

VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.



POETICAL.

[From the Richmond Jeffersonian.]

The Whig Convention.

On the whig convention—their procession, &c., and to the fair who's petticoat, when displayed, so disconcerted them.

You've heard perhaps about the chaps,
Who held the great convention;
What parade and show they made,
And how 'twas their intention
In pomp to rule and gull each fool!
Who'd view their kingly splendor;
To crouch and cower and own their power,
And all their rights surrender.

How puns all and binkers tall,
Who'd strip us of each penny;
And make us slaves to set up knaves,
The few above the many,
Had rallied bold, as we are told,
Their ruffles stiffly starching;
With golden rings and foreign things,
To show themselves in marching.

The chickens flew, the cats withdrew,
The dogs and "niggers" hurry,
And children run to see the fun,
The bustle and the flurry.
The windows fly and caps wave high,
From wives of every "would-be,"
As on they put, with all the strut,
And all the pride that could be.

The merry whigs may sing their jigs,
Affecting exultation,
Of how the fair in number rare,
Bestowed them admiration.
But let them boast from shore to coast;
I'll prove it with precision,
That we're not blind, and true do find,
We're mostly in derision.

For O, alas! as on they pass,
In self felt glory shining,
A sudden damp their souls did clamp,
And feathers fell declining.
When lo, they note a petticoat
From window o'er them waving,
Did them mock with such a shock,
Disorder'd they flew raving.

Themselves to hide away they glide,
In all the speed of walking,
Till gathered all within a hall,
They held their great big talking;
And in their clave they rant and rave,
Galor all that's patriotic,
And curse and blaw that people know
They're seeking power despotic.

If such a sight could put to right
And thus such host disorder,
What would they do with force or crew,
Of foes on coast or border!
To hide each head beneath a bed,
They'd to some garret clamber,
Or while we fought they might be sought
In boudoir in the chamber.

Such men of straw one Indian Squaw
Could chase across the region,
Nor fear a man in all their clan,
Although their names be legion;
One setting' hen these paper men,
Who are so void of metal,
In single fight could put to flight,
And quick their courage settle,

If one young maid could make afraid
By their true colors waving;
How can they stand before this land
Which they now seek enslaving?
When front and flank in file and rank,
Their numbers are enclosing,
Who think with show to flap and crow,
And win by pranks imposing.

Great Harrison their mighty one,
Their statesman and their hero,
Themselves to raise, they would him praise,
To power to equal Nero.
But far and wide females decide,
And honest are all women
Who by their votes, gave petticoate,
Not armour, to dress him in.

And now behold the few so bold,
So mad in zeal of party,
As up to pick that broken stick,
The renegade McCarty.
Great General he—and next we see
Proud Sammy Digger,
Astride with him complete and trim,
Together do they figure.

O may a mind of wealth be thine,
(Thou maid whose coat was swinging,)
With husband kind with kindred mind,
In love the closest clinging;
With some a score who'll share thy store
Of front and feelings noble,
To save our lands from tyrant hands,
And from each future trouble.

May rhyme and prose thy deed disclose,
To all this generation,
To rouse our fair with us to share
In keeping free this nation.
To coming time thy name shall climb
Up high, a female famous,
Throw in the dark Joan of Arc
And wonderous Semiramis.

I'd barefoot go through mud and snow,
Or over the cutting gravel,
But just to kiss that pretty miss,
And 'twould pay well the travel.
Some hundred miles to see her smiles,
Dear democratic maiden,
Whose petticoat so proud did float,
And did the whigs so sadden.

I hold, says a western editor, with dignified emphasis—I hold it as a self-evident principle, that no man should take a newspaper three consecutive years, without at least making an apology to the editor for not paying for it.

VARIETY.

An Incident at the Battle of the Thames.
At the Battle of the Thames, a laughable incident occurred, which is thus related by one who was in the engagement:

The British General had formed his men in open order, with their cannon pointing down the road by which the Americans were advancing. Col. Johnson's mounted regiment was ordered to charge at speed by heads of companies (as to expose the least front) past through open intervals, and form in the rear of the British forces. This movement was brilliantly executed by the battalion under the command of Lieut. Col. James Johnson, his brother, Col. R. M. Johnson at the same time, charging the Indians with the other battalion.

It happened that in one of the companies under James Johnson's command, there was a huge, long legged, brawny fellow named Lamb; he weighed about 210 lbs., was a brave man, and as good humored as big—brave men proverbially are. Lamb had broken down his Kentucky horse by his great weight and was mounted, instead, upon a short, stout wild Canadian pony; from whose sides his long limbs depended almost to the ground, white his bulky frame rose high above the beast—looking not unlike an overgrown school boy astride of a rough sheep.

When the charge was made, Lamb's pony took flight, and broke into a strain. Lamb pulled until the bit broke in the animal's mouth and all command of him was lost. The little pony stretched himself to the work, dashed out of the ranks, soon outstripped all his file leaders, and pushed on in advance of the company. Lamb was no longer master of his horse or himself, and he was in a quandary.—If he rolled off he would be trampled to death by his own friends; if the horse rushed upon the British lines with him, so far ahead of the rest, he must be killed. Either way death seemed inevitable; and, to use his own expression, he thought he'd just say something they could tell his friends in Kentucky, when they went home."

He stuck both heels into the pony's flanks, and urged him to his utmost speed. On they drove, some fifty yards in front of the leading file, Lamb's gigantic person swaying from side to side, and his legs swinging in a most portentous fashion—the little Canadian "pulling foot" all he knew how, his tail straight, his nostrils distended, his ears pinned back, and his shiny eyes flashing from under his shaggy foretop, with all the spirit and spleen of a bold devil. Just as he got within a stride or two of the British, Lamb flourished his rifle, and roared out in a voice of thunder—"Clear the way, God damn you for I'm coming!"

To his surprise the line opened right and left, and he was passed through unharmed. So great was their astonishment at the strange apparition of such a rider, and such a horse, moving upon them with such furious velocity, that they opened mechanically at his word of command, and let him pass. So soon as he gained the rear of their position Lamb rolled off in the grass, and suffered his pony to go his own road. A few minutes more, and he was with his comrade's securing the prisoners.

"Who Trow'd dat last Brick Bat?"
Gumbo Squash.

GENERAL Harrison said in his letter excusing himself for voting in the Ohio Legislature for selling, white men at the post, for fines and costs, that he thought "it was the most mild and humane mode of dealing with offenders," that they "should be sold to any persons who would pay their fines and costs for them."

The Pictrur.—A sheriff, with a man, standing upon a block crying out—Gentlemen I will next offer you, for sale, our old friend and neighbor, John Jones, who has been fined one dollar for knocking down Jim Crank for having called him a "d—d perjured villain!" Fine one dollar—costs fourtient dollars; in all fifteen dollars. Who bids for a fine able bodied man—who bids.

The person bidding the lowest number of days takes him as a servant—do I hear any body bid. Six months; five—five; four and a-half; four, four months; four—four; who bids less than four months! Three and a-half;—three months—three—three. Do I hear any bid less than three months for our old friend Jones?—can't dwell; going—going—going at three months; do I hear less than three months—once—twice—t-h-r-e-e times—gone! Who is the purchaser! Sambo Sable. Ha! ha! ha! guess me got white man for nigger now! God bless General Harrison for votin to sell white man to nigger Sambo! Nigger hab slave now as well as white man, ha! ha!

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.	2d Monday in August.
COMMISSIONERS' COURT.	2d Monday in May.	2d Monday in November.

1st Monday in January.

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