

## Emigrants' Parting Lament.

From the New Yorker.  
Ye blue hills of Albany! ye glens of our Fathers,  
Farewell! we return to your bosoms no more;  
On thy rock-girdled beach an exiled band gathers,  
To seek a far home o'er the ocean's dread roar:  
Ne'er again shall we list to thy mountain-winds  
swelling  
Amid the dark crags where the eagles are yelling—  
Cold, cold is the heart of each desolate dwelling.  
As we sigh thus to leave thee and turn to deplore  
Ne'er again shall we roam o'er thy heath-covered  
highlands,  
Or view in the gray mist the forms of the dead:  
No more shall we sail by thy lone misty islands,  
Whose dwellings are crumbling, whose children  
have fled:  
Soon, soon shall the waste of the wild tossing ocean  
Divide us from thee, thou sweet Isle of devotion—  
Ah who shall then picture the Exile's emotion,  
When the hills of the Stranger in sorrow we  
tread!

Farewell and for ever, ye mist-shrouded mountains!  
Ye altars of Freedom!—ye thrones of the Storms!  
Farewell, ye wild glens, where the blue dashing  
fountains  
Are haunted at midnight by shadowy forms:  
Farewell ye green woods—where the red deer are  
roaming;  
Ye deep tangled brakes where the torrents are foam-  
ing  
All sheen in the beams of the star-haunted gloam-  
ing—  
Farewell! we return to your bosoms no more!  
Alas! and it may be when we are departed  
The songs of the reveler may trouble the gale;  
And around the warm ingle, our maidens, light-heart-  
ed,  
May tell, all unheeding, our sorrowful tale;  
When we are afar on the merciless ocean,  
Our exiled hearts throbbing with deepest emotion,  
Far, far from the land of our bosoms devotion,  
Bewailing the glories of days that are o'er!

But welcome that proud land, the cherished in story;  
Columbia! fair claim of the brave and the free!  
Whose Eagle, careering 'mid planets of glory,  
Proclaims that the injured are welcome to thee:  
As along thy green valleys we roam in dejection,  
And seek 'neath thy Banner kind help and protec-  
tion,  
Our bosoms will yearn with o'erflowing affection  
For the Land of our Birth far beyond the wide sea!

## From the Boston Evening Gazette. REQUIEM FOR LAFAYETTE.

BY H. F. GOULD.  
He's gone to his home! Like a wild ripened sheaf,  
The ear in its fulness, and ear in its leaf,  
The angels have borne him with joy to the skies;  
The portals of Heaven have closed on their prize.  
He's gone like the sun at the dying of day,  
When shades vail the earth as his light fades away:  
In greatness he rose and in glory he shone,  
Till claimed by the world, while the world was his  
own.  
He's gone like the waters in brightness that flow;  
While verdure and flowers clothe their banks as they  
go.  
Till, forth to the deep, in their grandeur they roll;  
He's gone to the ocean, the home of his soul!  
He's gone! and the nations in mourning are dressed;  
They mingle their tears round the place of his rest:  
But none, like Columbia, lingers to weep,  
The Friend of her youth, with his fathers asleep.  
He watched o'er our childhood—he saw her young  
form,  
Arise in its beauty, 'mid darkness and storm.  
Her sighs, like an orphan's are heavily drawn,  
While speaks the cold marble, 'He's gone! he is  
gone!'

## From the New York Mirror. THE CAPTURE OF THE PRIGATE PRESIDENT.

From a Sailor's Journal of his first Cruise.  
The jawing-bell of the mid-watch was out, the  
lieutenant of the deck was half asleep, and the re-  
flectors of the watch altogether so, stowed away snugly.  
The wind was on the starboard-quarter, blowing  
six knots; fore and mainmast studding-sails on her,  
the last inch of the weather-braces hauled in and be-  
layed, and every thing snug.  
For lack of better employment, I was cruising  
about decks on a wind, when I fell in with a knot of  
old tars to the gallant-fo'-castle. 'Yo, hoy, fo'-  
castlemen,' says I, as I came to anchor on the heel  
of the bowsprit; 'how do you fight your guns? Bob  
O'Neal, you are boatswain's-mate-of-the-watch, and  
come yourself, and spin a yarn.'  
Bob wanted no better fun, so, without wasting  
breath in lubberly parley, he began:  
'On the fifteenth of January, 1815, at four bells,  
in the forenoon-watch, the boatswain called, 'all  
hands, up anchor,' on board the President frigate,  
Commodore Decatur, then lying in New York har-  
bor, off the Battery.  
We walked it up in the turning of an hour-glass,  
and dropped down the bay, the wind at nor'-west,  
and came to an anchor in the Horse-shoe.  
Now, it was high water on the bar, at a quarter  
past nine that evening; but Decatur, for some rea-  
son, which nobody ever knew, called all hands, up  
anchor, at four bells in the first dog-watch. As  
soon as the pilot heard the order, he went to Decatur,  
'Commodore,' says he, 'the ship cannot go over  
the bar till high water.'  
'She must go, sir,' says Decatur.  
'It's impossible, sir,' says the pilot.  
'Drive her over,' says the commodore.  
That settled the business, and we weighed anchor;  
but it blew such a gale o' wind, that the only  
sail we set was a double-reefed foretopsail, and so  
stood out for the Hook.  
When the ship was about twice her length from  
the bar, the pilot went to Decatur again. 'Commodore  
Decatur,' says he, 'the ship cannot go over the  
bar; it's an impossibility. She'll strike, and thump  
to pieces.'  
'Well, sir,' says Decatur, 'if that's the case, let  
go the anchor.'  
So we lay to the starboard-bow, and veered away  
cable enough to bring her to. The ship swung  
round by the anchor, and her stern struck on the bar.  
'Cut away the cable!' says Decatur.  
We had hemp cables in those days, and a few  
blows with an axe cut it away, and we swung round,  
and struck broadside on the bar, and there she  
thumped.  
Then it was, 'down to gallant and royal yards!'  
and, as I was captain of the maintop, I was expect-  
ed to show a lead.  
So we lay aloft, but could not get any higher than  
the tops; for, when the ship struck, which she did  
every minute, it was all we could do to hold on, let  
alone sending down yards, and, for the same reason,  
the foretopsail had not been furled, and so it was  
flapping as if it would carry away the yard. So we  
lay and thumped on the bar till high water, and then  
she floated.  
'Now, sir,' says Decatur to the pilot, 'take me  
back to New York.'  
'It's impossible, sir,' says the pilot, 'it is blowing  
a gale o' wind from the north-west, and no ship that  
ever floated could beat up against it.'  
So there was nothing to be done but to go to sea;  
and, as the wind had moderated a little, we made  
sail on her end stood out, and, as we knew the Eng-  
lish fleet was watching for us, we doused every  
light, except the binnacle-lamps, and kept very still;  
for, as it was dark, we did not know how near we  
might be to them, and so, with every thing she

could stagger under, we wore off, south-east-by-east.  
About seven bells, in the mid-watch, a blue light  
was burnt by the English admiral's ship, and was  
repeated by all the ships of his squadron, to show  
him where they were.

They were all around us, and, to avoid them, we  
hailed close on the wind, boarded our larboard-tacks,  
and stood in for the Longisland shore.  
When daylight came, we found that the English  
fleet was all around us. The Tenedos, frigate, was  
on our starboard-bow; the Pomone, frigate, on the  
larboard-bow; the Endymion, frigate, right ahead;  
the Despatch, brig, clear out to sea, ahead, and the  
Majestic, seventy-four, astern.

We could not stand all that; so we up helm, and  
bore away to the south'ard and east'ard, and, set-  
ting a foretopmast studding-sail, although it blew a  
gale of wind, we left Johnny Bull to take care of  
himself; and, in two hours, the Endymion was the  
only ship within ten miles of us.  
But then the wind began to ease off, and, though  
we crowded all sail, the Endymion began to gain  
upon us. She was the fastest sailer in the English  
fleet, and was kept light and in complete sailing  
trim. She drew her provisions from the other ships,  
and was, of course, only in ballast; while we had on  
board six months and thirteen days' provision, be-  
side stores of all kinds, and were very heavy with  
shot, and to add to all this weight, we had knocked  
our false-keel to pieces on the bar; some of it was  
gone, and the rest stood athwart-ships, and hindered  
our sailing very much.

Well, the Endymion kept on, gaining on us, and  
came on hand-over-fist; so the commodore gave or-  
ders to lighten the ship. First-and-foremost we  
threw over all the provisions, except ten days' al-  
lowance, but the wind still easing off, the Endymion  
still gained on us; so we threw over the boats, spare  
rigging and spars, then the anchors, and cutting the  
cables into lengths of five or six fathoms, so that  
they would be of no use to any one, we sent them  
overboard too, and every thing else, except our fight-  
ing-traps. In spite of all we could do, the Endymion  
still gained on us, and it was very plain she would over-  
take us. So, at six bells, in the afternoon watch, when  
she was about four miles astern, Commodore Decatur  
called all hands aft.

'Now, my lads,' says he, 'the Endymion will over-  
take us, and we can't help it; but when she comes  
alongside, I want you to give her one broadside,  
double-shotted, and then every man and boy in the  
ship must board her; and we will take her, and go  
off in her, (for she is the fastest ship in the English  
squadron,) and leave the President where she is.  
No man must leave the ship till you see me mount  
the hammock-nettings, and then will you follow me.'

'Ay, ay, sir, we will that,' says we, and gave him  
three cheers.

By this time the Endymion was within three  
miles of us, and, training one of her bow-chasers on  
us, she let drive; but the shot fell short, about twice  
the ship's length; so we tried her with our stern-  
chasers, to do her some hurt, if possible, and help  
us along; but our shot fell short too.

And two bells, in the first dog-watch, the Endy-  
mion's shot overreached us, (she was within a mile  
of us,) and shot told well on both sides; but the  
Tenedos and Pomone came up so fast, that we saw  
we could not get away.

'Now, my boys,' said Decatur, 'we must surrender;  
but I want you to unrig the Endymion, for me, first.  
Will you do it?'

'Ay, ay, sir,' say we, and cheered him again.  
Just at this minute, a shot from the Endymion  
carried away our wheel, and killed the quarter-  
master-at-the-gun and three men. The ship broached-  
to, and then the drums beat to quarters, we manned  
our starboard-battery, and in seventeen minutes the  
Endymion was a wreck; the only spar standing was  
about eighteen feet of her foremast.

All this time, Decatur stood on the spar-deck  
with his speaking-trumpet, singing out, 'Don't over-  
shot your guns, my brave boys; don't overshoot your  
guns.'

He was afraid the guns would burst, as they grew  
hot, if we overshooted them; but his advice did no  
good. We put three round shot into each gun, and  
as the Endymion was only about fifty feet from us,  
you may know how the shot told. The Endymion,  
of course, would not strike to us, when the rest of  
their squadron was so near, and so we continued the  
battle; but as it was now too dark to fight by the  
flag, we sent up a light, and they did the same.  
About this time, Rogers, our sailing-master, went  
to Commodore Decatur, and told him he was wound-  
ed, and must go below.

'Where's your wound, sir?' says Decatur.  
So Rogers showed him the middle finger of his  
left hand, which was severely cut.  
'For Heaven's sake, sir,' says Decatur, 'don't  
mind that. Look at that deck, sir,' (the first, fourth,  
and fifth lieutenants were dead, or mortally wound-  
ed, and thirty men lay on the deck in the same con-  
dition); 'don't think of going below now, sir.'  
'Well, sir,' says Rogers, 'I'll go below and get it  
dressed, and come on deck again.'

So Decatur sung out for Lieutenant Gallagher,  
(the third lieutenant,) to take the trumpet; but Robin-  
son, a volunteer, who is now in the Havre line,  
hearing his hail, came up from the gun-deck. 'Com-  
modore Decatur,' says he, 'I am only a volunteer,  
but if I can be of any use to you, you may command  
my services.'

'Much obliged to you, sir,' says Decatur; 'take  
the trumpet, sir.'  
So Robinson took the deck. By this time, the  
Endymion had dropped astern, but the Tenedos was  
on our larboard-bow, and the Pomone, on our star-  
board-quarter.

'Now, Commodore Decatur,' says Robinson, 'I  
wish you would sink the Tenedos, and then the  
Majestic will sink us, and we'll all go to the bottom  
together, for our larboard-guns are all shotted, and  
one broadside will send her straight to the bottom.'

'No, sir,' says Decatur, 'I will not throw away  
the lives of my brave fellows so. Now, go below,  
my lads, we must surrender; and you want refresh-  
ment; so, go below.'

We turned to, and threw all our muskets, pistols,  
cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and every thing over-  
board, and cutting loose both batteries, we went  
down to the berth deck, to get something to eat and  
drink, for we had touched nothing since we left the  
Hook, and had not slept a minute either. I was go-  
ing along forward on the berth deck, when I stumbled  
over a dead marine, and as I was getting up, I  
found two bottles of devilish fine wine, for the com-  
modore had ordered his stores to be given to the  
sailors, and that was the reason I found this wine  
knocking about the deck. Just as I got upon my  
feet, one of the topmen, named Harry Brown, came  
along, whose scalp had been torn up by a musket  
ball, and hung over his face, so that he could not see.  
So I gave him one bottle of the wine, and it did him  
a great deal of good; but he was down-hearted, and  
thought he should die; so he told me to take a large  
gold chain, which he wore, and give it to his wife,  
when I got home; and I did so, and kept it, in spite  
of the English thieves, and gave it to her according  
to orders. When we went below, Decatur took his  
trumpet, and went forward on the fo'-castle, and  
standing on the larboard cathead, he hailed the  
Tenedos.

'I have surrendered, sir,' they pretended not to  
hear him, and let drive a whole broadside into us.  
'I have surrendered, sir,' says Decatur, again.  
'To whom?' says the Tenedos.  
'To the squadron, sir,' says Decatur; for he was  
too proud to say he had surrendered to any one ship.  
Bang! came another broadside from the Tenedos.  
Now, when they fired this second broadside, the  
first-lieutenant, with other officers, and a boat's  
crew, had just boarded us from the Pomone, which  
lay on our starboard-quarter, close aboard of us; and  
the shot from the Tenedos killed two officers and five  
men, on board the Pomone. So the first-lieutenant

of the Pomone ran forward, and hailed the Tenedos:  
'Cease firing, sir!' says he; 'his Britannic majes-  
ty's officers are aboard, sir.'

Then the Tenedos stopped firing, and the English-  
men boarded us by the hundred, and in five minutes  
there were four hundred of them aboard, in spite of  
the tremendous sea, and the gale of wind. Then  
they had their hands full, for all our guns were cruis-  
ing about decks, rolling with the roll of the ship, in  
every direction. It was as much as a man's life  
was worth, to be on our main-gundeck then; for if a  
long thirty-two pounder had rolled over a fellow, he  
would be about used up; and so the Englishmen  
danced and swore, a good deal, when they came to  
secure the batteries again, and wanted us to lend  
them a hand, but devil the bit would we do, so they  
had the fun all to themselves. After they had got  
every thing snug again, they took half of us, and  
sent us aboard the Tenedos; and as it was now near  
four bells, in the first watch, they stowed us away  
in the fore-hold, in double irons, to keep us safe till  
morning.

Then it was, 'down all boats, and search for the  
Endymion;' for she had dropped so far astern, that  
they did not know where she was, but at last they found  
her, and towed her up as the wind lulled, and when  
we were taken out of the hold, in the morning, she  
was alongside.

Well, they took us on deck, and stowed us away  
on the booms, amidships, in double irons; and the  
whole guard of marines under arms, standing sentry  
over us.

Now, we had had nothing to eat or drink for nearly  
two days, and were almost dead with hunger and  
thirst, and I determined to ask for something, come  
what would; so I spoke to the sergeant of the guard.  
'Sergeant,' says I, 'will you allow a prisoner to  
speak to you?'

'It is contrary to orders,' says he, 'but say on.'  
So I told him how it was with us, and begged  
him to ask the officer of the deck for something for  
us. He went to the lieutenant, and told him that the  
prisoners wanted some water.

'Who asked you?' says the lieutenant.  
'One of the men, sir,' says the sergeant.  
'Send him to me,' says the lieutenant.  
The sergeant came forward: 'Where's the man  
who spoke to me for water?'

'I'm the man,' says I.

So he knocked off my feet-irons, and I went aft to  
the lieutenant. He was the only officer aboard, all  
the rest being aboard the President, and a devilish  
smart fellow he was, too. So I told him how it was,  
that we were suffering for water, and begged him  
to give us a little.

'What's your name?' says he.

'Robert O'Neal, sir,' says I.

'An Irishman?' says, by heavens, I'll hang you!

'Well, sir,' says I, 'will you please to give us a  
little water?'

So he sung out for the master's-mate of the hold,  
and told him to give me four ten-gallon casks of wa-  
ter, and a couple of bags of bread. I took it and  
served it out to our men, but they jumped at it as if  
they were mad, and acted more like wild beasts than  
men; and drank all the water, and took all the bread  
so quick, that I could not get any myself. Then  
the lieutenant sent for me.

'Well,' says he, 'how did you make out?'

'But poorly myself, sir,' says I, 'the men took it  
all, and I had none left.'

'Well,' says he, 'sit down on that earboard-side,  
my man, and I'll see what I can do for you.'

It was now about his dinner-time, three-bells  
in the afternoon watch, and he went down to his din-  
ner, and sent up to me a piece of fresh beef and po-  
tatoes, and every thing I wanted, and I made a de-  
lishous good dinner. Pretty soon he came up from below.

'Well, my lad,' says he, 'how did you make out?'

'Very well, sir, and much obliged to you, sir,'

says I, 'there's only one thing wanting.'

'What's that?' says he.

'A little grog, if you please, sir,' says I.

'Well,' says he, 'I'll be d—d if you are not a  
whole-souled fellow. You shall have some grog,  
any how.'

So he wrote an order on the purser's steward for  
half-a-pint of grog, and gave it to me, and told me  
to go and get it; and I went below and got it, and  
then I was all right. When I came on deck, he  
made me come aft to him, and talked to me a long  
while.  
Well, that afternoon they sent all hands of us  
aboard of the Endymion; and stowed half of us in the  
fore-hold and the rest on the main-gundeck, amid-  
ships, in irons; and, as she had jury-masts rigged,  
they all bore away for Bermuda.

Now the Endymion was still the fastest ship in  
the squadron, and not being very full manned, we  
agreed to rise and take her, and bear away for some  
port in the States; and we had it all arranged, and  
in three minutes more the ship would have been our  
own, when the main-jurymast went by the board  
and dished all our plans. In a couple of days we  
made Bermuda, and there we were landed and  
marched through the town; and such a set of look-  
ing fellows no man ever saw. We had not been  
shaved for so long a time that we looked like bears;  
water was no shipment of ours; and, as the English  
thieves had stolen every thing we had, the clothes  
that we wore were both few and small; for exam-  
ple, my thumb-nail is as well clothed as we were;  
and, as we went along with our hands behind our  
backs, and two and two, the boys pelted us with mud,  
eggs, dead cats, and such-like. Then they put us  
aboard the Ardent, sixty-four, commanded by a  
mean old hunk, Sir William Barnaby, or 'Captain  
Bill,' as we used to call him; and we lay in port,  
aboard of her, till the peace.

The ladies of Bern-  
da gave us clothing and knick-knacks, and tried to  
make us comfortable; but, under 'Captain Bill,' that  
was an impossibility. So, when the peace came,  
they shipped us to New York, and we arrived there  
in June, safe and sound, and now I hail herabout-  
s. Now hand over the grog. I say, Jack, you mouldy-  
headed rascally, put the fiddler; you spoke for him.  
Ay, ay, Bob, says I, so I will; half in fair words  
and the rest in promises.

**Medical Science in Persia.** Sir Harford Jones,  
in his narrative of the British mission to Persia in  
1877, gives the following whimsical anecdote, as  
serving to show the extent to which Persian physi-  
cians may be confided in as restorers of health. A  
great khan of the royal tribe was afflicted with lepro-  
sy. The king took much interest in his welfare,  
and consulted the hakim bashi, or court physician,  
as to what could be done for his relief. This learn-  
ed person recommended that the patient should be  
swallowed, daily, a certain quantity of chinaware,  
ground to powder. The disease, however, was ob-  
stinate, and did not yield to the remedy, whereupon  
the king took it into his head that the fault lay  
in the quantity, and so ordered the patient to swallow  
a double dose of the same. This, too, produced no  
amendment. The hakim was consulted again, and  
described the want of success to the china not being  
old enough, and the consequence was that some  
of the oldest and finest pieces of china in the  
palace were ground to powder in quantities, and ad-  
ministered to the khan, of course, with exactly the  
same result as before. The hakim bashi now gave  
his opinion that the disease was caused by impurity  
of the blood; the only sure method to remedy which  
was, to draw blood from the patient and then put it  
back again; that is, cause him to drink it. This  
prescription was followed, and aided perhaps by the  
old china, soon cured the poor khan of his leprosy,  
and all his other troubles besides, by sending him  
post-haste to his grave.  
N. Y. Mirror.

**TIT FOR TAT.**—A snake in Scholastic county bit a  
Mr. H. N. Wedder's heel, while he was walking  
through a wheat field; in return, Mr. Wedder caught  
the serpent by the tail, dragged him out of the  
wheat, and bruised his head "all to smash."

**CHINA.**—The Chinese Repository, published at  
the end of February, has the following paragraph:  
'Since the 9th instant, this city (Canton) has pre-  
sented a scene of festivities, rejoicings and congrat-  
ulation which is unusual throughout the Chinese em-  
pire during the holidays of new year. In the mean-  
time there has been an unusual amount of suffering,  
especially among the lower classes of the inhabi-  
tants. Great numbers of the poor who were ren-  
dered homeless and penniless by the inundation  
last August, have perished during the winter. No  
one can describe the wretchedness of some of these  
sufferers, and none but an eye witness can conceive  
of it. Morning after morning, and in the same place,  
we have seen two, three and four dead bodies; and  
in the narrow compass of a few rods we have seen  
at noon-day, more than twenty individuals stretched  
on the bare ground half-naked, and either senseless  
or writhing in the agonies of death caused by hunger.  
No man cares for their bodies; none for their souls.'

**Fish stories** have had their day, and are succeed-  
ed by **wig stories**, equally marvellous, and quite as  
untrue. The last wig story is that General Jackson  
tried to pay his expenses homewards with the notes  
of the deposit banks; but finding them uncurrent,  
was obliged to "go to Biddle" and exchange them  
for United States Bank bills. The President  
carried no money with him for travelling expenses  
except gold and silver, the true "pet" money, known  
through this republic as the "Jackson currency,"  
which no man will refuse. This same Jack-  
son and Benton currency is becoming plenty, and  
alarms the opposition so much by its brightness, that  
they are perpetrating all kinds of wig stories about  
it. The eagles, half eagles, and quarter eagles,  
look so solid and satisfactory, that they fear for the  
reign of paper.

At a celebration on the 4th inst. in Virginia,  
a member of the party claiming "all the religion and  
all the decency," gave the following toast:

Martin Van Buren: Would to God he was like  
Jonah in the whale's belly—the whale to the d—l,  
the d—l in h—l, the door locked, the key lost, and  
not a son of Vulcan within millions of miles to make  
another.

**Appropriate names.** In looking over an old Lon-  
don directory, a curious gentleman found the follow-  
ing names, than which it would be difficult to im-  
agine any more admirably adapted to the profes-  
sions and trades of the persons by whom they were borne.  
Dunn, a tailor; Giblett, and Bull, butchers; True-  
fit, a wig-maker; Cutmore, an eating-house keeper;  
Boild, a fishmonger; Racken, an attorney; Whip-  
py, a saddler; Breakout, a baker; Coldman, an un-  
dertaker; Wicks, a tallow-chandler; and Bringlow,  
an apothecary.

## New Establishment.

THE subscribers having purchased the large brick  
house and Grocery establishment therein, lately  
kept by Z. Bedford & Co. would respectfully in-  
form 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 low 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. 8-11

**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, seer  
and Steel Mixt Broad Cloths;  
Fancy, Striped and Blue Cassimeres;  
Dark, Blue, Brown and Steel Mixt Cassinette;  
Summer Cloth;  
French and Brown Irish Linen;  
Blue and Mixt Cotton Twills;  
Painted Muslin, Gingham and Calicoes;  
Fancy Gause, Silk & Crape, Deleandress Hank'is;  
Black and White Crapes;  
Superior Black Sattin;  
Black, Brown, Sky-blue and Brown-watered Silk  
Pongee, Black Velis, Plain and Figured  
Bobinette; &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. 20-11

## SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE is hereby given that I shall proceed to  
expose to sale, at public vendue, on the pre-  
mises, between the hours of ten o'clock A. M. and three  
o'clock P. M. on the third Saturday in September  
next, the one undivided ninth part of the north east  
quarter of section No. seven, in township No. 4, of  
range No. one west; and also the one ninth part of  
lot No. 103 in the town of Aurora, with a two  
story frame building thereon—all in the county of  
Dearborn—of which Page Green deid seized, and  
will be sold on the following terms and conditions,  
to wit: one half of the purchase money in hand at  
the time of sale, and the residue in nine months  
from that day. The deferred payment to be well se-  
cured. By order of the Probate Court of Dearborn  
county.  
GEORGE W. COCHRAN, Adm'r.  
August 21, 1834. 22-12

## NEW GOODS.

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

**DRY GOODS:**  
ALSO,  
**HARDWARE, GROCERIES &  
Crockery;**

Fur, Leghorn and Palm Hatts,  
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  
GLASS CUT to order.  
April 9, 1834. 13-11

## 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 PART OF

**BROAD CLOTHS,**  
Super blue, invisible green, London smoke,  
Olive brown, blue, mixed, and drab.

**SATINE'S.**  
Blue, brown, gadotte, and premium mixed.  
A new article of fashionable striped do.

**SILKS.**  
Real black Italian lustrings, black gro. do.  
Swiss, black gro. do nap and Senshaws.  
Mantus, Saranetts and lavantine satins,  
Colored gro de naps, plain and figured,  
Colored Florence and satins.  
A variety of

## DRESS HANDKERCHIEFS.

Consisting of blond gauze, gro de zane,  
Gro de naps, popeline