to Barat, "if  
any one should challenge you to go and steal the  
eggs from under the old bird, without frightening  
her away, what would you say to them?" "Say," re-  
plied the younger one, "why, I should say he was  
a fool to call upon one to do what was impossible."  
"That is all very well," replied Haimet; "but I tell  
you, that the man who is not able to do that, is but  
a baby at thieving; and so saying, he began to  
mount the tree. When he reached the nest, he ver-  
y gently made a hole in the bottom of it, caught  
the eggs as they fell through the aperture, and  
brought them down, making his companions re-  
mark, as he exhibited them, that there was not one  
of them broken. "Bravo!" exclaimed Barat: "I must  
needs confess that thou art a fellow of inimitable  
skill; and if you can now re-ascent and replace  
them under the mother as skillfully as you took them  
away, we will readily acknowledge you as our mas-  
ter in the gentle art and mystery of stealing." Haimet  
accepted the challenge and re-mounted; and thus  
fell into the snare which his brother had laid  
for him. For as soon as Barat perceived him at a  
certain height, he said to Travers, "You have seen  
what my brother can do. I will now give you a spec-  
imen of my skill." Accordingly, he instantly  
climbed up after his brother, followed him from  
bough to bough, and while the other, with eyes fixed  
on the nest, quite intent on his object, and attentive  
to the least movement of the bird, lest he should  
drive it away, coiled and glided through the branches  
like a serpent—Barat adroitly cut off his pockets,  
and descended, bearing in his hands the trophies  
of his victory. Haimet, however, having succeeded  
in replacing the eggs, expected to receive those  
praises which he felt that his success ought to call  
forth. "It is all very well," said Barat, jokingly;  
"but I would bet a trifle you have only hidden the  
eggs in your pocket." The eldest would have sub-  
mitted his pockets for inspection, but finding they  
had been removed, he saw that he had been tricked  
by his brother. "Well," cried he, "the most in-  
deed be a skilful thief who can rob a thief." As for Travers,  
he felt an equal admiration for the two heroes,  
nor did he know to which to give the palm. But  
humbled by the display, and being vexed at their su-  
perior dexterity, and conscious of his inability to  
contend with them for an instant, he said to them:  
"My friends, you are too much for me. You would  
escape twenty times together, while I should al-  
ways be taken. I find I am too dull to prosper at  
your trade, so farewell; I shall renounce that, and  
return to my old one. I am able and willing to  
work, so I shall go home to my wife, and I hope I  
shall be able, by God's help, to earn an honest pen-  
ny." Accordingly he returned home to his native vil-  
lage; as he had said, his wife was glad to see him;  
he became once more an honest man, and labored so  
successfully, that at the end of some months he was  
enabled to buy a pig. The animal was fattened,  
usual, hung it up by the legs against the wall, while  
he went to work in the field. It would, however,  
have been better for him to have sold it; he would  
by that means have been spared those anxieties  
which are now to be related. The two brothers,  
from them, came just at this time to pay him a visit.  
His wife was alone, busily employed at spinning.  
She told them that her husband was from home and  
would not return until the evening. So they went  
away; not, however, till they had scanned every  
corner of the premises; and in this survey, as may

be supposed, the fatted pig did not escape their  
notice. "Ah, ah!" said they; as they left the house,  
"this shabby fellow is going to regale himself with  
the pig, and has never invited us to partake of it.  
It will only serve him right to make off with it, and  
eat it without him." Accordingly the knaves ar-  
ranged their plot, and concealed themselves in the  
neighborhood, until night enabled them to put their  
stratagems into execution. In the evening when  
Travers returned, his wife told him of the visitors  
whom she had seen. "I was quite afraid to be alone  
with them," said she; "and they were such ill-look-  
ing fellows, that I did not dare to ask them their  
names, or what they wanted. But their eyes forget-  
ted out every thing, and I don't think there is a nail  
in the whole place which escaped them." "Alas!"  
exclaimed Travers, in a most doleful tone, "they  
can be no other than my old cronies; my pig is lost—  
it is a done thing—and I now wish for many reasons  
that I had sold it." "But," said his wife, "at all  
events let us try to save it; let us remove it from  
where it hangs now, and conceal it somewhere else  
for to-night, and to-morrow we can consider what  
is best to be done about it." Travers followed his  
wife's advice; the hog was taken down, and laid  
upon the ground at a different part of the room, and  
then covered over with the trough in which they used  
to knead the bread; and when they had done this,  
they retired to bed, feeling, however, by no means  
easy upon the subject.

The night at length arrived, and with it the two  
brothers to put their plans into execution: and while  
the elder one kept watch, Barat began to make a  
hole in the wall, at the very spot where the hog had  
hung. He soon, however, found that there was no-  
thing left there, but the cord by which it had been  
suspended, and exclaimed, "We are too late, the bird  
is flown." Travers, who was kept in a state of con-  
tinual alarm, and could get no sleep on account of  
his dread of being robbed, fancying he heard some  
noise, awoke his wife, and ran to the kneading-  
trough to see if the pig was still there. There it  
was safe enough; but as he felt no less anxiety about  
his barn and stable, he sallied forth, armed with a  
hatchet, just to see if all was right. Barat, who  
heard him go out, seized that opportunity of slipping  
in at the door; he then crept up to the bedside, and  
imitating the voice of Travers, said, "Mary, the hog  
is not hanging up against the wall; what have you  
done with it?" "Why, don't you recollect," said she,  
"that we hid it under the kneading-trough?" "Now  
I do," said he; "but I really had forgotten it—don't  
you get up, I'll see about it." So saying, he went to  
the trough, and placing the pig upon his shoulders,  
marched off with it. After having been his round,  
and examined every part of the premises, Travers  
returned. "I must confess," said his wife, "that I  
have got a husband whose head is not good for much:  
to think that you should so soon forget where you  
had put the pig!" No sooner did Travers hear these  
words, than he knew how the case stood. "Ah,"  
said he, "I said they would rob me, and they have  
done so sure enough. It is gone now, and we shall  
certainly never see it more." Nevertheless, as the  
robbers could not be far off, he thought he would  
follow them, in hopes of overtaking them, and of re-  
covering his property. They had taken a narrow  
path across the fields, which led to the woods, in  
which they hoped to conceal their prey with perfect  
security. Haimet hastened on in front, to see that  
the coast was all clear; and his brother, who was  
somewhat encumbered by the load he carried, walked  
more slowly, and followed at some little distance.  
Travers soon came up with the latter. He recog-  
nized him, and then assuming the tone and voice of  
the elder brother, "You must be tired, give it to me,  
it is now my turn to carry it." Barat, who thought  
it was his brother who spoke to him, handed the pig  
over to Travers, and hastened on towards the wood.  
He had not, however, proceeded a hundred yards,  
before, to his great astonishment, he overtook Haimet.  
"Confound it," he exclaimed, "but I have been  
out done! That knave Travers has played me a  
trick; but, never mind, you shall see whether I am  
not a match for him yet. So saying, he undressed  
himself, placed his shirt over his other clothes, made  
up a sort of woman's cap for his head, and, thus ac-  
counted, ran as fast as he possibly could, by a dif-  
ferent road, towards the cottage of Travers, for  
whose arrival he waited just outside the door. No  
sooner did he see him approach, than he made up to  
him, as if he had been his wife, and counterfeiting  
her voice, inquired whether he had recovered the  
pig. "Oh, yes," replied the husband, "I have got it  
safe enough." "Give it to me, then, and let me car-  
ry it in, while you run around to the stable, and see  
whether that is all safe, for I heard a great noise  
there just now, and I am sadly afraid they are try-  
ing to break in there."

Travers placed the animal upon the shoulders of  
his supposed wife, and once more went the rounds  
of his farm-yard; and great was his surprise when  
he returned, to find his wife in bed, crying and half  
dead with fright. He then discovered that he had  
been duped again. He was determined, however,  
not to be balked; and as if his honor was at stake in  
the adventure, he vowed that he would not termi-  
nate the affair any other way than triumphantly.  
Though he never supposed that the thieves would  
take the same road a second time, he entertained  
the very reasonable opinion, that the forest being  
not only the most convenient, but also the most se-  
cure hiding-place, they would again choose it for  
their retreat; and so, in fact, it was. Thither they  
speedily betook themselves; and in the joy of their  
hearts, and their anxiety to taste the fruits of their  
enterprise, they lighted a fire at the foot of a spread-  
ing oak, for the purpose of cooking a chop or two.  
The wood, however, was green, and burnt so badly,  
that they were forced to go rambling about in search  
of dry leaves and withered branches. Travers, who,  
thanks to the fitful blazings of the fire, had, in the  
mean time, been attracted to the same spot, avail-  
ing himself of their absence to disrobe and ascend  
the tree. Then suspending himself with one  
hand from a branch, as if he had been hanged there,  
he no sooner saw his ancient friends return, and  
busy themselves in blowing the fire, than he called  
out with a voice of thunder, "Unhappy men, your  
end will be like mine." Horrified at this terrific  
announcement, they looked up, and then seeing, as  
well as hearing, what they supposed to be the ghost  
of their father, they speedily betook themselves to  
flight. Travers instantly re-possessed himself of  
his clothes, and of that which he held dearer still,  
his hog; and returned in triumph to relate to  
his wife this fresh victory. She, poor soul, threw  
her arms around him, and overwhelmed him with  
kisses and congratulations on the boldness and suc-  
cess of the manoeuvre. "We must not feel too well  
satisfied of our safety yet," said he; "the rogues are  
not far off, and as long as there is a morsel of the ba-  
con left, I shall be afraid of losing it; but make  
haste, and get some boiling water, and we'll eat  
cook it. If they return then, we shall see how  
they'll manage to get it." So, while she lighted the  
fire, he cut up the pig, which was thrown piece-  
meal into the saucenpan; and they then, that they  
might take the better care of it, sat themselves  
down, one in each chimney-corner. But Travers,  
who was sadly fatigued with the labors and anxie-  
ties of his night's work, was not long before he be-  
gan to doze. "You had better lay down," said his  
wife; "I will take and watch the saucenpan. All  
the doors and windows are fastened, so there is no-  
thing to fear; and, at all events, if I hear any  
noise, I can easily wake you."

Feeling himself satisfied by these assurances, he  
threw himself all dressed, as he was, upon the bed,  
and in a few minutes was fast asleep. His wife  
continued for some time to keep watch over the kot-  
le and its contents; but at length she began to  
grow sleepy, and finally snored in her chair. In  
the meanwhile the thieves having recovered from  
their first alarm, returned to the oak; where, find-  
ing neither the pig nor the gallow-bird who had so  
scared them, they were not long in divining the

truth of the adventure. They felt they should be  
dishonored forever should Travers get the better of  
them in this war of stratagems, and they returned  
to his abode, fully determined to make a last effort  
to save their reputation and steal his bacon. Pre-  
vious to commencing operations, Barat peeped in at  
the hole in the wall which he had before made, just  
to see if the enemy were on the watch. There he  
saw, on the one side, Travers stretched at full  
length along the bed, and, on the other, Travers's  
faithful partner, with head bobbing first to the right  
and then to the left, fast asleep by the side of the  
fire; a ladle dangling listlessly in her hand, and the  
bacon sizzling her slumbers as it boiled and bubbled  
in the pot. "They are going to save us the trouble  
of cooking it," said Barat to his brother. "Well, we  
have had so much bother about it, they may well  
spare us that. So now, be quiet, and I'll warrant  
you shall soon taste it." Then he went imme-  
diately and cut a long stick, one point of which he  
sharpened; then mounted the roof, and thrust the  
stick down the chimney, and stuck it into a piece of  
bacon, which he very carefully drew out. It so hap-  
pened, that at this moment Travers awoke. He  
saw the manoeuvre, and then perceived very clearly,  
that with enemies so skilful, peace was better than  
war, he called out to them, "Comrades, you are  
wrong to try and steal my bacon, and I was wrong  
not to have invited you to partake of it. Let us no  
longer strive for the mastery at tricking and outwit-  
ting each other, for there will be no end to the game.  
Come along, and let us make merry together. So  
he went and opened the door to them, and they all  
sat down to the table, and were reconciled to one  
another as heartily as possible.

**Advantages of a Memory.** It is related of Sir  
Boyle Roche, that no man of his day enjoyed more  
esteem, on account of his perfect urbanity and ami-  
able qualities in private life, or excited so much  
laughter by the oddities of which he was uncon-  
sciously guilty in parliament. Of these the follow-  
ing are specimens: He said, one night, during a  
stormy debate, that it was impossible for a man to  
be in two places at once, unless he was a bird or a  
fish! An opposition member having moved, that,  
for the purpose of illustrating one of his arguments,  
an enormous mass of official documents should be  
read, Sir Boyle Roche, with the most profound and  
unaffected gravity, proposed that, as the clerk at the  
table would not be able to get through the papers  
before morning, a dozen or two of committee-clerks  
should be called in to his assistance. "The docu-  
ments may be divided among them," continued Sir  
Boyle; "and as they can all read together, the whole  
will be disposed of in a quarter of an hour." His  
speeches, on important topics, were prepared for  
him by Mr. Edward Cooke; and, as his memory was  
particularly retentive, he seldom committed himself,  
except when he rose to utter an original remark.  
One night, being unprepared with a speech, and yet  
feeling a strong inclination to deliver his sentiments,  
he retired to a coffee-house, in order to mould them  
into the form of an oration. While engaged in this  
fruitless attempt, he was accosted by Sergeant Stan-  
ley, a ministerial member, whose custom it was to  
rise, towards the close of a discussion, and deliver  
a long harangue, ingeniously compiled from the  
speeches of those who had addressed the house be-  
fore him. For this debate, however, he was in a  
situation to speak earlier than usual, having, with  
great labor, produced an original composition; prior  
to the delivery of which, he had stepped into the  
coffee-house, in order to refresh his memory by look-  
ing once more through the manuscript. This, un-  
fortunately for himself, he happened to drop, on re-  
turning. Sir Boyle snatched it up; and, after reading it  
twice or thrice, (so powerful was his memory,) found  
himself master of the whole. Hastening to the  
house, he resumed his seat, and delivered the speech  
with admirable correctness, to the unspeakable  
amazement and mortification of the proprietor, who,  
it appears, had not succeeded in catching the  
speaker's eye. Meeting Stanley again at the cof-  
fee-house, in the course of the night, Sir Boyle re-  
turned him his manuscript, with many thanks for  
what he was pleased to term the loan of it; adding,  
"I never was so much at a loss for a speech in my  
life, nor ever met with one so pat to my purpose;  
and, since it is not a pin the worse for wear, you  
may go in and speak it again yourself, as soon as  
you please."

## A CURE FOR LOVE.

"Docther," said a Hiernian, as he entered the  
office of a practitioner in this city, "I'd be afther  
spakin' a word to you in sacrat."

"Speak on, no one will hear you,"

"'Tis afther to think I am, lest the bothin' cratur  
should hear me."

"Who?"

"Who? who but Kathleen Mahony to be sure.  
Hasn't she bewitched intirely me body and soul;  
the swate murthin' hussey? And is n't it meself  
that can't slape from dramein' of her, nor wake  
for the night-mare; that can't ate a maly parater  
but her cookin'; nor taste a drap of the cratur  
without wishin' good luck to her swate face?"

"You love her then?"

"You may say that! the blessed Saint Patrick ne-  
ver loved the howly church better."

"You must marry her."

"Oh would n't I! but the unfading cratur wont  
so much as spake to Terence O'Flaurerty, and  
that's meself, your honor."

"Then she don't like you?"

"Devil a bit, your honor, she spur-rus me worse  
nor Saint Patrick would blast a toad or a sarpiat?"

"Quit her then."

"I can't your honor. Haven't I kept away from  
the cabin till the char-rins and wicked arts of the  
cratur make me go back again like a toutint into the  
mouth of one of your ugly Yankee sarpiats, bad  
luck to them!"

"Well, Terence," said Esculapius, with difficul-  
ty suppressing a laugh, "this is a severe case, but  
what am I to do?"

"Docther," in a whisper, "Docther I'll take my  
bodily oath that Kathleen has been puttin a some-  
thin, in my drink to make me love her."

"Well."

"Can't you be afther givin' me a dose to mix in  
her potteen to make her bewildered afther me just  
as I am crazy for her, your honor?"

"No, Terence, but I'll give you a dose to cure  
you of your love."

"It's not that exactly I'd have, your honor. If  
Kathleen loved Terence and Terence loved Kath-  
leen, would n't we make a swate couple? and  
barrin' a bit of a row now and then, we'd agree  
entirely."

"Ah, Terence, Terence, its only wicked wizards  
that bewitch I can't do that, but I can cure those  
who are so unlucky as to get into the clutches of  
the wicked. You look sick. You'll die to a cer-  
tainly, if I don't remove the spell."

Poor Pat was in a quandary.

"Ah, well, Docther, just fix me the artical, bether  
live alone' than die with a witch, Saint Patrick de-  
fend me from you!"

If Terence did not curse the Doctor as well as  
Kathleen, when he had taken his panacea, the fault  
was not in the recipe.

Galaxy.

Some one tells a story of a schoolmaster, who oc-  
casionally had to drive oxen, that, in order to ex-  
press himself in a scholastic style, addressed them  
thus:—"Haw, Duck, and also Bright!"

**MISCHIEF.**—It is a curious fact, that there were,  
comparatively, more wild tricks played in Philadel-  
phia fifty years ago, when the population was so  
limited, than at present, with our very numerous  
population. A number of young fellows—one of  
whom I knew, and who, when he had sowed his  
wild oats, told me the story—tied a strong cord  
around a watch-box, while the watchman was in it,  
and were hauling it to Chesnut-street wharf, to let  
it float down the river, when the cries of the watch-  
man attracting some passengers, caused the rogues  
to flee. At another time, finding a cart loaded  
with bricks in the street at night, in front of a house  
that was then in progress of being built, they car-  
ried the bricks up three pairs of stairs, and then took  
the cart apart and carried the peices up also, put  
them together there, and then loaded the vehicle  
with the bricks, much to the astonishment of the  
brick-layers when they came in the morning. But  
the most common trick was changing signs and  
show-boards, taking them from one extremity of the  
city to the other, and making the most incongru-  
ous arrangement of them; converting tailors into  
carpenters—bakers into butchers—printers into rag  
merchants—apothecaries and druggists into ven-  
ders of rum and tobacco—and doctors into under-  
takers.

**A DUEL.**—The noted Silas Dinsmoor, who was  
once a Custom-House officer at the South, and re-  
fused to give passage to General Jackson with a  
drove of negroes, without some other passport than  
the pistols which the General showed him, is a na-  
tive of Windham or Derry, N. H. He was once  
dining at a Hotel in Kentucky, in company with  
some high blooded Kentuckians, who took occasion  
at the dinner table to outrage the character, for  
courage and bravery, of the Yankees of New Eng-  
land. One of them who sat opposite Dinsmoor,  
went beyond his fellows in this species of abuse,  
until Dinsmoor's choler rising so high that he could  
stand it no longer, he threw his fork into the face  
of the fellow, and told him he was a Yankee him-  
self and ready to prove that they were not destitute  
of courage. He was challenged instantly. He  
accepted the challenge, and as it belonged to him  
of right to name the time, place and weapons, he  
said the time and place should be then and there,  
the weapons horse pistols, and distance, across the  
dining table. All things were arranged in a few  
moments. In snapping up the Kentuckian got the  
first fire. But he was so agitated that, although  
Dinsmoor sat like a statue, to receive his fire, he  
only slightly wounded him. Dinsmoor then de-  
liberately raised his pistol, but the frightened Ken-  
tuckian fainting and fell from his chair. His friends  
raised him into his seat; Dinsmoor slowly raised  
his pistol and again the Kentuckian fainting and fell  
back. His friends replaced him in his chair. A  
third time Dinsmoor took sure and certain aim,  
and a third time his antagonist fainting. His friends  
were about propping him up once more, when Dins-  
moor cried, "enough, he shall not die at my hands,  
only let him cease slandering the Yankees." Throughout  
the remainder of the company's stay at  
that place, Dinsmoor was the "cock of the walk."  
—We have told the story as it was told to us.

Methuen Iris.

## New Establishment.

THE subscribers having purchased the large brick  
house and Grocery establishment therein, lately  
kept by Z. Bedford & Co. would respectfully inform  
the public that they will continue the Grocery Store  
in the same building, under the firm of **JOHN  
HOOD & Co.** They have and will keep constantly  
on hand an extensive assortment of articles in their  
line of business, such as

**GROCERIES, FLOUR, WHISKEY,  
Salt, Iron, Fish, Cigars, &c. &c.**

Which they will sell in large or small quantities  
to suit purchasers. They will also keep on hand a  
very general assortment of

## TIN WARE.

Which they will sell wholesale or retail. Having  
extensive rooms suited for the purpose, they will re-  
ceive **FLOUR, MERCHANDISE**, and other ar-  
ticles on

## Storage or Commission,

And attend to the forwarding or sale thereof, on mo-  
derate terms.

**JOHN HOOD,**

**DANIEL E. BEDFORD.**

Lawrenceburgh, March 6, 1834. 8-1f

**Geo. P. Buell & Geo. W. Lane,**

RESPECTFULLY inform the public that they  
have just received a large supply of

**Spring & summer Goods,**

Among which are

Blue, Black, Brown, Olive, Invisible, Drb G. aeer  
and Steel Mixt Broad Cloths;

Fancy, Striped and Blue Cassimeres;  
Dark, Blue, Brown and Steel Mixt Cassinets;  
Summer Cloth;

French and Brown Irish Linen;  
Blue and Mixt Cotton Twills;

Printed Muslin, Gingham and Calicoes;  
Fancy Gause, Silk & Crape, Deleandress Hank's;  
Black and White Crape;

Superior Black Statin;  
Black, Brown, Sky-blue and Brown-watered Silk  
Pongee, Black Veils, Plain and Figured  
Bonnets; &c. &c.

## AN ASSORTMENT OF

**Saddlery, Hard & Queensware,  
CROSSCUT, HAND & CIRCULAR SAWS,  
CRADLE, GRASS & BRIER SCYTHES,  
WILLIAM'S CAST STEEL AXES,  
Tire, Band, Square, Round, & Hoop Iron,  
American Blister & Cast Steel;**

Also, a quantity of

**Coffee, Sugar & Molasses;**

A FEW BBLs. OF WHISKEY;

All of which they are offering for sale at the store  
room lately occupied by Maj. John P. Dunn.  
Lawrenceburgh, April 1, 1834. 12

## JOSEPH GROFF,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

**Hat Manufacturer;**

HAVING recently removed his establishment  
from Elizabethtown, Ohio, to Lawrenceburgh,  
Indiana, would inform his former friends and cus-  
tomers, and the public in general, that his manufac-  
tory is now in full operation, on High street, one  
door above Jesse Hunt's Hotel; where he will be  
happy to accommodate all persons, either wholesale  
or retail, with all kinds of HATS, of the latest fash-  
ions. **BLACK, DRAB, BEAVER, and OT-  
TER HATS**, made on the shortest notice, and  
sold at a reasonable price, for cash or country pro-  
duce. Persons wishing to purchase will please call  
and examine for themselves.

He wishes to purchase a quantity of all kinds of  
**FURS**, for which a liberal price will be given.  
Lawrenceburgh, August 2, 1834. 29-1f

## 100 Dozen Brooms,

OF Superior quality, for sale by  
April 9, 1834. L. W. JOHNSON

## NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers are receiving from New-York  
and Philadelphia, a large and general assort-  
ment of **FRENCH, INDIAN AND AMERICAN**

## DRY GOODS:

ALSO,

**HARDWARE, GROCERIES &  
Crockery;**

Fur, Leghorn and Palm Hates,  
Tuscan, Leghorn and Straw Bonnets,  
Boots and Shoes, Books, Brandy and Wine; which  
they will sell low. N. & G. SPARKS.  
May 9, 1834. 17

## WINDOW GLASS,

All sizes, from 4 by 6, to 14 by 21 inches, for  
sale by L. W. JOHNSON.

GLASS CUT to order.  
April 9, 1834. 13-1f

## New Spring & Summer.

## GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received from Philadel-  
phia, (which he is ready to show, at the Store  
Room formerly occupied by John & West,) a

**General assortment of Goods,**  
Suited to the present and approaching season,

CONSISTING IN