

SATURDAY EVENING.

BY BULWER.

The week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on,
Rest—rest in peace—thy daily toil is done;
And standing, as thou standest, on the brink
Of a new scene of being, calmly think
Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be,
As one that trembles on eternity.
For sure as this now closing week is past,
So sure as tomorrow will close my last—
Sure as to-morrow, shall the awful light
Of the eternal morning hail my sight.

Spirit of good! on this week's verge I stand,
Tracing the guiding influence of thy hand;
That hand which leads me gently, calmly still,
Up life's dark, stony, tiresome, thorny hill,
Thou, thou in every storm hast sheltered me
Beneath the wing of thy benignity:
A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent,
And I exist—thy mercies' monument!
A thousand wreaths upon the bed of pain;
I live—and pleasure flows through every vein.

Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her wand;
I, circled by ten thousand mercies stand.
How can I praise thee, Father! how express
My debt of reverence and of thankfulness!
A debt that no intelligence can count,
While every moment swells the vast amount:
For the week's duties thou hast given me strength,
And brought me to its peaceful close at length;
And here my grateful bosom fain would raise
A fresh memorial to thy glorious praise.

From a London Paper.

IN AND OUT—OR ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

WAT—I'm growing quite smiling and sunny,
I heed not the Radical's din,
I've lots of loaves, fishes, and money—
And ask you the reason!—I'm in!

TORY—I'm full of vexation and grief,
I'm a martyr to megrims and gout,
I skulk to the house like a thief—
And ask you the reason!—I'm out!

WHIG—I'm plump as a partridge or pheasant,
I'm spruce as a Brummagen pin,
My dreams are light, airy and pleasant—
And ask you the reason!—I'm in!

TORY—I'm sallow and lean as Dick Shiel is,
I'm acid as German sour-croat,
My dreams are as grim as Fuseli's—
And ask you the reason!—I'm out!

WHIG—My friends are all sanguine as sailors,
My relations are all on the grin,
I've plenty of tick at my tailor's—
And ask you the reason!—I'm in!

TORY—My friends are grown horrible sly
(They're afraid I shall borrow, no doubt),
My credit has bid me good-bye—
And ask you the reason!—I'm out!

WHIG—Well, well, to repine is a sin—
TORY—Oh, no, 'tis my duty to pout.
WHIG—I say so, because I am in!
TORY—I deny it, because I am out!

COUNSELLOR COSTELLO. While the celebrated Costello was in his zenith at the Irish bar, he was unrivalled for wit, acuteness and propensity for brogue. His practice lay considerably in the criminal courts, where by his ingenuity, he enabled many a deserving culprit to evade the punishment of the law. He was one day summoned to Newgate in a great hurry, and in a case of great emergency. The safe or strong box of the bank of Glendower & Co. had been plundered to an immense amount. Suspicion had fallen upon the deputy cashier, who was in consequence arrested and sent to prison, inside the walls of which he had not been ten minutes, before he was advised by his fellow prisoner to send for Counsellor Costello, who would, if any man could, save his life. It was in obedience to this summons that the counsellor repaired to Newgate.

"I am told you are committed for purloining ten thousand guineas, my dear sir!" said the counsellor, as he entered the cell.

"I am!"
"Are you guilty?"
"Sir!"
"Have you the *Araguon* sheels?"
"I don't understand you!"
"Did you do the thing?"
"Sir, you insult me by your suspicion!"
"Then you'll be hanged!" and the counsellor took his hat.

"Hold, sir," said the prisoner—who, after a little hesitation, confessed that he was able to pay the counsellor a thousand guineas, if he should procure his acquittal. The bargain was struck, and the counsellor took his leave.

Costello immediately repaired to the Crown Office, as it was then called, in Dublin, from which his client had been committed. The sitting magistrate was still on the bench.

"Good morning, Mr. Alderman," said the counsellor, as he entered, "is there any news to-day—any thing stirring in my way?"

"Yes, a most extraordinary case has occurred. One of Glendower's clerks has abstracted from the strong box of the bank ten bags, each containing one thousand guineas in gold. He was arrested this morning; some of the property was found on him, and has been sworn to. I sent him to Newgate about half an hour since, and he'll certainly answer after the next commission." (Old Daily Session.)

"The property sworn to! Why sound the bell can that be! One guinea is like another, and—"
"True, true, but with the guineas, the fellow stole some foreign gold coin, one of which, a broad Dutch piece was found on him when he was arrested—it has been identified by the chief cashier; so you will admit he has no chance of escape. Here it is!"—and he handed the coin to the counsellor.

Costello took the piece of money into his hand, looked at it most attentively, turned it in his hand, and after considering it with an air of a virtuoso, returned it to the Alderman, with, "Upon my conscience, as clear a case as I ever met." After some unimportant conversation, he withdrew, went home, and by the packet which sailed that night, he dispatched a trust messenger to Amsterdam with certain instructions, and strict injunction to be back in Dublin, within three weeks, at the end of which the commission of Oyer and Terminer was to commence. The man succeeded in the object of his mission, and returned to Dublin on the day appointed for the trial of this master's client.

The prisoner was put upon trial. The principal cashier of Glendower & Co. proved the circumstance of the robbery as narrated by the Alderman, to Costello; adding that the robber, (who could be none but the prisoner,) had substituted ten bags of half pence for those of gold, which he had stolen. The Dutch piece was then handed to the witness by the counsel for the prosecution; he unhesitatingly identified it as the property of his employers. This evidence was deemed conclusive—the prisoner's countenance changed; the jury indicated by their gestures that they were satisfied—the witness was descending from the table, when Costello exclaimed—"Stop, young man, a word with you. I will thank you for that gold piece, Mr. —" (to the counsel for the prosecution, who handed it to him.) He looked at it, turned it on the sleeve of his well worn coat, and then rubbed it with the witness, and said, holding the piece of money in his fingers—"and you positively swear this is the identical piece of gold which was in the strong box of Glendower & Co.?"

"Have a care, young man, look at it again," said Costello, offering it to the witness, but letting it fall

into his hat which lay before him on the table. "I beg your pardon," said he, taking it up and handing the coin to the witness—

"You are sure that this is the identical piece of money?"

"I am."

"You are positive! Look at it again."

"I do swear this is the identical piece."

"And this?" said the Counsellor, taking another and similar one from his hat.

The witness was petrified.

Costello had at the Crown Office impressed upon his mind the date and effigies of the gold piece shown him, and it was to procure some similar coin, that he had sent to Holland.

"And this?" continued he—"and this?" and this?—taking a fresh piece from his hat at each question.

The witness was struck dumb. The prisoner was immediately acquitted.

Snake Story. The story of the late marvellous feat of the Anaconda in the New York Museum, in swallowing a seven quarter blanket, is fully confirmed by the testimony of Mr. Peale, who avers that his snakeship does not appear to be in the least degree incommoded by his extraordinary supper.

A still more extraordinary story is related by the N. Y. Times. It is as follows:—*U. S. Gazette.* A number of years ago, a gentleman who had charge of a public museum in Baltimore, exhibited among his other living curiosities a couple of beautiful garter snakes. There is something about a garter snake peculiarly attractive, perhaps from the associations connected with its name. They are the most voracious of all the small sized snake family, and pounce upon their prey like starved hawks.

They have a truly French appetite for frogs, and it was upon these slimy amphibians that the garter snakes in question chiefly made their suppers. The keeper of the museum was one evening giving them their daily rations, when he observed that the big snake was so voracious as to devour all the little snake's supper. He accordingly separated the two animals by a thin partition, and threw a frog to the younger and weaker of the two. The little snake seized the animal and commenced swallowing it, and had succeeded in bagging its head, fore paws, and the greater part of its body, when the partition was taken away, and the big snake made a dash at the hind legs of the frog which yet protruded from the mouth of his younger brother. He obtained a hearty grip of these projecting members, and slowly swallowed his way towards the head of his supper companion, who clung sturdily to his savory mouthful. The heads of the two animals met, and the issue of the struggle for a moment seemed doubtful, when the big snake's mouth expanded and slowly closed on the head of the small one, and again he went rejoicing on his swallowing course.

Slowly but surely he went ahead, the longitude dimensions of the young serpent constantly becoming less as they were sucked into his maw, until he had swallowed him from nose to tail. After displaying this unnatural preference for his own flesh and blood, the garter snake coiled himself up for his nap, and took a comfortable snooze. The next morning the keeper called to view the two single gentlemen rolled into one, when to his astonishment he found that the younger snake had left his close quarters and was gambolling about by the side of his big play mate.

The only reasonable way of accounting for the manner in which he had managed to leave his prison house is that he coiled himself regularly round and left his lodgings by the same door through which he entered them. He could not have backed out for his scales would not have permitted him, nor was an egress in any other manner possible. The fate of the poor frog was a matter of grave speculation; but the probability is that the little snake held fast to him and secured not only a snug night's lodging but a hearty supper.

The above account is strictly authentic. We received it from a gentleman who was an eye witness to the transaction, and immediately after its occurrence he prepared a statement for one of the journals of the day, but he was dissuaded from publishing it on the ground that it was too marvellous to be believed. As the late feat of the Anaconda has opened the eyes of the public to what snakes can do, we publish it as a well substantiated snake story.

A Doubtful Character. Said Zip, "I always thought I never should buy a lottery ticket, and the more I thought I should not, the more I thought I should; well I kept thinking I never should buy a ticket, and the more I thought I never should, the more I thought I should. Well, pretty soon I made a raise, I bought a ticket; I knew I never should draw anything, still, I thought if I kept thinking so I might possibly draw something; I was almost certain I should not draw, and that is what made me the more certain I should. I was as sure as I could be that I never should draw a mill, and the more I thought so, the more sure and certain I was that I should. Well, I've got the ticket; people think it never will draw, but I really think it will; still I have my doubts. Folks say it is an old ticket, I tell 'em I think not, still I'm inclined to think it is; I hardly think the critter will draw, and the longer I think so, the more certain I am that it may draw; I always thought I was a lucky dog, but I'm pretty much inclined to think it ain't so. But about the ticket, it may draw and it may not; I think it will, still, as I said before, I have my doubts about it. Upon the whole, I think it may—no, no, I should rather not be too sure; I can't help thinking about it, at the same time you know, it's all a lottery."

Irish Spectacles. The late General B. going post to Ireland on some extraordinary business that would not permit the incumbrance of a retinue, stopped to dine at the Inn on the Chester road, and ordered a pair of ducks, which he saw ready at a kitchen fire, up to the table. The General's desire had been just accomplished when some country lads came in as hungry as hawks, after the morning's sport. They eagerly inquired what could be had to eat. Like a true Boniface, the landlord enumerated what he had not, to apologize for what he had; and among other things, mentioned the ducks, which had been only a moment before served up for the Irish gentleman's dinner. "Irish gentlemen!" gibberingly exclaimed one of the chagrined group—"I'll lay fifty to five the fellow does not know B from a bull's foot. Here, waiter, take my watch up to the gentleman, presenting compliments, and request him to tell me what o'clock it is."

The general heard the message, took the watch and with good temper returned his respects, with an assurance that as soon as he had dined he would endeavor to satisfy their inquiry. The bucks chuckled at the embarrassment which they imagined the ignorant Irishman was led into, sat down to regale themselves on whatever they could get; but their jollity was presently disturbed by the entrance of the military figure, who, with that politeness which is the peculiar characteristic of the army, advanced towards the table where they were seated, and presented the watch; "Gentlemen," he said "I wish to know its owner, as from a message sent me a little while ago, I presume he is shortsighted, and have brought him this pair of spectacles," pointing to a pair of pistols under his arm, "to remedy the defect." Joke was gone; the bucks were silent. The General deliberately put the watch in his box, with a declaration that secured it to him forever. "Gentlemen, I am sorry for intruding, as I find the owner is not among you; whenever he claims it he shall have it, but never without a trial of the spectacles."

Social Intercourse. We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is

upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural rule and natural claim as the reluctant, the backward sympathy—the forced smile—the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance—the well-off are apt to manifest to those a little down; with whom, in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.

McDONALD CLARKE, the "Mad Poet," and never by the way was a title better applied, is astonishing the New Yorkers with his lectures upon love and marriage. The Sun gives the following as a specimen of his happy choice in figures.

"For my own part," said the speaker, "in choosing a companion, I should reject the girl whose body was compressed to such a degree as to give her the appearance of a bag of hasty pudding tied in the middle with a string, for one with a waist like a bale of cotton and a foot like a flounder."

Extraordinary Escape. A soldier of the 428 Highlanders was severely wounded at Waterloo; but unfortunately for poor Donald, he did not wear his national costume on that day. A musket ball entered his thigh and could not be extracted. A tumor formed, however, in which a large incision was made, and the ball at length extracted, together with a five franc piece (the full size of a dollar) and a small portion of his pantaloons. The former must have struck the centre of the coin, and driven it into the wound. Donald shortly after recovered. A similar circumstance occurred at Paris in 1814—Generals Ornano and Bonnet fought a duel. The first fired and missed. The other, who picked himself up on being a crack shot, took aim at his adversary's heart and fired. Surprised that his shot had not taken effect, he exclaimed, "What, Sir, are you not dead?" "No," answered his adversary. "Well," observed General Bonnet, "that is very singular; for, when I fire I generally kill!" Meantime, Gen. Ornano perceived a mark of a ball which appeared to have struck him and glanced off, its progress having been stopped by a few five franc pieces in his waistcoat pocket.—"Mortieu!" exclaimed Bonnet, "vous avez la d'argent bien place!"—(you had there some money well placed.)

A gentleman found that a species of vegetables, called onions were in the constant habit of disappearing from his garden without an assignable cause, except the agency of a little negro of his. He accordingly applied the hickory very plentifully to the supposed delinquent, notwithstanding his lamentable protestation of innocence. A day or two after, he was surprised at the entrance into his room of the negro, preceded by a formidable stench, and bearing in his arms a certain grey animal, known commonly as a *polcat*. Here massa," cried the negro, "I tote you, you whip me for nothin—Here 'em chap what steal he ingyun. I smell he bref."

Administrator's Notice. NOTICE is hereby given, that Barbara Vaughn and Charles W. Wright have taken out letters of Administration on the estate of Jesse Vaughn, late of Dearborn county, deceased; all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them, duly authenticated for settlement. The estate is supposed to be solvent. The Administrators give notice, that they will offer for sale at public auction, on Friday the 15th of August next, at the late residence of Jesse Vaughn, dec'd, all the personal property of said deceased; consisting of Cattle, Hogs, Hay, Farming Utensils, Household Furniture, &c. A credit of seven months will be given on all sums of three dollars and upwards, the purchaser giving note with approved security.

BARBARA VAUGHN, } Adm'r.
CHARLES W. WRIGHT, }
Manchester, July 17th, 1834. 27-38w

STATE OF INDIANA, }
DEARBORN COUNTY, }
Dearborn Probate Court,
Sarah Loder, }
versus }
Loder's heirs }
Petition for Dower.

NOTICE is hereby given to the heirs and legal representatives of Bien Loder, late of Dearborn county, State of Indiana, deceased, that application will be made to the next Dearborn Probate Court, to be held in Lawrenceburg on the 2d Monday in August next, on the first day of said term, for appointment of Commissioners to assign and set over to the widow of said deceased, her dower in the following described tract of land, to wit: The west half of the south west quarter of section No. 13, town 5, range 3 west; also the north west quarter of section No. 13, town 5, range 3 west, (excepting 25 acres belonging to Thomas Ogden,) both of said tracts, lying and situate in the county and State aforesaid. Said Commissioners to make a report of their doings according to the Statute in such cases provided.

MAJOR & LANE, Att'ys.
for Petitioner.
July 19, 1834. 27-4w

STATE OF INDIANA, }
DEARBORN COUNTY, }
Dearborn Probate Court,
Hannah Snowden Adm'x. of the estate of Wm. A. Snowden dec'd. }
Versus }
Ruth Barricklow & John Barricklow her husband, }
Robert Mayall, Henry Mayall, James Mayall, Ruth }
Mayall, Napoleon Mayall, Almira Mayall, heirs of }
Robert Mayall late deceased, and William Cottam }
tenant of the real estate of said dec'd. }

On petition for execution to sell real estate. Whereas at the last May term of the Dearborn Probate Court a Judgment was obtained in favor of said Plaintiff against John Spenser administrator of the Estate of the said Robert Mayall, deceased; to be levied of the goods and chattels of the dec'd, and an execution issued upon said judgment which still remains unsatisfied in whole, for the want of personal estate; and whereas the said Plaintiff has filed in the clerk's office of said court, her petition, setting forth that there is real property lying and situate in the county of Dearborn, and State of Indiana, belonging to said estate; and praying said court to award the proper writ or writs of execution against said real property.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the aforesaid heirs and terre tenants to appear on the first day of the next term of said court, to be held in Lawrenceburg on the second Monday in August next—and show cause if any they can, why the proper writ or writs of execution, shall not be awarded against said real estate, or the matter will be heard in their absence.

D. S. MAJOR, Att'y for ptf.
July 12, 1834. 26-4w

E. S. BUSH,
(LATELY OF RISING SUN.)
HAS removed to Lawrenceburg, and is now opening a splendid stock of

NEW GOODS,
Just received direct from New-York.
He invites purchasers to call, see, and buy.
Lawrenceburg, April 4, 1834. 12-1f

TAKEN UP by Amour Bruce, of Laughery township, Dearborn county, Indiana, on the 1st day of July, 1834, a BRIGHT BAY GELDING HORSE COLT, black mane and tail, three years old last spring, about thirteen hands high—has a small snip in the forehead. No other marks or Brands perceivable. Valued at \$20 by Christian Wilman and John Snider, 10th of July, 1834.

I hereby certify the above a true copy from my Estray Book. Given under my hand this 11th of July, 1834.

DAVISS WEAVER, J. P.

TAKEN UP by Allen Burton, living in Delaware township, Ripley county, Indiana, a DARK SORREL MARE—blaze face, swency on the right shoulder, hind feet white, fourteen hands high; supposed to be fourteen years old. Appraised to sixteen dollars by Samuel Clevenger and John Peters.

Certified by me, this 30th day of June, 1834.

WM. MARKLAND, J. P.

INSURANCE. The subscriber having been appointed Agent of the Protection Insurance Company, in the place of G. H. Dunn, Esq. resigned, will continue the business of Insuring buildings, merchandise, &c. and also, keel boats, flat boats and their cargoes, on liberal terms. Office on High street, a few doors below Z. Bedford & Co's, grocery.

P. L. SPOONER.

Lawrenceburg, Nov 28, 1833. 46-

LEATHER.

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

L. W. JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

N. & G. SPARKS & WM. T. FERRIS, have entered into partnership for the purpose of Merchandising in the town of Hartford, under the name and style of *Wm. T. Ferris & Co.* They have opened a large and general assortment of

DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, Groceries, Crockery & Glassware, SHOES, HATS, IRON, NAILS, AND Castings; Also,

WHISKEY & SALT BY THE BARREL; which they will sell low and on accommodating terms.

Hartford, June 1st, 1834.

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.

Lawrenceburg, Sep. 10th, 1833. 25-1f

New Establishment.

THE subscribers having purchased the large brick house and Grocery establishment therein, lately kept by Z. Bedford & Co. would respectfully inform the public that they will continue the Grocery Store in the same building, under the firm of *JOHN HOOD & Co.* They have and will keep constantly on hand an extensive assortment of articles in their line of business, such as

GROCERIES, FLOUR, WHISKEY, Salt, Iron, Fish, Cigars, &c. &c.

Which they will sell low in large or small quantities to suit purchasers. They will also keep on hand a very general assortment of

TIN WARE.

Which they will sell wholesale or retail. Having extensive rooms suited for the purpose, they will receive FLOUR, MERCHANDISE, and other articles on

Storage or Commission, And attend to the forwarding or sale thereof, on moderate terms.

JOHN HOOD, DANIEL E. BEDFORD.

Lawrenceburg, March 6, 1834. 8-1f

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

AN ASSORTMENT OF Saddlery, Hard & Queensware, CROSS CUT, HAND & CIRCULAR SAWS, CRADLE, GRASS & Brier SCYTHES, WILLIAMS' 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

Iron and Nails.

THE undersigned, Agents for the Covington Rolling Mill, will keep constantly on hand a large and general assortment of

Bar Iron, Boiler Iron, Sheet & Hoop Iron.

ALSO—A complete assortment of NAILS, all warranted of superior quality, and for sale on the most accommodating terms, and at the lowest prices.

C. MACALLESTER & CO

Cincinnati, March 5, 1834. 22-6w.

[Cincinnati Gazette.]

SADDLERY.

THE subscribers have made arrangements to supply their customers with any kind of Saddlery they may want in the usual way of business.

April 10, 1834. J. P. DUNN & Co.

ZANESVILLE SALT.

A CONSTANT SUPPLY of this article kept on hand, and for sale by N. & G. SPARKS.

May 1, 1834. 10

New Spring & Summer. GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received from Philadelphia, (which he is ready to show, at the Store Room formerly occupied by John & West,) a

General assortment of Goods, Suited to the present and approaching season,

CONSISTING IN PART OF BROAD CLOTHS,

Super blue, invisible green, London smoke, Olive brown, blue, mixed, and drab.

SATINETTS.

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

SILKS.

Real black Italian lutestrings, black gro. do. Swiss, black gro. de nap and Senshaws. Mantos, Sarsanetts and lavantine satins. Colored gro. de naps, plain and figured, Colored Florence and satins.

A variety of DRESS HANDKERCHIEFS

Consisting of blond gauze, gro. de zane. Gro. de naps, popelino, and crape de claque. Superfine gauze, and crape scarfs. Figured and plain bobinette. Thread and bobinett laces, and inserting. Robinett and Swiss capes. White and black bobinett veils. Black, green, and white gauze, do. Irish linen, lawns, and linen cambrics. Linen cambric handkerchiefs. Super gauze ribbons, and beltings. Pink, white and black Italian crape. Plain, striped and corded gingham. Painted Muslin. Plain, figured and crossbarred jaconet. Plain and figured Swiss, book and cambric muslin. Corded skirts. Linen and cotton table diaper. Cereians, merinoes and bombazettes.

Men's Summer Wear,

CONSISTING OF SUMMER CLOTHS.

Merino, cassimere, brockell, Princetta, and lusting. Real linen drilling. Blue and yellow nankens. Superior silk velvet. White and colored marseilles vesting. Valentin, Satin face and silk do.

STOCKS.

Bombazin, plain and figured silk. Black Italian cravats. Gentlemen's and Ladies gloves. Brown and bleached sheetings and shirtings. Checks, plaids, and ticks, &c. &c. Hats, Boots, and Shoes, of all kinds.

With a general assortment of

Hardware & Cutlery, Queensware, Glassware, and Groceries.

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

C. R. WEST.

April 25th, 1834. 18-1f

He feels grateful for past favors, and respectfully solicits a continuance of public patronage.

C. R. W.



CONNECTING LINE BETWEEN INDIANAPOLIS, I.A., & LEXINGTON, KY.

THE undersigned, proprietor, respectfully informs the public, that he has just commenced running for the season, a four horse Stage Coach, from Gaines's Cross Roads, Ky., via Burlington, Corneliussville and Petersburg, to Lawrenceburg, Indiana, three times a week; connecting at Lawrenceburg with the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Stage Line, and at Gaines's Cross Roads with the Cincinnati and Lexington Line, and thus forming a direct stage route from the latter place to Indianapolis. The stage leaves Lawrenceburg at 6 o'clock on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, and arrives at Gaines's Cross Roads same evening; leaves the Cross Roads on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and arrives at Lawrenceburg same evening. He has provided good, substantial Stage Coaches, well trained horses, and careful drivers; and by care and attention to those who may favor him with their patronage, and moderate charges, he hopes to give general satisfaction.

JOHN P. GAINES.

May 9, 1834. 17