

# THE DECLARATION.

The lady sat within her tower,  
Where trellised vines hung o'er her,  
With flashing eye and burning cheek,  
Down knelt her fond adorer;  
He took her soft white hand, and in  
Her bright eye fondly gazing,  
Sought for a look, to show that he  
An equal flame was raising;  
Yet still her eyes were turned away,  
And as his heart waxed bolder,  
And he devoured her lily hand,  
The lady's look grew colder.

And then he swore by all the stars,  
That in the sky were shining—  
By all the verdant vines that o'er  
Her gentle bower were twining—  
By mountains, valleys, seas and streams,  
And by the moon above her,  
And every thing therein that e'er  
Sophia or saints discover—  
He never could know peace again  
On earth, till he had won her;  
Yet still she answered not the look  
Of love he cast upon her.

And then he swore, at her command,  
To show his love, he would do  
What never mortals did before,  
And none but lovers could do;  
That he would climb up to the moon,  
Or swim the ocean over—  
Would dine one day at Sandy Hook,  
And sup next night at Dover;  
Then jump from thence to London, and  
Alight on St. Paul's steeple—  
Then pull the premier's nose and make  
O'Connell damn the people.

Or that he would put armour on,  
And, like a knight of yore, he  
Would fight with giants, castles scale,  
And gain immortal glory.  
Then go and build a kingdom up,  
And be a mighty winner;  
Bowstring the Sultan Mahmood—and  
His Turkey eat for dinner.  
Then follow Lander's dismal track,  
And on the Niger's banks  
An empire of the darkies found,  
And merit Tappan's thanks!

If harder tasks she did demand,  
He would reform the nation—  
Make talent, honesty and worth,  
Essentials to high station—  
Make politicians tell the truth,  
Give consciences to brokers,  
And put upon the temperance list  
An army of old smokers—  
Make lawyers "keep the people's peace,"  
Physicians kill them cheaper—  
A cloud was on the lady's brow,  
Which, as he spoke, grew deeper.

He swore she had the brightest eyes,  
That ever look'd on mortal;  
And that their light was like the rays  
That stream from heaven's own portal;  
That by her cheek, the opening rose  
Would look but dim and faded;  
And darker than the raven's wing,  
The hair her fair brow shaded;  
That Venus by her side would look  
A common country dowdy;  
She blushed and smiled, and then  
Her brow again grew cloudy.

Up sprung the lover then, and said,  
"Will you be Mrs. Popkins—  
Miss Julia Jane Amelia Ann  
Matilda Polly Hopkins?  
I have a house four stories high—  
We'll live in splendid style, and  
A handsome country seat upon  
Lake George's sweetest island—  
Ten thousand eagles in the mint,  
Bankshares, untold, percented"—  
The lady bent her cheek to his,  
Her gentle heart relented!

## THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TWO LOVERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

We forget in what book it was, many years ago,  
That we read the story of a lover who was to win  
his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain,  
and how he did win her.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the  
mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart  
to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest.  
Let us fancy it a good lofty hill, in the summer  
time. It was, at any rate, so high, that the father  
of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for  
a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason  
alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his  
daughter should be his.

The peasant assembled in the valley to witness  
so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain  
with their eyes; they communed with one another,  
and shook their heads; but all admired the  
young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their  
mistresses, thought they could do as much. The  
father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting  
that he had subjected his daughter even to the show  
of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his  
inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a  
small land proprietor, who had some pretensions to  
wealth, though none to nobility,) stood, respectful-  
looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he  
should win his mistress, though at the cost of a no-  
ble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain,  
considering who it was he was to carry. If he died  
for it, he should at least have had her in his arms,  
and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person  
in that manner was a pleasure he contemplated  
with such transport, as is known only to real lovers;  
for none others know how respect heightens the joy  
of dispensing with formality, & how dispensing with  
formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, de-  
spondent, and dreading. She thought her lover would  
succeed, but only because she thought him in every  
respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was  
too much for his strength and valour. Great fears  
came over her, nevertheless. She knew not what  
might happen in the chances common to all. She  
felt the bitterness of being herself the burthen to  
him and the task; and dared neither to look at her  
father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now  
on the crowd (which nevertheless she beheld not)  
and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which  
she doubled up towards her with a pretence—the  
only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a  
daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and  
coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the  
lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not  
what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, to put an end to this  
mummary," and the lover, turning pale for the first  
time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which  
he moves off, slow, but secure, and as if encouraging  
his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed  
well; he halts an instant before he gets midway,  
seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker  
rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the  
lady from one side to the other. The spectators  
give a great shout. The baron, with an air of in-  
difference bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts  
on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover  
resumes his way. Slow but not feeble in his step,  
yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think  
they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The  
women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be  
victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way be-  
tween the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops,  
he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout

from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds  
of the remaining part of the way are conquered.  
They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead  
and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and  
the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than  
ever, but seems to be more sure. He halts, but it is  
only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he  
picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and  
then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts  
up her arms as if to lighten him. See: he is almost  
at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves side-  
ways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot  
every time close to the other. Now—he is all but  
on the top; he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers.  
A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he  
turns full front toward the top; it is luckily almost  
level; he staggers, but it is forward. Yes, every  
limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it  
would assist him: see at last: he is on the top; and  
down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous  
shout! He has won; he has won. Now he has a  
right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing  
him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted,  
it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron puts spurs to his horse, the crowd fol-  
lowing him. Half way he is obliged to dismount:  
they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd  
silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with  
chame and impatience. They reach the top. The  
lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasp-  
ing him with both arms, his lying on each side.  
"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast prac-  
tised this feat before, on purpose to deceive me.  
Arise!"

"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man,  
who was rich enough to speak his mind; "Sampson  
himself might take his rest after such a deed."

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to  
congratulate and keep them together. These people  
look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they  
bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they  
should ever be parted more," said a venerable man:  
"they can never be." He turned his old face stream-  
ing with tears, and looked up at the baron: "Sir,  
they are dead!"

## IRISH CIRCUMLOCUTION.

If the Irish are to be distinguished as a convivial  
and a musical, they must also be noted as a circum-  
locutory people. Observing one day, an unusual  
congregation in the streets of Derry, I inquired of a  
bystander the reason; and he, with a mellifluous  
brogue, replied in the following metaphorical man-  
ner.

"The reason sir! Why, you see that the justice  
and little Larry O'Hone, the carpenter, have been  
putting up a picture-frame at the end of the strato-  
yonder, and they are going to hang one of 'Adam's  
copies' in it."

"What's that?"  
"Why, poor Murdock O'Donnell."  
"Oh, there's a man to be hung!"  
"Do they put up a gallows for any other purpose?"  
"What's his offence?"  
"No offence, your honor; it was only a liberty he  
took."

"Well, what was the liberty?"  
"Why, you see, sir, poor Murdock was in delicate  
health, and his physician advised that he should  
take exercise on horseback; and so, having no horse  
of his own, he borrowed one from Squire Doyle's  
paddock; and no sooner was he on its shoulders,  
than the d—l put it into the cracker's head to go  
over to Kellogg's cattle-fair, where he had a good  
many acquaintances; and when he was got there,  
Murdock spied a friend at the door of a shebeen-  
house, and left the animal grazing outside, whilst  
he went in to have a thimbleful of whiskey; and  
then, you see, they got frisky, and had another,  
and another, till poor Murdock went to slape on the  
bench; and when he woke up, he found the cracker gone,  
and his pocket stuffed full with a big lump of money."

"In short," said I, "you mean to say he has been  
horse-stealing."

"Why, sir," he replied, stammering and scratch-  
ing his head, "they call it so in England!"

After hanging the appointed time, this unfortu-  
nate Murdock was cut down and conveyed away by  
his friends to an adjacent house, where it being dis-  
covered that his neck was not broken, a physician  
was called in, and the means of resuscitation were  
successfully employed. He then sank into a sound  
sleep, and was ordered to be given a cup of new  
milk whenever he woke and was thirsty. Two fe-  
male relatives sat up with him; and the worthy doc-  
tor sent them a bottle of whiskey to cheer the tedi-  
um of the night; but they in drinking healths to one  
and the other's families, and long life in especial to  
Murdock, very soon became too sociable to be dis-  
creet.

When Murdock awoke, he rubbed his eyes, and  
looking round him wildly, exclaimed—"Where am  
I, dear lady—in Purgatory?"

"No, no, honey Murdock; don't you know Judy  
Flin's cabin—your own sister Judy?"

"And is that you, Judy? and is this a bed?" he  
inquired, quite bewildered.

"To be sure it is Judy," said she, "and this a bed,  
though it is not as good a one as I could wish; and  
here's Molly Dorgan, your own cousin-jarman; and  
we have been both drinking your health, Murdock,  
and long life to you, wid the whiskey the doctor sent  
us to kape the ould blue devil from tazing us."

"But sure I was hant, Judy," said he.

"Sure enough, darling, for not returning Farmer  
Doyle's pony that you borrowed; but Doctor Mul-  
ready, blessings on him! who brought you into the  
world five-and-twenty years ago, has brought you  
alive again, after you had been made the picture of  
the 'slaping beauty' on the government sign-post."

"Why, then," replied Murdock, with a deep sigh,  
"I don't thank Doctor Mulready; I was very aisy  
where I was. Father O'Connell had forgiven me  
my sins; my misery was all over, and a swate slape  
had begun; and here have you brought me back to  
this dirty world to beg, steal, and starve, as I have  
done before. I don't thank you, Judy; you never  
ax'd my consent. And by the powers! since Doc-  
tor Mulready has had me born over again, he shall be  
at the expence of bringing me up!"

To mollify Murdock's discontent at his restoration,  
the women handed him the whiskey-bottle, (though  
strictly enjoined by the doctor to give him nothing  
but milk,) which he, seizing with desperation, drain-  
ed at a draught, and the liquor meeting the wind in  
his throat, he struggled, gurgled, and fell back on  
the bed, beyond the skill of Doctor Mulready, to  
revive again.

New Work, by a Journeyman Printer. The  
Eastern prints notice a work, which has just issued  
from the press of the Harpers, entitled, "Odds and  
Ends from the Knapsack of Thomas Singularity,  
Journeyman Printer; edited by Henry Junius Nott.  
This work by one of the craft, is said to be highly  
graphic and humorous—resembling very much the  
novels of Smollett. Cincinnati Intel.

Cure for Low Spirits. On Wednesday last,  
John Lowett was committed to the Waterfield  
House of Correction for six months, as a punish-  
ment for cruelly treating his wife, who is only sev-  
enteen years of age, and not twelve months mar-  
ried.—Lowett said that the young woman was sub-  
ject to lowness of spirit, and that he used to give  
her a slight beating now and then merely to revive  
her. Halifax Guardian.

The notorious Loubier, recently when about to  
be guillotined at Toulon, smoked his cigar as he  
walked to the scaffold, and on his way jokingly  
said, "A substitute in the army may be obtained for  
1,500 francs; I would give 3,000 francs to the  
man who would take my place."

## "Can you keep a Secret?" "Dorothy."

Ichabod, pale and trembling, to his wife, "Dorothy,  
I have a secret, and if I thought you would keep it  
inviolable, I would not hesitate to reveal it to you;  
but oh Dorothy, woman!"  
"Why Ichabod, it must certainly be a secret of  
great importance, for you are in a woful agitation.  
You know, husband, you can place implicit confi-  
dence in your wife. Have I ever given you any oc-  
casion to doubt my fidelity?"  
"Never, never, Dorothy; but the secret I have to  
communicate is one that requires more than ordinary  
faithfulness and prudence to prevent you from divulg-  
ing it. Oh! dear! I shudder when I think on it!"  
"Why, husband do you know how your lips trem-  
ble, and your eyes roll? What is the matter? Ich-  
abod! you surely cannot mistrust the confidence of  
one who vowed to the altar to be faithful to you.  
Come unbosom yourself."

"May I rely on your fidelity?"  
"Ichabod, you know you may."

"Well, then, we are both ruined!—undone  
—I have committed murder!"

"Murder!"  
"Yes, murder!—and have buried him at the foot  
of a tree in the orchard!"

"Oh! awful! Ichabod. Committed murder!—  
Then indeed we are ruined, and our children with us!"

Ichabod left the room, and Dorothy hurried off to  
a neighbor's. Mrs. Prattle observed a great change  
in Dorothy's countenance, and in her general ap-  
pearance; so great as to induce her to inquire into  
the cause of it.

"Oh! Mrs. Prattle, said Dorothy, I am the most  
miserable of women—I am ruined forever!"

"Mercy! Dorothy, how gloomy and distressed you  
look!—what has turned up to make you appear so  
dejected? Why, how you sigh! woman.—Tell me  
the cause."

"I wish I might, Mrs. Prattle; but the occasion  
of my unhappiness is a secret which I am not per-  
mitted to divulge."

"Oh! you may tell me Dorothy—I shall never speak  
of it again."

"Will you promise never to reveal it to any per-  
son living?"

"You know Dorothy, I never tell secrets."

"Well Mrs. Prattle I scarcely dare say it—my  
husband has committed murder, and buried him at  
the foot of a tree in the orchard! he told me of it  
himself. For Heaven's sake don't name it to any one."

"Murder!—Your husband committed murder!"  
Indeed! indeed! Dorothy, you have reason to think  
yourself ruined! Poor thing! I pity you from my  
heart."

Dorothy went home weeping and wringing her  
hands; and Mrs. Prattle, leaving her dough half  
kneaded and her infant crying in the cradle, hasten-  
ed to hold a tete-a-tete with Mrs. Tellall. Soon  
after this late confab was ended, the report of Ich-  
abod's having committed murder became general,  
and the disclosure of the fact was traced to his wife,  
Dorothy. Process was immediately issued against  
him by a magistrate, before whom, and in the pre-  
sence of a multitude of anxious spectators, he gave  
the following explanation, and plead guilty to the  
charge of murder: "My object," said Ichabod, "in  
the course I have pursued, was to test my wife's  
capability to keep a secret; I have committed murder  
inasmuch as I killed a toad, and buried it at the foot  
of a tree in my own orchard. How far my wife,  
like her sex, is capable of keeping a secret, has  
been sufficiently proved; and with respect to the  
murder, those who feel an interest in it, are at lib-  
erty to inspect the body."

Carthage, for the conquest of Sicily, 450 years  
before our Saviour, made preparations for 3 years.  
The army consisted of 300,000, the fleet of 2,000  
men of war, and 3,000 transports. By the interpo-  
sition of Gelon, the tyrant of Syracuse, at the invest-  
ment of the city of Hymene, every man was killed  
or taken prisoner, and only eight ships made their  
escape. The first Punic war lasted 24 years; the  
2d 17; and the 3d a little more than 4, when the re-  
nowned city of Carthage, containing the immense  
population of 700,000 human beings, was so com-  
pletely burned that not a single house remained.  
Being fired at all points, the conflagration was ter-  
rible, and burned with prodigious fury for 17 days.  
The plunder carried away by the Roman soldiers in  
precious metal alone, amounted to 44,700,000 lbs.  
of silver. Julius Caesar, in Germany, is said to  
have slaughtered 400,000 men in one battle.  
When Attila, king of the Huns, was defeated at  
Chalons, 300,000 men perished. But the most  
memorable devastation of human life on record,  
which was melancholy beyond all precedent, was  
the memorable army of Xerxes, marching into  
Greece. It consisted of 5,204,220, according to all  
ancient authorities. Nearly the whole of that mam-  
moth collection of soldiers were entirely destroyed.  
It was equal to the entire male population of the United States.

The editor of the Liverpool (Pa.) Mercury, anxious  
to liquidate his out-standing debts, issues the fol-  
lowing notice: "All kinds of country produce, from  
eggs to poultry—from saplings to big logs—from  
wheat to buck wheat (including corn, oats, rye, and  
potatoes,) as well as frying pans, WOOD, and  
corned cels—with every other article of household  
furniture, such as grindstones, &c. together with  
any quantity of the 'yellow stuff,' not even except  
"Old (Nick's) Rags," will be received in advance  
for any debts which may hereafter be found due to  
this office."

N. B. We must have wood and wheat any how.  
Imps says he won't freeze; and Ribby declares that  
we shant starve.

P. S. Our advertisement for oats is a matter of  
speculation. The mare is sold, to buy bread and  
meat for we and she, and oats will soon be high."

Hops in Maine. The Hop crop seems to have  
been very abundant in Maine the past year. A Ban-  
gor paper says there are farmers within thirty miles  
of that town who have taken a thousand dollars in  
cash as the clear income from their crop of Hops the  
present season. W. U. Register.

## LEATHER.

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

## 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.  
May 1, 1834. 16

## Kanhawa Salt.

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

## Officer's Guide

AND  
Farmer's Manual

For sale at this office.

INDIANA GAZETTEER.

A few copies of this work for sale at this office.

## 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.

## SATINETTS.

Blue, brown, gadette, and premium mixed.  
A new article of fashionable striped do.

## SILKS.

Real black Italian lustrings, black gro. do.  
Swiss, black gro. de nap and Senshaws  
Mantus, Sarsanetts 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, and crape de chine.  
Superfine gauze, and crape scarfs,  
Figured and plain bobinets,  
Thread and bobinett laces, and inserting,  
Bobinett and Swiss capes,  
White and black bobinett veils,  
Black, green, and white gauze, do.  
Irish linen, lawns, and linen cambrice,  
Linen cambric handkerchiefs,  
Super gauze ribbons, and beltings,  
Pink, white and black Italian crape,  
Plain, striped and corded ginghams,  
Painted Muslin,  
Plain, figured and crossbarred jaconet,  
Plain and figured Swiss, book and cambric muslin,  
Corded skirts,  
Linen and cotton table diaper,  
Circasians, merinoes and bombazetts.

## Men's Summer Wear,

CONSISTING OF SUMMER

## CLOTHES.

Merino, cassimere, brocheil,  
Princetta, and lasting,  
Real linen drilling,  
Blue and yellow nankeens,  
Superior silk velvet,  
White and colored marseilles vesting,  
Valentia, Satin face and silk do.

## STOCKS.

Bombazin, plain and figured silk,  
Black Italian cravats,  
Gentlemen's and Ladies gloves,  
Brown and bleached sheetings and shirtings,  
Checks, plaids, and ticks, &c. &c.  
HATS, BOOTS, AND SHOES, of all kinds,  
With a general assortment of

## Hardware & Cutlery,

Queensware, Glassware, and

## Groceries.

ALSO,

Bar Iron, Castings, Nails, and Window  
Glass, &c. &c. &c.

April 25th, 1834. 16-  
He feels grateful for past favors, and respectfully  
solicits a continuance of public patronage.

C. R. W.

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, aree  
and Steel Mix Broad Cloths;  
Fancy, Striped and Blue Cassimeres;  
Dark, Blue, Brown and Steel Mix Cassinets;  
Summer Cloth;  
French and Brown Irish Linen;  
Blue and Mix Cotton Twills;  
Painted Muslin, Gingham and Calicoes;  
Fancy Gaus, Silk & Crape, Deleandress Hank'fs;  
Black and White Crapes;  
Superior Black Satin;  
Black, Brown, Sky-blue and Brown-watered Silk  
Pongee, Black Veils, Plain and Figured  
Bobinets; &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

## "LAW NOTICE.

DANIEL J. CASWELL and PHILIP L.  
SPOONER, are associated in the practice of  
law, in the Dearborn Circuit Court. All profes-  
sional business entrusted to either, in the said court,  
will receive the punctual attention of both. Office  
on High street, in the room formerly occupied by E.  
Walker, Esq. where P. L. Spooner may be found,  
except when absent on professional business.

Lawrenceburgh, Sep. 10th, 1833. 35-4

## MAJOR & LANE, Attorneys.

HAVE formed a partnership, and will practice  
Law in the Superior and Inferior Courts in  
Indiana, & in the counties of Boone, Ky., and Ham-  
ilton, Ohio. Their office is on High street, in the  
room formerly occupied by Mr. Lane as an office,  
where one of them will at all times be found.  
All claims put in their hands for collection, by  
non-residents, will be promptly attended to.  
Lawrenceburgh, Nov. 15, 1833. 44-1yr

## TAKEN UP

BY LEWIS BENNETT, of Adams  
township, Ripley county, Indiana—on  
the 18th of October, 1834, One estray  
Cheesnut Sorrel HORSE, supposed to  
be six years old last spring; 16 hands high; a white  
streak in the forehead; some saddle marks; white  
hind feet, and shod before. Appraised to be worth  
fifty dollars by Isaac Lyons and Thomas W. Sun-  
man, on the 23d day of October, 1834.

I hereby certify the above to be a true copy from  
my estray book. JOHN SUNMAN, J. P.  
Adams township, Nov. 5, 1834. 44-3w.

## FALL & WINTER GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received a general as-  
sortment of GOODS suitable for the season.

J. P. DUNN & Co.

October 4, 1834. 39-

## Coal Grate & Wood Stove.

FOR sale a Coal Grate and Small Wood Stove.  
Enquire of J. P. DUNN, & Co.  
October 2d, 1834.

## 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, 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.  
Lawrenceburgh, August 2, 1834. 29-4f