

# VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

## POETICAL.

### NIGHT.

When night her sable mantle spreads,  
And mortals calmly sink to rest;  
When oft realms the weary head  
Of man, by toil and care oppres'd,  
How sweet the memory of the past,  
How loved the hearts we cherish'd then,  
Ere misfortune's changing blast  
Had bale us with them back again.  
Perchance the flitting of a dream  
Some cherished scene may bring,  
Of airy fancy's vision beauty  
Years of pleasure brightening.  
Oh! how loved that dreamy hour  
That ails the weary bondman free,  
That bids the rod of earthly power  
Leave its hold on memory—  
That hour when all the vicious great  
The scourge of conscience feel  
When virtue in her humblest state  
Calm content and peace reveals—  
When the son of guilt and crime  
Seeks repose, but finds it not,  
And vainly prays the welcome time  
When all his deeds shall be forgot—  
That hour when distant lovers meet  
And dream their day-dreams o'er again  
That hour when weary orphans greet  
Their childhood's home in vain.  
Oh, gather up thy treasures. Night!  
Thy dread array of hidden things,  
Let the day-star's radiant light  
Reveal the scenes thy coming brings.  
Scenes of woe and scenes of gladness  
Would grace the checkered view,  
Days of joy, and years of sadness  
Friendship's smiles and love's adieu—  
Flowerets blooming, then decaying  
As the seasons come and flee—  
Man from virtue's pathway straying  
All are shadowed o'er by thee.

## VARIETY.

### METAPHYSICS.

"Do you think Aristotle is right, when he says that relatives are related?" *Dear of Wicksfield.*

The old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wisely said to a niece of King Gordoue, "that that is it." Most people who possess the old hermit's happy ignorance, are of the same opinion; but strange to say, an acquaintance with pen and ink and things of that sort, is very apt to reverse this opinion. No sooner do we begin to study metaphysics, than we find how egregiously we have been mistaken, in supposing that "Master Parson is really Master Par."

I, for my part, have a high opinion of metaphysical studies, and think the science a very useful one; because it teaches people what sheer nobodys they are. The only objection is, they are not disposed to lay this truth sufficiently to heart, but continue to give themselves airs, just as if some-folks were really some-folks. Old Doctor Soberides, the minister of Pump-Inville, where I lived in my youth, was one of the metaphysical divines of the old school, and could cavil upon the ninth part of a hair about entities and quiddities, nominalism and realism, free will and necessity, with which sort of learning he used to stuff his sermons and astound his learned hearers, the bumptious. They never doubted that it was all true, but were apt to say, with the old woman in Moliere:

"Il parle si bien que je n'entend goûte."

I remember a conversation that happened at my grandfather's, in which the Doctor had some difficulty in making his metaphysics all "as clear as preaching." There was my grandfather, videlicet my grandfather; Uncle Tim, who was the greatest hand at raising onions in our part of the country, but "not knowing metaphysics, had no notion of the true reason of his being sad;" my Aunt Judy Keturah, Titterwell, who could knit stockings like all possest, but could not syllabicate; Malachi Muggs, our hired man, that drove the oxen, and Isaac Thrasher, the district schoolmaster, who had dropped in to warm his fingers and get a drink of cider. Something was under discussion, and my grandfather could make nothing of it; but the Doctor said it was "metaphysically true."

"Pray, Doctor," said Uncle Tim, "tell me something about metaphysics; I have often heard of that science, but never for thy life could find out what it was."

"Metaphysics," said the Doctor, "is the science of abstractions."

"I'm no wiser for that explanation," said Uncle Tim.

"It treats," said the Doctor, "of matters most profound and sublime; a little difficult, perhaps for a common intellect or an unchoiced capacity to fathom, but not the less important, on that account, to all living beings."

"What does it teach?" asked the schoolmaster.

"It is not applied so much to the operation of teaching," answered the Doctor, "as to that of inquiring; and the chief inquiry is, whether things are, or whether they are not."

"I don't understand the question," said Uncle Tim, taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"For example, whether this earth on which we tread," said the Doctor, giving a heavy stamp on the floor, and setting his foot atop on the cat's tail, "whether this earth does really exist, or whether it does not exist."

"That is a point of considerable consequence to settle," said my grandfather.

"Especially," added the schoolmaster, "to the holders of real-estate."

"Now the earth," continued the Doctor, "may exist."

"Who the dogs ever doubted that?" asked Uncle Tim.

"A great many won," said the Doctor, "and some very learned ones."

Uncle Tim stated a moment, and then began to fill up his pipe, whistling the tune of "High Betty Marth," while the Doctor went on.

"The earth, I say, may exist, although Bishop Berkley has proved beyond all possible gainsaying or denial, that it does not exist. The case is clear; the only difficulty is, to know whether we shall believe it or not."

"And how," asked Uncle Tim, "is all this to be found out?"

"By digging down to the first principles," answered the Doctor.

"Ay," interrupted Malachi, "there is nothing equal to the spade and pickaxe."

"That is true," said my grandfather, going on

in Malachi's way, "it is by digging for the foundation that we shall find out whether the world exists or not; for, if we dig to the bottom of the earth and find a foundation—why then we are sure of it. But if we find no foundation, it is clear that the world stands upon nothing, or, in other words, that it does not stand at all; therefore, it stands to reason."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the Doctor, "but you totally mistake me; I use the word *digging* metaphorically, meaning the profoundest cogitation and research into the nature of things. That is the way in which we may ascertain whether things are, or whether they are not."

"But if a man can't believe his eyes," said Uncle Tim, "what signifies talking about it?"

"Our eyes," said the Doctor, "are nothing at all but the infus of sensation, and when we see a thing, all we are aware of is, that we have a sensation of it; we are not sure that the thing exists. We are sure of nothing that we see with our eyes."

"Not without spectacles," said Aunt Judy.

"Plato, for instance, maintains that the sensation of any object is produced by a perpetual succession of copies, images or counterfeits, streaming off from the object to the organs of sensation. Descartes, too, has explained the matter upon the principle of whirling."

"But does the world exist?" asked the schoolmaster.

"A good deal may be said on both sides," replied the Doctor, "though the ablest heads are for non-existence."

The New York Star states that two boys have been born in that city with extremities resembling the claws of an eagle, instead of hands and feet. "Don't you understand, Major! they were born for bank directors." Let them not be spoiled in the bringing up.

"A dog's scot!" exclaimed Aunt Judy, "all the metaphysics under the sun would n't make a pound of butter."

"That's a fact!" said Uncle Tim.

The following toast was given at a public dinner, at Poiterville, Penn., by Nichols Liddle, Esq.

"Old Pennsylvania.—Her sons, like her soil through outside, but solid stuff within—plenty of coal to warm our friends—plenty of iron to cool her enemies."

In return to the above sentiment, the Lancaster Intelligencer inserts the following:

"The United States. Bank.—Her President and Directors, like her building—a splendid outside, but rotteness within—plenty of *Cash*, to warm the pockets of her friends—plenty of rag promises to pay to *Cropper* creditors."

MORE VIOLENCE—TARRING AND FEATHERING.

It is stated in an Albany paper, that a man named Slater, who had ventured to serve process on some of the tenants of Mr. Van Rensselaer, in the case which excited so much notice last fall, was last week visited at midnight by a large body of the tenantry, disguised with paint, &c. who took Slater from his bed into an adjoining lot, stripped him naked, covered him with tar and feathers, beat him severely, and then left him to help himself as he might.

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## TAKEN UP.

Dr. 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 78 or 80 feet long and 16 feet wide, popular gunwales, oak end, pieces, seven streamers and eleven cross girders, one sweep and one steering oar in her, the plank next the gunwales up of oak, the bottom oak plank, plank at the bow sycamore, the studding of sycamore. No other particular marks payable—appraised to \$50, by Edward Viator and Elezeziah Roberts, on the 15th day of February, 1840, before me,

PERRET DUFOUR, J. P.

Feb. 22, 1840. 12c.

### 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. 20, 1840. 13c.

### 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 engaged 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 accurate and commodious 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

Metaphysics, to speak exactly."

"Ah," interrupted the schoolmaster; "bring it down to vulgar fractions and then we shall understand it."

"It is the consideration of immortality, or the more spirit and essence of things."

"Come, come," said Aunt Judy, taking a pinch of snuff, "now I see into it."

"Thus, man is considered; in his corporeality, but in his essence or capability of being; for a man metaphysically, or to metaphysical purposes, has two natures, that of spirituality and that of corporeity, which may be considered separate."

"What man?" asked Uncle Tim.

"By any man; Malachi there, for example, I may consider him as Malachi spiritual or Malachi corporeal."

"That is true," said Malachi, "for when I was in the militia, they made me a sixteenth corporal, and I carried a grog to the drummer."

"That is another affair," said the Doctor, in continuation, "we speak of man in his essence; we speak also of the essence of locality, the essence of duration"—

"And essence of peppermint," said Aunt Judy.

"Pooh!" said the Doctor, "the essence I mean is quite a different codicet."

"Something too fine to be dribbled through the worm of a still," said my grandfather.

"Then I am all in the dark again," rejoined Aunt Judy.

"By the spirit and essence of things, I mean things in the abstract."

"And what becomes of a thing when it gets into the abstract?" asked Uncle Tim.

"Why, it becomes an abstraction."

"There we are again," said Uncle Tim; "but what the devil is an abstraction?"

"It's a thing that has no matter; that is, it cannot be felt, seen, heard, smelt or tasted; it has no substance or solidity; it is neither large nor small, hot nor cold, long nor short."

"Then what is the long and the short of it?" asked the schoolmaster.

"Abstraction," replied the Doctor.

"Suppose, for instance," said Malachi, "that I had a pitchfork."

"Ay," said the Doctor, "consider a pitchfork in general; that is, neither this one nor that one, nor any particular one, but a pitchfork or pitchforks divested of their materiality—these are things in the abstract."

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