

THE BOY'S LAST REQUEST.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Half-raised upon his dying couch, his head
Drooped o'er his mother's bosom—like a bud
Which, broken from his parent stalk, adheres
By some attenuated fibre. His thin hand
From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book
And slowly pressed it to his bloodless lip.
"Mother, dear mother, see your birth-day gift,
Fresh and unsold. Yet have I kept your word,
And ere I slept each night, and every morn,
Did read its pages with my humble prayer,
Until this sickness came."

He paused—for breath
Came scantily, and with a toilsome strife.
"Brother or sister have I none, or else
I'd lay this Bible on their heart, and say,
Come read it on my grave, among the flowers:
So you who gave must take it back again,
And love it for my sake." "My son! My son!"
Whispered the mourner in that tender tone
Which woman in her sternest agony
Commands, to soothe the pang of those she loves—
"The soul! the soul! to whose charge yield you
that?"

"To God who gave it." So that trusting soul,
With a slight shudder, and a lingering smile,
Left the pale clay for its Creator's arms.

SUBLIMITY AND BEAUTY.

How blest upon some craggy steep,
To view old ocean's waves,
As o'er the flashing, foaming deep
The wild wind madly raves.
To hear the deep-toned thunder mocked,
O'er lofty echoing hills around;
While groaning oaks by lightning shocked,
Fall crushed and scattered o'er the ground.
'Tis sweet to view the lightning leap
From crag to crag, to hear the roar
Of mountain billows as they sweep
And burst upon the sandy shore;
While o'er the waste of waters free,
The lofty ship obeys the wind,
And like man o'er eternity
Leaves not a track or trace behind.
But sweeter far is it to see
All nature bursting into bloom;
Like beauty from death's mandate free,
Rising in glory from the tomb,
When April like a tearful maid,
Comes tripping forth with bosom bare,
And May in blushing smiles array'd
Waves her white arms and golden hair.
But Summer's eve when high in Heaven
The moon in majesty appears,
Of all the scenes by God e'er given,
Is loveliest to the young in years.
Oh if existence e'er hath charms
'Tis when the moon illumines the earth,
And gay romance seeks beauty's arms,
To give to love and friendship birth.

MILTON BARD.

WHEN MAY I COME AGAIN?

BY MISS MERIDIAN.

You may come—when you know I've been pleased,
And the world seems composed of gay laughter.
But when by cross authors I'm teased,
Don't come!—for I'm vexed all day after.
You may come—if you're looking your best,
You'll be welcome—if I look the same!
But unless you're becomingly dressed,
Don't come!—at the door leave your name.
You may come when there's something diverting
To tell of dear friends we both know;
But if you suspect I am flirting,
Don't come!—you'll be Mousnier de Trop!

LOVE ALAMODE.

"Tom, you should take a wife." "Now, love forbid!"
"I found you one last night." "The deuce you did!"
"Softly, perhaps she'll please you." "Oh, of course!"
"Fifteen." "Alarming." "Witty." "Nay, that's worse!"
"Discreet." "All show!" "Lovely." "To lure the
fellows!"
"High-born." "Ay, haughty." "Tender-hearted."
"Jealous!"
"Talents overflowing." "Ay, enough to sluice me!"
"And then, Tom, such a fortune!" "Introduce me!"

From the Western Monthly Magazine.
A SKETCH.

FROM THE BLACK-BOOK OF A SEXAGENARIAN.
"Come what may, you will never find the happiness
you ask; you exact too much from the ideal."
The prophetess spoke truth; but I had worshipped
the ideal too long to heed the admonition; and I
turned again to the ever smiling countenance of
Hope, who still urged me onward.
Oh, hope! fair is thy form to the vision of youth
and inexperience. Softly dost thou linger with us
in the spring time of existence. Beautiful are thy
pictures of happiness, and sweet are the tones of
promise with which thou dost betray us. Lovely,
fair, but ever in the dim distance, is goal of content-
ment and joy which thou dost point out to us and
we struggle forward, amid strife, and toil, and sor-
row—still by thee deceived, and still seduced—until
we totter to the brink of the grave, to hear the
only truth which thou dost ever utter. It tells of
peace in heaven.

I stood at morning upon the peninsula of Apshe-
ron, and the restless waters of the Caspian were
sparkling before me in the sunlight. Noon came and
passed; but the promised boon came not. It never
came. Well, well, I exclaimed, I can die here.
The cold waves shall sing my requiem, and their
murmuring shall outlive my name and the record of
my fate.

Follow! follow! follow! said my mysterious
guide. Follow to the sunny clime of Italy, or die
a baffled wanderer, here.

"Have I not followed thee faithfully and far?
Have I not journeyed with thee through many a
strange land? The banks of the Euphrates are
imprinted with our footsteps, and in the grove of
Damascus, and beneath the cedars of Mount Leba-
non have we reposed. We have stood in sorrow by
the entombed grandeur of Laksoor, and in the ever
green valley of Quito, we have loitered in vain.
Through climes of eternal snow—through deserts of
burning sands—through ocean's calms and storms,
with thee have I toiled—with thee have I journeyed—
and thou—thou hast never mocked me."
Oh! deceiver, I will follow thee still!

Gloriously the moonbeams glittered on the tower-
ing spires of St. Peter's. Softly they shone upon
the buildings of the Vatican. Silence reposed
upon the bosom of night, and sweet fountains mingled
their perfume with the breath of the zephyrs. Who
could have told that, on such a night, the dark an-
gel of destruction was unfurling his banner.

A piercing cry broke the stillness of the hour, and
shrieks of fire! resounded wildly through the air.
I started from the column against which I had been
leaning, and flew towards the part of the city from which
the alarm proceeded. Dashing onward through hur-
rying men and terrified women, and shrieking
children, the broad bright blaze of the destroying
element soon broke upon my sight. It rose from
the dwelling of the Signor di Valenti.

"Save her! save her! for the sake of the holy
virgin, save my child," cried a gray-haired man, as
I reached the spot. His eyes and hands were raised
in agony towards the upper part of the building, as
he spoke. Casting a single glance in the direction
indicated, I beheld his daughter leaning, pale, and
apparently paralyzed, against the side of one of the
windows, at a fearful height from the ground.

The fire originated in a back apartment below, and
the building was almost entirely enveloped in flame.
Below—above—around—all was smoking, blazing
and crackling.

A few, urged by feelings of humanity, or cries of
the aged father, made attempts to enter the blazing
pile and rescue his daughter, but they were driven
back by the flames that began to curl in red wreaths
along the flight of stairs that arose from the hall.

My coat and cap were upon the ground in an in-
stant. My eye caught the prostrate form of Carlo,
who was crouching and whining before me.

"If I perish, God bless thee, Carlo!" I forgot in
that moment that he was a dog.

I flew into the smoking hall and bounded up the
fiery stairs with the speed and strength of a tiger.
I reached the third story, and found myself in a
back apartment, without ceiling or roof, amid the
flame and smoke, and falling brands, while the red
rafters threatened destruction from above. I saw
a smoking door before me which seemed to lead into
an apartment fronting the street. I did not stop to
reflect, but rushing forward, the iron bolt gave way
at my touch, and in another instant the object of my
search was in my arms. Flying again to the door at
which I had entered, I saw a sight that chilled my
heart to the very core. Large pieces of timber had
fallen upon the stair case, and were blazing, and
crackling, and sending up, and around hot flames—
hot as the flames of hell.

"God of heaven do not forsake me, now," I ex-
claimed, as I pressed my unconscious burdened clod-
der to my heart. At that instant I saw a flight of
stairs that led to an upper apartment, from the room
in which I then stood. I remember that I passed
up those stairs, forced my way through a skylight,
and found myself upon that part of the roof which
looked upon the street. The flames were curling
over the cone. Large flakes of fire were falling around
me. I saw the roof of an adjoining building which
the destructive element had not reached. I rushed
towards it along the very verge of the eaves, and
found that a chasm several feet wide separated the
two houses. Ah! it was no time to despair—no
time to doubt. I made the leap. I reached the
roof, and fell, and rolled with my senseless burden
to the very verge—but I grasped with one hand an
iron rod that passed along the eaves—and I knew
that I had saved the old man's child. Ay—I saw
that I grasped her wrist with my right hand. I
saw that my fingers were buried in the flesh. And
I knew that she was safe!

I looked down upon the silent crowd. The light
of the flames shone full upon them. They spoke
not—they moved not—but with pale cheeks and
parted lips, they stood statue-like, gazing up at me,
as I hung suspended from the roof.

"A ladder!" I exclaimed in a voice which I did
not recognize as my own. The words had an elec-
tric effect. The whole mass below appeared to be
in agitation. Another moment, and a ladder was
raised against the wall. I felt my feet upon one of
the rungs. Releasing my hold of the rod, I began to
descend. My frame seemed to be of iron. Not a
muscle shook, not a nerve trembled. I reached the
ground in safety. I saw the old man clasp his
child to his heart. I saw no more—I remembered
no more of what passed that night. The roaring of
a thousand cataracts sounded in my ears, and I stag-
gered, and reeled, and fell.

How long I remained insensible I know not. I
awoke as from a dream, and found myself reclining
upon a sofa in a gorgeous apartment, which was
lighted by a lamp that burned feebly upon a small
table near me. I was just awakening from the fe-
ver of delirium, and it was some time ere I could
collect my wandering senses. The events of the night
of the fire, however, soon returned to my mind; and
I remembered all. But I knew not where I was.
Looking around the dimly lighted apartment, I saw
a female form. She seemed to be gazing on me
with a look of the sweetest tenderness. Those fea-
tures could not be mistaken. I should have known
them in eternity. It was the daughter of the Sig-
nor di Valenti. A sudden light burst upon my soul.
Was my pilgrimage at last ended! Was the boon
at last to be found! Would she love me! Why
would she not? My heart again felt the thrill of
the spring time of youth. My blood ran wildly
through my veins. I arose from the couch. I knelt
before her. I spoke long and incoherently. I told
her all my sorrows and all my hopes. I was be-
wildered with the intensity of my own feelings.
She did not turn from me. Her face was not aver-
ted, and I thought I saw by the flickering light, a
deep blush suffusing her cheeks. I thought I saw her
white bosom heave with emotion while a tear seem-
ed to be stealing to her soft blue eyes. I believed
she would love me. How could I doubt it. Mad-
dened with ecstasy, I arose from my kneeling pos-
ture, and rushing forward, clasped to my heart—
pictured canvas—lifeless—soulless—cold.

Slowly did I unclasp that embrace. Steadily did
I gaze for one moment on the portrait before me. I did
not faint—nor fall—nor falter. But I laughed—ay,
laughed—long—loudly—bitterly.

A CONTENTED WIFE.

A man named Johnson, who resides in Bargeyard
was charged with having disturbed the neighbor-
hood with the very sound of the blows which he in-
flicted upon his wife Louisa, who appeared before
the Lord Mayor with a hideous black eye.

A watchman stated that when Johnson took an
extra pint of gin, he was seized with a cruel ap-
petite to blacken his wife's eyes. On the previous
night he happened to exceed his usual quantum,
and the moment he entered his lodging, he began
to labor at his favorite amusement. When the
neighbors flocked into the room to prevent murder,
they saw the defendant beating his wife as indus-
triously as if he was paid regular wages for his ex-
ecution.

The Lord Mayor (to the wife.) Well, I suppose
you have come to complain of your husband?

Mrs. Johnson. No I haven't.

Didn't he give you that black eye? Not he, in-
deed. I've got a violent cold in my eye. To be
sure he sometimes gives me a dab in the face; but
then that's only between he and I—it's nothing to
nobody else.

As you take it so kindly, I dare say he often in-
dulges you in that way? Why, we have our bits of
quarrels, like all other married people.

What, all! All I ever knew or heard of, to be
sure. I dare say I ain't a bitter than him. At any
rate he is father to my children, and he works for
'em; and why shouldn't I stand a thump now and
then, if he fancies it!

The Lord Mayor. Then you have no complaint
to make against him? Complaint! What would I
complain against him for? I have a right to com-
plain of those that wouldn't let him alone.

The Lord Mayor. You deserve to be treated
well, my poor woman. He must be a great brute
who would strike you, and I must protect you
against the violence of this man.

Mrs. Johnson. Why then God bless your lord-
ship, and leave us to settle the business ourselves;
(laugher.)

Mr. Hobler. She will manage him better than
we can, my lord. I heard of a young woman, who
complained that her husband had not affection for
her. What's your reason for supposing so, said
the confidant? Because, replied she, I have been
married to him a whole month, and he has not wal-
loped me once in all that time, (laugher.)

The defendant here vowed that he never would
raise his hand to his wife again, and

The Lord Mayor permitted him to go to his em-
ployment, upon the assurance that he would never
take a drop of gin again, except in the company of
his wife.

In South Africa, a slave who makes a complaint
against his master is himself imprisoned till the
owner finds it convenient to answer the complaint!

Present meaning for certain popular words.

GENTLEMAN—One who feels ashamed to be in
the company of those who labor for a living; is to
be seen at the theatre looking at the ladies through
a double barrel opera glass.

LADY—A female in the shape of a pair of saddle
bags, small in the middle and big at both ends—
and who is ever and anon spinning street yarn.

COMMON PEOPLE—Those who prepare the feast
and stand looking on, while Gentlemen and Ladies
eat it.

LOWER ORDERS—Farmers, Mechanics, and all
other laboring people.

JUSTICE—This word, though frequently used,
does not seem to mean much of anything at the pre-
sent day; it is generally applied to those who cheat
the Printer, and is sometimes used in reference to
Quack Lawyers, who very charitably underwrite the
productions of an Editor, because they have neither
the genius or capacity to imitate him. "He who
steals my purse steals trash"—but 'tis useless to
cast pearls before swine—so we bid these small in-
sects go to night.

HONESTY—To get money any way you can by
grinding the face of the poor.

ESQUIRE—A Republican title applied to Lawyers
—gentlemen who wish to lead the people by the
nose.

PROTECTION—An indirect tax upon imported ar-
ticles which tend to make the rich man richer, and
the poor man poorer.

BURSTERS—One who lives without work, rides
much, and drives fast, gets drunk at night and ab-
uses those who follow suit in the day time, dresses
fine, and minds every body's business but his own—
ah, he's a fourth proof "burst"—a gentleman of
the first water.

Going Ahead. In the course of the past summer,
a young lady of this city, whom we shall designate
as Miss A., obtained the services of a friend whom
we may style Mr. B., to escort her to Bordentown,
on her way to New York. They arrived at Ches-
nut street wharf about five minutes before the time
of starting, and the gentleman having handed the
lady on to the deck of the inner boat, (that for Bal-
timore) left her with the direction, "Go ahead, and
I'll look after your baggage." The lady not under-
standing that to go ahead she must go across, quietly
walked herself to the stern of the boat on which
she was, and took her seat on one of the settees,
musing perchance as she gazed upon our beautiful
quays, when the Delaware Avenue prescribed by
Mr. Gerard would be begun. In the mean time
Mr. B. having found the Knight of the Wheelbarrow,
causes Miss A.'s trunk and handboxes to be
conveyed on to the New York boat and safely de-
posited. This had been scarcely accomplished
when the clock struck, and the New York and the
Baltimore boats pushed off. Knowing as Miss A.
did that Mr. B. was a member of the Temperance
Society, she felt no uneasiness at not seeing him im-
mediately, but that the boats should go so far down
the river excited much astonishment. "Bless me,
(said she to an elderly lady on her right hand,) what
a long turn the boat is going to make! Why we are
nearly opposite the Navy Yard." "We are not go-
ing to make any turn, my dear," said the lady ad-
dressed; "this is the right way to go to Baltimore."
"Yes, no doubt," said Miss A., "but this is the
New York boat." "Oh, no, my dear, this is the
Baltimore boat." "Indeed, madam," rejoined Miss
A., "you must be laboring under some delusion. I
am going to New York, and this is the New York
boat." The debate waxing a little warm, the ques-
tion was referred to the Captain, who of course de-
cided against Miss A.

In the mean time Mr. B. was looking "up stairs
and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," for
the fair object of his escort—but no Miss A. was to be
seen, nor had the steward, the captain's clerk, the
cook, the waiters and the chamber-maid set eye that
morning upon such a lady as he described. At
length Mr. B. came to the conclusion that Miss A.,
who had remained on the wrong boat. Miss A., who
was convinced that Mr. B. and her baggage must
probably have been left on shore, proceeded to New
Castle. Mr. B. was deposited at Burlington. How
they amused themselves during the day in this
state of involuntary separation, has not been men-
tioned, but the evening boats took Mr. B. and the
handboxes down, and Miss A. up to Philadelphia,
and arriving at the same time, the travellers stop-
ped like John Gilpin, at the starting point, and walk-
ed up Chesnut street together; the gentleman re-
solved in future to have an eye to each part of the
baggage, and the lady determined to adopt as her
guide the whole of Col. Crockett's excellent advice,
"Be always sure you're right, THEN GO AHEAD."

Historical fact. During the troubles in the reign
of Charles the First, a country girl went from
George's Cross, near this town, to London, in search
of a place as a servant maid; but not succeeding,
she applied herself to carry out beer from a brew-
house, and was one of those then called tub-women.
The brewer, observing a well looking girl in this
low occupation, took her into his house as a servant,
and after a while married her; but he died while
she was yet a young woman, and left her a large
fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped,
and the young woman was recommended to apply
to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of skill in the law, to
settle her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was after-
wards the great Earl of Clarendon, finding the wid-
ow's fortune considerable, married her. Of this
marriage there was no other issue than a daughter,
who was afterwards the wife of James the Second,
and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

Preachers. The Editor of the Portland Adver-
tiser is an admirable satirist, and has a charming
way of "rapping folks over the knuckles." He is
at present in Canada, writing letters to his elbow
chair. In his last, he mentions having gone to
Church on a Sunday, where a British regiment were
at service. He says of the officiating priest: "A
sensible man preached for us, who did not care
much what he was saying, and of course his auditors
did not care much about him. If a minister
preaches like a man talking in his sleep, an audi-
ence are not to blame if they close their eyes also."

We have received "Davy Crockett's Go-Ahead
Almanac" for 1835, which gives an account of his
courtship, hunting, electioneering, &c. &c. Davy's
remarks upon the weather, and the influences of the
different seasons, are original and amusing. "Jan.
14," he says, "Cattle kick—31, Gravy cooks quick."
—Feb. 1, "A pair of Hurricanes"—March 9, "Crows
grow black and girls grow ticklish about this time"
—May 2, "Good weather for goblins"—6, "Old ladies
grow talkative"—10, "Boys full of mischief"—14,
"Calves fat fast"—June 19, "Fine weather for chick-
ens"—July 16, "Agreeable drizzling"—Aug. 10,
"Girls grow love-sick"—Sept. 11, "Children trouble-
some"—Oct. 20, "Chain lightning"—Dec. 8, "Girls
rather waspish"—17, "Women very cross."

Boston Statesman.

Close Calculation. A farmer was upon the point
of weighing a small piece of salt pork, which his
neighbor had purchased, when his economical wife,
whose patience was exhausted at observing the slow
movements of her husband, exclaimed—"My dear,
do let me weigh that, you are so long about it you'll
let the brine all run off, and then so much weight
will be lost."

Many of our readers will be glad as we are, to
hear, from good authority, that the report of the
death of Capt. Clifton Wharton, of the Dragons, is
without foundation; that he is recovering from his
illness, and is even able to travel.

Sheriff's Sale.

POSTPONED TO 24TH INST.

BY virtue of an execution to me directed from
the Clerk's Office, of the Dearborn Circuit
Court, in favor of Jacob Hays, against Jeremiah
Phinney and Davis Woodward, I shall expose to
public sale at the court house door, in the town of
Lawrenceburg, on Saturday the 21th instant, be-
tween the hours of ten and two o'clock on said day,
the following described tracts and parcels of land,
lying in Dearborn county, State of Indiana, as the
property of Jeremiah Phinney, to satisfy the afore-
said execution, to wit: All that certain tract of
land, bounded as follows, being part of section 25,
town 6, range 2 west, beginning at the south west
corner of the north-east quarter of said section;
thence north 130 rods to a run; thence south-east-
wardly up said run, until it strikes lands owned by
Jacob Darling; thence east to the corner of lands
owned by Jacob Darling, and Lucius Fairbanks
formerly; thence commencing on the north-west
corner of Joel Bench's land, and running east 50
rods; thence south 40 rods on said Bench's line;
thence running east to a public road; thence along the
centre of said road north-eastwardly, until it inter-
sects the west line of lands formerly owned by
Lucius Fairbanks; thence north on said line to Jacob
Darling's, and lands formerly of Lucius Fairbanks,
supposed to contain fifty-eight acres.

Also, all that other tract of land, adjoining the
above tract, and being a part of the south-east quar-
ter of section 25, town 6, range 2 west, beginning
on the west line of the first above described tract of
land, at a stone placed in the centre of a public road
leading from Cambridge to the State Road leading
from Lawrenceburg to Indianapolis; thence run-
ning south to lands owned by Riley Elliott; thence
with the line of said Elliott, until it strikes the cen-
tre of the aforesaid road leading from Cambridge;
thence running south-eastwardly along the centre of
said road, until it strikes the land owned by Joel
Bench; thence running north on the line of said
Bench, until it strikes the line of the first above
mentioned tract of land; thence east to the afore-
said road leading from Cambridge; thence running
northwardly along the said road to the place of be-
ginning, supposed to contain 20 acres.

Also, the following described inlots in the town
of Lawrenceburg: The south-east half of inlot No.
107, dividing the same by a line running at right
angles from Walnut street in the town of Lawrence-
burg; also, inlot No. 105, and south-east half of
inlot No. 108, in said town of Lawrenceburg; also,
that part of inlots No. 75 and 76, in said town,
within the following bounds: beginning at a point
on the south-west edge of Walnut street, from which
the east corner of inlot No. 76 bears south forty-
five degrees east, distant forty-one feet and
three inches; thence south 45 degrees, west 132
feet; and thence north 45 degrees east 132 feet to
Walnut street, the place of beginning.

Also, all that tract of land in Dearborn county,
Indiana, part of the north-east quarter of section 2,
town 5, range 2 west, and bounded as follows: be-
ginning at James Vaughn; thence west so far as to
strike lands formerly of Jesse and Joel Vaughn;
thence south to the line of said quarter section;
thence east to the corner of said quarter section;
thence north to the place of beginning, containing
fifty-five acres.

Also, all that other tract of land in said county,
bounded as follows: beginning at the south-west
corner of north-west quarter of section 1, town 5,
range 2 west; thence north one hundred and fifty-
four rods; thence east fifty three and a third rods;
thence south one hundred and fifty-four rods; thence
west to the place of beginning, containing fifty
acres. The above described lands will be sold sub-
ject to a mortgage.

JOHN WEAVER, Sheriff D. C.
December 6th, 1834. 47-15

Sheriff's Sale.

POSTPONED TO 24TH INST.

BY virtue of an execution to me directed from
the Clerk's Office of the Dearborn Circuit
Court, in favor of Jacob Hays, against Jeremia-
h Phinney and Davis Woodward, I shall expose to
public sale, at the court house door in the town of
Lawrenceburg, and State of Indiana, on Saturday
the 24th instant, between the hours of ten and two
o'clock on said day, the following described tracts
and parcels of land, lying in Dearborn county, as
the property of Davis Woodward, to satisfy the afore-
said execution, to wit: Beginning on the north
edge of Third street in the Addition to the town of
Lawrenceburg, commonly called New Lawrence-
burg, at the south corner of a frame building stand-
ing on inlot No. one hundred and one, from which
the most eastern corner of said inlot, number 101,
bears north seventy-three degrees east; distant about
48 feet, and running from said beginning point north
70 degrees east; west 28 poles to the centre of
Tanners Creek; thence down the centre of the chan-
nel of said Creek to a point which bears south 73
degrees west from the beginning point; thence from
said point in Tanners Creek, north 73 degrees east
to the place of beginning, containing two acres.

Also, all that tract of land, bounded as follows,
to wit: On the east by the lower street or road,
running from the Old to the New town, and being
a continuance of Ash street; on the north by the
south boundary of the New Town Plat, bounded
west by land belonging to Stephen Ludlow, and
south by land belonging to David Nevitt, supposed
to contain eight acres.

Also, inlots No. 25 and 40 in the Addition to
the town of Lawrenceburg, called New Town,
also, the south half of inlot No. 39, in the said Ad-
dition to the town of Lawrenceburg, dividing said
lot by a line running through the center thereof,
parallel with said line of said lot. The above de-
scribed property will be sold subject to a mortgage.

JOHN WEAVER, Sheriff D. C.
December 6th, 1834. 47-15

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.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE public are hereby notified that one John
Garrison, of Miller township, is, or has been,
in the habit of basely and wickedly telling lies on
some of his neighbors, and that I have it in my power
to satisfy any person of the above fact.

ISAAC JACKSON. 50-3w

Dec. 23d, 1834.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned having resigned the Office of
Recorder of Dearborn co. it becomes necessary to
have all his fees for recording &c. settled; otherwise
fee-bills will have to be issued. All deeds and other
recorded papers are left with the present Recorder
Asa Smith, Esq., where they can be had and where
payment can be made. Those interested will save
cost by attending to this notice.

THOMAS PORTER. 43-1f

November 7, 1834.

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

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, Drib G. area
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'ns;
Black and White Crape;
Superior Black Sattin;
Black, Brown, Sky-blue and Brown-watered Silk
Pongee, Black Veils, 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.
Lawrenceburg, April 1, 1834. 12

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have received from PHILA-
DELPHIA, a general assortment of
DRY GOODS, HARDWARE,
BOOTS, SHOES, &c. &c.

which they will sell low. N. & G. SPARKS.

October 24th, 1834.

LAW NOTICE.