

# VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.



## POETICAL.

From the *Sunday Morning News*.  
Life.

1.

*Life is a sweetly flowing dream  
To the happy, the free, and the gay;  
Like a bright, clear, glittering, lucid stream;  
Bursting forth on a sunny day;  
Flowing o'er many, a graceful swell,  
Mid flower-enamell'd meads;  
Or winding through a shady dell,  
O'erhung with embowering reeds.*

11.

*Life is a slowly length'ning path,  
To the dreary, the hopeless, forlorn;  
Like a torrent that sweeps in gathering wrath,  
O'er a fearful precipice borne;  
To the deep, the lone, and the hidden caves  
Where the light hath never been—  
Lost and unknown, the morn'-ring waves  
Go down to depths unseen.*

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## MISCELLANY.

[From the *Western Voice*.]

"What are you thinking about?" said Mr. Pickwick to Mr. Samuel Weller, jr.

"I was thinking, sir," said that gentleman, "not powerful and convincing arguments this here log cabin show is to a sensible, reflection, body o' people, o' the fitness o' one's capacity to be President. That are hard cider is very con-

"Don't you think brandy would be better, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"There certainly is brandy, sir, at the bottom of it, from what I see and I should say religion, too, 'cause I see a preacher among 'em, sir."

"A preacher Samuel," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "What can he do in such a scene!"

"V, sir, there is a true, I'm told between him and Satan, till Harrison's elected, as his footnotes leans also a little that way."

"Shocking!" said Mr. Pickwick. "Can a man of sense find arguments or reason in such twaddle shows? Did you not say, Samuel, that we were in the glorious North American republic?"

"I did say that er same thing, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"And who are these men that are engaged in these mountebank pastimes?" demanded Mr. Pickwick.

"V, sir," said Mr. Weller, reflectingly "I'm not so sure as I can tell you, only as they say themselves, sir. They say as how they are the true lights, and they are, too, the principal men of the party. They pretend as how mankind don't know the act o' self-government, and they are trying, by these 'ere shows, to buy from the people the right of self-government, and a tryin' to convince them that it is o' no use to them, 'cause they hasn't managed the public affairs right, no how, and can't."

"Well, Samuel, these people that say so are certainly in the right. Don't you think so?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"I'm not by any kind o' means so sure o' that, sir," replied Sam, with a little less respect than he was wont to address that gentleman when in England. "I think, accordin' to natur', every man in community has a right directly from the Father of the universe, to say how far his natural rights shall be abridged, to what extent he shall be taxed, and for what purpose, and besides, sir, I don't think it is exactly accordin' to natur' to deny any man a voice in whatever public movement may affect him."

"I approve these shows, Samuel," said Mr. Pickwick, with some signs of forebodings depicted in his countenance "but I did not at first, I think, see it."

After gazing intently at Mr. Pickwick for some time, and his face expressing no equivocal signs of opposition to that gentleman's opinions, Mr. Samuel Weller, with great distinctness and deliberation, said to Mr. Pickwick, "Did you ever read the history of old Rome, sir?"

"Yes. Why?" said Mr. Pickwick, with some surprise.

"V, sir, just this 'ere. Rome was a republic, just as prosper and happy, when its citizens were free; they indulged in these 'ere sorts o' shows—they had shows o' lions, tigers, elephants—they had public theatres—they had large enclosures for armed slaves to fight in, for the amusement o' the 'dear people,' kept up at the public expense—they fiddled and danced, sung and drank—they became enervated with luxury and all manner o' vice. They forgot they ever had been free—they could not guard their liberty for looking at these shows—their reins o' power, sir, were picked up by a few when the people had carelessly laid them down." Sam then said mildly, "Vill your worship tell me where this 'ere same Rome is now!"

Mr. Pickwick, kindling with anger at the elopement of the question, replied with great warmth, "These same people ought never to have had the reins, Samuel," shaking his clenched fist in the direction of Mr. Weller.

That gentleman, seeing the resolution of Mr. P., replied in a tone of sarcasm or submission, I do not exactly know which, "Vell, your worship, I don't know as they ought to, unless they had held on to 'em."

On this the conversation ceased, and both Mr. Pickwick, as well as Samuel Weller, junior, fell into an attitude of contemplation for some time. At length Mr. Pickwick, with great clearness and distinctness of pronunciation, said, "Samuel."

"Sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Is there any good brandy, Samuel, in this city?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Weller.

"Then show me where it is to be had," replied Mr. Pickwick, with great decision of mind. Then, turning to Mr. Weller, said, "Samuel, as we are in America in search of knowledge, I must think over these things when more at leisure." So saying, Mr. Pickwick, preceded by Mr. Weller, moved towards one of the many case's of the populous city of St. Louis. Boz.

The large flouring mill of Nathan Tyson, near Baltimore, was consumed on Sunday morning, 275 barrels of flour, and a large quantity of grain, were destroyed.

## Tropical Plants--Spices.

*Cinnamon* is a tropical plant, growing in the East Indies, and is largely cultivated in the island of Ceylon, where there are more than 16,000 acres in cinnamon plantations. The bark of larger shoots of thicker branches is coarse, the finer kinds are obtained from the smaller or more delicate shoots.—The best is thin, smooth, shining, and of a light yellow color, bends before breaking, and is splintery in its fracture.

*Cinnamon*—The classic of commerce is nothing but an inferior quality of cinnamon. The finest cinnamon brings two dollars a pound, the second sort from one dollar thirty to one dollar fifty cents, and the third sort about a dollar. These are the prices in England, where the duties are from twenty-two to twenty-five cents per pound.

*Pepper* grows on a perennial climbing plant. The leaves are heart-shaped, with a glossy surface, and have little smell or pungency. Small white flowers grow abundantly on all the branches, and these are succeeded by the berries, which are green when young, and become of a bright red when approaching maturity. They hang in large clusters, like bunches of grapes; but the berries grow distinct, more in the manner of currants. It is raised in plantations of 500 to 1000 plants, divided by hedges. Sumatra, and the neighboring islands in the Indian Archipelago, produce the greatest abundance of this species.

*Ginger* grows both in the East and West Indies.—It has a perennial root with annual stems. The roots creep and extend under ground in joints, from each of which a slender stem shoots forth in spring, and attains a height of two or three feet. On the top of the stalk is a scaly spike, from each of which scales a blue flower appears.

When arrived at maturity, the root is taken up, and forms the ginger of commerce. It is afterwards ground in flower or other mills for use.

*Nutmeg* and *mace* are the produce of the same plant. It has its male or barren flowers upon one tree, and female or fertile flowers upon another, being a dioecious plant. The flowers are white, bell-shaped, and grow at the extremities of the branches, two or three together. The embryo fruit lies at the bottom of the female flower, like a little red knob, which afterwards expands, and at the end of nine or ten months it has the appearance of a peach.—The outer coat is fibrous and hard, about half an inch thick; and when arrived at maturity, this bursts and a membranous covering of a fine red color is seen, enveloping the thin black shell which encloses the kernel or nutmeg. This covering is the mace of commerce. The mace resembles a verdant net work; and, when collected, is left in the shade to dry, after which it is pressed closely in bags and exported. The shell of the nutmeg is hard, and is subjected to the heat of fire before being broken. The kernel thus shrivels up, and is then subjected to the action of lime and sea water to destroy the vegetating principle.

## Beautiful Extract.

Go out beneath the arching heavens in night's profound gloom, and say if you can, "There is no God!" pronounce that dread blasphemy, and each star above you will reproach you for your unbroken darkness of intellect—every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness and despair: Is there no God? Who, then, unrolled that blue scroll and threw upon its high frontispiece the legible gleamings of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth—with its perpetual rolling waters and its wide expanse of island and main? Who settled the foundations of the mountains? Who paved the heavens with clouds, and attuned amid the banners of storms the voice of thunders, & unchain'd the lightnings that linger, and lurk, and flash in their gloom? Who gave to the eagle a safe every where the tempests dwell & beats strongest, and to the dove a tranquil abode amid the forest that ever echo to the minstrelsy of her moan? Who made thee, oh Man! with thy perfect elegance of intellect—and of form? Who made the light pleasant to thee, and the darkness a covering herald to the first beautiful flashes of the morning? Who gave thee that matchless symmetry of sinew and limb? That regular flowing of blood! Those irrepressible and daring passions of ambition, and of love! No God! And yet the thunders of heaven, and the waters of earth are calm! Is there no lightning, that heaven is not avenged? Are there no floods, that man is not swept under a deluge? They remain—but the bow of reconciliation hangs out above and beneath them. And it were better that the limitless waters and the strong mountains were convulsed and commingled together—it were better the very stars were conflagrated by fire, or shrouded in gloom, than that one soul should be lost, while Mercy knock'd and pleads for it beneath the Alter of intercession!

The SILENT WOMAN.—Madame Regnier, the wife of a law officer at Versailles, while talking in the presence of a numerous party, dropped some remarks which were out of place, though not important. Her husband reprimanded her before the whole company, saying "silence madam, you're a fool!" She lived twenty or thirty years afterwards, and never uttered a single word, even to her children! A pretended thief was committed in her presence, in the hope of taking her by surprise, but without effect, and nothing could induce her to speak. When her son was requisite for the marriage of any of her children, she bowed her head and signed the contract.

One of the largest commercial houses in Havana,—that of Knight & Co.—has failed for two million of dollars. The firm was connected with Baring & Brothers of Liverpool, and with eminent houses in London and the West Indies.

*EMIGRATION.*—The number of passengers arrived from European ports during the months of April and May, at quarantine at Staten Island, New York, was 16,068. Last year, during the same period of time, there arrived 11,136. The number of vessels which brought these passengers was 83.

New COUNTERFEIT.—The St. Louis Gazette says that counterfeit bills of the following description are in circulation; viz: \$20 on the Bank of Illinois, Shawneetown, letter D, dated 24th March, 1839, payable to W D Bruce; engraving extremely rough, and signatures a bad imitation. It can readily be detected by those acquainted with the genuine bills, but is calculated to deceive the unwary.

The large flouring mill of Nathan Tyson, near Baltimore, was consumed on Sunday morning, 275 barrels of flour, and a large quantity of grain, were destroyed.

*THE WINEBAGOES.*—A late Galena (Ill.) Democrat says: "The Winebagoes have expressed a determination not to remove from their present situation, notwithstanding their positive agreement with the agents of our government; Most of the Indians are now at Prairie du Chien. Gov. Dodge and Gen. Atkinson are also at the Prairie. The Indians say that they are not for war, but they will die sooner than remove. Many of these Indians visited Canada last year, and received from the British government some valuable presents; and it is believed that they have been persuaded to hope thereby to receive their aid in case of a war with this country."

*COUNTERFEITERS.*—Canada papers state that twenty-six counterfeiters, who have been engaged in counterfeiting bills on different Banks of the United States, and gold and silver coin, have been taken up. About \$600,000 in bills were found on them, also, spurious coin, and plates, seals and dies, with other instruments of their trade

*A TEXAS TIGER.*—A spotted tiger, measuring ten feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, and large in proportion, was killed a short time since at the branch of Mr. W. P. Aubry, on Corpus Christi Bay, Texas. He had just killed a two year old heifer. The animal closely resembles the real Bengal tiger.

Gen. JOHN ADAIR, died at his residence, near Harrodsburg, Kentucky, on the 19th instant, in the 83d year of his age.

In the U. S. Senate, the question to strike out the clause in the Bankrupt Bill, embracing corporations, was carried by a vote of 23 to 16.

*Congress.*—A letter from the capital, assures us that the Sub-Treasury bill will pass, by a large majority, and Congress will adjourn on or about the 7th of July.

The Richmond Enquirer calculates on a majority of five to ten thousand in Virginia at the Presidential election for Mr. Van Buren, and we are confident that its estimate may be relied on.

## SITTINGS OF THE COURTS

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

CIRCUIT COURT.

2d Monday in April. | 2d Monday in October.

PROBATE COURT.

2d Monday in February. | 2d Monday in August.

2d Monday in May. | 2d Monday in November.

COMMISSIONERS' COURT.

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

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

1st Monday in May. |

JOHN CLINE.

May 2, 1840.

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