

# VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.



## POETICAL.

From the *Lady's Book*.

**My Early Days!**  
My early days! my early days!  
How sweetly sad you're gently beaming,  
As o'er the heart ye send your rays,  
And sense and soul are wrapt in dreaming!  
Aye! dreaming of the things that were;  
The loved, the beautiful—all vanished!  
The times when free from thought and care,  
All sorrow from the mind was banished.

**My early days! how ye are fled!**  
And love and joy and hope are ended!  
All, all, are buried with the dead,  
Or are with sorrow more than blended!  
Yecenes that were my young delight!  
All, all, ye are changed, or perished!  
Ye only have not suffered blight,  
Of all the twines my youth hath cherished!

**Give me back my early days!**  
I would again, in childhood's ways  
Be freely, gaily, lightly merrily;  
Give me back my early days!  
And were it mine, a royal treasure,  
Or wreath of fame from poet-lays,  
I'd give it all for those past joys.

Better rub than rust.

BY EDSEZER ELLIOT.

Idler, why lie down to die!  
Better rub than rust:  
Hark, the lark sings in the sky,  
"Die, when die thou must:  
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,—  
Better rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleep enough—  
"Better rub than rust;"  
Death perhaps, is hunger proof;  
"Die, when die thou must:  
Mon are mowing breezes blowing,  
Better rub than rust."

He who will not work shall want;  
Nought for nought is just:  
"Die, when die thou must:  
Bees are flying—sloth is dying!  
Better rub than rust."

## MISCELLANY.

**The way to use up a Gambler.**  
Some time since a Kentuckian arrived at Natchez with a boat load of produce. Having weighed the value of his produce and dynamited his bills converted into specie. The amount, some four or five hundred dollars, he tied up in an old bandana handkerchief, and started back for the river. His movements were closely watched by a practical professor of the Thimble Rugg, who, considering that the Kentuckian did not understand the game, thought him a fair subject. He was grievously mistaken in the end, as the sequel will show. Walking up a long side of the flat boat man with much familiarity, he accosted him with: "How are you stranger? How do you come on?" "Pretty fair, thank you, how do you rise?" "About the same. You lately come down I take it?" "Yes, a few days since." "Have you been over the city much; seen the curiosities about town?" "No. I hadn't much time to spare—want to go back." "Well, you ought to look round a little. Spousing you take a short walk with me out in this direction," pointing to a part of the river bank where there were no houses. "Come, I will show you some of the curiosities with pleasure."

Anxious to see what the fellow was "up to," the Kentuckian, a shrewd, sensible man, consented to accompany his new acquaintance. They soon came to a lonely and unrequited part of the bluff overlooking the river. The rascal recommended a half, and set-down was agreed to. After some common-place conversation, he hauled out a set of thimbles and commenced sliding them backwards and forwards, lifting them and displaying the little balls.

"This is a great game," said the gambler. "It looks interesting," returned the Kentuckian.

"Do you understand it?" said the gambler. "I don't exactly see into it," continued the Kentuckian, who was all the time as well up to it as the other."

"It's very interesting after you once get the hang of it," said the rascal.

"I should think so, very."

"Spousing we strike up a small game just to pass away time!" enquired the stranger.

"I have no particular objection," rejoined the Salt River man.

Things were now in a fair way, and the greedy thimble player looked with an eager eye towards the handkerchief of Mexican castings before him, shortly, as he thought, to become his own. He calculated on "baiting" his victim in a little, letting him win once or twice, in order to make the grand haul he contemplated, more sure. Having arranged his thimbles, he said:

"Now, what'll you bet you can tell which the ball is under?"

"I'll go you ten dollars it's under the middle one."

The money was put up, the thimble raised and the Kentuckian won of course. The gambler appeared vexed at his loss, but soon had every thing arranged for another stake.

"What will you go this time?" said the fellow.

"I'll go you twenty this pop," returned the Kentuckian. The thimble was raised and with the same success. The Gambler now cursed his luck, said that fate was against him, that he never handled the things so clumsy in all his life and intimated that a child might beat him. He was still willing, however, to "go it again," and soon had every thing fixed for a last trial.

"How much do you bet this time?" said he to the Kentuckian.

"I'll go the entire pile and quit," returned Kentuckian.

"What! the whole of it!" said the greedy knight of the thimbles, his eyes sparkling with delight in anticipation of so much booty.

"Every cent in the pile," said the Kentuckian coolly. "I go the whole pile or nothing."

"Well, I havn't that much money about me," replied the gambler, "but there is my watch, that's worth so much," at the same time putting it among the money which was now spread open in the handkerchief. "There's a diamond broochpin, that's worth so much," putting that in also. In this way and by staking what money he had, he soon had an amount which the Kentuckian considered a fair stake.

The gambler now commenced arranging his tools with greater care than usual, while the Kentuckian set to work at the different corners of the handkerchief, fixing them up apparently to get all the money and valuables in the center. He was evidently bent upon playing stronger game than the gambler, but one which the latter never "saw into" until it was too late. One by one the gambler placed his thimbles, and one by one the Kentuckian gathered each of the four corners of the bandana in his hand. Before him was a high and very steep bluff, almost perpendicular, one which not a soul but the Kentuckian would dare to go down. He well knew the gambler would win this time, and he also knew that he would never dare follow him in a tumble down the bluff.

"All fixed," said the Kentuckian, as by a sudden twist he wound the corners around his wrist, gathered himself up, and rolled off the precipice like a turtle of a log, taking his own money besides the watch, broochpin and money of the gambler. The latter was thunderstruck, and gazed at his victim, who was rumbling down the precipice, with the same feelings the British troopers had when they saw old Gen. Putnam riding down the stone steps at Horse Neck-Side and sound "under the hill" the Kentuckian landed, jumped upon his feet in an instant and sang out to the disappointed gambler, who stood on the high bluff some hundred feet above him:

"How are you now? Sorry to leave you in this uncomrunctionous way, but business must be attended to. When you want to get up another game of thimbles, and run your rigs upon a chap that has spent all his days on the Mississippi, just drop on board my boat." This was the last he ever heard of him.

**Life at the Watering Places.**

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, writing from Cape May, gives the following as a night or rather morning scene in the main gallery of a hotel there. The only thing we cannot understand is, how the correspondent happened to be awake at such a time. "I recommend the husband to supply himself with a duplicate key:

(Tap! tap! tap! in a low and gentle tone.)

(No answer.)

(Tap! tap! tap! little louder.)

(Still no answer.)

"Who's there?" (in a loud, and, I thought, for a female, a very determined voice.)

"Only me, my love;" (in a soothng loud whisper, rather strongly contrasted with the voice from within.)

"Well, Mr. T.—, this is too much; but I now I won't get up."

"My dear, do pray rise and let me in."

"I positively will not. I gave you fair, warning I would not in this way be disturbed every night. The children, you know very well, can't be got to sleep after they are once woken up—(I could testify to the truth of this part of the conversation.) And this is the fourth night you have been up half the night, playing cards and stuffing crabs and chivapage. 'Tis too bad."

"My love, recollect; do for heaven's sake keep quiet, and let me in; this is all d—n nonsense. I mean this is perfectly ridiculous. Just remember where you are, and talk lower; I'm not deaf."

(After a pause—)

"My dear, there's no earthly use in your standing there. You ought to know by this time that when I say I won't I mean I won't; and get out of bed again this night I was't—that's settled."

And to my mind the case was clearly settled; the tone this was uttered in leaving little room for hope. After a considerable pause, during which time the poor hen-pecked husband doubt was casting over in his mind what was best to be done in the emergency—

"My love, do I rightly understand that you really intend I shall be locked out all night?"

"Yes, my dear, 'tis precisely my intention, and to-morrow night you will come to bed in seasonable hours."

Scene closes.

The following morning, at sunrise, as is my custom, I was on my way, with slippers and gown, to bathe, when I met T—parading the piazza. He never gets up till the last breakfast bell rings.

"Good morning, Mr. T.—. Why, this is reformation. How came you up so soon?"

"Why, the fact is—hat hal hal—to be candid with you—the—the truth is, I am up a full hour earlier than common. The fact is, I didn't sleep very well last night. These cursed mosquitoes! The wind brought them into my window—biting to the d—dast. I swear I never was bitten so before in all my life."

**MAKING GAME.**—A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "No so," replied the gentleman, "for I vow you are as plump as a partridge." "At first," rejoined the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but now I find you actually make game of me."

**TEST OF COURAGE.**—Frederick the Great after a very terrible engagement, asked his officers,

"Who behaved most intrepidly during the contest?" The preference was unanimously given to himself. "You are all mistaken," replied the king—"the boldest fellow was a filer, whom I passed twenty times during the engagement, and he did not cease or vary a note during the whole time."

A country clergyman observed to his friend that upon the last Sabbath he was very much disturbed by a cow which looked in at the door, and bellowed in his face. "Sir," says the other, "he saw a calf in the pulpit."

**W. G. BRIGHIT AND J. M. KYLE.**

HAVING associated themselves together in

the practice of the Law in the Switzerland

Circuit Court, will attend to all business entrusted to their care in said Court.

M. G. BRIGHIT may be consulted at Madison

and J. M. KYLE at his office opposite the Court

House, in Vevay.

April 25, 1840.

**QUICK FIRE.**—A gentleman was one day composing the music of a *rondelle*, for a lady whom he paid his addresses. "Pray, Miss D." said he, "what time do you prefer?" "O! (she replied carelessly) any time will do—but the quicker the better." The company smiled at her word.

**John has the Doctor arrived!**  
Yessir!"

"Then go immedately for the undertaker."

**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.

**THE LIFE OF**

**Martin Van Buren,**

BY MOSES DAWSON.

**THE** above work is now ready for delivery,

and on sale, by the publisher.

Subscribers for the same, and the community at large, can obtain them on application to the publisher, to whom orders from a distance will be directed.

They may also be had at Democratic Hall, of

Messrs. Dawson & Fisher, or of the Agent for

the city, Mr. J. O'C. Pucell.

J. W. ELY, Publisher,

No. 10, Lower Market street.

Cincinnati, August 3, 1840.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**

**NOTICE** is hereby given, that the under-

signed has taken out letters of Adminis-

tration on the estate of Ezra Slawson deceased,

late of Pleasant Township Switzerland County Indiana.

All persons knowing themselves to be

indebted to the said estate are requested to

make immediate payment to the subscriber, and

those having claims against the same will please

present them duly authenticated for settlement

—said estate is supposed to be solvent.

SIMEON SLAWSON, Adm'r.

Sept. 17th, 1840—41c.

**GROCERIES,**

consisting, in part, of Tea, Loaf and New Orleans Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Mackerel, Pepper, Aspic, Ginger, Tobacco, Cigars, &c. &c.

Also an assortment of choice

**Foreign and Domestic LIQUORS,**

consisting of Brandy, Rum, Goo, Wine, Whiskey, &c., all of which he offers for sale low for cash or approved country produce.

The Farmer of Switzerland county generally, are invited to call and examine the Groceries, and to have the same delivered to them.

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EDWARD HOUSTON.

Vevay, Sept. 24, 1840. 42c.

**Boot and Shoe Making.**

THE undersigned, who for three

years occupied the establishment

formerly occupied by Chas. Thiebaud, takes this method of returning

his thanks to his customers

and the public generally, for the

liberal share of patronage extended to him.

He has removed to the shop lately occupied by

C. W. Gray & Co. fronting the market street,

where he will at all times keep on hand a complete assortment of Boots, Shoes, coarse and fine, women's and children's shoes, at the lowest prices. All Boots and Shoes made in his establishment will be of Eastern and Cincinnati stock, and will be made gratis when required.

He hopes by close application to business, and a desire to please the public, to