

WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.
BY JAMES HALL.

'Twas far beyond the mountains, dear, we plighted
vows of love.
The ocean wave was at our feet, the Autumn sky
The pebbly shore was covered o'er with many a var-
ied shell,
And on the billow's curling spray, the sunbeams glit-
tered, and the storm has vexed that billow oft, and oft that
sun has set,
But plighted love remains with us, in peace and lus-
treous light.

I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, that bashful love
might speak,
Where none could hear what Love revealed, or see
The shore was first deserted, and we wandered there
alone,
And not a human step impressed the sand-beach but
Those footsteps all have vanished from the billow-
beaten strand—
The vows we made remain with us—they were not
far, far, we left the sea-girt shore, endeared by
Childhood's dream,
To seek the humble cot, that smiled by fair Ohio's
In vain the mountain cliff opposed, the mountain
torrent roared,
For Love unfurled her silken wing, and o'er each bar-
And many a wide domain we passed, and many an
ample dome,
But none so blessed, so dear to us, as wedded love's
Beyond those mountains now are all, that e'er we
loved or knew,
The long remembered many, and the dearly cher-
The home of her we value, and the grave of him we
mourn,
Are there—and there is all the past to which the
But dearer scenes surround us here, and lovelier
joys we trace,
For here is wedded love's first home—its hallowed

REMEMBER ME.—BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

When morning from the damps of night
Beams o'er the eye in rosy light,
And calls thee forth with smiles benign;
Ah think!—whose heart responds to thine,
And still with sympathy divine
Remember me.

When gentle twilight, pure and calm
Comes leaping on Reflection's arm;
When o'er the throng of cares and woes
Her veil of sober tint she throws
Wooing the spirit to repose,
Remember me.

When the first star, with crescent bright,
Gleams lonely o'er the arch of night,
When through the fleecy clouds that dance
The moon sends forth her timid glance,
Then gazing on the pure expanse,
Remember me.

When mournful sighs the hollow wind,
And pensive thoughts enwrap thy mind,
If e'er thy heart in sorrow's tone
To moaning melancholy prone,
Should sigh, because it feels alone,
Remember me.

When stealing to thy sacred bower
Devotion claims her holy hour,
When bowing o'er that sacred page
Whose spirit curbs affliction's rage,
Controls our youth,—sustains our age,
Remember me.

Oh! yet indulge the ardent claim
While Friendship's heart the wish can frame;
For brief and transient is my lay,
And mingled soon with kindred clay
This silent lip, no more shall say
Remember me.

And when in deep oblivion's shade
This breathless, mouldering form is laid,
If near that bed thy step should rove,
With one short prayer, by feeling wove,
One glance of faith, one tear of love,
Remember me.

From the New York Mirror.

THE BRIGANDS OF THE ABRUZZI.
From the Desk of a quiet old gentleman.

A stupendous amphitheatre of rocks rose to the
clouds among the most savage peaks of the southern
Apennines. Their terrible and sublime altitudes
overlooked both the Adriatic and the Mediterranean.
Awful—tremendous nature. What a voice it
hath in its silence! How it elevates, yet awes the
heart!

A single form loomed from one of these fantastic
cliffs, watching and listening, as if to ascertain the
approach of some one in the chasm below. Present-
ly several others appeared, forming a group strong-
ly picturesque. They were all dark, uncouth-look-
ing men, with broad hats, slouched sulkily over
their large black eyes, their temples and necks cov-
ered with heavy, matted hair, and their upper lips
overgrown with shaggy moustaches and beards, in
some descending to their breasts, and, in others,
blackening the chin and cheeks with close raven
curls.

'I swear,' cried the first, 'I heard him treading
yonder slope, among the loose stones, some of which
rolled off the precipice and went leaping down into
the stream.'

'Thou art a fool, Leonardo,' cried another. 'I tell
thee, no single traveller would venture up these
steeps; no human foot, except it be of some Aus-
trian spy, or some ferocious bandit like us, or some
prowling fool like thee, would break the silence of
these wilds.'

'If I am a fool, Antonio, thou art a fool and a bul-
ly to boot,' rejoined Leonardo, sullenly. 'Since
thou burstest thy dagger in the heart of that Aus-
trian stranger last week, and rifled him of his bag of
ducats, there is no enduring thee. I tell thee I
heard the fall of a step yonder; and thou think'st me
a fool, get thee back to the cave, and get ye back all,
and I promise, when I return, I will not be alone.'

'A share of the eggs, Leonardo,' said a third,
'when thou hast robbed the poor little peasant's
nest; but take care the angry bird hurts not thine
eyes.'

'Hush!' whispered Leonardo.

The robbers crouched down among the branches.
A carbine, which had been slung over the ruffian's
shoulder, clanked against the chain by which it had
been suspended.

A deep silence ensued.

Then a step was distinctly heard striding among
the stones, and a voice of some richness, and, with
a true feeling for music, arose, in a pretty air,
'Oh, I have erred;
I laid my hand upon the nest,
(Tita, I sigh to sing the rest,
Of the wrong bird.'

A sound like that of cocking a musket from the
rock which overhung the young vocalist's head at-
tracted his eyes to that point, and he could just hear
the whispered dialogue.

'Fool, let go my hand.'
'Nay, Leonardo, I tell thee—'
'Let go my hand, I say.'
'But it is only a single—'
'By the heart of Bacchus, an thou hangest on my
arm, I will strike thee with my dagger.'
'And I tell thee, thou cold-blooded ruffian,' said
the other voice, in a more undisguised tone, 'if thou
talk'st to me of daggers, I will hurl thee from this
rock. Nay, now, good Leonardo—'
A short struggle ensued.

The report of a carbine, a shout, an oath from the
robbers, and a green form from the traveller, who had fal-
len at full-length on the ground, were answered by
the cries of a flock of startled crows, that took flight,

screaming at this ominous, though not unfrequent
interruption to their repose.

When the brigands had turned the body over,
there was a loud coarse laugh.

'He has swallowed the bullet, Leonardo,' cried
one; 'for I see no mark of it about his body.'

'The target-firing has put him to sleep,' said an-
other; 'he will awake presently.'

'I do think thou hast missed the mark, Leonardo,'
said Antonio, as the savage robber sought plunder
in vain from his victim, finding little else than a
portfolio of sketches. 'The heart of no true brigand
beats in thy bosom, for thou art bloodthirsty as a
savage beast; but, by St. John, as thy soul is fierce,
so thine eye is false, and thy hand unsteady; for, ha,
ha, ha! thy bird is but stunned, and has in him the
wherewithal to pay thee back in thy own coin. See!
ha, ha, ha! he rises and scowls at thee with good
emphasis; a handsome boy, too.'

Another hoarse laugh rolled over the cliff, as the
way-laid traveller slowly rose, and, with sullen glan-
ces into the faces of the banditti, rested his piercing
black eyes, at length, upon those of Leonardo. The
stranger was a youth of nineteen or twenty, of a
graceful and manly figure, with luxuriant curls cov-
ering his head and shoulders, and a face full of ex-
pression, though now clouded by fear and anger.

'Who art thou?' said Leonardo.

'A native of these parts,' was the reply, 'who
thought poverty, and hatred of priests and tyrants,
might have saved him from the bullet of such as ye.'

'Thy profession?'
'My portfolio shows it.'

'Then let thy lips name it,' cried another deep
voice, abruptly.

'By the mass,' cried the stranger, answering the
keen frown of the last speaker with a goodnatured
and winning smile, 'ye set on a poor painter, as if he
were a fat cardinal. I pray ye, gentlemen, use me
kindly; and I hope ye will, for you would get little
for the trouble of using me ill.'

'Art thou rich or poor?'
'The Lord love thee, man, I feed on berries.'

'And hast thou no one to pay a ransom?'
'Thou art a wag,' said the handsome stranger,
laughing, and the rough, fierce-looking men, with
their striking attire, attitudes, and faces, gathered
round, unconsciously moved to merriment, and in-
terested by the kind of kindred hardihood and fear-
lessness, as well as the original manner and prompt
conversation of their prisoner.

'Thou art a wag, my friend,' repeated the captive.

'A rough one, though,' rejoined the interrogator.

'It was I who winged the bullet at thy heart but
now, and I have another ready to punish the impen-
tence of thy tongue, as well as the intrusion of thy
steps. Cants thou pay me a ransom, I say?'
'The devil a carline. I am a friendless painter,
not in love with the world, nor favored by fortune.
An thou kill me, it will be but a waste of powder; an
thou keepest me prisoner, a waste of bread. In
either case thou wilt do an injury to the fine arts,
among which thy profession ranks high.'

'I believe thou sayest a lie, friend,' said another.

'There is that in thy words and manner which
speaks thee better than thy calling.'

'Indeed, good sir, you flatter.'

'And such flattery thou lovest not, I dare swear.
What wilt thou give to save thy neck?'
'I have nothing but thanks, which you shall have
to any amount, and thou mayst moreover be sure
that the payment will be prompt, and that the coin
will not be counterfeit.'

'What has led thy steps here amidst the solitudes
of the Abruzzi,' said Leonardo, who from some late
association, or the inherent ferocity of a nature
gloomy, cruel and delighting in acts dark and atro-
cious, appeared from the first to conceive a hatred
against the unfortunate, and to be fatally bent on
his destruction.

'A truant disposition like thine own,' replied the
other.

'Say rather the disposition of a spy,' cried Leon-
ardo, approaching him, and clenching his brawny
fist in his face, while his white teeth shone through
his sneering lips and raven beard.

'I tell ye what, comrades,' continued the ruffian,
'you may like the amusement of every wandering
varlet's society, and believe the tale of every design-
ing traitor, but on my faith, I would keep no terms
with these wretches. Let this prating catfist die
for his pains.'

'Leonardo,' cried Antonio, 'I have called thee a
fool; in truth, thou art a villain as well. I protest
against thy barbarity. Our Captain Leopold, thou
know'st, holds different opinions; if he returns not
from Calabria soon enough to prevent thy crime, he
will return soon enough to punish it.'

'Preach to woman, weak boy, thou and he with
thee; and talk of punishment when thou hast the
means. Comrades, this man is no painter, believe
me, he is but some spy, who for a reward has ven-
tured to seek out our abode in this lowly character,
and who doubtless would smile to see all our heads
adorning the front of the Palazzo Reale at Naples.
Remember the fate of Campanelli! betrayed by such
a disguised traitor to torture and death—I give my
voice for his death! what say you, shall he live or
die?'
'Let him die,' cried another wretch; 'tie him to
a tree, and let us plant a brace of bullets in his heart.
Dash out his brains with the breech of thy carbine.
Bind him hand and foot, and hurl him from yonder
cliff; a leap of three thousand feet will give him an
appetite for his supper in—'
As these fearful alternatives flew from lip to lip,
the stranger, whose dashing boldness, although
founded on a naturally fearless heart, had been half
put on to meet the occasion, and secure good treat-
ment by striking in with the rough bravado of the
robber's character, turned pale. His broad hat was
knocked fiercely from his forehead and lay upon the
turf, and two strong men seized him by the throat,
and dragged him towards the dreadful crag, which
the wretch had pointed out as the fitting scene for
him to finish forever his mortal career. The artist
looked around for the only one among the brigands
who had shown any sparks of feeling. He had dis-
appeared.

'The blessed virgin protect me,' he cried, in a
low tone of inexpressible anguish; 'the blessed vir-
gin protect me, for I am a lost man.' * * *

She sat in the entrance of the cave upon a broken
rock. A magnificent woman, of a lovely, yet au-
dacious appearance—her person commanding and
dignified, yet graceful—her face melancholy, yet
beautiful and majestic; her raven hair was parted
with the utmost simplicity over her forehead, and a
pair of eyes that should have lighted the halls of an
emperor. You saw in an instant the splendid char-
acter which the waves of tumultuous fortune had
cast in a robber's cave, and upon a robber's bosom.
In Egypt, she would have been Cleopatra—among
the gypsies, a Meg-Merrilies. In England, a Mrs.
Siddons—in the unfortunate land of the Neapolitan,
condemned by the iron-hand of fate to be what the
other only acted—a wild, high, brilliant woman—
trading amid spoils and blood in the lonely forest,
and upon the midnight cliff—a brigand's wife—but
still a woman—without the pale of society—yet
with the gentlest of human hearts beating in her
bosom. She put on fierceness, as a language in
which alone her wishes could be understood, and her
humanity seconded.

Antonio rushed in breathless.

'What now, Antonio!—thy master—speak quick!'
She rose like a tigress, sprang forward, and
pierced with her great awakened eyes into the soul of
the robber.

'No, nothing of him, except that—his laws are
broken—Leonardo—'
The messenger panted again for breath.

'Leonardo! that villain's heart I read with ease—
he is a rebel, and would bring revolution and civil
war even here among our peaceful band. He aims
at sole empire; what of him! Now thou hast breath-
ed again.'

'He has snared a single traveller, and by this

time I fear has hurled him headlong from Monte
Gargano.'

'His wanton cruelty will rouse the whole country,'
cried the angry woman, striding rapidly toward the
cliff, as if to prevent, if possible, the consummation
of the deed. 'Yet he is powerful among the men—
who war in the absence of Leopold, and follow
him as a chief—ha! by the holy virgin, look! They
are grouped up yonder against the sky, on the very
edge of the beetling precipice. They have not yet
sealed the poor wretch's fate; see, the victim is
bound, and the circle opens; Leonardo and Pisanì
have grasped the victim; now they stoop to gather
their strength—God—death—what—ho! Leonardo
—villains—rebel—I will have thee flayed—Leonar-
do, ho!'

The ruffians roughly dragged the poor painter to
the fearful scene. He who has looked from the pin-
nacle of an Italian mountain, has beheld a sight per-
haps magnificent beyond parallel. The clearness
of the atmosphere, the depth of the sky, the blueness
of the placid Mediterranean, the levels of gorgeous
and luxuriant vegetation which rise in the hills, the
beds of fresh and verdant loveliness which lie
bosomed in the vales, vast tracks of lemons and or-
anges sparkling and waving in the sun, and a river
not of water, but of sand, winding in many broad
and graceful bends by wood and hill, by rock and
garden, beneath impending towns and ruined cas-
tles, and under the arches of bridges built of many
stones. Never was a scene more wonderfully splen-
did than that on which the affrighted painter cast
his eyes in that awful moment. They drew him
within a few feet of the edge, where he was bound,
amid fierce jeers and eager impatience, for the
wretches loved the excitement of such a scene.

'Hast thou said thy pater-noster, painter?' said
one.

'Hast thou confessed thy sins?' asked another.

'Hast thou told thy beads?' demanded a third.

'In the love of the Madonna, friends, do not put
me to this cruel death.'

'Thou art late in thy application,' said Leonardo;
'when the brigand's thirst for blood is up, he must
have the draught, cost what it may.'

They drew him to the edge, and Leonardo delib-
erately motioning the strongest of the party to as-
sist him, the two seized him by the feet and shoul-
ders, the former of which as well as his hands were
closely bound, and lifted him over the brink. He
closed his eyes with a convulsive shudder—one or
two entreaties were choked in his throat.

'Farewell, painter,' cried the ferocious Leonardo,
'a pleasant journey to thee; it is a long one, but thou
wilt not be long on the way.'

Another moment, and the world had lost the best
paintings which ever graced the walls of its gal-
eries and palaces, when the shout of Madalena, from
below, arrested the brutal arm of Leonardo.

'Per diò!' he said, 'Madalena! There will be
breakers ahead.'

'Diavolo,' cried the rest; 'if the old beldame had
staid away a minute more.'

But they could not decently finish their atrocious
deed without paying her the respect of waiting for
her first to come up, although the temptation of
flinging a man three thousand feet off a precipice
was almost too powerful to be resisted.

Madalena mounted the acclivity; she knew their
natures well, and though her horror and impatience
had, the moment before, found vent in threats and
revilings, she had calmed herself now to a steadier
mood.

'Knaves,' she said, 'do ye these things alone!
Should ye not, in the absence of your chieftain, do
me the poor honor to invite me to your amusements?'
'You are welcome,' growled Leonardo, fiercely,
with the air of a hungry dog, whose bone has been
just wrenched from between his teeth by superior
force; 'although uninvited, you are welcome.'

'But who is this wretch, the doomed victim of
your displeasure—what?'

She placed her finger on his forehead to steady
his palsied and ghastly features, while his languid
limbs hung nerveless in their tight bands.

'Why, by the Virgin, this is a boy—young—un-
armed—helpless—bound—' and she took, between her
thumb and finger, a fold of his worn garment; 'poor,
too—and, perhaps, an outcast and a victim like
yourselves.'

'Ay, and the first word he spoke,' exclaimed one
of the band, 'was a hatred and defiance to priests
and tyrants.'

'Why, Leonardo, this is low game—this is an in-
significant prey—this is a victim rather for a woman's
arm, or, rather, her eyes.'

'I understand no jest, fair lady. This slave is, in
our belief, a spy—some Austrian renegade—some
Spanish traitor—sent here, peradventure, with prom-
ises of reward for thy head and mine.'

'It were but fair,' cried another, 'to let him leave
his own as a pledge for his good faith.'

'Not his head, good Rinaldo, but his heart.'

'An we have women to lead us, and the talk be of
hearts to be pierced with Cupid's arrows, rather than
good Spanish steel, we may better lay down our
weapons at once.'

'Thou poor youth, cease thy fears. If thou art not
sent here to do us harm, what wild caprice hath
tossed thee among the heights of the Abruzzi?'
'I am, by profession, a poor painter, without a
carline or a friend. I wandered here to study na-
ture, that I may transfer her features to my canvases.'

'It is a false tale,' cried one of the men; 'painters
love their ease too well, and have little to do
with nature. Spagnuolo sleeps in the gorgeous
halls of the Spanish viceroy. Neither he nor his
gang haunt the peaks of the Abruzzi. I see not why
his life should be spared.'

'He is no painter,' cried several voices, 'he comes
here a spy, perhaps a cardinal, perhaps a Spanish
noble. I say, give him a sound sleep in the rocky
bed of yonder stream.'

'Youth, cried Madalena, 'I would save thy life;
tell me truly art thou what thou professes to be?'

'By the blessed Redeemer, by the holy mother,
dear lady, I am.'

'Canst thou paint well, then?'
'I may not say of myself such a thing, but my
hand is familiar with the pencil.'

'Soldiers,' said Madalena, in a good-natured voice,
'come, I will wager with you for the youth's life;
ye have a fair set of goodly faces, though somewhat
rough and uncouth; but we will put this young
stranger's skill to the test; we can find whether he
be a painter or no. I see pencils and paper in his
portfolio, through which thy bullet, Leonardo, has
made a perforation. Now lie ye down here, and
let him draw one of ye to prove his profession, and
as a specimen of his ability.'

'Agreed, agreed,' cried the rude groupe, and fling-
ing themselves down into careless attitudes, they
unbound the pale youth, and placed before him the
utensils to his art.

The boy seized his pencil. It was always his
joy, now it was his inspiration and his life.

'I think, Leonardo, he is a painter indeed,' cried
one, 'for he grasps his pencil as thou dost thy dag-
ger—as if he were used to it.'

'He is well rid of his paleness, too,' said Antonio.
'I think the youngster hath touched his skin with
the color fair women paint their cheeks with, only
the eyes are as fiery as our lady's, when Leopold
brought in his last plunder.'

'If the youth be truly a poor moon-struck artist,'
cried Leonardo, 'I thank the saints we have spared
him, but I took him for a certain duke, whom I have
seen ere now, grinning at the prison windows of
such scum as we.'

'Duke or artist,' cried another, 'it was a lucky
chance which brought Madalena up the hill. He
would have been drawing else by fire light.'

While the wretches were thus engaged, the ani-
mated artist had, with a few bold touches, sketched
the splendid scene around, and told the whole story
of his morning adventure. The cliffs frowned, with
their shaggy, rugged outlines against the sky, upon
the terrific edge of the chasm where they sat. The

ferocious ruffians lay around, dashed off with a vig-
orous and powerful hand, and strikingly like the ori-
ginals, whose eyes, now lighted with better humour,
gleamed from under their black and heavy brows.
On the brink sat the artist himself, bound, and
aghast at the prospect of approaching death, and in
the centre, rose the commanding form of Madalena
her finger on his head, sternly remonstrating with
the savage banditti against their murderous intent.

The brigands fairly shouted with delight, as each
portrait was recognized, and with one accord, prom-
ised him his life and liberty.

'This is nobly done, gentle youth. Thou has in
the cunning of true genius. Here shalt thou
remain, as free as the winds, or the eagle, till thou
art tired of our company, and I pledge thee a hesi-
table entertainment, and a safe return; am I right,
comrades?'

'Yea, by the heart of Diana, not a hair of his
head shall be injured by us.'

Even Leonardo smiled, and said: 'the hand that
drew this, should not perish among the mountains.'

'And what is thy name, young man?' inquired
Madalena kindly.

'Alas! I have no name,' replied the liberated
youth, 'the world knows not of me. It will scarce-
ly dwell in thy remembrance, but I am called in my
own little circle, Salvatore Rosa.'

The obscure painter long dwelt with his rough
friends, and it is supposed imbibed among them, man-
y of those deep and splendid conceptions, which
have since made the productions from his hand pre-
cious treasures, in the galleries of kings, princes
and pontiffs. The magnificent figures of robbers,
found scattered through his canvases, among the Ab-
ruzzis; and he has even left one picture, an engraving,
in which the above recital is still recited around;
where the noble Madalena still remonstrates with
her finger on his head; and where he, the greatest
artist in many respects which the world ever saw,
and the only landscape painter produced by a coun-
try, the most remarkable of all countries for its ex-
quisitely beautiful scenery, hangs trembling over the
cliff, awaiting till the appeal of a robber's wife
be pronounced upon by the group of Neapolitan bri-
gands.

**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,
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Blue, brown, gadette, and premium mixed.
A new article of fashionable striped do.
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Real black Italian lustrings, black gro. do.
Swiss, black gro. do nap and Senshaws.
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Gro de naps, popelino, and crape de chine,
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White and black bobinet veils,
Black, green, and white gauze, do.
Irish linen, lawns, and linen cambrics,
Linen cambric handkerchiefs,
Super gauze ribbons, and beltings,
Pink, white and black Italian crape,
Plain, striped and corded gingham,
Painted Muslin,
Plain, figured and crossbarred jacobnet,
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CONSISTING OF SUMMER
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Merino, cassimere, brocheil,
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Real linen drilling,
Blue and yellow nankeens,
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ALSO,
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Painted Muslin, Gingham and Calicoes;
Fancy Gauze, Silk & Crape, Deleandress Hank'ls;
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Lawrenceburg, April 1, 1834. 12

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BY LEWIS BENNETT, of Adams
township, Ripley county, Indiana—on
the 13th of October, 1834. One stray
Chester Sorrel HORSE, supposed to
be six years old last spring; 16 hands high; a white
streak in the forehead; Appraised to be worth
fifty dollars by Isaac Lyons and Thomas W. Sun-
man, on the 22d day of October, 1834.
I hereby certify the above to be a true copy from
my estray book.
JOHN SUNMAN, J. P. 44-3w*

LAND FOR SALE.
THE School section No. 16, township No. 7, in
range 2 west, in Dearborn county, will be offered
for sale, at the court house door in Lawrenceburg,
on Saturday the 29th day of November next, be-
tween the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 P. M.
where due attendance will be given by
JAMES WALKER,
School Commissioner. 37-4s

Sept. 25th, 1834.

Lumber for Sale.
750,000 feet of Boards,
20,000 do. Scantling,
350,000 Shingles,
On hand and for Sale by WM. TATE, re-
N. B. All those indebted to me for lumber re-
quested and expected to make immediate pa-
ment.
W. T. 37-1f
Lawrenceburg, Sept. 25th, 1834.

JOSEPH GROFF,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Hat Manufacturer;
HAVING recently removed his establishment,
from Elizabethtown, Ohio, to Lawrenceburg,
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, out
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.
Lawrenceburg, August 2, 1834. 29-1f

Clocks, Watches, &c.
THE subscriber has just received direct from the
city of PARIS, an extensive and splendid ad-
dition to his former assortment of Jewelry, Table
and Tea Spoons, (Silver and common) ALSO, a
choice selection of *Lepine Horizontal, Repeating,*
Patent Lever and Common WATCHES; And various
other articles, not strictly in his line, among
which are *FANCY ARTICLES, (new style),*
PERCUSSION CAPS, &c. &c. all of which he
will sell at Cincinnati prices.
SHOP opposite to the market house, where he
will be ready at all times to repair Watches, Clocks,
and attend to all kinds of business in his line.
F. LUCAS. 11-1f
March 28, 1834

Sheriff's Sale.
BY virtue of an execution to me directed, from
the clerk's office of the Dearborn circuit court,
I shall expose to public sale at the court house door,
in Lawrenceburg, on Saturday the 22d day of Oc-
tober next, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M.
and 2 o'clock P. M. on said day, four hundred and
thirty-eight Shares of Stock in the Lawrenceburg
Bridge Company, as the property of Davis Wood-
ward, which I have seized upon to satisfy a judg-
ment obtained at the last term of said court, by Ja-
cob Hays against Jeremiah Phinney and Davis
Woodward.
JOHN WEAVER, Sheriff. D. C. 42-1s
October 30th, 1834.

NOTICE.
THAT part of fractional School section No. 16,
township 6, Range 3 West, which was adver-
tised for sale on the 5th of this month, will be sold
on the 24th instant, between the hours of 10 o'clock
A. M. and 4 P. M. on said day, at the Court house
door in Lawrenceburg; said sale having been ne-
cessarily postponed.
HENRY WALKER,
School Commissioner. 44-1s
Nov. 12, 1834.

LEATHER.
A CONSTANT supply of Calf, Kip, Upper and
Sole Leather, for sale low for cash, by
Jan 30 L. W. JOHNSON.
Cash paid for HIDES & SKINS.

Journeyman Blacksmith wanted
A Journeyman Blacksmith, well acquainted with
the business, industrious and attentive, would
meet with a permanent situation and good wages,
by application to the undersigned, in Lawrence-
burg. None but a first rate hand, of habits as
above named, need apply.
JOHN D. CRONTZ. 37-1f
Sept. 24th, 1834.

Rectified Whiskey.
THE subscribers have on hand a quantity of su-
perior rectified whiskey, which they will sell
by the barrel on accommodating terms.
N. & G. SPARKS. 16
May 1, 1834.

Kanhawa Salt.
A QUANTITY of Kanhawa Salt, just received,
and for sale by GEO. W. LANE & Co.
November 8, 1834. 43-

CASH will be paid for any quantity of clean
TIMOTHY, CLOVER, & BLUE GRASS
SEEDS. Apply at the Produce and Seed Store
of L. W. JOHNSON.
August 6, 1834.

50,000 POUNDS canvassed hams and
50,000 pounds smoked shoulders
for sale by J. P. DUNN & Co. 38-
July 24, 1834.

HOUSE TO RENT.
TO rent, a very convenient and pleasant BRICK
BUILDING, well suited for a small family resi-
dence. Inquire of J. P. DUNN & Co.
Oct. 15th, 1834.

Stove to Rent or Sell.
FOR Sale or Rent a large TEN PLATE
STOVE, well calculated for a school house or
large room. It is partly worn, and will be sold
or rented on reasonable terms. Enquire at this Of-
fice. Oct. 10th 1834.

**Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Execu-
tions, Summonses, Bills of
Lading, and most other
kinds, for sale at this office.**