

LINES WRITTEN IN THE SAND.

In merry boyhood there was one,
Who shared my youthful heart;
We swore no fortune and no fate
Our destinies should part.
But as we twain to manhood grew,
Time broke that golden band,
And proved that mutual oath of ours
Was written in the sand.

YOUTH brought with it a gayer dream—
A fond and lovely one
Smiled on me, till love's ties seemed wound
Too fast to be undone;
Faithful till death we pledged ourselves,
With willing heart and hand;
We lived to know that plighted vow
Was written in the sand.

AMBITION whispered me to trust
His promised path to fame,
And with devotion I essayed
To play his desperate game;
What gained I, but the blasting fire
My own wild hopes had fanned!
Alas, the promise I pursued
Was written in the sand.

WEALTH tempted me with golden hoards,
Her proffers were to me,
Like green and sunny isles to those
Long tossed upon the sea;
I grasped at gain, and day by day,
New schemes of profit planned;
The luring phantom proved at last
A writing in the sand.

A crafty FRIEND, in joyous guise,
Upon my sorrows stole,
And with a madd'ning suasion urged
The pleasures of the bowl;
I listened—no betide the hour!
"Till friendless, doomed, and band'd,
I saw the mocking demon's words
Were written in the sand."

Detroit Cour.

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

"MULTUM IN PARVO."

What're we see, or feel, or touch, or taste,
Amongst the Nouns by grammarians placed;
The Articles point out the thing itself,
A horse, a tree, an owl, the miser's self;
Whatever qualities these may possess,
Color or form, the Adjectives express.
Pronouns, of nouns the repetition save,
Imply possession, or distinction crave.

Being, or suffering—doing what we may,
By Verbs alone we can the fact portray;
To Adverbs, verbs great strength or weakness owe,
As, "I love dearly"—or "I scarcely know."
Nearness or distance, agency or place,
By Prepositions we distinctly trace.
As INTERJECTIONS we can only class
Such sounds as—Oh! or Ah!—alack!—alas!

CONJUNCTIONS join all sentences aright,
As, "I have done, and therefore, now, Good Night."

London paper.

COURTSHIP.

"O, Laura, will nothing I bring thee
E'er soften those looks of disdain!
Are the songs of affection I sing thee
All doomed to be sung thee in vain!
I offer thee, fairest and dearest,
A treasure the richest I'm worth—
I offer the love, the sincerest—
The warmest e'er glowed upon earth."

But the maiden, a haughty look flinging,
Said, "Cease my compassion to move;
For I'm not very partial to singing,
And they're poor, whose sole treasure is love."

"My name will be sounded in story;
I offer thee, dearest, my name;
I have fought in the proud field of glory;
O, Laura, come share in my fame.
I bring thee a soul that adores thee,
And loves thee wherever thou art—
Which thrills as its tribute it pours thee,
Of tenderness fresh from the heart."

But the maiden said, "Cease to importune;
Give Cupid the use of his wings,
Ah! fame's but a pitiful fortune,
And hearts are such valueless things!"

"O, Laura, forgive if I've spoken
Too boldly—nay, turn not away—
For my heart with affliction is broken;
My uncle died only to-day;
My uncle, the nabob, who tended
My youth with affection and care—
My mammoth who kindly befriended,
Has—died—and—has—left—me—his—heir."

And the maiden said, "Weep not, sincerest;
My heart has been yours all along;
O, hearts are of treasures the dearest—
Do, Edward, go on with your song."

From the New York Mirror.

LETTER FROM N. P. WILLIS.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Punishment for conjugal fidelity—drowning in the Bosphorus—frequency of its occurrence accounted for—a band of wild Roumelotes—their picturesque appearance—Ali Pasha, of Yanina—a Turkish funeral.

A Turkish woman was sacked and thrown into the Bosphorus this morning. I was idling away the day in the bazaar and did not see her. The ward-room steward of the "United States," a very intelligent man, who was at the pier when she was brought down to the quay, describes her as a young woman of twenty-two or three years, strikingly beautiful; and with the exception of a short quick sob in her throat, as if she had wept herself out with weeping, she was quite calm and submitted composedly to her fate. She was led down by two soldiers, in her usual dress, her yashmak only torn from her face, and rowed off to the mouth of the bay, where the sack was drawn over her without resistance. The splash of her body into the sea was distinctly seen by the crowd who had followed her to the water.

It is horrible to reflect on these summary executions, knowing as we do, that the poor victim is taken before the judge, upon the least jealous whim of her husband or master, condemned often upon bare suspicion, and hurried instantly from the tribunal to this violent and revolting death. Any suspicion of commerce with a Christian, particularly, is, with or without evidence, instant ruin. Not long ago, the inhabitants of Armonikoi, a pretty village on the Bosphorus, were shocked by the spectacle of a Turkish woman and a young Greek, hanging dead from the shutters of a window on the waterside. He had been detected in leaving her house at day-break, and in less than an hour the unfortunate lovers had met their fate. They are said to have died most heroically, embracing and declaring their attachment to the last.

Such tragedies occur every week or two in Constantinople, and it is not wonderful, considering the superiority of the educated and picturesque Greek to his brutal neighbor, or the daring and romance of Europeans in the pursuit of forbidden happiness. The liberty of going and coming, which the Turkish women enjoy, wrapped only in veils, which assist by their secrecy, is temptingly favorable to intrigue, and the self-sacrificing nature of the sex, when the heart is concerned, shows itself here in proportion to the demand for it.

An eminent physician, who attends the seraglio of the sultan's sister, consisting of a great number of women, tells me that their time is principally oc-

cupied in sentimental correspondence, by means of flowers, with the forbidden Greeks and Armenians. These platonic passions for persons whom they have only seen from their gilded lattices, are their only amusement, and they are permitted by the sultana, who has herself the reputation of being partial to Franks, and old as she is, ingenious in contrivances to obtain their society. My intelligent informant thinks the Turkish women, in spite of their want of education, somewhat remarkable for their sentiment of character.

With two English travellers, whom I had known in Italy, I pulled out of the bay in a caïque, and ran down under the wall of the city, on the side of the sea of Marmora. For a mile or more we were beneath the wall of the seraglio, whose small water-gates, whence so many victims have found

"Their way to Marmora without a boat," are beset, to the imaginative eye of the traveller, with the dramatic personae of a thousand tragedies. One smiles to detect himself gazing on an old postern, with his teeth shut hard together, and his hair on end, in the calm of a pure, silent, sunshiny morning of September!

We landed some seven miles below, at the Seven Towers, and dismissed our boat to walk across to the Golden Horn. Our road was outside of the triple walls of Stamboul, whose two hundred and fifty towers look as if they were toppling after an earthquake, and are overgrown superbly with ivy. Large trees, rooted in the crevices, and gradually bursting the thick walls, overshadow entirely their once proud turrets, and for the whole length of the five or six miles across, it is one splendid picture of decay. I have seen in no country such beautiful ruins.

At the Adrianople gate, we found a large troop of horsemen, armed in the wild manner of the east, who had accompanied a Roumelote chief from the mountains. They were not allowed to enter the city, and with their horses picketed on the plain, were lying in groups, waiting till their leader should conclude his audience with the seraskier. They were as cut-throat looking a set as a painter would wish to see. The extreme richness of eastern arms, mounted showily in silver, and of shapes so cumbersome, yet picturesque, contrasted strangely with their ragged capotes, and torn leggings, and their way-worn and weary countenances. Yet they were almost without exception fine-featured, and of a resolute expression of face, and they had flung themselves, as savages will, into attitudes that art would find it difficult to improve.

Directly opposite this gate stand five marble slabs, indicating the spots in which are buried the heads of Ali Pasha, of Albania, his three sons and grandson. The inscription states, that the rebel lost his head for having dared to aspire to independence. He was a brave old barbarian, however, and, as the worthy chief of a most warlike people of modern times, one stands over his grave with regret. It would have been a classic spot had Byron survived to visit it. No event in his travels made more impression on his mind than the pasha's detecting his rank by the beauty of his hands. His fine description of the wild court of Yanina, in Childe Harold, has already made the poet's return of immortality, but had he survived the revolution in Greece, with his increased knowledge of the Albanian soldier and his habits, and his esteem for the old chieftain, a hero so much to his taste would have been his most natural theme. It remains to be seen whether the age or the language will produce another Byron to take up the broken thread.

As we were poring over the Turkish inscription, four men, apparently quite intoxicated, came running and hallooing from the city gate, bearing upon their shoulders a dead man in his bier. Entering the cemetery, they went stumbling on over the foot-stones, tossing the corpse about so violently, that the helpless limbs frequently fell beyond the limits of the rude barrow, while the grave-digger, the only sober person, save the dead man, in the company, followed at his best speed, with his pick-axe and shovel. These extraordinary bearers set down their burden not far from the gate, and, to my surprise, walked laughing off like men who had merrily engaged in a moment's frolic by the way, while the sexton, left quite alone, composed a little the posture of the disordered body, and sat down to get breath for his task.

My Constantinopolitan friend tells me that the Koran blesses him who carries a dead body forty paces on its way to the grave. The poor are thus carried out to the cemeteries by voluntary bearers, who, after they have completed their prescribed paces, change with the first individual whose reckoning with heaven may be in arrears.

The corpse we had seen so rudely borne on its last journey, was or had been, a middle aged Turk. He had neither shroud nor coffin, but

"Lay like a gentleman taking a snooze," in his slippers and turban, the bunch of flowers on his bosom the only token that he was dressed for any particular occasion. We had not time to stay and see his grave dug, and "his face laid toward the tomb of the prophet."

We entered the Adrianople gate, and crossed the triangle, which old Stamboul nearly forms, by a line approaching its hypotenuse. Though in a city so thickly populated, it was one of the most lonely walks conceivable. We met, perhaps, one individual in a street; and the perfect silence, and the cheerless look of the Turkish houses, with their jealously closed windows, gave it the air of a city devastated by the plague. The population of Constantinople is only seen in the bazaars, or in the streets bordering on the Golden Horn. In the extensive quarter occupied by dwelling-houses only, the inhabitants, if at home, occupy apartments opening on their secluded gardens, or are hidden from the gaze of the street by their fine dull-colored lattices. It strikes one with melancholy after the gay balconies and open doors of France and Italy! We passed the *Esaki serai*, the palace in which the imperial widows wear their chaste weeds in solitude; and, weary with our long walk from the silent streets at the bazaar of wax-candles, and took caïque for the *Argenteolis* of the ancients, the "Silver city" of Galatia.

Peculiarities of men of Genius. Homer, it is said, had such an aversion to natural music, that he could never be prevailed on to walk along the banks of a murmuring brook, nevertheless, he sang his own ballads, though not in the character of a mendicant, as recorded by the infamous Zolius.

Virgil was so fond of salt, that he seldom went without a box-full in his pocket, which he made use of from time to time, as men of the present day use tobacco.

Zoroaster, it is said, though the most profound philosopher of his time, theoretically, was very easily put out of temper. He once carried his irritability so far as to break a marble table to pieces with a hammer, because he chanced to stumble over it in the dark.

Shakespeare, though one of the most generous of men, was a great higgler. He was often known to dispute with a shopkeeper for half an hour, on the matter of a penny. He gives Hotspur credit for a portion of his own disposition, when he makes him say, "I would cavil on the main part of a joint."

Peter Conille, the greatest wit of his time, so far as concerns his works, is remarkably kind in conversation, as was also his son, who is acknowledged to have been one of the most elegant of that era lived.

Handel was such a miser, that at the end of the day he was in the receipt of fifty pounds, and that from the Opera, he was frequently known to wear a shirt for a month, to save the expense of washing.

Burns never remained sober so long as he could get drunk. It was in the fits occasioned by this peculiarity, that he wrote so many of these simple

doggerels for servant girls, that we frequently find attached to beautiful airs, under the title of poetry, such as Wandering Willie, &c.

Byron was also sadly addicted to the "mat sloup." Some of the noblest of his stanzas, however, were produced under the influence of the jolly dog. According to his servant, Peter Conroy, lately deceased in this city, a pint of brandy was his nightly allowance.

Samuel Rogers is an inveterate punster, albeit from his poetry, one might suppose him to be the gravest man in Christendom. He has one peculiarity that distinguishes him from all poets, past, present, and to come, i. e. three hundred thousand pounds.

Thomas Campbell, though an ugly man, it is said, is very vain of his personal appearance; he once discharged a servant for hinting to him the propriety of getting a wig, as his hair was turning grey.

Sir Walter Scott was said to have taken no pride in the wonderful creations of his genius, at the same time that he was extremely vain of his title of sheriff of the county.

Hogg, however, is the victim of a still more unpardonable vanity. Whenever he is asked out to dinner, he invariably says, "I shall do ye the pleasure, and then ye will ha' it to say, that ye had the honor to sit in company with the Ettrick Shepherd, allowed on all han's to be the greatest sang writer in the world."

Earl Gray, the late premier, who is indisputably a man of genius, is so timid that he will never sit in a room after nightfall by himself, for fear of seeing a ghost; and though he acknowledges to this, he affects to be skeptical of their existence.

Parlour Journal.

A Novel Case. A young girl by the name of Catharine Dingwall, was tried before the Quarter Sessions in New Brunswick, on Saturday last, for stealing a horse. The history of the transaction is briefly as follows. The girl is from Yorkshiro, England, where she became attached to a young man named Charles Stewart, who was driven from the house by her father. She absconded in search of her lover, assumed men's clothes, and arrived at New York as a common sailor. From thence she travelled to Boston, then to Philadelphia, and away to New Orleans. She again returned to New York—came over to New Jersey—and being wearied, heart-broken, and dejected, she stopped at a barn, with the intention of committing suicide; but the appearance of a horse suggested to her the idea of stealing it, that she might thereby incur the penalty of death, which was the law for that offence in her own country. She was taken up with the horse near New Brunswick. When put upon her trial, she pleaded guilty, and refused to retract it, but her counsel was permitted by the court to enter a plea of not guilty, and the case went to a jury, who brought in a verdict of not guilty. Such was the sympathy excited in her case, and so strong was the belief that the act was one of frenzy, and not of deliberate intention, that no one appeared against her.

Newark Eagle.

A Disagreeable Subject. At the time when Sir Richard Steele was preparing his great room in York buildings, for public orations, he happened to be pretty much behind, in his payments to the workmen; and on coming one day among them to see what progress they had made, he ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow mounted, and, scratching his head, told Sir Richard that he knew not what to say, for he was no orator. "Oh," cried the knight, "no matter for that; speak any thing that comes uppermost." "Why, then, Sir Richard," says the man, "here have we been working for your honor these six months, and cannot get one penny of money. Pray, sir, when do you design to pay us?" "Very well," replied Sir Richard, "pray come down, I have heard quite enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't much admire your subject."

Anecdote of Dr. Franklin. While the doctor resided in France, as Minister from America, during the war, he had numerous proposals made to him by the projectors of every country and every kind, who wished to go to the land supposed to flow with milk and honey, America—and among the rest, there was one that offered himself to be king! He introduced his proposal to the doctor by letter, which is now in the hands of M. Beaumarchais, of Paris, stating first, that as the Americans had dismissed or sent away (*renvoies*) their king, they would want another; 2dly, that he himself was a Norman; 3dly, that he was of a more ancient family than the Duke of Normandy, and of a more honorable descent, as his line had never been bastardized; 4thly, that there was already a precedent in England, of kings coming out of Normandy; and on these grounds he rested his offer, enjoining that the doctor would forward it to America. But as the doctor did not do this, nor yet send him an answer, the projector wrote a second letter; in which he did not, it is true, threaten to go over and conquer America—but, only with great dignity, proposed, that if his offer was not accepted, an acknowledgement of £30,000 might be made to him for his generosity!

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, aze and Steel Mixt Broad Cloths;
Fancy, Striped and Blue Cassimeres;
Dark, Blue, Brown and Steel Mixt Cassinetts;
Summer Cloth;
French and Brown Irish Linen;
Blue and Mixt Cotton Twills;
Painted Muslin, Gingham and Calicoes;
Fancy Gause, Silk & Crape, Deleandress Hank'fs;
Black and White Crape;
Superior Black Sattin;
Black, Brown, Sky-blue and Brown-watered Silk;
Pongee, Black Veils, Plain and Figured
Bobinetts; &c. &c.

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

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have received from PHILADELPHIA a general assortment of
DRY GOODS, HARDWARE,
BOOTS, SHOES, &c. &c.
which they will sell low. N. & G. SPARKS.
October 24th, 1834.

SEAL-SKIN & FUR CAPS.

THE subscriber has just received at his HAT STORE, on High street, 20 dozen **SEAL-SKIN** and **FUR CAPS.** Also, a good assortment of **WOOL HATS;** all of which will be sold on as reasonable terms as they can be purchased in the west.
JOSEPH GROFF.
Sept. 19, 1834. 37-4f

LAW NOTICE.

DANIEL J. CASWELL and **PHILIP L. SPOONER**, are associated in the practice of law, in the Dearborn Circuit Court. All professional 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. 35-4f

E. S. BUSH

HAS lately received an addition to his former stock, which makes on hand a very general assortment of

Fall and Winter Goods,
which he is anxious to dispose of.

HE HAS ALSO TO SELL,
A ONE HORSE DEARBORN,
A PAIR OF SECOND HAND HARNESS,
PATENT BALANCES, (drawing six hundred.)
Lawrenceburgh, Oct. 23, 1834. 41-4f

Lumber for Sale.

750,000 feet of Boards,
20,000 do. Scantling,
350,000 Shingles,

On hand and for Sale by **WM. TATE.**
N. B. All those indebted to me for lumber are requested and expected to make immediate payment.
Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 25th, 1834. 37-4f

STRAYED from the undersigned, residing in Lawrenceburgh township, Dearborn county, Indiana, in April last, a **DARK BROWN MARE;** five years old last spring; about 15 hands high; saddle marks on the back, and those on the left side considerably the largest; pigeon toed; by close observation will discover small white specks on the breast; the color of her feet not recollected; was heavy with foal when she left. Any person returning said mare to the undersigned, or giving information where she may be found, by mail or otherwise, shall be liberally rewarded.
ALEXANDER KINCAID.
Lawrenceburgh, Dec. 10, 1834. 49-3

LAND FOR SALE.

THE School Section No. 16, in township No. 3, range 1 west, in Dearborn county, will be offered for sale (in lots as described by the trustees) at the court house door in Lawrenceburgh, on Friday the 27th day of February next, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 P. M. where due attendance will be given by **HENRY WALKER,**
School Commissioner.
December 16th, 1834. 49-3

LAND FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the south-east and north-east quarters of section 21, township 5, range 2 west, &c. containing, each, 167 1/2 acres of land, situated in Sparta township, near the geographical centre of the county of Dearborn, & about 8 or 10 miles from Lawrenceburgh: The other two quarters of the same section are settled and well improved. This land is rich, heavily timbered, is gently rolling; with some springs of water on it. For further information on the subject inquire of Alexander Hamilton Dill, Lawrenceburgh, or address, post paid, to the subscriber.
EDWARD W. DAVIS,
Dayton, Ohio.
22d Dec., 1834. 50-6w

Boot and Shoe Store.

W. B. SNYDER having purchased the entire *Shoe Establishment* of W. S. Durbin & Co. situated on Main street, first door below C. R. West, has just received a general assortment of **EASTERN SHOES, BOOTS, &c.**, suitable for ladies and gentlemen; and in addition, will have at all times on hand, custom work of every description. All of which he respectfully invites the attention of the inhabitants, and of the vicinity of Lawrenceburgh,
Lawrenceburgh, Nov. 8, 1834. 43-4f

A NEW WOOD YARD

ABOUT TO BE OPENED.

A tenant, who is well qualified to have the care & management of it, will meet with a permanent berth, by applying to the subscriber, living on the Ohio river near Laugher creek, in Laugher township, Dearborn county, Indiana. There are from one to three hundred acres of land, of the best quality, adjoining, to clear and rent with said yard, if desired. No one need apply, but such as can come recommended for sober, moral, and industrious habits.

ALSO, to rent, 60 acres of cleared land, of the best quality, in the same neighborhood. 50 cents a cord will be paid for cutting steam wood by
STEPHEN S. SPEAKMAN.
Dec. 18th, 1834. 49-4f

Mould Candles (WARRANTED)

BY the box or less quantity, manufactured and sold by
L. W. JOHNSON.
Dec. 24, 1834. 50-4f

FALL & WINTER GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received a general assortment of **GOODS** suitable for the season.
J. P. DUNN & Co.
October 4, 1834. 38-

WINDOW GLASS,

ALL sizes, from 4 by 6, to 14 by 21 inches, for sale by
L. W. JOHNSON.
GLASS CUT to order.
April 8, 1834. 38-4

Kanhawa Salt.

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

CLOVER SEED.

THE highest price in cash will be given for any quantity of good *Clover Seed*, if delivered in this season by
L. W. JOHNSON.
Dec. 24, 1834. 50-4f

Treasurer's Office,

Lawrenceburgh, December 25th, 1834
PUBLIC notice is hereby given, to all persons who may be in possession of **ORDERS** drawn on the Treasury of Dearborn county, Ia., that the same will be paid at the Treasury on sight.
W. ARMSTRONG, Treasurer D. C.

TAKEN UP

BY William Pursd, of Logan township, Dearborn county, Ind., on the 26th day of November, 1834, a **BROWN OW,** marked in the left ear with swallowfork—tail off above the middle—some years under the belly—supposed to be about twelve years old. Appraised eleven dollars and fifty cents by Warren Tebbis and Abraham Hyter, before me
JOHN GODLEY, J. P.
December 22, 1833. 50-3w

BLANKS OF DIFFERENT KINDS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

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 Lawrenceburgh, 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, 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-eastwardly 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; thence north 40 rods on said Beach's line; thence running east to a public road; thence along the centre of said road north-eastwardly, until it intersects 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 quarter 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 Lawrenceburgh to Indianapolis; thence running south to lands owned by Riley Elliott; thence with the line of said Elliott, until it strikes the centre 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 Beach; thence running north on the line of said Beach, until it strikes the line of the first above mentioned tract of land; thence east to the aforesaid road leading from Cambridge; thence running northwardly along the said road to the place of beginning, supposed to contain 30 acres.

ALSO, the following described inlots in the town of Lawrenceburgh: 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 Lawrenceburgh; also, inlot No. 105, and south-east half of inlot No. 108, in said town of Lawrenceburgh; 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 west 41 feet three inches; thence north 43 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: beginning at the south-east corner of land formerly owned by 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 subject to a mortgage.

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

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, and against Jeremiah Phinney and Davis Woodward, I shall expose to public sale, at the court house door in the town of Lawrenceburgh, 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 Lawrenceburgh, commonly called New Lawrenceburgh, at the south corner of a frame building standing 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 25 poles to the centre of Tanners Creek; thence down the centre of the channel 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 Ladow, 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 Lawrenceburgh, called New Town