

# From the Token, for 1836 LIFE: ITS SEASONS.

BY C. W. EVRETT.

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 bowers—  
Grateful the fragrance of its flowers—  
And all betoken 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 lighteth 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 threatening 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:  
Gloomy 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 haste 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 port folio 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 thy 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 seek,  
Then be my vows 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—thou 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.  
Thy homes will be where bluer skies are glased  
In brighter streams, 'mid Love's undying bowers;  
And where the winds of autumn never passed,  
Nor serpents withered 'mid passion's sweetest flowers.

## 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. Plugger 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 air, and a knowing instinct in relation to watches and horses almost from his babyhood. The boy, who wanted to be unburdened of his coppers, had only to play "hussey" 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 potent 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 forty dollars. The colonel, on his release, in a huff of unrequited 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 "lick" the contractor, who built a flat boat for him at Pittsburg, because he insisted upon paying the man in rum, and other yankee notions, among which was a promissory slip of paper. Col. Plugger was soon made out to be remarkably "cute," even to a fault; and the people of that sharp dealing town were with both more agreeable, and more familiar, to bite, than be 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 vildity in the early history of the navigation of this beautiful river. Numerous Kentucky broad-horns, generally with whiskey and provisions, and sometimes down the forests. They were manned by an unique people, tall, athletic, reckless, addicted to strange curses, and little afraid of thunder. Withal 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. Belling that, they would creep, like weasels, into the boats by night, while they were tied up to the willows, and bore a 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 periogues and crafts, to save the floating barrels and boxes. Rightly they named it "plunder" in Kentucky parlance; for they rowed the saved goods up the Cash, and in the deep swamps 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 residenter for a companion, without hearing hair-bristling stories of the knavery, cruelty and murders of the villains of Cash.

Col. Plugger 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 "grips." 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 fand 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 Booknary lore, he undoubtedly thus condensed the name for its euphonic compactness. For night and secret work Plug had a fleet of Bucksatchers 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 Doreuille'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 periogue 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 paradisaical reverie. These meek citizens cared as little to see Plug, as him of the deep sulphur domicile. They cleared out in their periogue in a twinkling. A damed of their number had wandered away some distance to gather pawpaws. The party intercepted, 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 cosmopolite,

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 Plugger to Plug. She was thereafter known by the name Pluggy.

Five miles up the Cash, on the verge of a vast swamp, surrounded by deep cane brakes, and inextricable tangle, was the log bower of the Arcadians. Some millions of unemployed musketoes 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 inmates, as the Kentucky orator said, "in this sublime state of retraiary among the aborigines" had their skins generally too full of the happyfying water of life, to feel, other than an agreeable tickle, the nozzling of the proboscis of musketoes; 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, unconfined, and in a nameless sepulchre; and here, no doubt, were deposited the avails of Doreuille'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 Pluggy's renown rivalled that of her husband. Heresight, 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 Pluggy was a man in the dress of a squaw. In due time a little wailer Plug rasied a lusty cry in the woods, being, that the poor thing had not taken a musketoe 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 one, 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 Pluggy and the second in command. The courage of the commander had waxed, by this time, to the sticking point. He called the lieutenant, rather swamp of honor. "Dern your soul," said he, "do you think this sort of candlestick-umner (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 keap 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 deported, like a real Kentuck." A little curly headed Plug attended, 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 faced by a little cold lead. It was understood, too, that Nine-eyes had been platonic and Pluggy immaculate; and the historian avereth, 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, before 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 of his birth-day suit, and thonged him so, that his arms, per force, embraced a sapling of the size of his body; and, for the rest, they fixed him as immovably, as he had been in the stocks. As his epidermis was roughish, and parchment-like, they faithfully laid on the cowhide to mollify the leather of his back, to facilitate the operations of the musketoes. 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 of his lymphatics. Not an arable spot of his body, of the size of a musketoe, 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 muscle 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 "fifteenth" denunciation of his parson.

Poor Pluggy in her lone bower knew, by the failure of the return party, that there was reason to snuff bad omens some where in the gale. She set forth to seek her beloved; one of the young Plugs in breeches and another in petticoats following her steps. She trailed the party; and in half an hour came upon the vanquished one, running the christian race, steadfast and immovable. He embraced the tree, as in the most vehement affection, with his face towards it; and his naked body was one surface of musketoes of the map of the OHIO RIVER; the MISSISSIPPI, from Pittsburg to the ocean. Also, the Traveller's Guide, a highly useful work.

Plug begged him sons and daughters, and was in a fair way to have defrauded the gallows, and to die peacefully in his bower. But he was caught, eventually in a trap of his own springing. A boat had landed not far above Cash; and the crew were in the woods to shoot turkeys. A Mississippi squall was coming on. To equalize the danger, Plug was in the vacant boat digging out the caulking at the bottom. While he was yet in the act, and the crew were running from the woods to get on board, the gale struck the boat from the shore, broke the fast, and drove it into the stream, with only Plug on board. The waves from above, lashed to fury, and the leak from below filled the boat, and it sunk. Plug had disengaged a barrel of whiskey, and took to this favourite resource, to enable him to gain the shore. But it rolled him off on one side, and then on the other. Plug drank water instead of whiskey, which he would have preferred. His sins came up in terrible array, and his heart beat quick and pantingly. In short, he found a watery grave. Thus fell the last of the boat wreckers.

LOOK AT T'OTHER SIDE, JIM. When I was a boy, as I was one day passing through the market with my brother Joe, I spied a beautiful orange on the top of a basket full of the same fruit. I immediately inquired the price, and was proceeding to buy it, when my brother exclaimed, with a shrewdness, which I never shall forget—"look at 'oder side, Jim." I looked, and, to my establishment it was entirely rotten.

In passing through life I have been frequently benefited by this little admonition.

When I hear the tongue of slander leveling its venom against some fault or foible of a neighbor, I think, look at 'other side, Jim. Be moderate; have charity. Perhaps the fault or foible you speak of is almost the only one in your neighbor's character, and perhaps you have as great or greater ones in your own. It may be this is only your neighbor's weak side; and except this, he is a good citizen, a kind neighbor, an affectionate father and husband, and a useful member of society. Others may listen to the story of calumny; but remember, they will fear and despise the calumniator. Learn to overlook a fault in your neighbor, for perhaps you may some time wish him to overlook a fault in you.

## NOTICE.

I DEEM it an incumbent duty to inform the public that the wife of the undersigned Nancy Small has "left my bed and board," (to use a legal phrase) "without any just cause or provocation," on my part. This "notice," therefore, is given "to forwarn any and every person from contracting, harboring, trusting, or having any thing to do with her in any manner or shape on my account, as I am determined to "exercise the most rigorous penalties decreed to me by the law."

JOHN SMALL.

## NOTICE.

DOCTORS MORGAN & BOND are associated in the practice of *Physic and Surgery*. Office one door west of the Store of Messrs. C. R. & W. West. Lawrenceburg, August 21, 1835. 32-1f

SALT. 450 bbls. *Kenhawea Salt*, superior quality for use by the Old Salt, (from 75 to 100 p<sup>ts</sup> bbl); GEORGE TOUSEY & Co. June 12, 1835.

## FLOUR.

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

## CLOVER SEED.

FEW bushels Clover Seed for sale by E. S. BUSH. Lawrenceburg, March 17, 1835. 11-1f

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

## Potatoes wanted.

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

## Notice-By the Printer.

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

## A CARD.

THE subscribers have moved to their New Building nearly opposite their old stand, and near the corner of Main and Short streets, where they are now receiving and opening a large supply of **GOODS**. GEO. W. LANE, & Co. 13-1f. April 9, 1835.

## Shaw's Patent Lever Locks,

CONSISTING OF  
Bank Locks, Upright mortice Locks  
Fire-Proof do. Six inch do. do.  
Store door do. 6, 7, 8, & 9 inch rim do.  
Front do. do. Vestibule Latches,  
Sliding do. do. Mortice do.  
Folding do. do. Recess and night do.  
Which are manufactured in Cincinnati, by Abo Shaw, and warranted to be superior to any formerly offered to the public, are kept constantly on hand, and for sale by W. B. SNYDER. 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. 13-1f. April 9, 1835.

## Kanhawea Salt.

A QUANTITY of *Kanhawea Salt*, just received and for sale by GEO. W. LANE & Co. 43-1f. mber 8, 1834.

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

JOHN M'PIKE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HAVING resigned his office as a Judge of the Court will practice 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.

JUST received and for sale at this office a few copies of a new and complete map of the OHIO RIVER; the MISSISSIPPI, from Pittsburg to the ocean. Also, the Traveller's Guide, a highly useful work.

## Coarse Linen.

3,000 YARDS LINEN for Sacks or Canvasing Meat, for sale by J. P. DUNN, & Co. 17-1f. May 8th, 1835.

## Iron, Glassware, &c.

RECEIVED (per Steam Boat Lady Marshall) a large supply of *Rolled, Round, Square and Hoop IRON*; also, an assortment of NAILS, GLASS, GLASSWARE, &c. J. P. DUNN, & Co. 11-1f. March 25 1835.

## Map of Dearborn County,

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

The whole to be neatly and accurately laid down upon a scale of two miles to the inch, and the political division into townships colored. Mills and other manufactures (distilleries excepted,) will be laid down upon the map, by the owners of them paying twenty-five cents per copy extra. The maps will be delivered to subscribers at fifty cents per copy, and will be ready for delivery by the first of March, 1836, at which time due notice will be given. Sept. 5, 1835-31tow SAMUEL MORRISON.

## NEW GOODS.

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

## DRY GOODS,

ALSO, AN ASSORTMENT OF **Hardware, Cutlery, Queensware, Groceries, Hats, Shoes, Boots, BONNETS & C.**

We have selected these goods in the New York & Philadelphia markets with great care, and will sell them on as fair terms as any House in the west. Buyers will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock. GEORGE TOUSEY, & CO. 12-1f. Lawrenceburg, April 4, 1835.

## LAW NOTICE.

GEO. H. DUNN & PHILIP L. SPOONER have entered into partnership in the practice of the LAW. Office on High street above D. Gaird's Store. May 12th, 1835. 18-1f

## JOSEPH GROFF, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, HAT MANUFACTURER;

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

Persons wishing to purchase will please call and examine for themselves. He wishes to purchase a quantity of all kinds of **FURS**, for which a liberal price will be given. Lawrenceburg, August 2, 1834. 29-1f

## NOTICE.

THE partnership, heretofore existing between the undersigned in the publication of the Indiana Palladium, has been dissolved by mutual consent. The debts due to the late firm, may be settled with either of the undersigned.

Those indebted for papers, advertising or job printing, are requested to make early arrangements to settle the same, by note or payment. D. V. CULLEY, V. M. COLE. July 27th, 1835.

## NEW FEATHERS.

A QUANTITY of New Feathers on hand and for sale by GEO. TOUSEY, & Co. July 3, 1835.

## LAWRENCEBURGH INSURANCE OFFICE.

September 30, 1835. An election for directors of the Company will be held at the office on Monday the 26th day of October, at 4 o'clock, P. M. to serve until the next annual election. By order of the board: E. S. BUSH. Secretary. 1835-36td.

## Carey's Library OF CHOICE LITERATURE.

TO say that this is a reading age, implies a desire for instruction, and the means to gratify that desire, on the first point, all are agreed; on the second, there is diversity both of opinion and of practice. We have newspapers, magazines, reviews, in fine, pamphlets of all sizes, on nearly all subjects, which have severely their classes of readers and supporters. And yet copious as are these means of intellectual supply, more are still needed. In addition to the reviews of the day, and passing book notice, people in large numbers, in all parts of our great republic, crave the possession of the books themselves and details beyond mere passing allusions of the progress of discovery in art and science. But though it be easy to gratify them. Expense, distance from the Emporium of Literature, engrossing occupations, which prevent personal application for even managers to libraries, and even book-sellers, are so many causes to keep people away from the feast of reason and the enjoyment of the coverture literary aliment. It is the aim of the publishers of the Library to obviate these difficulties, and to enable every individual, at a small cost and without any personal effort, to obtain for his own use and that of his favored friends or family, valuable works, complete, on all the branches of useful and popular literature, and that in a form well adapted to the comfort of the reader.

The charm of variety, as far it is compatible with mortality and good taste, will be held constantly in view in conducting the Library, to fill the pages of which the current literature of Great Britain, in all its various departments of Biography, History, Travels, Novels, and Poetry, shall be freely put under contribution. With per chance occasional exceptions, it is intended to give entire the work which shall be selected for publication. When circumstances authorize the measure, recourse will be had to the literary stores of Continental Europe, and translations made from French, Italian, or German, as the case may be.

Whilst the body of the work will be a reprint or at times a translation of entire volumes, the cover will exhibit the miscellaneous character of a Magazine, and consist of sketches of men and things, and notices of novelties in literature and the arts throughout the civilized world. A full and regular supply of the literary, monthly, and hebdomadal journals of Great Britain and Ireland, in addition to home periodicals of a similar character, cannot fail to provide ample materials for this part of our work.

The resources and extensive correspondence of the publishers, are the best guaranty for the continuance of the enterprise in which they are now about to embark, as well as for the abundance of the materials to give it value in the eyes of the public. As far as judicious selection and arrangements are concerned, readers will, it is hoped, have reason to be fully satisfied, as the Editor of the Library is not a stranger to them, but has more than once obtained their favorable suffrages for his past literary efforts.

### TERMS.

The work will be published in weekly numbers, in stitched covers, each number containing *twenty imperial octavo pages*, with double columns, *making the volumes annually*, of more than 520 octavo pages each volume; and at the expiration of every six months, subscribers will be furnished with a handsome title-page and table of contents. The whole amount of matter furnished in a single year, will be equal to more than *forty volumes* of the common English duodecimo books. The paper upon which the Library will be printed, will be of the first quality used for book-work, and of a size admirably adapted for binding. As the type will be entirely new, and of a neat appearance, each volume, when bound, will furnish a handsome as well as valuable, and not cumbersome, addition to the libraries of those who patronize the work.

The price of the Library will be *Five Dollars per annum*, payable in advance. A commission of 20 per cent. will be allowed to agents; and any agent or postmaster furnishing five subscribers, and remitting the amount of subscription, shall be entitled to the commission of 20 per cent., or a copy of the work for one year.

A specimen of the work, or any information respecting it, may be obtained by addressing the publishers, post paid. E. L. CAREY & A. HART, Philadelphia. July 21. \*Subscriptions received at this office. Oct. 3.

## NEW GOODS.

## C. R. & W. WEST,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public, that they did, on the first day of January last, enter into partnership, for the purpose of Merchandizing in the town of Lawrenceburg, at the Store formerly occupied by C. R. & W. West, under the firm of C. R. West, & Co and have just received a

## General assortment of Goods,

Suited to the present and approaching season, CONSISTING IN PART OF THE FOLLOWING:

**BROAD CLOTHS,** Super Blue, invisible green, London smoke, Olive brown, blue, mixed, and black.

**SATINETTS (assorted),** Swiss, black gro. de nap and Senhaws.

**STOCKS,** Real black Italian lustreings; black gro. de Naps, plain and figured; colored Florence and satins.

A VARIETY OF

**DRESS HANDEKERCHES,** Consisting of blond gauze, gro. de zane, gro. de naps, Popeline, and crade chine; superfine gauzes, and Crpe scaris; figured and plain bobinets.

Thread and bobinet laces, and inserting, bobinett and Swiss capes, white and black bobinet veils,

Black, green and white gauze do.; Irish linen, and Linen cambrics; linen cambric handkerchiefs,

Pink, white and black Italian crapes; plain, striped and Corded gingham; painted Muslin,

Plain, figured and crossbarred jacketon;

Plain and figured Swiss, book and cambric muslin;

Corded skirts; Linen and cotton table diaper;