

# VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

## POETICAL.

The Water.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

How beautiful the water is!  
Didst ever think of it,  
When down it tumbles from the skies  
As in a merry fit!  
It justles, ringing as it falls,  
On all that's in its way—  
I hear it dancing on the roof,  
Like some wild thing at play.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout  
And gushing out below;  
A happy thing the water is,  
While sporting thus, I know.  
The earth is dry, and parch'd with heat,  
And it hath long'd to be  
Released from the sultry cloud;  
To cool the thirsty tree.

It washes, rather rudely too,  
The flower's simple grace,  
As if to chide the pretty thing  
For dust upon its face.  
It scourts the tree, till every leaf  
Is freed from dust or stain.  
Then waits till leaf and branch are still'd  
And showers them o'er again.

Drop after drop is tinkling down  
To kiss the stirring brook,  
The water dimples from beneath  
With its own joyous look—  
And then the kindred drops embrace,  
And singing, on they go,  
To dance beneath the willow tree,  
And glad the vale below.

How beautiful the water is!  
It loves to come at night,  
To make you wander in the morn  
To see the earth so bright;  
To find a youthful gloss is spread  
On every shrub and tree,  
And flowerets breathing on the air,  
Their odors pure and free.

A dainty thing the water is—  
It loves the flower's cup—  
To nests mid the odor there,  
And fill its petals up—  
It hangs its gems on every leaf—  
Like diamonds in the sun—  
And then the water wins the smile—  
The floweret should have won.

How beautiful the water is!  
To me 'tis wondrous fair—  
No spot can ever lonely be,  
If water sparkles there—  
It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,  
Of grandeur, or delight;  
And every heart is gladder made,  
When water greets the sight.

## VARIETY.

Jonathan Slick at the Theatre.

This distinguished personage recently paid a visit to the Park to see the celebrated Madam Celeste, and was very much horrified at that lady's display. A very pretty blue-eyed girl sat in the box by the side of Jonathan, at whom he glanced occasionally to see what effect the scene had upon her. We are not at all surprised at Jonathan's impressions—we have felt the same ourselves when looking at Celeste; but finding such sensations clasped by the world under the head of false modesty, have very bravely outgrown them. But listen to Mr. Slick:

That minute a bell tinkled; the picture rolled up again and the fiddlers began to put on elbow grease till the music came out slick enough—Instead of the garden there was a great ball room with rows of great shiny pillars running all through it. It was as light as day, for there seemed to be candles out of sight among the pillars besides a row of lamps that stood along the pan where the musicians sat. I was staring with all the eyes I had in my head when the barniest critter I ever set eyes on, come flying into the middle of the room; and she stood on one foot with her arms held out and her face turned towards us, looking as bold, and a smiling so soft as if she'd never done nothing else all her life. I was so scared when she first sprang in, that I only didn't know which end my head was on. The damed critter was more than half naked—she was by golly! To save my life I couldnt look at her right straight with that blue eyed gal a sitting close by me. At first I was so struck up that I couldnt see nothing but an alighted handsome face a smiling from under a wreath of flowers, and naked legs and arms and bosom a flying round like a live wind-mill. I thought I should go off the handle at first—I felt sort of dizzy, and as if I was blushing all over. I dont think I ever was in such an eternal twitter in my hull life. I partly got up to go out and then sat down agin as streaked as lean pork and covered my face with my yellow gloves, but somehow I couldnt hold my hands still all I could do—the fingers would get apart so that I couldnt help but look through them at the plaguey dorned handsome, undecent critter, as she jumped and whirled and stretched her naked arms out towards us, and stood a smiling and coaxing and looking to the sellers. It was enough to make a seller curse his mother because she was a woman; but I'll be darned if there ever was a seller on earth that could help looking at the critter. I've seen a bird charmed by a black snake, but it was nothing to this,—not a priming. One minute she'd kinder flutter round the room softly and still like a bird that's just a beginning to fly, then she'd stand on one foot and twinkle tother out and in against the ankle so swift you couldnt but just see it. Then she'd hop forward and twist her arms up on her bosom and stick one leg out behind her and stand on one toe for ever so long till all on us had a fair sight on her that way. Then she'd take another hop and pint her right toe forward and lift it higher and higher till by and by round she'd go like a top with her leg stuck out straight and whirling round and round like the spoke of a broken wagon with a foot to it. It raly did beat all that ever I did see. When she stood up straight her white frock was all sprigged off with silver, and it looked like a cloud of snow, but it didn't reach half way to her knees and stuck dreadfully behind where her hump was. I hadn't dared to unkiver my face yet, and was sort of itching all over in a dreadful pucker,

wondering what on earth she meant to do next, when she gave a whirl, kissed her hand and hopped away as spry as a cricket, just as she came in. I swan if I didn't think I never should breathe straight again, I raly wouldnt a looked in that purty blue eyed gal's face for anything; but somehow I happened to squint that way for I felt kinder anxious to see how red a gal could blush, but there she sat a smiling and a looking as if they raly liked the fun. She was whispering to young seller that sat tother side, and sez she,

"Aint it beautiful? oh, I hope they'll call her back!"

"She will cum I dare say," sez the gal, larfing, and beginning to stomp and clap his hands with the rest of them that were a yelling and hooting as if the devil had kicked 'em all on end. 'She treats Americans very much as a lover does his lady.'

"How so?" sez the gal, looking sort of puzzled.

"Why she can't leave them without coming back again and again to take farewell!" says he a larfing, 'but hear she cumns!'

True as a book there she did come, and began to idle and whirl and cut up her crancous all over again. By little I let my hands slide down from my face, and when she give her prime whirl and stuck out her toe the last time, I sat staring right straight at her so astonished. I couldn't set still, for as true as you live, the nice little French gal that was so sweet and modest, and the bold beautiful critter with her foot out—her arms wavering around her head, and her mouth just open enough to show her teeth, was the same individual critter, and both on 'em were Madam Celeste.

I went hum. But I'll be chocked if them legs and arms and that fat with the flowers over it didn't whirl round in my head all night, and they sint fairily out yit.

From the *Democrat & Herald*.  
Who is the Log Cabin Candidate?

MARTIN VAN BUREN was born, reared and educated in a little Log Cabin that stands in an obscure part of the old Dutch village of Kinderhook, in the State of New York. His parents were poor but respectable, and obtained an honest living by tilling the soil. Martin in early life labored through the day in the field and forest with his father, and at night by the dim light of a log heap fire he stored his mind with useful knowledge and prepared himself for the more active duties of his after life. He knew not the blessings of wealth and influential friends, but like a Franklin, a Jackson, an Allen and a host of self-made men that our Republic is justly proud of, he toiled and struggled, friendless and alone through poverty and made himself what he is—an erudit scholar and an accomplished statesman—the pride and boast of the democracy of America.

Now turn we to the other side of the picture, and look into the rise and progress of the Federal candidate for the Presidency.

William H. Harrison was born, reared and educated in the princely halls of his father's mansion in the Old Dominion. His father was a man of wealth and influence, and therefore possessed of competent means to educate his sons in a gentlemanly style; and bring them up in ease and affluence. Thus was W. H. Harrison started in early life; he knew not what it was to labor and toil, and push his way through life friendless and solely dependent upon his own exertions. Servants were in attendance and followed his footstep to obey his call and administer to his most trivial wants. When grown to manhood, by means of wealth and his father's influence he was thrust into official stations, where he is to this day enjoying the life of a gentleman of leisure and living upon the profits of an office! He is now receiving \$6,000 yearly, from the proceeds of the office of Clerk of the Hamilton County Court, and at the same time getting the profits which a large tract of land at North Bend yields annually. It is well known that he does not attend to the duties of his office, neither does he even superintend the cultivation of his farm. Such is the farmer of North Bend, such the poor man whom the whig party would thrust into power because of his poverty, and such the Log Cabin, hard cider candidate with whom they strive to guil the American people.

Martin Van Buren lived in a Log Cabin break-fasted, dined and supped upon sour kroul and cold water, and yet soonest, because Gen. Harrison once in his life chanced to sleep beneath the roof of a Log Cabin, and drink hard cider, he must be made president! Verify the ways of the federalists, wings and sprig of aristocracy are already past finding out. The next thing they will try their busy hands at, will be an attempt to prove Jack Palfast a Hero and John Jacob Astor a poor man.

But, Messrs. editors, I must close for the present, the cattle are yoked and standing at the door of my Log Cabin, and I must away to the field.

Some rainy day when I am at leisure, you may hear something more from a

PLOUGH BOY.

Green county, Ohio, March 5th, 1840.

The BLOODHOUNDS.—Certain yelping Federal Editors are making a great noise because, we suppose, the inhabitants of Florida have employed a better and less noisy pack, than themselves to sent out the Seminoles.

MR. VAN BUREN AND GENERAL HARRISON IN VIRGINIA.—The Richmond Enquirer says—"Mr. Van Buren beat Harrison in Virginia, a little more than three years ago, by 7233 majority; and this year he will beat him from 10,000 to 15,000."

AN INDUSTRIOUS FEMALE.—A lady living on the banks of the Catawba River, lately performed the following extraordinary amount of work—she wove nine yards of cloth, spun four cuts of yarn, milked three cows, churned four pounds of butter and had twin children, all in one day!

A FATAL AFFRAY occurred at Natchez on the 29th February. George Duncan, pilot of the steamboat Canton, and a man named Jones, quarreled in the Byron house about a black girl. Duncan thrust a Spanish knife into Jones, which caused his death shortly afterwards. He was arrested and placed in the calaboose, to await his trial.

"Hello, Sam! what you doin' dor?" "Fishing." "Well wat dat you got in yo' woul?" "Nothin' but some wom's for bait!"

JUSTICE'S BLANKS of every description for sale at this office.

BLANK DEEDS AND MORTGAGES for sale at this office.

## SITTINGS OF THE COURTS

At the Court-House in Vevay, Switzerland County, Indiana.

### CIRCUIT COURT.

2d Monday in April. 1 2d Monday in October.

### PROBATE COURT.

2d Monday in February. 1 2d Monday in August.

### COMMISSIONERS' COURT.

1st Monday in January. 1 1st Monday in September.

1st Monday in March. 1 1st Monday in November.

1st Monday in May. 1 1st Monday in November.

### NOTICE.

THE subscriber has for sale on his farm, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile below Vevay, a quantity of Grape Vines Roots and Cuttings, of the

Catawba, Isabella & Cape

Kinds, warranted genuine. Also, a few bushels of the noted

### BADEN CORN.

PHILIP BETTENS.

Feb. 29, 1840. 13c.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order and decree entered at

the last term of the Probate Court of the

county of Switzerland, and state of Indiana, on

the petition of Madeline Theire, who is guardian

of the minor heirs of John B. Theire, deceased,

to-wit: Mary Louisa Theire, and Mary Francis Theire. I, the undersigned commissioner, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder on

the premises, at noon on the 25th day of April

A. D. 1840, in-lots of the Town of Vevay, known

and designated by the Nos. 35 and 36 on the original

plat of said town, the property of said

monitors; the terms of sale will be as follows, to-wit:

One-fourth of the purchase money will be required

in hand, the residue of the purchase money will

be required in three equal installments, in

six, twelve, and eighteen months, from and after

the day of sale, with six per cent. per annum

interest thereon from the day of sale. Notes

with approved personal security will be required

of the purchaser for the credit installments of the

purchase money. The purchaser will be entitled

to a certificate of purchase, entitling him

to a deed in fee-simple to the said lots of land,

on making full and final payment of the pur-

chase money aforesaid.

JOSEPH C. EGGLESTON, Comr.

March 21, 1840. 16c.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of an alias execution issued out of

the office of the Clerk of the Dearborn Circuit Court, in favor of Jonathan W. Powers, and against James T. Pollock, and James Murray his

replevin security, for the sum of \$3,251.95, the

debt, interest and costs of suit, and also for the

accruing costs, but subject to a credit of \$2,830

50, and to me directed; I will expose to public

sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on

Saturday the 18th day of April, A. D. 1840, at

the court house door, in the town of Vevay, county

of Switzerland, and state of Indiana, between

the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P.

M. of said day, the rents and profits for the term

of time of seven years, of the following real

estate, to-wit: All that certain piece or parcel

of land, lying and being in the county of

Switzerland, and State of Indiana, and described as

follows: It being the east part of the north east

quarter of section twenty-six, in township three

of range two, west of the meridian line drawn

from the mouth of the great Miami river, and

containing one hundred and ten acres of land, be

the same more or less; and on failure to realize

the full amount of the debt, interest and costs,

on said execution endorsed, subject however to

the credit aforesaid:—I will then and there, at

the time and place above mentioned, in manner

and form aforesaid, expose the fee-simple of said

tract of land as described as aforesaid, for sale

in hand. Said tract of land having been

taken and loved thereon, by virtue of said execu-

tion, as the property of the said James T.

Pollock.

HENRY McMAKIN, Sheriff.

March 21, 1840. 16c.

Forfe