

SATURDAY EVENING.

BY BULWER.

The week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on, Rest—rest in peace—the 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 advancing Time will close my last— So sure 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, then, in every storm hast sheltered me Beneath the wing of thy benignity: A thousand graces my footsteps circumvent, And I exist—thy mercies' monument! A thousand writhes 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.

Wife—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!

WHO—I'm plump as a partridge or pheasant, I'm spruce as a Brummagem pin,

My dreams are light, airy and pleasant—

And ask you the reason?—I'm in!

TORY—I'm sorrow and lean as Dick Shiel is, I'm acid as German sour-crust,

My dreams are as grim as Fuseli's—

And ask you the reason?—I'm out!

WHO—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 shy (They're afraid I shall borrow, no doubt)—

My credit has bid me good-bye—

And ask you the reason?—I'm out!

WHO—Well, well, to repine is a sin—

TORY—Oh, no, 'tis my duty to pout.

WHO—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 unrivaled 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 prisoners 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 *Armagh* shees?"

"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 absconded 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 swing after the next commission." (Old Daily Session.)

The property sworn to! Why sounds! how 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 virtuous, 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 trusty 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 his 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 despatched 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, rubbed it on the sleeve of his well worn coat, and then turned to 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."

"I do."

"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 putrefied.

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 Anacondas 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 superior 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 playmate. 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*.

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 significance.

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 428th 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 Bonnett fought a duel. The first fired and missed. The other, who piqued himself on being a crack shot, took aim at his adversary's heart and fired. Surprised that his shot had not taken effect, exclaimed, "What, Sir, are you not dead?" "No," answered his adversary. "Well," observed General Bonnett, "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.—"Morbleu!" exclaimed Bonnett, "vous avez la de l'argent bien place!"—(you had there some money well placed.)

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. & also, keel boats, flat boats and their cargoes, on liberal terms. Office on High street, a few doors below Z. Bedford & Co.'s, grocery.

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

TAKEN UP by Amour Brace, of

Laugher 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 perceptible. Valued at \$20 by Christian Wilman and John Snider, 10th of July, 1834.

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

26-3-w DAVIESS WEAVER, J. P.

July 9, 1834. 26-3-w.

W. M. MARKLAND, J. P.

July 9, 1834. 26-3-w.

TAKEN UP by Allen Burton, living in Delaware township, Ripley county, Indiana, a DARK SORREL MARE—blaze face, sweeney 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.

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