

# VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

VEVAY:

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1840.

Democratic Republican Nomination.  
FOR PRESIDENT,  
**MARTIN VAN BUREN,**  
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
**RICHARD M. JOHNSON,**  
ELECTORS FOR INDIANA.  
WILLIAM HENDRICKS, of Jefferson.  
GEORGE W. EVINS, of Miami.  
1st. District. ROBERT DALE OWEN, of Posey.  
2d. " HENRY SECHREST, of Owen.  
3d. " THOMAS J. HENLEY, of Clark.  
4th. " JOHN L. ROBINSON, of Rush.  
5th. " ANDREW KENNEDY, of Delaware.  
6th. " WILLIAM J. PEASLEE, of Shelby.  
7th. " JOHN M. LEXON, of Tipton.

The length of the humorous, and classic, communication of "Brutus," which will be found in to days paper, and which we hope our readers will give an attentive perusal, has crowded out several editorial articles.

Indiana Election.  
Below is the result of the election in this State, many of the counties are not official, but the official returns will not vary the result much either way:

	Harrison.	Van Buren.
1840.	50,300.	51,000.
1836.	41,231.	32,473.
Harrison's maj. in 1836.	8,803.	
do. 1840.	8,300.	
" gain since 1836.	19,019.	
Van Buren's gain, since 1836.	18,522.	

Alabama Election.  
This State has again cast her vote for Van Buren by a greatly increased majority.

Illinois Election.  
We have returns from sixty-nine counties—the Democratic majority is about 4,000. We shall have an increased majority. Illinois is sure for Van Buren.

Missouri Election.  
We shall have an increased majority in this State. There has been a large increased vote for the Democrats, and the whigs have lost strength. Missouri is as firm in the cause of Democracy and equal rights, as her gifted and talented Benton.

North Carolina Election.  
We have returns from 19 counties, in which we have a majority of 2,353.

More of the ruinous consequences of the passage of the Sub-Treasury Bill.

BALTIMORE MARKET, Aug. 13, 1840.

Howard st. Flour, of old Wheat,	\$5.25.
City Mills, holders ask	5.50.
Susquehanna,	\$5.25 a 5.37 1/2.
Wheat,	\$1.11 to 1.14.
Maryland red fair and prime,	\$1.00 " 1.18.
Family Flour Wheat,	1.30.

CINCINNATI MARKET, Aug. 17.

Wheat,	67 a 70.
Flaxseed,	58.
Flour,	\$4.12 1/2.
City Mills,	\$4.12 1/2 a 4.25.
Iron,	4 cts. cash, 4 1/2 on time.
Kentucky Hemp,	\$5.00 a 6.00.
Manilla,	\$10.00 a 11.00.

And still another.  
The "Jeffersonian Republican," published at Charlottesville, Virginia, hitherto one of the most violent opposition papers in the country, has struck the Harrison banner, and placed at its mast-head the flag of Van Buren and Johnson. This paper ranks among the most ably conducted in the Union, and the change that has taken place as to its future course, is another evidence that the honorable men of the Federal party are becoming disgusted with the principles of the opposition, which are based alone upon log cabins and hard cider.

And yet another Sign.  
The "New London Gazette," the oldest paper in the State of Connecticut, has hauled down the Harrison flag, and hoisted in its stead, the broad banner of Democracy, with the names of Van Buren and Johnson inscribed thereon.

The assistant editor of the Statesman, and distinguished champion of modern chivalry, in one of his republican rants remarked, that he had his foot on the necks of some few of the damned rascally democrats, and that he would keep it there. Give them hell Sampson.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—Letters have been received from the United States Exploring Expedition, dated at Sidney, New South Wales, March 12th, 1840, announcing the discovery of a vast continent in the Antarctic regions, far more extensive than the discovery lately announced by the French Exploring Expedition.

We mean to be decent, if we do not succeed in being forcible.—Statesman.

Who dare say the editor was decent, on the night of the election!—We dare not say he did not succeed in being forcible.

We learn from the New York Sunday Morning News a neutral paper, but whose predictions are whig, that business is reviving—money is becoming much easier, and shipping are earning handsome freights. These are some of the foretold Calamities of the Sub-Treasury Bill.

Table exhibiting the times of holding the Election of State officers, and the times of choosing the electors of President and Vice President in the several States, and the number of electors in each:

States	Time of holding the Election of State officers.	Time of choosing electors.	No. of Electors in each State
Maine.	11th Sept.	2d Nov.	10
New Hampshire.	10th March.	2d Nov.	7
Vermont.	1st Sept.	2d Nov.	7
Massachusetts.	9th Nov.	9th Nov.	14
Rhode Island.	in August & April.	25th Nov.	8
Connecticut.	6th April.	2d Nov.	8
New York.	23d Nov.	2d Nov.	42
New Jersey.	13th Oct.	2d Nov.	8
Pennsylvania.	13th Oct.	6th Nov.	30
Delaware.	10th Nov.	2d Nov.	3
Maryland.	7th Oct.	9th Nov.	10
Virginia.	23d April.	2d Nov.	23
North Carolina.	in August.	19th Nov.	15
South Carolina.	12th Oct.	11	
Georgia.	5th Oct.	2d Nov.	11
Alabama.	3d August.	9th Nov.	7
Mississippi.	2d & 3d Nov.	2d Nov.	4
Louisiana.	6th July.	2d Nov.	5
Tennessee.	4th August.	19th Nov.	15
Kentucky.	3rd August.	2d Nov.	15
Ohio.	13th October.	6th Nov.	21
Indiana.	3rd August.	2d Nov.	9
Illinois.	3rd August.	2d Nov.	5
Missouri.	3rd August.	2d Nov.	4
Michigan.	5th October.	2d Nov.	3
Arkansas.	5th October.	2d Nov.	3

Table exhibiting the seats of Government in each State, and the mode of choosing Electors of President and Vice Presidents, in the several States:

States.	Seats of Government.	Electors for President and Vice President chosen by
Maine.	Augusta.	General Ticket.
New Hampshire.	Concord.	do.
Vermont.	Montpelier.	do.
Massachusetts.	Boston.	do.
Rhode Island.	Providence and Newport.	do.
Connecticut.	Hartford and New Haven.	do.
New York.	Albany.	do.
New Jersey.	Trenton.	do.
Pennsylvania.	Harrisburg.	do.
Delaware.	Dover.	Legislatures.
Maryland.	Annapolis.	District.
Virginia.	Richmond.	General Ticket.
North Carolina.	Raleigh.	do.
South Carolina.	Columbia.	Legislature.
Georgia.	Milledgeville.	General Ticket.
Alabama.	Tuscaloosa.	do.
Mississippi.	Jackson.	do.
Louisiana.	New Orleans.	do.
Tennessee.	Nashville.	do.
Kentucky.	Frankfort.	do.
Ohio.	Columbus.	do.
Indiana.	Indianapolis.	do.
Illinois.	Springfield.	do.
Missouri.	Jefferson City.	do.
Michigan.	Detroit.	do.
Arkansas.	Little Rock.	do.

\* Three different modes of choosing the Electors of President and Vice President in the different States, are authorized by the Constitution, viz:—by the People by Districts, by the People by General Ticket, and by State Legislatures. The same States have not all uniformly adhered to the same mode: and the mode may be varied at the pleasure of the State Legislatures.

The Sub-Editor of the Statesman is very desirous of knowing something about the poker story;—which for his especial information we will narrate:

A gentleman from Virginia, an old acquaintance and relative of the Sub-Editor, some few months since, paid our town a visit, and as a matter of course, called to see his cousin. Being short of funds, he solicited assistance from his dear relative, which he agreed to render by his complying with the following very reasonable request.

It so happened that the Virginian was an adept in poker playing, which trait of character was well known, and greatly admired by the Sub-Editor. Having great confidence in the poker abilities of his relative, he proposed to advance him \$15 to play at that game with the ignorant Hoosiers—provided he would pay back the \$15, and equally divide the winnings. But, as is frequently the case, instead of winning, he lost even the \$15—which so enraged the Sub-Editor, that he got very wroth, and swore by the Great Eternal, that he would have revenge.

—Lay on, Macduff:

And damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough."

Punishment of Death.  
Among the crimes still punishable with death in Great Britain, are—highway robbery, with violence—burglary, with violence to the person—piracy, with violence—holding out false lights to cause shipwreck—setting fire to ships or buildings, to the danger of human life—murder, treason, and embezzlements by officers of the Bank of England.

Who could not have divined the disgraceful end of the editor of the Statesman, if his lot had been cast in that country.

A man that will steal a sheep, will go the whole hog.—N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

You mistake Mr. Mercury: for who ever dreamed of stealing the editor of the Statesman.—Give it up.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him.

N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

Oh! how terrible must be the writhings of the conscience of the editor of the Statesman.

"We request the Kent Bugle to let the people know the full extent of our crimes, either against the civil, criminal, or moral laws of the land."—Statesman.

What! dost thou desire to know the full extent of thy crimes! No, it cannot be—such a disclosure would cause even thy superlatively corrupt heart to shrink back in horror and consternation. Yes, you would even call upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon you, and hide your guilty face from men, and even devils. Go then and seek some lonely spot, where naught but the accursed serpent dwelleth, and there console thyself with the reflection, that even it hath an existence, with all the curses of Heaven, more to be desired than thine. May the atheistical Sub-Editor, have mercy upon your immortal soul, if you have any.

The following is from the prospectus of the Statesman, of date July 16:

"The paper proposed to be issued, shall be kept as free as possible from private scandal and public scurrility. We mean to be decent if we do not succeed in being forcible."—Statesman.

Unprincipled scoundrel—utter damnation of his soul, if he has one—a d—d perjured scoundrel—cheating a beggar out of \$15, at poker—stealing money from a dead man—stealing money from the corporation of Vevay—lying scoundrel—contemptible puppy—worthless democrat—suborned witness—and unprincipled blackguard. These are some of the very decent expressions, weekly published in the Statesman, and hourly emanating from the polluted heart, and falling from the bell-doomed lips of the purchased editor of the Statesman.

Well, well, may we exclaim, the Statesman, is the great reservoir of "bilingate abuse"—the "Newgate history or Swindler's Calendar."

Ontrage.

The last Statesman contained a gross personal attack upon P. M. Kent, one of the Democratic Central Committee. It might be expected by persons at a distance that this assault would be retaliated on the offender by something else than the pen. It becomes, however, requisite to state that the editor of the Statesman, being by his own confession a hireling slanderer, and recognized as such by this community, is in this business merely the tool of certain other persons who wish to gratify malice without incurring responsibility.—In this they shall be disappointed and exposed. Some of these men, although successful in the late political canvass, have sunk in character and standing by the contest, and would like very well now to escape from public scorn, and reduce their opponents to a level with themselves, by slanders of a personal and private character. We assure them that they shall not escape their destiny by interposing between us and them that paltry specimen of his race, who according to his own confession, writes to gratify the cravings of an empty stomach, and in this case as we know, administers to the cravings of malignant cowardice.

HARD CIDER MURDER.—It was a saying of Dean Swift, that little souled people are like narrow necked bottles: the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.

QUEEN ENOUGH.—If the Independent Treasury bill will "make the rich richer," why do all the purse-proud nabobs and aristocrats oppose it! They are not usually found voting money out of their own pockets.

Some of the Baltimoreans are making perfect asses of themselves.—Statesman

If the Editor of the Statesman was only there, he would answer in lieu of an Army of Baltimorean asses being a very big ass himself.

The Kent Bugle has been singled out as an object of some little vituperation: and by some persons who would find it a more difficult task to discover whether they had established a character, (other than a disgraceful one), than to obtain the entire riches of the Atlantic—and one in particular, of whom we cannot condescend to notice further at this time, than to put him in mind of the following lines from Dean Swift.

"The god of wit, to show his grudge,  
Clapp'd asses ears upon the judge."

The chivalrous Senator of this county, who has fought more duels, and pulled more noses, than any other great man in modern days, no many weeks since, said that the common people, such as the farmer, the mechanic, and the laborer, know little or nothing about banking and the commercial interests of this country, and that they should not oppose the views and policy of their more intelligent citizens—the merchants, and the bankers.

"Will the Kent Bugle give us the history of how he obtained the \$30 fee of H. Rogers and J. Todd, Esquires.—Statesman.

By saying them before Esquire Drammond: a step we fear we shall be compelled to take, for the small amount due us on account &c. We hope the honest editor of the Statesman, will not put us to the painful necessity of suing him for the balance due this office, which he collected under false pretences, while the loco loco editor of this paper.

Harvest hands are getting only one dollar and fifty cents per day and found, in Maryland, Is not the times shocking hard.

The history of political warfare, does not furnish evidence of a greater outrage upon the good sense of the American people, and a more deliberate and extensive fraud and falsehood against the present Administration, than lately appeared in the Cincinnati Gazette, and published in the Statesman of last week. The men who are capable of making such infamous charges, and publishing them as the leading measures, and settled policy of the party in power, are lost to truth, and sunk to the lowest depths of political degradation. Such men are a curse to their species, and are justly deserving the execration and contempt of all mankind.

Among the samples of a series of public measures, charged by the Gazette, as advocated by the Administration, we here enumerate the following:

- "The third is to prostrate American manufacturers, American mechanics, and the destruction of the system of free labor.
- "The fourth is the overthrow of Religion and the Church, in all its forms and sects.
- "The fifth is an abolition of the laws regulating the transmission of property from the deceased parent to his children."

It is currently reported, and generally believed, that the editor of the Statesman, and the dignified Senator of this county, are to run a foot race, on the old race track on next Saturday. They are both blooded animals: the former has been longer under training for running, than the latter; therefore we shall go two to one on Old Mexico. The Virginia poker player has been sent for, and his dear cousin thinks there is little or no doubt but he will be hero. Gamblers—blacklegs—swindlers, and the contemptible satellites of the trio editors of the Statesman, are especially invited to attend. The high honor will be conferred upon them, of being seated beside the worthy competitors who are to run for the prize. Clear the track.

There are hundreds of citizens in every State of the Union, who were originally supporters of General Jackson, &c. &c.—Statesman.

Was the Editor of the Statesman one of that number? Rumor says that he was publishing a Clay paper in New Orleans about that time. Rumor also says, that he published several thousand of the famous Coffin handbills—that he became a bankrupt swindler there, and finally run away to Mexico, leaving several gentlemen minus a few thousand dollars.

Will the Kent Bugle inform the public whether he has yet paid the heirs of the late Wm. Cotton, the little balance which he collected for, and stole from the deceased.—Statesman.

The dignified Senator—the able lawyer, and the Sub-Editor of that decent paper called the Statesman, seems very anxious that the Kent Bugle should inform the public whether he has yet paid the heirs of the late Wm. Cotton, the little balance which he collected for, and stole from the deceased.

For the information of all whom it may concern, and particularly for the information of the twin renegade Sub-Editor of the Statesman, the Kent Bugle hereby gives notice that he never had a farthing belonging to the heirs of the late Wm. Cotton; that he had fee dollars, yes, all of fee dollars, in his hands belonging to Wm. Cotton at his death, which he has at all times been ready and able to pay over, when called upon by any person authorized to receive it.

Two of the Trio Editors of the Statesman, and the two apostate democrats, one of whom apostatized for office, and the other for money, have bounced upon the Kent Bugle, with all the fury and venom of a chained coward. Gentlemen apostates, will you have the politeness to be a little more careful in the future how you let your bomb-shells fly in the direction of the Kent Bugle, as their is a possibility of your doing some slight injury in that quarter.

Will the Kent Bugle inform us the amount of Corporation taxes he collected in the year 1837!—Statesman.

It was about a like sum, the Sub-Editor swindled the State of Indiana out of, the same year.

The Devil takes care of himself.—Humorist.  
That is more than his colleague the Editor of the Statesman does at all times.

EFFECTS OF THE SUB-TREASURY.—When the news of the passage of the Sub-Treasury Bill reached Charleston, South Carolina, the banks there resumed specie payments.

FLOUR.—We notice in the New Orleans price current of the 1st inst., that flour has advanced considerably in that market. The quotation on the 20th ultimo, had been \$4.75. On the 1st, a rise of \$2.00 took place, and the holders were demanding \$7.00 per barrel.

GREAT LOSS OF PROPERTY.—The editor of the Statesman on going from his office to his domicile on the night of the election, accidentally stumbled against a certain building—cap-sized it, and fell headlong into the pit, doing considerable damage to the owner, and raising a very unpleasant \*\*\*\*\* in the neighborhood.—What a lamentable accident.

EXECUTION.—Five negroes, concerned in the murder of Mr. Alex. Atkinson, were executed on the 6th July last, on the plantation of the deceased, near Brunswick, (Geo.) where the murder was committed.

For the Vevay Times.  
Jottings Down in Skunksborough.—No. 1.  
"I'll on and sound this secret."

I am a spectator of passing events; "a mere looker on in Venice," amongst the people, but not of them. My philanthropy is unbounded, my honor above suspicion, and I boast as much old-fashioned honesty, as the law requires of all good citizens. If there be a salient angle in my character, it is to be found in the enthusiastic devotion I possess for my own species. This is manifested in a magnanimous propensity to neglect my own business, and attend to that of my neighbors. I have assumed the general censorship of public morals; and no person can blow his nose to windward without my being apprised of the fact, and administering a proper rebuke to the delinquent: and hence ill-natured people have written me down, not an ass, but what is infinitely more unpalatable—a busy-body. But I am not to be directed from the "even tenor of my way," by the carping criticism of the small fry, or the bullying threats of men in buckram. I act upon the go-ahead principle of my lamented friend Crockett, and having once taken a position, I am not to be coughed hissed, or kicked down;—nulla redigia, re-tractum.

In accordance with the dictates of my natural propensities, I have been a sympathizing spectator of the heartburnings, frettings, fannings, and backbitings which have prevailed epidemically among my unfortunate neighbors, during the pending of the political contest which has just terminated. "I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience." I have examined, under cover of the night, every hole and corner of the "beautiful Skunksborough," of which city (hem!) I have the honor to be a distinguished resident. I have heard

"—the lion in his den,  
The Douglass in his hall."

I have attended corner caucuses, back-room conventions, barber shop wranglings, and peeped through key holes;—such has been my insatiable thirst for information. I have had my reward. I have touched the secret springs, and seen the vile machinery of our village clique in full operation; and I am about to illuminate thy dark mind, my beloved reader, with a flood of light; therefore bend down thine ear, put thyself in the humble attitude of a child, and I will pour into thy benighted understanding the words of instruction and wisdom.

It is known to all the world that the celebrated city of Skunksborough, "is pleasantly situated" on la belle riviere between Louisville and Cincinnati. It is a perfect model of a city: the streets exhibiting Hogarth's "line of beauty" in all the perfection of wariness; with the exception of "front street," which, despite the meanderings of the river, would be described by a geometer as describing no space if made to revolve on its axis. But unfortunately for the owners of lots on this Broadway of the West, the street itself with all its mud and sinkholes, is being rapidly (vide U. S. Gazette) mingled with the waters of the Ohio; while the swamps in its rear, at this season of the year particularly, are in constant and vigorous operation manufacturing agues and mosquitoes for the tickling, and teasing, and shaking of the Skunksboroughians. The most striking and beautiful edifice in the city is situated on front street. It is a perfect model of architecture of the composite order. The general style of the building resembles that of the U. S. Capitol in Washington. The Senate wing is adorned with a barber's pole, and the Representatives' chamber is occupied as a nursery. The grounds in the rear are tastefully laid out, and decorated with rare and costly exotics; while in the center of the garden, there rises in proud and magnificent grandeur, a beautiful and unique chinese arbor, (the Castle Garden of Skunksborough), forming a most beautiful lounge for the beaux and belles of the city, who congregate here in the cool of the evening to munch rotten apples, and devour ice cream. The whole establishment is owned by a most respectable and devout "gemman ob color," who has gained the lasting gratitude and admiration of the Skunksboroughians for his enterprise and public spirit.

But alas! and again alas! for beautiful Skunksborough. It would be drawing too largely on your credulity, my dear reader, were I to inform you that the inhabitants are the very antipodes of the city itself; and yet such is the melancholy fact. Alas! it is too true. The place has been long notorious for intestine wars; for prescription for opinion's sake; for intolerant and fiend-like persecution; and for being the abode of men; (must I say of women too,) who will flatter their neighbors with honied words, and at the same moment strike a dagger to their hearts;

"With smooth dissimulation, skill'd to grace  
A devil's purpose, with an angel's face."

Religion, politics, the spirit of exclusiveness, by turns tear the community to fragments. The moral aspect of the city, exhibits continually the appearance of a forest over which a violent tornado has recently swept. The constituent elements of society, dismembered and torn by the