

## POETICAL.

From the Cincinnati Advertiser.  
From "Colerain Erect."

The idea of electing Gen. Harrison because he lives in a log cabin, which he does not, is supremely ridiculous. The Whigs of Cincinnati, as I have been informed, represented him on their flag leaning on a plough near his "Log Cabin," with a barrel of "hard cider," in front, with the intention of deceiving the Farmers in that section of the Country through which they passed, on their rout to Columbus. They supposed, if the Farmers could be, in this way convinced, that General H. actually lived in a "Log Cabin," it would be all which would be necessary to obtain their votes. Reflecting on these circumstances one evening after feeding our cattle, I sat down and composed the following lines; they, as will be perceived, have no pretension to the title of poetry; but my farming friends will consider that I have not had much of an education and cannot express my mind as the poetry makers say "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn," therefore if I do not write so *finis* as some, it will make no difference, if I only express the ideas I have in my mind; or rather show what I should suppose might be the reflections of the "Candidate" on hearing of these proceedings. He and the party which supports him may rest assured they cannot deceive us the Farmers of Ohio.

## Buckeye Farmer's Song.

Hark from North Bend a solemn sound,  
Good Whigs attend the cry;  
"Ye Bankites come and view the ground,  
Where my "log cabin" lies."

I've lived so long in this log hut  
I've almost froze my ears,  
There's nothing here but smoke and snuff,  
One table, and two cheers.

You say I'm not so saleable  
As Webster, Scott, or Clay  
But I am most "available"  
For next election day.

By this it seems I'm second best  
Heaven help the man who's third;  
The devil may take all the rest,  
Upon a "Chiefsains" word.

You've placed a "log house" on my flag,  
To make the Farmers think  
That my "last coat" has worn to rags  
And I, "hard cider" drink.

My good whig friends you must beware  
And blind the people's eyes,  
For if you don't you all may swear  
They'll catch you in your lies.

You said that Jackson could not write  
Or dance a polished jig,  
You owned he could the British fight,  
But this don't suit a Whig.

Panic, plague, famine, pestilence,  
Have always been the hope,  
Of all good whigs of common sense,  
To give their plans full scope.

A soldier they would never see  
In Presidential chair,  
And so they have selected me  
And mean to place me there!!

But it is quite a doubtful case,  
In my plain way of thinking,  
To win the Presidential race  
By this "hard cider" drinking.

But mind your eye at any rate,  
And raise the loud hurra  
For your "log cabin Candidate"  
Don't mention the last war.

Don't speak of that old glorious Fort  
Where that "boy," Croghan, hurled  
Defiance at the enemy,  
The tyrants of the world.

Don't speak about the "camping ground"  
The Indians pointed out,  
And when they found me sleeping sound  
They yelled the war whoop shout.

The farmers are such simple souls,  
Just sound the "cabin," cry,  
Drink, "cider," out of Buckeye bowls,  
They'll vote for me by die.

But yet I fear they won't believe  
Your words are solemn fact,  
But merely got up to deceive  
With cunning whiggish tact."

Yours,  
TIPPECANOE.

## VARIETY.

BENONI BURDOCK,  
A CHARACTER.

"By my troth, Captain, these be very bitter words!"  
K. Henry IV.

Benoni Burdock was a bitter man, and every thing about him was bitter. He was the beau ideal, a abstraction, incarnation, and concentration of bitterness. Nothing dulcet entered into his composition, or could be made to harmonize with any one of his qualities, physical or intellectual. He was born on a "bitter cold" day, when the skies were bitter, and every body looked and felt most bitterly. He came into the world in bitter times, and they have been growing bitter ever since. It was wonderful how rapidly the bitterness of his nature developed itself. The first time he tasted a sugar-plum it set him crying; but a drop of wormwood tea restored him to good-humor—that is, such good humor as a body may show in a bitter way. He never laughed, though he sometimes grinned sullenly a bitter smile. Sugar-candy was an abomination to him. He was never known to practice the Yankee trick of licking molasses; and the mention of "honey made him sick." Gingerbread never sat well upon his stomach; sweetmeats made him faint; but he delighted in chewing rhubarb, fig-root, gentian, manduque, and quassia. Fruit he thought no flowers fit to be smelt at but rose and stink cabbage.

Such was the birth, infancy, and youth of Benoni Burdock; bitter-bitter-bitter. As he

advanced in life he grew bitterer still; his whole career was a most beautiful development of bitterness. He never fell in love—not he; that was too sweet a passion. He was not amorous, as Dr. Heavyside remarked, attempting a ponderous pun; he was *amarissimus*. He lived all alone, because the people about him had sweet faces. He kept a great snarling dog with a most surly and spindly visage. Benoni thought him a beauty, because he always looked bitterly even when gnawing his bones.

As for Benoni himself, his looks cannot be expressed in language. If any inkstand held all the streams of Marah and Locutus, it could not supply a requisite for the description of the bitterness of that visage of his. The sight of it would make you think of all the bitter diseases that flesh is heir to,—hypo, blue-devils, megrims, mulligrubs, north-easters, notes-to-pay, and all sorts of diabolical despondencies. To take his word for it, Benoni was never well in his life; he always had "a terrible pain in the stomach," or was "in a poor state of health," or was "ailing fast," or "doing miserably," or was not long for this world," or in some such dismal way.

It is wonderful to see how many bitter ways there are of enjoying life. Benoni Burdock was a perfect adept in this art; he extracted bitterness from every thing. He was bitter habitually, and sour by way of a change. He drank hardly any thing but Stoughton's elixir, and once quarrelled with his father, because, instead of strong beer, he gave him a glass of Mother Cob's mild. He always had his meat overdone, to give it a sooty flavor, and could not endure any sauce that did not taste pucky. As for medicine, pills were too sweet for him; his favorite dose was colicoquinta, though there were variations of bitterness in his humor when he could endure *Aiera piera*. His recreation was reading fast sermons, and his felicity foul weather.

Benoni was fond of music; but it was music of a particular sort. He delighted to hear the filing of a handsaw, the yelping of a dog, a cat-concert, the singing of a north-wester through a cranny, the clack of a scolding woman, the grinding of an ungreased wheel, and the roaring of a bull-frog. He could sing, after a fashion, and amused himself with all sorts of bitter tunes, such as, "Oh, there'll be mourning,"—"The Tongue and the Bones,"—"Dirge in the Dumps," and Billings's Jargon. He had a cello hanging up in his room, where he kept—not a canary bird, or a bob-o-link, but a beautiful little screech owl. There was also a cricket under his hearth, and when the owl screeched, the cricket cried, the tea-kettle sighed, and the sappy fore-stick of the fire set up a groaning, then Benoni felt the full enjoyment of bitterness. He would strike in and sing his favorite air, "Let's all be unhappy together!"

Benoni, too, was fond of the fine arts. He had all sorts of bitter-looking pictures hanging in his room, such as Richard the Third, Djezzar Pasha, Caracalla, Commodore Truncheon, Ancient Pistol, and Old Put. Benoni's literature showed the same exquisite taste. He learnt all sorts of bitter words and obituary ejaculations. In philosophy he was a decided cynic, and he knew Rochefoucault by heart. He thought highly of Timon of Athens, and was an indefatigable collector of Fast Day sermons; but his favorite reading was Dr. Gall.

Some people may think Benoni was miserable in consequence of all this. Never was a greater mistake. Benoni was happy because bitterness was enjoyment to him. Did you ever take notice, reader, of the lives of these grumbling people? They are "sick of the world," they "are tired of existence," "such things will kill them," they are "just going," and all that; and yet how long-lived they are! They survive all their cheerful neighbours. No misfortunes, no catastrophes, no sufferings, hinder them from growing gray under all their calamities. The wonder is they ever die at all. Grumbling is the life of them.

Just so with Benoni; he was always happiest when there was most bitterness about him. The more bitter things he could say, the more bitter things he could do, the more bitter things he could hear of, the more he thrived. He felt bitterly towards all the world, though there was no partiality in that, for he was quite as bitter towards himself. He was a friend to nobody except bitter enemies. He was always uneasy during peaceable times, and I verily believe he would have died long ago, had things gone smoothly; but there have been such bitter doings of late, that Benoni has been able to grumble on.

I have spoken of this bitter genius in the past tense, though I am not certain that he has actually taken his leave of the bitterness of this mundane state. The last time I saw him was a few months ago, when we took a glass of bitters together by way of sweetening our conversation. It was a raw, easterly day—emphatically bitter; I knew such weather would bring him out. He was as bitter as ever I knew him, and gave a most ludicrous-dolorous grin when I complimented him upon the flourishing state of his bitter old age. He talked in the usual strain, for he was always bitterly croaking. These were bitter hard times, bitter prospects for the country; things were in a bitter state, "money was tight," there was "a horrible pressure," the banks would not discount, the country was "going to ruin," "trade was overdone," there would be "an awful crash before long"—and so on.

Such was Benoni Burdock, and such were his rare virtues. May they be duly honored by all who are just like him. If my readers do not recollect the identical man, they know many of his family, who, though they cannot copy him to full perfection, yet try very hard to do it. Success beside them, for their own sakes, though not for that of other folks. But enough of Benoni. Let us sweeten our thoughts by talking of something else; though if any body wishes for the bitterness of his acquaintance, I think his lodgings may be found at the lower end of Wormwood Alley.

Proud, happy, thrice happy America! "the home of the oppressed—the asylum of the emigrant—where the citizens of every clime, and the child of every creed, roam free and untrammelled as the wild winds of heaven—baptized at the fount of Liberty in fire and blood—cold must be the heart that thrills not at the mention of thy name!" Among thy sons, America;

Lives there a man with soul as dead,  
Who never to himself half said,  
This is my own, my native land!—Scott.

He COULD NOT DIE.—A Texas Paper says that a Yankee came to that country some time ago as he said to die; it being so healthy down in Maine, where he belonged, that folks lived forever. After remaining in Houston a year he found that he weighed ten pounds more, than he did when he quit home, whereupon he resolved to visit New Orleans in August, and said if that did not finish him he should return to his home and wait patiently for the millennium.

"Father, that old black sheep has got two lambs."  
"Good," says the old man, "that's the most profitable sheep on the farm."

"But one on 'em's dead," added Ben.  
"I'm glad on't," says the father, "it'll be better for the old sheep."

"But 'tother is dead too," says Ben.  
"So much the better," rejoins the old man, "she'll make a grand piece of mutton in the fall."

"Yes—but the old sheep's dead too," exclaims Ben.

"Dead! dead!—what the old sheep dead?" cries old Hodge, "that's good, darn her!—she always was an ugly old scamp!"—Dorset Gaz.

BE MY WIFE.—The following naïve lover's promise was offered as an irresistible temptation to a filially given inamorata: "I like you," sighed the girl to her suitor, "but I can't leave home. I'm a widow's only darling; no husband can ever equal my parent in kindness." "She is kind," replied the wooer, "but be my wife, we will live together, and see if I don't beat your mother."

SHAMEFUL WASTE OF TIME.—Holding Harrison meetings in Maine.  
[N. Y. Mirror.]  
Ditto all over the Union.

## TAKEN UP.

BY Ulysses Borel, living in Vevay, Jefferson township, Switzerland county; State of Indiana, on the 5th day of February, 1840, adrift in the Ohio river, a flat-bottom boat 78 or 80 feet long and 16 feet wide, poplar gunwales, oak end pieces, seven steamers and eleven cross girders, one sweep and one steering oar in her, the plank next the gunwales are of oak, the bottom oak plank, plank at the bow sycamore; the studding of sycamore. No other particular marks perceivable—appraised to \$50, by Edward Violet and Ezekiah Roberts, on the 16th day of February, 1840, before me,  
PERNET DUFOUR, J. P.  
Feb. 22, 1840.

**Administrator's Notice.**  
LETTERS of Administration having been granted to the undersigned, by the Probate Court at their February term, 1840, on the estate of Ann Gilliland, deceased, late of Switzerland county, those indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment; and those having claims against the same, are hereby requested to present the same, duly authenticated, for settlement. Said estate is supposed to be solvent.  
J. R. WHITEHEAD, Adm'r.  
Feb. 29, 1840.

WAGON MAKING,  
And Blacksmith Work.

THE subscriber, having purchased the Wagon-making establishment formerly owned by Wm. Gray, with the intention of carrying it on in all its various branches, and having employed a first rate workman, from Cincinnati, is ready to do any kind of work in that line. New work and repairs will be done on the most accommodating terms. Being prepared to do both wood and iron work, he can fill orders in the shortest notice. He has now ready made, and for sale, a good assortment of

**Peacock & Carey Ploughs,**  
and other farming utensils, all of which will be sold low. Work of all kinds done as usual at the shortest notice.

He has also received a new assortment of **Cooking Stoves,** which will be sold at the Cincinnati prices, with the addition of freight. F. L. GRISARD.  
Feb. 29, 1840.

**THE CAUSE OF BILIOUS COMPLAINTS AND A MODE OF CURE.**—A well regulated and proportionate quantity of bile on the stomach is always requisite for the promotion of sound health; it stimulates digestion, and keeps the intestinal canal free from all obstructions. On the inferior surface of the liver is a peculiar bladder, in which the bile is first preserved, being formed by the liver from the blood. Thence it passes into the stomach, and intestine, and regulates the indigestion. Thus we see when there is a deficiency of bile, the body is constantly costive. On the other hand, an overabundance of bile, causes frequent nausea in the stomach; and often promotes very severe attacks of disease, which sometimes end in death.

Fevers are always preceded by symptoms of a disordered stomach; as are also scrofulous disorders, and all sympathetic functional organic or febrile diseases. From the same cause, the natural and healthy action of the heart, and the whole vascular system is impaired and reduced below its natural standard; as exhibited in palpitations, languid pulse, torpors of the limbs, syncope, and even death itself, in consequence of an overabundance of a peculiar offensive substance to the digestive organs.

The approach of bilious diseases is at all times attended by decided symptoms of an existing diseased state of the stomach and bowels; i.e. with those signs which are known to point out their contents to be of a morbid irritating nature; but whenever the alimentary canal happens to be loaded with irritating matter, some derangement of the healthy operation, either of the general system, or of some particular organ of the body is the certain result; and when this state happens to be united with any other symptoms of disease, its effects are always thereby much aggravated. The progress of organic obstruction is often so rapid as scarcely to admit of time for the application of such aids as to be offered by art; yet, in general, the premonitory symptoms of gastric load are perceptible for a day or two previous to the paroxysm, a period, when the most efficacious assistance may be given, by unloading the stomach and alimentary canal of its irritating contents, and thus reducing the susceptibility of disease.

MOFFAT'S LIFE MEDICINES, should always be taken in the early stages of bilious complaints; and if persevered in strictly according to the directions, will positively effect a cure.

The mineral medicines often prescribed in these diseases, although they may effect a temporary cure, at the same time create an unhealthy state of the blood, and consequently tend to protract a return of the

very disease which they are employed to cure. It is then by the use of purgatives, exclusively formed of vegetable compounds, which, possessing within themselves no deleterious agencies, which decomposition, combination, or alteration can develop or bring into action; and therefore capable of producing no effect, save that which is desired—that a safe remedy is found.

The LIFE PILLS and PHENIX BITTERS have proved to be the most happy in their effects in cases of bilious diseases, of any purely vegetable preparation ever offered to the public. If the stomach is foul, they cleanse it by exciting it to throw off its contents; if not, they pass to the duodenum without exciting vomiting or nausea in the stomach; stimulating the neighboring viscera, as the liver and pancreas, so as to produce a more copious flow of their secretions into the intestines; stimulating the exhalant capillaries, terminating in the inner coat, which an increased flow of the useless particles of the body, foreign waters, or retained secretions, are completely discharged.

For sale wholesale and retail by the proprietor, WILLIAM B. MOFFAT, 375 Broadway—to N. Y. whom all letters relative to the Medicines or orders must be directed.

The Good Samaritan, explaining more fully Mr. Moffat's theory of diseases, may be had gratis at the office, 375 Broadway.

FEVER AND AGUE POSITIVELY CURED.—Fever and Ague is a most obstinate disease, and in warm and humid climates, frequently resists every ordinary mode of cure, so as to become very distressing to the patient; and by the extreme debility which the disease induces, it often gives rise to other chronic complaints. Marsh miasmata, or the effluvia arising from stagnant water, is the most frequent exciting cause of this disease; and one of its great peculiarities is its susceptibility of a renewal from very slight causes, such as from the prevalence of an easterly wind—even without the repetition of the original exciting cause. In this, Fever and Ague differs from most other fevers; as it is well known, that after an ordinary fever has once occurred, and been removed, the person affected is not so liable to a fresh attack as one who was not so affected. These circumstances render it extremely difficult to effect a permanent cure of Fever and Ague, though to relieve the patient for the time being is a very easy task.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS have been thoroughly tested, and proved to be a positive and radical cure of Fever and Ague. Hundreds of his fellow-citizens in the West, have voluntarily come forward to assure Mr. MOFFAT that the LIFE MEDICINES are the only medicines that will permanently effect a removal of this most tedious and disagreeable disease.

Others who have emigrated to that rich and promising portion of our country—men who went out full of hope, and confident of winning a competence from the luxuriance of the soil; or who carried to the outposts of our settlements the mercantile or mechanical experience won in the crowded cities and towns of the older states, have either returned with shattered constitutions and depressed spirits, or they remain in their new homes, dragging out a weary life; at last to sink under some disease to which they are predisposed by that terror of the West, the FEVER AND AGUE. Their hopes are blasted—their business enterprises destroyed—their life becomes a dreary, and the word of promise, made to the ear, is broken to the hope.

To these individuals, Mr. Moffat would say—"Try the LIFE MEDICINES, and you will yet anticipate your most sanguine expectations, for they will certainly restore you to health."

FEVER AND AGUE is a complaint which requires to be met at its first approach, and combated at every stage. Seldom fatal to itself, it reduces the strength, and impairs the functions of the organs, so that upon the manifestation of disease Nature is unable, unassisted, to resist the invader. The Life Medicines, when taken strictly according to directions will cure it, and give to the weak and trembling victim of disease, new health, life, and strength.

MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.—The universal attraction in which the celebrated Life Pills and Phenix Bitters are held, is satisfactorily demonstrated by the increasing demand for them in every State and section of the Union, and by the voluntary testimonials to their remarkable efficacy which are every where offered. It is not less from a deeply gratifying confidence that they are the means of extensive and inestimable good among his afflicted fellow creatures, than from interested considerations, that the proprietor of these preeminently successful medicines is desirous of keeping them constantly before the public eye.

The sale of every additional box and bottle is a guarantee that some persons will be relieved from a greater or less degree of suffering, and be improved in general health; for in no case of suffering from disease can they be taken in vain. The proprietor has never known or been informed of an instance in which they have failed to do good. In the most obstinate cases of chronic disease, such as chronic dyspepsia, torpid liver, rheumatism, asthma, nervous and bilious headache, costiveness, piles, general debility, scrofulous swellings and ulcers, scurvy, salt rheum and all other chronic affections of the organs and membranes, they effect cures with a rapidity and permanency which few persons would theoretically believe, but to which thousands have testified from happy experience.

In colds and coughs, which, if neglected, superinduce the most fatal diseases of the lungs, and indeed the viscera in general, these medicines, if taken but for three or four days, never fail. Taken at night, they promote the insensible perspiration, and to relieve the system of febrile action and febrile obstructions, as to produce a most delightful sense of copiousness in the morning; and though the usual symptoms of a cold should partially return during the day, the repetition of a suitable dose at the next hour of bed-time will almost invariably effect permanent relief, without further aid. Their effect upon fevers of a more acute and violent kind is not less sure and speedy if taken in proportionate quantity; and persons retreating to bed with inflammatory symptoms of the most alarming kind, will awake with the gratifying consciousness that the fierce enemy has been overthrown, and can easily be subdued. In the same way, visceral turbulence, though long established, and visceral inflammations, however critical, will yield—the former to small and latter to large doses of the LIFE PILLS; and so gloomy hysterical affections, hypochondriacism, restlessness, and many many other varieties of the Neurotic class of diseases, yield to the efficacy of the PHENIX BITTERS. Full directions for the use of these medicines, and showing their distinctive applicability to different complaints, accompany them; and they can be obtained wholesale and retail, at 375 Broadway, where numerous certificates of their unparalleled success are always open to inspection.

French, German and Spanish directions can be obtained on application at the office, 375 Broadway. All post paid letters will receive immediate attention. Sold wholesale and retail by Wm. B. MOFFAT, 375 Broadway; N. Y. A liberal deduction made to those who purchase to sell again.

Agents.—The Life Medicines may also be had of the principal Druggists in every town throughout the United States and Canada. Ask for Moffat's Life Pills and Phenix Bitters; and be sure that a fac-simile of John Moffat's signature is upon the label of each bottle of Bitters, or box of Pills.

For full particulars of the mode of treatment, the reader is referred to the Good Samaritan, a copy of which accompanies the medicine. A copy may be obtained of the different agents who have the medicine for sale.

For sale at the store of  
CLARKSON & DUFOUR, Vevay, Ia.  
July 3, 1839.

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## PUBLIC SALE.

WILL be sold by the undersigned at public auction, on the premises, on Friday the 27th day of March, 1840, at noon of said day, the following described real estate, lying in Pleasant township, Switzerland county, Indiana, to-wit: The north west quarter of the north west quarter of section No. 8, of township No. 3, of Range No. 3, west of the lands sold at Cincinnati, containing forty acres and sixty-eight hundredths.

Also one other piece, tract or parcel of land, to-wit: Beginning at the north west corner of the south west quarter of section No. 5, of township No. 3, of Range No. 3 west, running south eighty rods to a corner, thence east until it strikes the county road, which runs from the Vevay and Versailles State Road, to Guy Peabody's line, thence running along the centre of said road, bearing to the north west of east to a corner a sufficient distance to inclose fifty acres of land in the tract, thence north to the north line of said quarter section from the west to the original corner or place of beginning; with the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging;—also the creek or water course running through said quarter which is included in the following boundary, to-wit: Beginning at the south west corner of the above described fifty acres of land, which corner is on a point between two small runs of water, from thence down said run into the bed of the run, thence down said west bank of the above described creek, from thence down said point into the bed of the run, thence down the run in a south east direction until it strikes the west bank of the above mentioned creek, from thence down said creek on the west bank to the south line of said quarter section to a corner, from thence east on a south line of said quarter section ten rods to a corner, from thence in a north western direction to a point one rod west of the race now in use, from thence up said race one rod west of the centre of the same to a run of water where the above described county road and the run form a conjunction, thence up said run in a north east direction until it strikes the centre line of the above described fifty acres of land. Said land now belongs to William Gardner, Stephen Niles and Malina Niles, his wife, David Gardner, Hiram Gardner, Jane Gardner, Mary Gardner, Malinda Gardner, heirs of John Gardner, deceased, late of said county.

The above described premises including mill and mill privileges thereon, will be sold at auction by the undersigned, on the day and place aforesaid, by virtue of an order and decree of Switzerland Probate Court, entered at the February Term 1840, of said Court.

The terms of sale will be as follows, to-wit: The purchaser will be required to give his note with approved resident freehold security for the purchase money, with six per cent. per annum interest thenceforth from date, payable in six annual instalments, and will receive a certificate of purchase entitling him to a deed in fee-simple on making final payment of the purchase money, the deed to be made one day after final payment.

THOMAS J. DAVIS, Com'r.  
Feb. 23, 1840.

**Administrator's Notice.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has taken out letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Bray, deceased, late of Craig township, Switzerland county, Indiana. Those indebted to said estate, are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned, and those having claims against the same, are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement. Said estate is supposed to be insolvent.  
SAMUEL BRAY, Adm'r.  
Feb. 22, 1840.

**Administrator's Sale.**  
WILL be sold at the late residence of Daniel Bray, deceased, in Craig township, Switzerland county, Indiana, on Friday, the 30th day of March, 1840, the following personal property of said decedent, to-wit: One Colt; one Fanning Mill; Cattle, Hogs, and Sheep; Farming utensils Household and Kitchen Furniture, &c.

Terms of Sale.—A credit of nine months will be given on all sums of three dollars and upwards, the purchaser giving note with approved security. All sums under three dollars, cash in hand. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M. on said day.  
SAMUEL BRAY, Adm'r.  
Feb. 22, 1840.

**DRUGS! DRUGS!**  
THE subscriber having purchased the Drug Store of Rigby, Kent, & Co., has removed it to the house formerly occupied by W. Branning, next door to Clarkson & Dufour's Store, and hopes by a strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B. Advice given gratuitously.  
DR. S. W. CLARKSON  
Would inform the citizens of Vevay and its vicinity that he has resumed the practice of Medicine, &c., and can at all times be found at his Drug Store, except when absent on professional business.  
Vevay, Sept. 23, 1839.

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Would inform the citizens of Vevay and its vicinity that he has resumed the practice of Medicine, &c., and can at all times be found at his Drug Store, except when absent on professional business.  
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