

# THE VEVAY TIMES

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## THE TIMES.

VEVAY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1840.

The Ladies' Fair in Boston, which has just closed, raised, it is said, more than \$20,000, towards the completion of the Monument.

The Whigs, at their late gathering on Bank-Hill, it is said, came out with a long string of abuses upon Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, which they gravely style—a declaration of principles.

The Dayton Herald states that Harrison, in his speech at that place, said he was "half soldier, half farmer." The sincerity and truth of this declaration, remarks the editor, it is impossible to deny, as the man has "always been remarkable for doing things only by halves."

The great argument in favor of Harrison is, that he will relieve the pockets of the people of their specie, and give them the glorious privilege of taking depreciated bank paper in the place of it. How very generous.

The Hempstead Inquirer says: "The Monument which is to be erected at the Mariner's Burial Ground, near Rockaway, over the bodies from the wreck of the Mexico, has been landed from the vessel which conveyed it to near Rockaway, and will be ready to place at the grave in a few weeks."

We see it stated in one of our exchanges that an extensive conspiracy has been detected in Constantinople, in consequence of which the Sultan caused no less than 1500 persons to be strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus.

Two sons of Erin stopped somewhere to read a Harrison handbill, and one of them, observing the letters "O. K." in large type at the top of the bill, inquired of the other what it meant. "Och! honey," replied Pat, "is it that you'd be after knowing! It means that he's still in charge of his Ould Keepers."

Before our intelligent neighbor of the States-apostatized from the Democratic party, he repudiated the very idea of all this humbug of log cabins, cider barrels, banners, and other devices emblazoned forth at every Whig meeting in the country to gull the people into the support of Gen. Mum; but alas! how strange to tell, a sad change has come over his vision. He can now exclaim at the top of his voice, like a good and dutiful Whig, "tremendous gathering of the people!" "one of the proudest spectacles ever witnessed," "see that log cabin!" "look yonder, a splendid banner floats upon the breeze, in its centre a correct likeness of General Harrison, surrounded by a wreath of flowers, worked by the hands of the fair ladies, and bearing an appropriate inscription." How awfully grand all this appears to our new-fangled Whig of the Statesman. Well, he may be honest in his principles. But pshaw, what has money to do with principle, in the case of our neighbor, where his pockets are concerned.

Mississippi.—A gentleman in Pontotoc, Mississippi, writes to the editor of the Louisville Advertiser that the prospects in that State are of the most flattering character for the Democracy. He says: "We shall certainly give Mr. Van Buren a majority of from 2,500 to 3,000 votes. We are the retainers of log cabins; but being by our constitution the most Democratic State in the Union, we cannot give our support to Harrison, who desires the first principle in a representative Republican Government—the right of the elector to interrogate the candidate for election, as to his political opinions—one who denies the bounden duty of that candidate, *unreservedly and unequivocally to answer.* The hurrahs for old Tip, and the exhibition of log cabins, con skin, cider barrels, gourds, &c., will not be taken for an answer, with any think akin to generous confidence, by the people of Mississippi."

Maine Election.—All in a fog still. Both parties claim the Governor—otherwise the whigs have an undoubted majority in the Legislature, and will of course, have a Member of Congress.

Right friend, in one particular. The Whigs have a "member of Congress," and an Abolitionist at that!

An eastern paper says the Harrison ladies in that section of the country wear straps to their pantaloons. Rather a queer fashion, ain't it?

In our neighbor's description of the banners displayed at the late federal whig conery in Madison, he forgot to mention the one made by the fair hands of the "whig ladies" in this place, at a labor of about twenty days, and borne in the con skin procession at the head of the Swiss-delegation, comprising about a "biker's dozen" hard ciderites from this county. This banner has not yet displayed its broad folds to the eyes of democracy at home, but we are told it bears the following inscription: "Old Switzerland good to 350 majority for Harrison in November next." The framers of this inscription may find out when November rolls round, that they "counted their chickens before they were hatched." "There is many a ship between the cup and lip."

A PATRIARCHAL PLOUGHMAN.—A foreign paper states that a short time ago an inhabitant of the village of St. Dunnet, in the Grasse, desired one of his sons, who is seventy-nine years of age to have the horses put to the plough, and went into a field with it accompanied by his family. He then held the plough; and after he had worked for some time, taking off his hat, said: "My children, let us return thanks to God. Tell your friends that your ancestor, after his hundredth year, ploughed the field which gives you subsistence. I yesterday reached my hundredth year."

They say the White House, at Washington, is a famous place to grow old in. Adams declared so, and it is said that Van Buren looks old and care-worn. Are they going to send old Harrison there to kill him? Old he is already, and if the Neuragia takes hold of him there, hard cider won't save him. Wouldn't it be better to let Matty remain a few years longer, and kill him off that way.—Sunday Morning News.

"Let Matty remain!" that it would. Harrison has grown so old and infirm already, the family physician says, it would be extremely imprudent to remove him from his "keepers" at North Bend.

A good Whig—"Do you know Mr. so and so?" inquired one gentleman of another. "Oh! very well, he's a good Whig." "Ah! how!" demanded the first speaker. "Why, in the morning when he gets up he's a hard cider barrel, and at night when he goes to bed he's a barrel of hard cider." According to the same logic, our neighbor of the Statesman is a good Whig, with this difference only. When he gets up in the morning he's a brandy barrel, and when he goes to bed at night he is a barrel of brandy.

Mr. Editor.—I have not been in the habit of writing any thing for the prints for the last four years, having been on the fence with regard to politics until lately, witnessing as I have the foul means and unprincipled conduct of the Whig party, I was bound to come out last week in your paper.

It appears that my statement with regard to the Whig barbecue at Madison has offended the editor of the Statesman. Here is a specimen of his venom.

"Poor devils—they were lying drunk drunk in some back alley."

Why was the editor of the Statesman not there—the great *lartered* champion of Whiggery in this place! Perhaps some "alley" in Vevay contained his ponderous carcass. I have a right to infer this—for while in Madison I witnessed some reminiscences of his former glory in the vicinity of friend Kaufman's coffee-house. Now Chubby, throw another stone, will you!

PAUL PRY NOW IN VEVAY.

### Business.

Business is evidently improving in the east, and would improve here in the west, if the Federal leaders were not anxious to advance their cause by the cry of "ruin and desolation." The Albany (N. Y.) Argus says:

"Every man sees and every candid and impartial man admits, the returning prosperity of the country. Crops of all kinds were never better—farmers find ready employment—the hum of business is again sounding in the streets of our principal cities. We have from time to time noticed in neutral papers cordial and grateful acknowledgments for these indications of reviving trade, and from our heart we pity the poor Federal malcontents who are forced for political and party purposes to deny, or mourn over the cheering and joyous prospects.—The Journal of Commerce aptly describes their vocation when it says—'The Express is a political paper. It must say what it is told to say, and growl and grumble always when its own party is in the minority, and hurra when it is in the majority.—The sun must never shine, the rain must never descend, there must be no fruit in the vine and no herd in the stall, until its own party is in power;' or, in the pithy language of another, 'Federalism rises as the country sinks.'"

"On the other hand, what a subject of just pride and glory it is to belong to a party that can honestly and heartily exult at the prospects of comfort, happiness and individual and national riches which the present condition of the country offers. Never in our day did the foundations of solid, substantial, safe commercial and physical advancement seem more broadly and firmly laid than now—never did the careful, experienced, cautious, but indomitable energies of the American people seem to us more wisely or

more strongly directed to secure a general and lasting prosperity."

The New York Herald makes the following among other remarks:

"Money continues plenty, and may be had at low rates. The Banks are, however, perfectly idle; they are making no movement towards assisting a return of activity. They appear to be listlessly watching the progress of events, and as the officers of some of the leading Banks express themselves, are ready for any emergency. They are very strong, their circulation and means being entirely within their own control. Three events will occur in the course of the next six months, each of which it is felt will have a mighty influence on the course of business, and will effectually prevent any great movement of the Banks in that time. These are the approaching Presidential election, the late of the bank-circuit law at the coming session of Congress, and the failure or resumption of the United States Bank, which ever may take place. These events will exercise a great influence on banking affairs. A change of Administration is particularly depended upon by all those who are interested in any way in speculative property. While these individuals are remaining quiet, complaining of hard times, and depending on political changes or a renovated trade, the great energies of the country are rapidly forcing a new current of business. There is undoubtedly in this city a much healthier business doing than at the same period last year. The amount of business done in the month of August, has been larger than in the same month last year; and prices of almost all commodities are steadily advancing."

"The result of the present state of things would be, if not interfered with by either Banks or Government, a gradual and steady revival of trade, on a basis not liable to speculation or sudden revolution. If the Opposition succeed at the coming election, they will probably attempt to restore the old order of things now past away, and by so doing, cause as much distress to the mercantile community, as that through which they have passed to arrive at the present crisis."

This confession from an opponent is worthy of grave consideration. It is a full admission that the country is prosperous, that the policy of the Administration and its friends is correct, and that no change can be made for the better. Indeed, it is acknowledged that Harrison, if elected, would make matters worse.

The Charleston Mercury notices a decided improvement in that region. It remarks:

"It cannot have escaped the observation of the most careless, that the tone of business is of late changed for the better, that prices generally stand firm or manifest a gradual rise. A glance at the prices currents of all the considerable centres of trade in the Union, shows that almost every important staple of the country has recovered from its greatest depression, and the business world put on a general aspect of activity, hope and courage. And against what fearful odds commerce and all varieties of business struggling up. A powerful party are crying with all their lungs that the country is utterly ruined. Great masses of the people cry every where attracted from their pursuits, to political gatherings, involving immense expenditures of money as well as waste of industry; one half of the banks hang like death upon the currency; affording well grounded fears that in many cases any attempt to restore them would be only the signal of their hopeless and undisguised bankruptcy; the means of borrowing from abroad are essentially cut off, we are fairly thrown upon our own resources, and these to a frightful extent anticipated and wasted, and the remainder in no little disorder, and yet we are recovering. All the rage, the outcry, the fraud, the lying of those whose very political existence depends on keeping the country in a state of panic and distress, cannot disguise or arrest the calm, safe and certain march of the country onward to a better state of things. If the Independent Treasury has not brought this relief, it has at least not resisted it."

We have before us a specimen of the lying resorted to by the Opposition, by way of apologizing for the improvement which has taken place in spite of all their efforts. The Baltimore American says:

"The cause of the present briskness—what is it? If the inquiry is made of business men, they will reply that the prospect, now certain, of Gen. Harrison's election has given things a new start. But the belief became prevalent that the present Administration will be continued, and an instantaneous depression would take place."

"The trading community have learned by sad experience that they are to expect nothing at the hands of the Administration but embarrassment and oppression. If life and activity are returning to business it is not by reason of any thing which the Administration has done; it results from the belief that the Administration is to be changed—and that speedily."

Here is a confession of general bankruptcy—which is at least gratuitous. The hopeless prospect of the election of Harrison revives business! Were this true, we should have to infer that the business operations of the country are based on mere hopes—on a sort of confidence having nothing to sustain it. But the argument of the American is wholly fallacious. Business is reviving in spite of the efforts of the Federalists to depress it. Commenting on the remarks of the Baltimore American, the New York Evening Post says:

"Another beauty of this argument is that it resembles what is called a whip row in the old game of twelve men-morris; there is no escape for the Democratic party, whichever alternative you take. If, on the one hand, no business is done, the country is ruined of course; if, on the

other, business is active, it is only a proof that the country is ruined, and the people are sensible of it.

"But we must suggest to the Baltimore American, that it does not appear quite to understand the state of feeling among commercial men. Here, in New York, a very decided change has taken place in their opinions. The ferocity of their opposition in most cases is gone, and in many instances it has been converted into absolute approbation of the policy of the Administration and its friends. Were it not that we have no right to bring the names of private individuals before the public, we could mention many persons of great eminence in our commerce, not long since the enemies, but now the friends of the Independent treasury scheme.—We could give the names of others who, from being the most implacable haters of the Democratic Administration, are now extremely moderate and temperate in their opposition. A new set of merchants have also sprung up, among whom are many Democrats, and others are far from being imbued with the bitter prejudices that were so prevalent in their class a year or two since. In fact, there has not been a time since the year 1834 when the mercantile community stood so well affected towards the Administration as now. It is not a fact that there is in the mercantile world a strong desire for the election of Harrison. On the contrary, there is a great coldness towards his cause—a feeling of uncertainty as to the measures he will pursue, and a doubt whether his policy will not disturb that happy regularity to which the trade and business of the country, under the auspices of the present national policy, are manifestly tending. It is ridiculous, under such circumstances, to say that the revival of business is occasioned by the hope that Harrison will be elected. It is occasioned by the mutual wants of different classes of men and by the abundant resources of the country."

"Nor is it accurate to say, as the Baltimore American has done, that the business of the present season is not equal to our usual autumnal business. It is not like the business of 1835 or 1836, it is true—but it is a better business than has been done for several seasons past."

### The Ballot Boxes! Look to the Ballot Boxes!

Wherever the Whig officers have control of the ballot boxes, let them be watched day and night with unceasing vigilance, so that it shall be utterly impossible to commit the enormous frauds perpetrated at Philadelphia and elsewhere. It is enough, and more than enough, that corporations are made to pervade the land before the elections, by the vast sums contributed by suspended banks at home, and fundholders abroad, without violating the ballot boxes and adding suspicious names afterwards. It is enough, and too much, that in some places registry laws are devised by Whig Legislatures, for no other purpose than to render the exercise of the right of suffrage inconvenient and oppressive to the laboring man, and furnish additional facilities for fraud to Whig officers, and that in other places, pending the late election in Maine, Whig votes were found in the ballot boxes before the opening of the polls. It is enough, and too much, that the sacred solemnity of an oath, the great security to life, liberty, and property, is made a mockery, for the perpetration of election frauds, and men are sworn, by dozens, to the qualification as voters, not on the Holy Bible, but on story books and lying legends. All these facts are notoriously true. They are proved by solemn appeals to the source of all truth, not on story books and lying legends, but on the Book of Truth itself.

That these things will be done, or attempted again, there is no doubt. Never had the Federal party so much at stake, and never such means at command. Independently of its own individual resources, the suspended banks (which feel that their great corporate privilege of defrauding the public is at stake) are pouring forth their irredeemable notes in aid of corruption; and abroad, the holders of more than one hundred and fifty millions of stocks have a vast interest at stake on the issue of the contest, which efficiently accounts for the thousands and tens of thousands they have contributed for kindred purposes. The Whig Abolitionists, too, have vast funds at their disposal. At the late meeting of the "World's Convention of Abolitionists," great sums were contributed to aid the cause in the United States exclusively! And how would we ask, can they so effectually aid it as by contributing to the election of a candidate for the Presidency, and members of Congress pledged to them, body and soul.

Look to yourselves, Democrats of the North, and citizens of the South, of whatever party. The money of the world, the fanaticism of the world, are both arrayed against you. If you conquer in the coming contest, the rights of both are safe; if you are defeated, neither can be preserved. As one of the great means to escape the calamities impending over you, watch the ballot boxes. Never lose sight of them for a moment, day or night. Let it be rendered impossible to violate them. Let the ballots be counted at the earliest moment, in the presence of faithful and watchful sentinels, who can neither be bribed, cajoled, or bribed, since experience has proved that delay is the harbinger of fraud. Let them stand sleepless watchmen over this ark of our freedom, and neither wink nor turn away their eyes, for they may be assured that neither the restraints of conscience, nor the fear of consequences, will deter their enemies from fraud, if fraud be practicable. To the rescue, then, Democrats! The contest is between money and men; truth and falsehood; corruption and integrity; equal rights and privileged orders; noble, manly principles, and no principles at all. We can beat the whole combination, money, falsehood, fraud and corruption, if you only remember, and act on the precept—"THAT THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

WATCH THE BALLOT BOXES! LOOK TO THEM BEFORE THE POLLS ARE OPENED; LOOK TO THEM WHILE THE POLLS ARE GOING ON; AND LOOK TO THEM AFTERWARDS.—Globe.

### Question.

WHO PAYS THE EXPENSE, IF THE BANKS DON'T?—Scarcely a steamboat piers up or down the lake, which does not contain one or more Whigs who appear to have no other business but electioneering, sing songs, make speeches, and tell of changes and prospects in favor of Harrison. In several instances the same individuals have been seen passing back and forth so frequently in this way, as to leave no doubt they are employed expressly for this purpose. From several sources we understand the same game is practiced on the Erie and Pennsylvania canals; the Hudson and Ohio rivers, and the various lines of railroads. This system is expensive. Men cannot live on air; and however patriotic some Whig steamboat proprietors may be, in aiding the cause by carrying such missionaries free of charge, there are various ways to use up money, which we are of opinion the individuals themselves, in some cases, cannot, and in all do not furnish. We therefore repeat the question—Who pays, if the Banks don't!—Eric Oberreier.

### One Answer.

WHERE DOES THE MONEY COME FROM!—This is a question which is often asked by the Democracy, when they see the profuse expenditures of money in the erection of "Log Cabins" throughout the Union, together with the immense quantity of spirituous liquor which is nightly dealt out under the guise of Hard Cider, to all those who can be induced to visit their clubs, and at the time, too, when according to statements made through the British Whig prints the whole business of the country is prostrate, and merchants, farmers, mechanics and manufacturers are becoming bankrupts daily. One thing is positive: that the electioneering fund of the Opposition is not collected from the producing classes, nor is it from their own countrymen. Then where does the money come from? We will endeavor to prove that it is BRITISH GOLD, furnished by BRITISH AGENTS, to effect the election of the BRITISH WHIG candidate for the Presidency—William H. Harrison. [New Era.]

### "Whig."

ITS GLOZY HAS DEPARTED.

Every American knows that the name "Whig," was adopted in the Revolutionary War as the distinctive title of the patriots who took part for their country in that great struggle, in opposition to that of "Tory," the odious and reproachful epithet of those who sided with the British arms. For this it was endeared to the hearts of the American people, its sound brought back to our recollection the glorious events of that time when our fathers rose in their might and cast off the bonds of a foreign despotism; it is not strange, then, that their children should hold it in dear and almost sacred remembrance. The Federal party, with their characteristic clap-net ingenuity, have taken advantage of this veneration for a name, to turn it to account in their contest for power. It never was used as a term to designate any set of principles; it never was the appellation of any political party in this country. After the Revolution, two parties sprung up, the advocates of different policies and different characters of government. These parties were then distinguished as *Federal* and *Republican*. The Federal party, always opposed to the principles of a democratic government, have been repeatedly defeated in their struggles for power, and now, at last despairing of success under their old banner, and old party name, they have discarded it, and appropriated the title of "Whig."—First, because it is a name dear to the American People from old associations, and therefore calculated to mislead them. And secondly, because it means nothing in itself politically, but may as well cover one set of political principles as another, and so affords a very approved cloak for ancient Federalism,—hence, we find it claimed by this party exclusively, (not always claiming it in former times) without the shadow of a right, but yet as insolently as if they alone were entitled to a distinction equally borne by every true American in the war. The name was once dear and cherished, but however much it may be hallowed in the recollection of the past, its charm is lost. No true Republican cares to claim it now. It has been prostituted—basely prostituted to the foul purposes of party subservience—and has outlived its ancient honors. Such as it now is—the self-applied appellation of hungry office seekers and hard cider guzzlers, we claim it not. The people see that *Whig* is but the alias of *Federalism*. The Republican party have no need of names other than that which has always distinguished them. It was left for Federalism to cloak its own features, deny its identity, put on a mask, and wear an assumed name when it dare not stand exposed. [Western Carolinian.]

### The Rear General.

In days gone by it was no uncommon thing to see a lady riding behind a gentleman. In these days of wonder and Federal Whiggery, Harrison is riding behind Clay in Kentucky on a Federal poney; behind Webster in Massachusetts; behind Tyler in Virginia, and we learn he is trying to get behind Tappan and Granger, the Abolitionists in New York. Verily this is a cheap mode for a hard cider hero to ride into office. Harrison was behind Daviess at Tippecanoe, behind Dudley at Fort Meigs, a good way behind Winchester at the River Raisin, behind Johnson at the Thames, and finally behind the ginger bread pedlar in Hamilton County—but will be behind once more.—Political Reformer.

### More broken Hog Whiggery.

Mr. C. Cole, broker in Cincinnati to whom the Fund Commissioners sold Indiana bonds on credit and without security, has run off indebted to the State sixty thousand seven hundred dollars. Great God, when is Indiana to know the worst of her condition into which whole hog internal improvement has thrown her!