

From the Token, for 1836
LIFE; ITS SEASONS.

BY C. W. EVERETT.

Life hath its Spring-time! childhood's morn,
When pure is young affection's ray;
Gay are the flowers without a thorn;
And bright the hues of opening day;
Wild music lingers in its bower—
Grateful the fragrance of its flowers—
And all betokens bliss;
Hope weaves her wild, enchanting song,
And sings, at every path along,
That all shall be like this!
Time's rapid foot-steps never stay,—
Life's golden Spring-time speeds away!
Life hath its Summer! ardent now,
Is manhood's toil, ambition's sway;
Hope lightens still the fevered brow,
And sweetly sings the coming day;
Fond are Affection's whispers, bland,
And warm is Friendship's proffered hand—
Summer's horizon fair;
But all! anon a cloud is seen—
Dark and more dark its threat'ning mien,—
A tempest gathers there!
Sunlight and storm are o'er at last—
Life's fitful Summer-time is past;
Life hath its Autumn! where have fled
Those flattering promises of Spring?
Alas! like withered roses dead,
Around no sweet perfume they fling;
Hope hath been false as she was fair—
The smile hath fled, and gathering care,
And woe around are cast;
Gloom is life's late lovely bower,
Here falls a leaf—there fades a flower—
And chill the dreary blast;
The showers of ruin fall around—
Life's withered foliage strews the ground!

Life hath its Winter! snowy age,
When manhood's noblest vigors fail;
Heavy becomes life's chequered page,
Cold is the wintry, piercing gale;
The faltering step—the trembling limb—
The flagging pulse—the eye-ball dim—
Alike deliverance crave;
Fainter—yet fainter—hark! the breath!—
O hasten thee, tyrant, angel, Death!
Welcome the frightful grave!
'Tis finished! life's short journey's done,
The sun hath set—the Seasons run!

MOORE'S SONGS.

The following is one of a beautiful collection of Moore's Songs, just published in a portfolio of twelve, all alike elegant and beautiful:

CALM the sleep as infant's slumbers—
Bright as angel thoughts thy dreams:
May each joy the happiest numbers
Shed o'er thee their mingled beams.
Or if, where pleasure's wing hath glided,
There ever must some pang remain,
Still be the lot with me divided—
Thine all the bliss, and mine the pain.
Day and night my thought shall hover
Round thy steps where'er they stray,
As, though dark clouds his idol cover,
Fondly the Persian tracks its ray.
If this be wrong—if Heaven, offended,
In those bright eyes its rival see,
Then be my woes between ye blended—
Half breathed to Heaven, and half to thee.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

BY G. D. PRENTICE, ESQ.

Yes, lady, thou wilt die. That lip of snow,
And that pale brow, foretell thy early lot;
The wing of death is o'er thee—then wilt go
Where broken hearts and blighted flowers are not:
Thou art too beautiful to linger where
The rainbow brightens but to melt away;
And the sweet sounds that wander on the air,
But swell the dirge of sorrow and decay.
Yes, thou wilt die. Thy spirit soon will leave
This dull cold exile for its place on high,
And like a bright cloud on a summer eve,
Melt in the deeper glories of the sky.
They homes will be where bluer skies are glassed
In brighter streams, 'mid Love's undying bowers;
And where the winds of autumn never passed,
Nor serpents withered 'mid passion's sweetest
flowers.

Ay, thou wilt die—and I shall linger here,
When all the blossoms of my heart are fled,
To muse on thee, and mourn with bitter tear
The cold, the lost, the beautiful, the dead;
And as life's stars in loneliness depart,
Thy memory still, amid the deepening gloom,
Will shine upon the ruins of my heart,
Like a lone fire-fly on the midnight tomb.

COL. PLUG.

A northern residence 'in the West sometimes feels his pride wounded, as he finds so few of the first famous 'residents' to have been born north of the Hudson. I take pleasure in having it in my power, to redeem one memorable exception from oblivion. Traits of the horse, alligator and snapping turtle are not exclusively western instincts, as I will make appear.

Col. Flugger was born in the county of Rockingham, in New Hampshire, and in a town, where they still call a kitchen scullery. He had a slight at cards, and a knowing instinct in relation to watching and horses almost from his birth. The boy, who wanted to be unburdened of his coppers, had only to play 'hustle' or 'pitch-penny' with him. He was supposed to have a reverend dread of mortal hurts, but could 'lick' any boy of his size at fourteen. Being a youth of broad red cheeks, muscle and impudence, and withal, abundantly stored with small talk, from eighteen to twenty-one he was a decided favorite with the fair, and had various love affairs, being reputed remarkably slippery in regard to the grace of perseverance. At twenty-four he had mounted epaulettes, was a militia colonel, had a portentous red nose, and was in bad odour with all honest people. Soon afterwards, he went under lock and key for want of some one who would bail him for twenty dollars. The colonel, on his release, in a huff of unrequired patriotism, discovered, that the people had no taste of merit; and incontinently in his wrath abandoned his country, setting his face towards the western woods, which had just begun to be a subject of discussion.

Little is remembered of him on the upper waters of the Ohio; though it appears, that he attempted to tickle the contractor, who built a flat boat for him at Pittsburgh, because he insisted upon paying the man in rum, and other yankee notions, among which was a promissory slip of paper. Col. Flugger was soon made out to be remarkably 'cute,' even to a fault; and the people of that sharp dealing town were not unwilling to wash their hands of one, to whom it was both more agreeable, and more familiar, to bite, than to bitten.

Flat boats had begun to descend the Ohio to New Orleans in considerable numbers. But from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio, was, for the most part, a vast, unpeopled wilderness. At Fort Massac, and thence to the Mississippi, on the north shore of the river, harbored a gang of those detestable villains, whose exploits were of such terrible notoriety in the early history of the navigation of this beautiful river. Numerous Kentucky broad-horns, generally with whiskey and provisions, and sometimes with cutlery and piece goods, were seen floating down the forests. They were manned by an unique people, tall, athletic, reckless, addicted to strange cures, and little afraid of thunder. Within they loved a reasonable dram, were fond of playing cards, and were easily parted from their money. These honest fellows were the fowls, that the rogues of Massac and Cash delighted to pluck. They would

entice the broad horns to land, and play cards with the crew, and cheat them under the cotton wood shade. They would pilot their boats into a difficult place, or give them such directions from the shore, as would be sure to run them on a snag. Failing that, they would creep, like weasels, into the boats by night, while they were tied up to the willows, and bore hole, or dig out the caulking in the bottom. When the crew found their boat sinking, these benevolent Cash boys were busily at hand, with their perogues and crafts, to save the floating barrels and boxes. Rightly they named it 'plunder' in Kentucky parlance; for they rowed the *sared* goods up the Cash, and in the deep swamp next day no trace of them was to be seen. If one or two of the crew chanced to struggle away in pursuit of their lost cargo, they scrupled not to knock them in the head, shoot, or dirk them, and give them a nameless grave in the morasses. A volume of narratives of these boat-wrecking scoundrels might be collected. Nor will you ever float by Fort Massac, the House of Nature, or the mouth of Cash, with an old resident for a companion, without hearing hair-bristling stories of the knavery, cruelty and murders of the villains of Cash.

Col. Flugger floated to these wretches by the attraction of like to like. The faded scarlet and the tarnished yellow of his epaulettes, his red nose, his 'cuteness,' his strange curses, his utter recklessness stood him instead of initiatory 'grabs.' He was one of them forthwith, in honor and trust; and in a month he was the Napoleon of the desperadoes of Cash. His slang-curses were ultra Kentuckian on a ground of yankee; and he had, says my informant, more of this, 'than you could shake a stick at.' The fund of his real fighting courage was questionable; but he was improving in that line; and for cunning and cruelty was an incarnate devil. Finding, that in that commonwealth, titles were not only not in demand, but matter of envy, he doffed his. To fall in with the laconic and forcible style of his troop, who came over all appellatives by the shortest, he cut down his family name to Plug. Being, says my informant, of a delicate ear, and rich in Booktonary lore, he undoubtedly thus condensed the name for its euphonic compactness. For night and secret work Plug had a fleet of Bucksnatchers with chosen crews, to row up and down the river. Not a warehouse between Louisville and Cash had a lock, for which this gang had not a model key. The enormous bunch of black and rusty keys, shown at Dorfouille's Museum, as having been found in the Ohio, near the House of Nature, undoubtedly belonged to the banditti of Col. Plug. We have no doubt, that they will hereafter be viewed with suitable reverence, as an antique relic of no mean mystery and importance.

Plug had his episode of love and marriage on this wise. A perogue load of French and Spanish traders were descending from St. Louis to New Madrid, where they resided. They landed on the point, nearly opposite the mouth of Cash, whether for hunting or diversion, or for what object does not appear. Plug, like his prototype, was roaming up and down, and to and fro at the head of his gang. They came upon the camp-fire of the traders, as they had dined, drank their whiskey, and were taking their pipes, and reclining in the shade in paradesian reverie. These sleek citizens cared as little to see Plug, as him of the deep sulphur dome. They cleared out in their perogue in twinkling. A damsel of their number had wandered away some distance to gather pawpaws. The party interrupted, and made her prisoner. They found her a giantess in size, of varnished, copper complexion, and evidently bearing the blood of at least three races mixed in her veins. But, though deserted by her friends, she neither wept, made verses or betrayed fear, or surprise, not she. A real cosompolite,

Her march was o'er the fallen logs,
Her home the forest shade.

Her dialect was as fair a compound as Plug's, tho' not very intelligible to him, being composed, in nearly equal proportions, of south of Europe, Negro and Indian. But love has its own language. She and the Colonel saw, loved, and mutually conquered. The subordinates might envy; but who would contest the claims of Plug to the fair one? The sex and the relation of the quarteron to her husband were designated by the same tact, which cut down Flugger Plug. She was thereafter known by the name Flugger.

Five miles up the Cash, on the verge of a vast swamp, surrounded by deep cane brakers, and inextricable tangle, was the log bower of the Arcadians. Some millions of unemployed mosquitoes kept garrison in the swamp. Bears, wolves and panthers were no strangers there; and moccasin snakes renewed their vernal skins at their leisure. But the snakes, as the Kentucky orator said, 'in this subline state of retracey among the abrogos' had their skins generally too full of the happyhing water of life, to feel, other than an agreeable tickle, the nozzling of the proboscis of mosquitoes; and had moccasin bitten them, it is a question, if the serpent had not been poisoned, instead of the bitten.

Many a load of whiskey and flour, and many a box of piece goods had disappeared in this swamp, through which ran the Cash; and if fame be not egregiously a liar, many a boatman's body was disposed of, unclad, and in a nameless sepulchre; and Doreille's bunch of keys. Here bandit scenes transpired, which only needed Schiller's painting, to have been as famous, as those of Venice, or Germany. In a few months Flugger's renown rivalled that of his husband. Herheight, fierceness and rough chin, and a kind of longness at the corners of her upper lip, not unlike mustachios, often raised bantering questioning among the banditti, in their cups, when the leader was absent, if he had not really taken a man, instead of a lady, to the partnership of his abode. In fact, it had become a joke among them to affirm that Flugger was a man in the dress of a squaw. In due time a little wailer Plug railed a lusty cry in the woods, being that the poor thing had not taken a mosquito dose, and its skin had not yet acquired the habit of being bitten. Dr. Mitchell and others had not yet raised nice physiological distinctions; and this little, in the rough cast reasonings of the gang, was deemed proof conclusive in regard to the sex.

Their only domestic broil of public notoriety occurred some years afterwards. An intercourse, not altogether platonic, was suspected to be in progress between Flugger and the second in command. The courage of the commander had waxed, by this time, to the sticking point. He called the lieutenant, known by the *Sabre* 'Nine-eyes, to the field, or rather swamp of honor. 'Dern your soul,' said he, 'do you think this sort of candlestick-ammer (meaning, perhaps, clandestine amour) will pass?' If you do, by gosh, I will put it to you, or you shall to me. They measured their ground, like two heroes, and there was no mistake in the affair, which was settled by rifles. Each carried in his flesh a round piece of lead, as a keep sake of the courage and close shooting of the other. Each became cool and even affectionate, admitting honorable satisfaction. 'You are grit,' said he of Rockingham to Nine-eyes. The other swore 'that his captain had departed, like a real Kentuck.' A little curly headed Plug entered, as a kind of bottle holder. He was directed to place a bottle of whiskey mid way between them. Each limped, *pari passu*, to the tune, one, two, three, &c. to the bottle. Over it they drank, embraced, and attested each other's honor. They must lie by in dry dock awhile; but they comforted each other, that they were *too well up to these things to be fazed by a little cold lead*. It was understood, that Nine-eyes had been platonic and Flugger imbecile; and the historian averreth, that he is of undoubting opinion, that no duel hath been more reciprocally creditable to the parties from that time to this. How many boats they robbed, how many murders committed, or abetted, it were bootless to think of compressing into our limits. The country

had begun to settle. An officer, named a Sheriff, began to perambulate the country armed to the teeth, and bearing the sword not in vain. Boats, that stopped near Cash were manned, and armed for resistance. Plug discerning the signs of the times drew in his horns, mended the exterior of his manners, and saw the necessity of achieving by craft, what he had formerly carried, *coup de main*.

The greatest success of the gang was in the line of gambling; and their main resource in piloting boats into dangerous places, and in general, acting the part of boat-wreckers and moon-cursers. An occasional boat, feebly manned, sometimes fell into their power in a dark and stormy night. It went up the Cash; and in the morning neither plank, nor vestige nor crew was to be found.

Ajax, Achilles and Napoleon had their reverses, and so had Plug. A Kentucky boat had experienced some indignity, and was prepared for revenge, the next autumn. Five or six persons, well armed, landed above, and kept in sight of the boat, as they descended the woods in flank with it. Their hands rowed the boat ashore at the mouth of Cash, where Plug and four associates were waiting, like spiders in ambush for flies. It was a sultry September afternoon, and the weather betokened an evening of storm and thunder. They were courteously invited to land; and were piloted up the Cash for the security of a harbor from the tempest. The three Kentuckians affected simplicity, and proposed a game of cards under the cotton wood shade. They were scarcely seated, and their money brought forth, when Plug whistled the signal of onset. But he reckoned this time without his host. The concealed reserve sprang to the aid of their friends, and the contest was soon decided. Three of Plug's company were thrown into the river, and at least one was drowned. All evaporated from their captain, as June clouds vanish before the sun. Poor Col. Plug resisted to no purpose. They stripped him to his birth-day suit, and thonged him so, that his arms, per force, embraced the sapling of the size of his body; and, for the rest, they fixed him as immovable, as he had been in the stocks. As his epidermis was roughish, and parchment-like, they faithfully laid on the coathole to mollify the leather of his back, to facilitate the operations of the mosquitoes. These little musicians, by a spirit of concert, the secret of which is best known to themselves, issued forth, to the number of at least half a million, each emulous of reposing on some part of his flesh, and tasting his lymphatics. Not an arable spot of his body, of the size of a mosquito, but bore one; and the industrious little leeches often carried double, and even triple, in the contest for precedence in experimenting his composition. As soon as one sped away with his sack sufficiently red, and distended, a hundred waited for his place. Plug chewed the cud of fancies, altogether bitter, and wished himself lapping cream in his native scullery. He *derned*, and grunted, but could not move a mustch sufficiently to interrupt a single blood letter in his operations. They heeded his curses and writhings as little, as a sleeping parishioner in hay time does the fiery fifteen' denunciation of his parson.

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NEW GOODS.

I HAVE now received my entire stock of **Spring Goods**,

Embracing almost every article of

DRY GOODS, HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE 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.

Lawrenceburg, May 7, 1835. 17-1f.

Potatoes wanted.

500 BUSHELS potatoes for which the highest market price will be paid if application be made soon, by Sept. 12th. 35

G. TOUSEY & Co.

Lawrenceburg, May 7, 1835. 13-1f.

Notice—By the Printer.

THOSE indebted to D. V. CULLEY or to CULLEY & CO., 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 list them immediately.

A CARE.

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. 13-1f.

Shaw's Patent Lever Locks,

CONSISTING OF

Bank Locks, Upright mortise Locks

Fire-Proof do. Six inch do. do.

Store door do. 6, 7, 8, & 9 inch rim do.

Front door do. Vestibule Latches,

Sliding do. Mortice do.

Folding do. do. Recess and night do.

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

W. B. SNYDER.

Lawrenceburg, Jan. 31, 1835. 3-1f.

Iron, Nails, &c.

JUST arrived, and for sale, a quantity of **IRON NAILS**, and American **BLISTER STEEL**.

GEO. W. LANE, & Co.

April 9, 1835. 13-1f.

Kanawha Salt.

A QUANTITY of **Kanawha Salt**, just received

and for sale by

GEO. W. LANE & Co.

March 8, 1834. 43-1f.

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. 26-2m.

JOHN MPKE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAVING resigned his office as a Judge of the Court of Appeals, and practiced Law, Office a few doors below the Market house, in the room lately occupied by Caswell and Spooner.

Lawrenceburg, April 1835. 16-1f.

New Valuable Works.