

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
SUMMER'S PAST.
Autumn, in sober shrouds, is coming
O'er hill and dale;
The lone night insects and are humming
Summer's farewell;
Dim blight the flowers are shading,
The deep green leaves are fading—
Time journeys fast,
And mouldering, dark destruction aiding—
Summer's past.

In quick succession, seasons changing,
Return and go;
To dark oblivion forever ranging—
All things is below;
To crumbling runs drifting,
Their stations, courses shifting;
Why stand aghast!
Thy thoughts to present objects lifting—
Summer's past.

The brilliant sun, his glory flinging
Down western skies,
The rosy eastern morn is bringing
Unto our eyes,
Then moon and stars bright glowing,
The night thy lamps are showing—
Thy glory hast;
But, ah! this summer never more bestowing—
Summer's past.

And human joy, hopes pleasure flying,
Save no bright ray;
But soon in disappointments dying,
Pass, fade away,
Aught that of each we can wish,
In mourning, sorrow vanish
To dust at last.
Therefore all dreaming baubles banish—
Summer's past.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

BY BULWER.

My son! not a tear shall be shed,
Though my heart be as dark as the grave;
To weep would dishonor the dead—
For Greece hath no tears for the brave!

In thy fall thou hast triumph'd, my son!
And all Sparta has conquered with thee;
The race of thy glory is run—
But thy country, thy country is free!

When thy hand gave thy father his shield—
As he left his last kiss on thy brow,
He said, "Go forth to the field—
But for Greece for glory like thou!"

Yes! Hellas our hero should claim,
Oh! remember thy breast is her wall!
He said—and he went to his fame—
He fell—as a Spartan should fall!

And when years had bro't strength to thine arm,
And I gave thee the sword of the slain,
I felt not a moment's alarm—
But I arm'd thee myself for the plain.

As I braced on thy helmet, I smiled
At the valor that flashed from thine eye,
I gave thee no lessons, my child—
I knew that thou never couldst fly.

Away with each whisper of woe!
Thou hast met with the fate thou hast braved,
But thy feet were not turned from the foe,
And thy Sparta, thy Sparta is saved!

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

You've a hard row to hoe, noble knight of the sod,
But to toil in the earth is the mandate of God;
And if by the sweat of your brow you must win
Your bread, it is time, it is time to begin;

Then go to, go,
If your bread by the sweat of your brow you must win,
Hoe out your row.

In the rough row before you though rugged the soil,
'Twill repay in due season the cultivator's toil;
Tho' wild grass and weeds so profusely abound,
Perseverance and patience will mellow the ground;

Apply the hoe,
Perseverance and patience will mellow the ground;
Hoe out your row.

Though the young tender plant is now feeble and
small,
Let not faith in the promise of harvest time fail;
Nor deem you are tired as a motive to stop,
If you would be sure of a plentiful crop;

Your progress tho' slow,
If you would be sure of a plentiful crop,
Hoe out your row.

Let it never be said that you flagged on the way,
Or that idly you turned from your labor to play;
Nor heed wind nor weather, nor yet burning sun,
But go ahead manfully till you have done;

Quick wield the hoe,
And go ahead manfully till you have done—
Hoe out your row.

Soon shall the tender plant broadly expand,
And loftily rise 'neath a cherishing hand;
Already, methinks, greener, fairer it looks—
Then carefully nurse its young delicate shoots,

And bid it grow;
Then carefully nurse its young delicate shoots—
Hoe out your row.

I admit that your row is peculiarly hard,
But bountiful heaven insures your reward;
I own it is long—but believe me, my friend,
If you hold on your way you will come to the end,

With certainty know,
If you hold on your way you will come to the end,
Hoe out your row.

When done, you may rest; while with pride and joy,
You behold the result of your useful employ,
And reflect that 'ere to-day hath a blessing and charm;
It nerves the free spirit, adds strength to the arm;

Then speed the hoe—
With invincible spirit and vigorous arms,
Hoe out your row.

Bold Yeoman, proceed and when finished your task,
You then may presume Heaven's blessing to ask;
And the author of Nature will graciously smile
On firm perseverance and virtuous toil,

Then go, man go,
With firm perseverance and virtuous toil,
Hoe out your row.

The first session of the Legislature of Tennessee, under the new constitution, commenced on the 5th instant; Col Jonathan Webster was elected Speaker of the Senate, by a majority of one vote, and Col. E. M. Foster was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, without opposition.

SPANISH MANNERS. The belles of St. Sebastian are represented as justly vain of their superior foot and ankle, and spend much of their time, perched upon one leg, on the cross iron bar of the balcony, swinging the other backwards and forwards in the air, for the benefit of the spectators.

N. Y. Transcript.

SOMETHING NEW. A Norman gentleman has invented a snuff box in the shape of a pistol, which by the help of a spring fires the snuff up the nose without the trouble of snuffing.

It is stated that the notorious Robert Potter, who was expelled some time ago from the Legislature of North Carolina, is now engaged in organizing the militia of Taxes to oppose the Mexican troops.

"NORMAN LESLIE."
We have been favored, by a friend, with a chapter from the new novel, now in the press of the Messrs. Harpers, which will be read with interest.

"It was the first night of the carnival of Rome—There was a masked ball. Lords, dukes, princes, and noble ladies thronged the splendid dome. A gorgeous tide of fashion heaved and swelled to its utmost height.

Could all the thoughts and feelings—all the burning passions—the cunning schemes—the bright hopes—the blank suspicions—the joy, the agony, that went on beneath those floating plumes and sparkling stars—could they be laid open to the day, what clashing characters mingled in the whirl! Hark to the young sweet voices—watch the actions of each passing incognito. Who are they! The husband is there watching his wife—the lover his mistress; jealousy rolls its eyes unscen; hate lurks beneath a painted smile; the very air is full of mysteries.

A gray harlequin and one in palmer's weeds met. "Hist! Speak!" "The bright stars above us," murmured one. "And the hell beneath," replied the other. "Right," said the first in a secret whisper; "is he here?" "By the Virgin! I saw him. But there are two in the same dress, and it has thrown me off the track."

"Whist—look!" "Can it be!" "It is."

"The plume of the right one is touched with crimson."

"I will speak with me," said the palmer.

"In ten minutes meet me by the column where we parted."

"Off—he comes!"

They separated.

"Holy Mother!" cried a cavalier, muffled in a dark mantle, his broad hat looped up with a diamond, and shaded by a sable plume, "both—both are here.—God! could I mistake!—there two fraternal friends! See—see how the same stealthy pace shows in each the same quiet, soft, hellish hate! Now nerve me Heaven! Palmer's weeds, and both on the blood-track after him. He still, deep-fraught breast, thy time is almost come!"

Gliding swiftly after the first two speakers the cavalier disappeared.

All eyes were turned upon him as he passed, so princely was his port. The young knight won hearts in all directions. Beautiful he must have been, though the features could not be distinguished behind the vizor bars; his armour glittered in the almost noontide splendour; the plume floating over his helmet was touched with crimson.

"From the Holy land, sir knight!" asked a palmer.

"Ay, good pilgrim."

"And the blood of the infidels on thy plume! I would, sir knight, that they stained with blood were all the red tokens as fairly as thou!"

"Ha!" cried the knight.

The palmer was gone.

Again they separated.

A halcyon stood leaning against a column. "Holy sir palmer!" "Merry fool!" "Did you rightly guess?" "When was I ever mistaken! I touched his master-chord, and it trembled beneath my hand. It is himself."

"The red plume!" "Ay, you cannot be mistaken."

A glitter from the mask of the harlequin showed the flash of fiery eyes.

"It is well."

"Can I aid you?" "No! alone—alone, I do it! Headless shall lie at lefty plume ere to-morrow's sun!"

The graceful and slender cavalier drew his dark feathers lower over his brow, and while the harlequin stole through the crowd, followed close on his track.

Two stately forms swept by in royal robes. The one, a man of imposing aspect, crowned, and in his hand a sceptre; the other, a lady, a diadem on her brow. On the monarch's arm hung a girl unmasked, and beautiful as morning. The young knight saw her, and started so abruptly with an exclamation of delight and amazement.

"Fair lady," he said after an interval, during which, with the license of the place, he had regarded her attentively, "may an honorable knight-errant lay at your feet his heart, and ever do battle in your name!"

"No, sir knight," said Flora, smiling, for it was she; "seek, I pray you, some other love—some worthier."

"No other love," cried the knight, approaching with the most guarded respect, and yet with a tenderness, sincere, deep, and agitated, in his voice and manner, which did not escape the notice of her who had called it forth, "than Flora Temple—no worthier breathes the sweet air of heaven!"

"How!" she replied, surprised and almost alarmed, "you know me!"

"There is not a page of my heart," replied the stranger, "where your name is not written, where your image is not engraved!"

The lovely girl turned pale and drew back, eyeing her companion from head to foot with keen scrutiny, and then shrunk with something of a tremor close to her father's arm.

"Nonsense, daughter," he said; remember you are at Rome, and in a masked ball; these things mean nothing but jest."

The knight stood erect and silent, as if deaf to all sounds but the voice of his lady love.

Mrs. Temple, ever childishly delighted with adventure and admiration, smiled on the proud form who stood thus glittering in his mailed suit, and who appeared to have thus publicly selected Flora as the peculiar object of homage. The attention of the father and mother was, however, immediately directed to other attractions; and although the daughter hung on the arm of the former, she could receive the remarks of the knight, and even reply to them, without the danger of observation.

"Your noble father," said he at length, when he found another opportunity to address himself to her ear alone—"your noble sire, fair lady, mistakes.—What I say means more than jest. Dost thou remember—"

He paused, and resumed again in a tone yet lower and deeper,—

"Yes, dear, most beloved Flora! the bosom once more, after long and weary years, heaves at the sound of your voice, has learned nothing from absence but love, although more hopeless—but adoration, although offered in despair. Farewell again—now, perhaps, for ever."

"Stay—stay!" she cried, pale as monumental marble, yet uttering not the last exclamation to render the interesting interview less interrupted by others.

The knight obeyed.

"Something tells me," said she, after a short pause, and with a voice that trembled with emotion, "that I speak to one whom I have met in a distant land."

"To an exile added the stranger, "whose years of agony would be repaid a thousand fold, if but one kind word from your lips would bless with hope that deep and faithful love which absence could never weaken, nor even despair destroy."

"Mr. Leslie!"

His very heart stood still. Those same eyes which had haunted him in the remotest climes were now turned on him with increased loveliness and feeling. At this moment the cavalier with the sable plume approached, and said—

"Ho, sir knight—a word with you!"
He to whom this was addressed showed little inclination to accept an invitation so abruptly given, and was turning away, disdaining reply, when the speaker, shading his brows with one hand, half-lifted the mask. Beneath it glanced the eyes of the Countess D.

At such periods, years of thought flash over us in a moment. That remarkable face—he had first seen it with Howard, and saved her from the mad steeds; it had floated afterward, darkly, ominously, in his delicious dreams; then the haughty coldness with which it had mingled in the giddy circles at Florence—the firmness with which Morton had identified it at Casine.—The consummate skill which had guided her through his interviews with her, so as again to fling the suspicion from his mind; and now, here, beneath a mask, in man's attire, the same glance—but its coldness changed to fire—its meaning and its mystery unveiled, gleaming on him amid the riot and confusion of this magnificent scene! Even Flora was forgotten.

"Norman Leslie!" she said after a gaze of singular agitation, "you are in danger!"

"How! from whom?"

"Your life—you are watched!"

"My life I value not; but, mysterious woman, you know me—you are then she! By Heaven!" he grasped her wrist, "you shall not leave me till—"

"For God's sake! I am your friend; stand aside but for one moment. Seem not to regard me. Eyes are on us—eyes of hate, fire, and revenge. More presently."

She glided away, leaving Norman almost motionless with astonishment. He turned to Flora—she also was gone.

"Alms!" said a holy friar, beneath whose cowl might be detected the head of a profligate young noble; "alms, I pray you."

"Stand!" cried a stalwart figure, arrayed as a robber.

Norman looked around. Nothing could he see but a wilderness of grotesque forms and amazed faces.

Presently a hand touched his arm.

"Look not around," said the voice; "I am the sable plume. If you attempt to gaze, or follow if you exhibit any sign to betray to others that I am addressing you, both of us are lost—Nay, then, I will fly—you shall never behold me again."

"Speak then," said he.

"Beware the harlequin."

"The harlequin! There are twenty here."

"Then avoid them all—and the palmer—they seek thy life."

"And who are they?"

"The one is the subtle priest, the other—"

There was a pause.

"Nay, he has passed; yet he is almost now within reach of our lowest voice. The other is—move not, stir not—"

"Speak!"

"Clairmont."

It was with difficulty indeed that the advice contained in this last sentence was adopted. His heart leaped to his throat. His blood rolled and boiled in his veins.

"You know the secret of my life!" said he, however, without stirring.

There was no answer.

"I will turn, if you speak not, and drag you before this whole multitude."

There was no answer. He changed his position.

As he suspected, his informant had disappeared.—He sent a keen glance round amid the thousands.—Palmer and harlequins were passing and repassing him in every direction.

"Sir knight of the crimson plume," said a voice.

"Well, my fair page!"

"Beneath the vase, on your pedestal, lies a scroll. It is for you; but read it not till you are alone."

Bewildered, half believing himself in a romantic dream, he made his way to the spot designated, and with a cautious hand moved the small vase. Passing his fingers over the marble, he seized a strip of paper.

Trembling with curiosity, hoping that he was about to make the discovery which would lift him at once to bliss unutterable, he forgot the caution he had so singularly received respecting the harlequin; and, after wrapping around him a heavy black mantle which he had left in the corridor, without waiting for his carriage, he hastened—he almost flew into the street.

The moon was just emerging from a silver cloud that lay like a bar along the sky. Its light fell broadly down from the eaves of an immense palace. Pausing in a narrow lane, he held up the scroll. It contained only a line:—"By twilight, meet me to-morrow night, at St. Peter's, before the altar of St. Leo the Great. Your life, more than your liberty, depends on it."

A short, deep exclamation at his side startled him; and the glimmer of a bright blade trembled in the moonbeam.

"Ha! at last!" cried a well-known voice, as a dagger was lifted over his breast.

Off his guard, unarmed, utterly exposed, death once again gleamed before him; from which all his personal strength and courage would have been unable to defend him, when a figure darted upon them and threw a heavy cloak upon the arm of the assassin. Grasping him, thus entangled, Norman brought him to the ground, and tore off his mask. The face of Clairmont met his eyes. It was black with passion. He wrenched the knife from his hand—a dreadful feeling flashed across him; but muttering, "No—no blood!" he flung the blade fiercely away. "Dog! assassin! you shall come with me!"

A crowd of revellers burst suddenly round the corner—several rushed to the spot. Norman stood alone—His victim, with a sudden and desperate struggle, had wrenched himself away; leaving only a few shreds, of various colors, in the hand of his foe.

MORE OF THEIR LORDSHIPS. We understand that it was not in this city alone, and in breaking lamps and watchman's heads, that the Marquis of Waterford and his gallant compeers exhibit their noble bearing. As they were travelling lately abroad on one of the southern boats, they took occasion, as the old lady said, to "show their brighten up." They went aboard in the garb of common sailors; but as their inclinations were somewhat more aspiring than their dress seemed to indicate, they were not careful to confine themselves to sailor's quarters.

In a word, the gallant noblemen betook themselves to the ladies' cabin, and their fell to the enactment of such "shines" that the captain was called to reduce them to order.

"What are you doing here in the ladies' cabin, said the Captain.

"D—n it! what's that to you?" replied the Marquis of Waterford.

"It's a good deal to me," said the captain, for as I happen to command this boat, it is part of my duty to see that people are kept in their proper places; and I must tell you my lads, that you're quite out of your latitude. The ladies' cabin is no place for sailors. Clear out, and go forward."

"Go forward!" echoed Lord John Beresford—"whom do you take us to be?"

"Just what you appear—four drunken, unmanly vagabonds. Out with you."

"We're gentlemen," said Lord Rosley.

"Gentlemen!" repeated the captain, contemptuously—"I must say you have a very genteel way of showing it. But I cannot condescend to bandy words with such fellows. Out you must go, and confine yourselves to the fore part of the boat, were you belong."

"We're Irish noblemen," said the Marquis of Waterford, "and no sailors."

"If you're Irish noblemen, or any other nobleman," said the captain coolly, "you ought to behave like noblemen. But as you came here in the garb of sailors, and your behavior is such as would disgrace the lowest tars, you must excuse me for treating you accordingly. Here!" speaking to some of his men, "take these fellows to the forecastle and confine them there."

"Ay, ay!" said the men, and seizing their noble lordships, they conveyed them forward, in spite of their struggles, swearing at the unmanly Yankees, remonstrances and threats of vengeance, and kept them there during the remainder of the passage.

N. York Trans.

Map of Dearborn County, ON AN ENGRAVED COPPER PLATE.
THE undersigned proposes to publish a Map of Dearborn County, Indiana, to exhibit the Sections, Townships, and Ranges, as laid down in the original Surveys; towns, roads, rivers and creeks, the political division into townships.

The whole to be neatly and accurately laid down upon a scale of two miles to the inch, and the political division into townships colored. Mills and other manufactories, (distilleries excepted), will be laid down upon the map, by the owners of them paying twenty-five cents per copy extra. The maps will be delivered to subscribers at fifty cents per copy, and will be ready for delivery by the first of March, 1836, at which time due notice will be given.

Sept. 5, 1835-31row SAMUEL MORRISON.

NEW GOODS.
JUST received and now opening a large and general assortment of seasonable English, French, German India, and American

DRY GOODS,
ALSO, AN ASSORTMENT OF

Hardware, Cutlery, Queensware, Groceries, Hats, Shoes, Boots, BONNETS & C.

We have selected these goods in the New York & Philadelphia markets with great care, and will sell them on as fair terms as any House in the west. Buyers will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock.

GEORGE TOUSEY, & CO.
Lawrenceburgh, April 4, 1835. 12-tf.

LAW NOTICE.
GEO. H. DUNN & PHILIP L. SPOONER have entered into partnership in the practice of the LAW. Office on High street above D. Guard's Store.
May 12th, 1835. 18-tf

SALT. 450 bbls. Kenhawa Salt, superior quality 50 do Old Salt, (from 75 to 100 pbrbl); GEORGE TOUSEY & Co.
For sale by June 12, 1835.

FLOUR.
A QUANTITY of flour on hand and for sale by GEO. TOUSEY & Co.
July 10, 1835.

CLOVER SEED.
A FEW bushels Clover Seed for sale by E. S. BUSH.
Lawrenceburgh, March 17, 1835. 11-tf

NEW GOODS.
I HAVE now received my entire stock of

Spring Goods,
Embracing almost every article of

DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, QUEENWARE AND GROCERIES.

Generally called for in this market, which I will sell on as good terms as they can be had in this place.

E. S. BUSH.
Lawrenceburgh, May 7, 1835. 17-tf.

Potatoes wanted.
500 BUSHELS potatoes for which the highest market price will be paid if application be made soon, by G. TOUSEY & Co.
Sept. 12th-35

Notice—By the Printer.
THOSE indebted to D. V. CULLEY or to CULLEY & COLE, for newspapers, job printing, or advertising, are notified that their accounts are made out, and will be presented for payment with as little delay as possible. Those indebted by note will be required to lift them immediately.

A CARD.
THE subscribers have moved to their New Building nearly opposite their old stand, and near the corner of Main and short streets, where they are now receiving and opening a large supply of

GOODS.
GEO. W. LANE, & Co.
April 9, 1835. 13-tf.

JOSEPH GROFF, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, HAT MANUFACTURER;

HAVING recently removed his establishment, from Elizabethtown, Ohio, to Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, would inform his former friends and customers, and the public in general, that his manufactory is now in full operation, on High street, one door above Jesse Hunt's Hotel; where he will be happy to accommodate all persons, either wholesale or retail, with all kinds of HATS, of the latest fashions. BLACK, DRAB, BEAVER, and FOTTER HATS, made on the shortest notice, and sold at a reasonable price, for cash or country produce. 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-tf

FALL & WINTER GOODS.
THE subscribers have just received from New York an assortment of seasonable goods, which, with their former stock, makes their assortment complete. Purchasers will find it to their interest to call and examine for themselves.

JOHN P. DUNN & Co.
Oct. 24, 1835. 38-tf

Shaw's Patent Lever Locks,
CONSISTING OF

Bank Locks, Upright mortice Locks
Fire-Proof do. Six inch do. do.
Store door do. 6, 7, 8, & 9 inch rim do.
Front do. do. Vestibule Latches,
Sliding do. do. Mortice do.
Folding do. do. Recess and night do.

Which are manufactured in Cincinnati, by Abe Shaw, and warranted to be superior to any formerly offered to the public, are kept constantly on hand, and for sale by

W. B. SNYDER.
Lawrenceburgh, Jan. 31, 1835. 3-tf

Iron, Nails, &c.
JUST arrived, and for sale, a quantity of IRON NAILS, and American BLISTER STEEL.
GEO. W. LANE, & Co.
April 9, 1835. 13-tf.

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

D. S. MAJOR will hereafter make his arrangements so as to be at his office on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays; if absent, it will be on Thursdays and Fridays.
July 10th, 1835. 26-2mo

Court of Dearborn County.
Circuit—4th Mondays in March and September—may sit 2 weeks, if the business require it.
Probate—2d Mondays in February, May, August, and November—may sit 6 days, if the business require it.
Commissioners—1st Monday in January, March, May, September, and November—5 days at each term.

Notice.
TO BRICK MAKERS AND BUILDERS.
THE great demand for Sawyer's Patent Brick Machines, has induced the proprietor for the West, to make arrangements [in addition to his own facilities] with Mr. S. S. Dickinson, manufacturer of the celebrated Franklin Printing Press, to devote a part of his very extensive establishment to the erection of these brick machines, without, however, interfering with his means for furnishing, as usual, his variety of printing materials.

This method of making Brick has been practically proven to be the best yet known, either as regards economy and expedition in manufacturing, or quality of the article when made. Competition, the rest of all such matters, is cordially and respectfully invited.

The Patent Right is considered well secured, even beyond the possibility of infringement; some of the ablest Counsel in the Union having been employed in preparing the specifications of the same.

The subscriber will sell and give clear titles for Rights to use the Machine in any Western Town or County not yet sold. He will also furnish Castings, with the wrought Iron, separately or together, or contract for building Machines in the West on favorable terms.

J. C. MELCHER.
Louisville,
Oct. 3. 36-8w

NEW GOODS.
C. R. & W. WEST,
RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public, that they did, on the first day of January last, enter into partnership, for the purpose of Merchandizing in the town of Lawrenceburgh, at the Store formerly occupied by C. R. West, under the firm of C. R. West, & Co and have just received 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 (assorted),
SILKS. Real black Italian lustrings, black gro. do. Swiss, black gro. do. nap and Senuhas.
Mantus, Sarsonnets and lavantine satine; colored gro de Naps, plain and figured; colored Foyence and satins.

A VARIETY OF

DRESS HANKERCHIEFS,
Consisting of blond gauze, gro de zane, gro de naps, Poppelino, and crade chine; superfine gauzes, and Crape scarfs; figured and plain bobinets,
Thread and bobinet laces, and inserting, bobinet and Swiss capes, white and black bobinet veils,
Black, green and white gauze do; Irish linen, lawns, and Linen cambrics; linen cambric handkerchiefs, Pink, white and black Italian crapes; plain, striped and Corded gingham; painted Muslin,
Plain, figured and crossbarred jacksons;
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

GEORGE'S Merino, casimere, brochel, princetts, And lashing; real linen drilling; blue and yellow Nankeens; superior silk velvets;
Valentia; Satin face and silk vesting.
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, LADIES' TUSCAN AND STRAW BONNETS; BOOTS & SHOES;
And are expecting daily, a general assortment of

Hardware, Cutlery, Queensware GLASSWARE & GROCERIES.
ALSO, BAR IRON, CASTINGS, NAILS, AND Window Glass, &c. &c. &c.
April 4, 1835. 12-tf.

They feel grateful to their friends and customers for the liberal patronage heretofore extended, and solicit a continuance of public favors.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS
EDWARD SMITH BUSH
HAS on hand a general and elegant assortment of Dr. Goods, suited to the present and approaching season, Also—**HARDWARE, CUTLERY, QUEENSWARE & GROCERIES,** purchased in New York and Philadelphia on the best terms, and now offered for sale for cash, barter, or on time as low as they can be had in the market. He invites the attention of purchasers.
October 17th, 1835. 40-tf

NOTICE.
AN election of ten Directors of the Lawrenceburgh Branch of the State Bank of Indiana, on the part of individual stockholders, will be held in Lawrenceburgh on Monday the 24 day of November next.

ENOCH D. JOHN, Cashier.
Lawrenceburgh, Oct. 24, 1835. 39-3w

N. B. The second instalment due on the stock in the Lawrenceburgh Branch is payable on the tenth day of November next. Specie will be required in payment.
E. D. J.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.
I WISH to sell my FARM, two miles from Lawrenceburgh, and 4 mile from Hardinsburgh, commonly known as the Mount Pleasant FARM. Any person wishing to purchase can have the opportunity on the 24th of this month, at public auction at my residence on said Farm, if not previously sold. Terms made known on the day of sale.
Oct. 10-39ts. ABRAHAM ROLAND.
Sale to take place between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, A. M.

NEW GOODS
THE subscribers have received a splendid assortment of

STAPLE AND FANCY Dry Goods,
ALSO—**HARDWARE, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, &c. &c.**
Purchasers will please give us a call.
Oct. 10, 1835. N. & G. SPARKS.

FUR AND HAIR CAPS.
THE subscriber has just received a splendid assortment of FUR & HAIR CAPS, of the latest fashions, which he will sell on reasonable terms, at his Hat Store on Main Street, a few doors above Mr. Cable's Hotel.
JOSEPH GROFF.
Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 30, 1835. 38-tf

Dissolution of Partnership.
THE partnership heretofore existing under the firm of **RODNEY & BURTON** is dissolved. The firm of health of Mr. Burton has induced him to withdraw from the concern. The business will be continued by the subscriber as though no change in the firm had taken place.
WM. RODNEY.
Lawrenceburgh, Oct. 10, 1835-39w

Administrator's Sale.
NOTICE is hereby given, that I will expose to sale, at public auction on Saturday the thirty-first day of Oct. 1835, at the premises lately owned by Dr. Isaac Ferris, deceased, on Tanner's Creek, the following personal property of the said deceased, to-wit: Two horses, one two-horse wagon, one set of new harness, farming utensils, &c. A credit of nine months will be given on all sums of three dollars and upwards; the purchaser giving his note with approved security.
JOHN B. CLARK, Adm'n.
Manchester, Oct. 10, 1835-39w