

# VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

## POETICAL.

From the Cincinnati Advertiser.  
From "Celerain Erect."

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

### Buckeye Farmer's Song.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours,

TIPPECANOE.

## VARIETY.

### BENONI BURDOCK.

#### A CHARACTER.

By my troth, Captain, these be very bitter words!"

K. Henry IV.

Benoni Burdock was a bitter man, and every thing about him was bitter. He was the *beau ideal*, abstraction, incarnation, and concentration of bitterness. Nothing dulcet entered into his composition, or could be made to harmonize with any one of his qualities, physical or intellectual. He was born on a bitter cold day, when the skies were bitter, and every body looked and felt most bitterly. He came into the world in bitter times, and they have been growing bitterer ever since. It was wonderful to see how rapidly the bitterness of his nature developed itself. The first time he tasted a sugar-plum it set him a-crying; but a drop of wormwood tea restored him to good humor—that is, such good humor as a body may show in a bitter way. He never laughed, though he sometimes grinned sullenly a bitter smile. Sugar candy was an abomination to him. He was never known to practice the Yacken trick of licking molasses; and the mention of honey made him sick. Gingerbread never sat well upon his stomach; yew-tincture made him faint; but he delighted in chewing rhubarb, sago-root, gentian, mandrake, and quassia. Fruit he would not eat, except choke pears, and he thought no flowers fit to be anoint at bat root and skunk cabbage.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Proud, happy, thrice happy America! "the home of the oppressed—the asylum of the emigrant—where the citizens of every clime, and the child of every creed, roam free and untrammeled as the wild winds of heaven—baptized at the fountain of Liberty, in fire and blood—cold must be the heart that thrills not at the mention of thy name!" Among thy sons, America; Lives there's man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my doot, my native land—Scotland.

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

"Father, that old black sheep has got two lambs."

"Good," says the old man, "that's the most profitable sheep on the farm."

"But one on 'em's dead," added Ben.

"I'm glad on't," says the father, "it'll be better for the old sheep."

"But 'other is dead too," says Ben.

"So much the better," rejoins the old man, "she'll make a grand piece of mutton in the fall."

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

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

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

SHAMEFUL WASTE OF TIME.—Holding Harrison meetings in Maine. [N. Y. Mirror.]

Do it all over the Union.

## TAKEN UP.

BY Ulysses Borel, living in Vevay, Jefferson township, Switzerland county, State of Indiana, on the 5th day of February, 1840, afloat in the Ohio river, a flat-bottom boat 75 or 80 feet long and 16 feet wide, poplar gunwales, oak end pieces, seven streamers and eleven cross girders, one sweep and one steering oar in her, the plank next the gunwales are of oak, the bottom oak plank, plank at the bow sycamore, the studding of sycamore. No other particular marks perceptible—appraised to \$50, by Edward Violet and Hezekiah Roberts, on the 16th day of February, 1840, before me,

PERIN DUFOUR, J. P.

Feb. 22, 1840.

## Administrator's Notice.

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

I. R. WHITEHEAD, Adm'r.

Feb. 29, 1840.

## WAGON MAKING,

## And Blacksmith Work.

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

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

He has also received a new assortment of

## Cooking Stoves,

which will be sold at the Cincinnati prices, with the addition of freight. F. L. GRISARD.

Feb. 29, 1840.

## THE CAUSE OF BILIOUS COMPLAINTS

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

He has now ready made, and for sale, a good assortment of

## DRUGS! DRUGS!

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

N. B. Advice given gratuitously.

DR. S. W. CLARKE.

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

Vevay, Sept. 29, 1839.

47<sup>th</sup>

Rates of Advertising.
47<sup>th</sup>

The following rates of advertising, agreed upon by the Indiana Editorial Convention, are strictly observed at this office:
47<sup>th</sup>

For one square, 3 insertions,
\$1 50

Each additional insertion,
20

One square, 3 months,
3 00

" " 6 "
6 00

" " 12 "
10 00

Two squares, 12 months,
15 00

Three squares, 12 months,
20 00

One column—1000 words per annum,
80 00

Three fourths of a column,
50 00

Half a column,
35 00

Fourth of a column,
25 00

A deduction of 20 per cent. will be made on advertisements longer than a quarter of a column, when inserted by the half year or year, and not altered.
25

All advertisements authorized by statute must invariably be paid for in advance.
25

Advertisements coming from abroad must be accompanied with the cash, unless ordered for publication by a brother publisher.
25

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

For sale at the store of

CLARKSON & DUFOUR, Vevay, Indiana.

July 3, 1839.

47<sup>th</sup>

At the shortest notice and with choice of cuts.
47<sup>th</sup>

No job will be delivered without the cash.
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