

VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.



POETICAL.

[From the Knickerbocker.
Our Mountains and Valleys.

'God of our fair extended plains,
Thy sweet green fields contented lie,
Thy Mountains rise, like holy towers,
To hold communion with the sky!'

The mountains and the valley wide,
Of our dear native land;
In all their bright green loveliness,
How gloriously they stand!
The white clouds built on azure skies,
Like palaces and towers,
The spanning rainbow's brilliant arch,
Formed of the sun and showers!

The creeping breeze, that floats in waves,
Far o'er the flowering rye;
And purple hills, with clover buds,
Reposing blushingly;
Rich are the fields with bearded grain,
Where the broad valleys run,
To meet the mountain ramparts blue,
Gilt by the cheerful sun.

Oft shadowed into darker spots,
Beneath the floating cloud;
Oft gleaming with a rosy tinge,
Where mantling forests crowd;
All o'er the waving, graceful line,
As forth it sweeps along,
Sweet, varied into lofty peaks,
And deep dells, filled with song.

Down midst the slopes, the village spires,
Are rising among towers,
And o'er each dwelling's garden wall,
Break forth the trout flowers,
And here are all the yeomanry
That grace our happy soil;
Who bid it smile thus beautiful,
Beneath their cheerful toil.

The plough, and scythe, and harrow come,
And cradle in their time,
And spread the boun of plenty round,
Within our changeable clime:
'Tis God that gives the sun, and shower,
The soil, and forest shade;
And husbandmen make joyful here,
The lovely world He made!

MISCELLANY.

[From the Brother Jonathan.
Bought at a Bargain.

BY H. H. WELD.

"I am sure my dear, then, you cannot object to my attending one or two of the auctions. Every body else goes."

"But what do you wish to buy?"

"Oh—nothing—that is, I know of nothing."

"Then of course you want no money."

"I did not say that—one would feel so foolish, you know, without any money in one's purse."

"But why should 'one' feel so foolish, when one does not want to buy?"

"Now, George, you are so provoking. Give me some money, and say nothing about it."

"Easier said than done, my darling."

"But you must."

"Just is a hard word."

So Kate thought—and dropped it—but she managed to say something else, which answered the purpose. At any rate she raised the money, and of course she attended the auction, because when a husband wishes his wife 'wouldn't go any where, and still furnishes her the means to go if she chooses, she is naturally more apt to observe the affirmative implied in the cash, than the negative, however earnestly expressed. Besides all this, wives are very apt to take liberties with their husband's good nature. There is a philosophy in it, deeper than woman understand themselves, though they practice upon it. A quiet, good, compliant body, who gives her husband no trouble, is, like every thing else which gives no trouble—taken no notice of. It requires a small leaven of the mischievous to keep a man properly in his place. There is no getting along with the men, without tormenting them 'just a little'—at least so we are solemnly assured by the ladies—and we happen to know that, they proceed upon the principle, right or wrong, in many cases.

Kate went to the auction—but she went determined not to buy. We know the fact; because she protested it to her husband, the very last thing before he left the house; and because she protested the same thing over to herself, as she tied on her hat. To guard against temptation she rolled the notes very snugly up in her purse, pressing back the ring upon them with extraordinary care, and then very carefully put the purse away—in her bag, and took her bag upon her arm, as she started out to find some one to accompany her to the sale, which she was so anxious to attend, positively for—nothing.

"It is a ruinous sacrifice," said the auctioneer, as the ladies entered. "I have seen property frequently thrown away in my time—but never say thing like this before. Only ten dollars—I'm offered—ten dollars—ten dollars—ten dollars—ten—ten—ten—shall I say any more? Why I should not make a boot black's commission off the furniture of the Astor House, to sell it out in this way! Eleven am I offered—thank you, ma'am, you show your discrimination—eleven—now is not this really too bad, ma'am?"

Our friend Kate, to whom this question was addressed, with the man's blandest smile, could not help thinking that it 'really was a pity—but how could she help it, poor thing! Had she possessed the money of Crassus, she still saw the absurdity of setting up for a female philanthropist, to keep auctioneers from ruining the country by selling goods 'at less than a hundredth part of their value, as Mr. Bell protested he was doing. Still she was very sorry that her purse was not at home. The coveted article, whatever it was, was knocked down at eleven dollars, and something else put up.

Kate endured all the fussing of a sensitive mind, at the absolute bankruptcy that the elo-

quent auctioneer made the owners suffer upon every article sold; but she had promised George so positively, and without his requiring a promise, that she would buy nothing, that she did not like to break her word. She did not even venture upon a single bid, though strongly tempted so to do more than once, till a Brussels carpet was to be sold, and sold for nothing too, as Mr. Bell solemnly assured her it was going, or she certainly would have determined to buy it. But as she was determined not to buy, what could she do, you know?

"Here it is, ladies, nearly new, used only one season, and that very carefully. It cost originally four dollars and fifty a yard, and is sold only because the owner is breaking up house-keeping. There are forty yards in the piece, more or less, what shall I have for the carpet? Ten dollars! you are joking me, am, worth more than that to cover ice in—ten dollars, ten dollars—that I will give that for it myself, for my dog to sleep on—ten dollars, worth more than fifty at the least, ten dollars, ten guineas would come nearer, ten—ten—ten—ten!"

"Eleven," said Kate. Now the Rubicon was passed.

"Eleven, thank you ma'am, but you are positively too cruel. You are taking advantage of the owner's necessities, and my positive orders. Eleven dol—twelve I'm offered, and its going, twelve, twelve, twelve—sorry you're lost it ma'am for you look as though you ought to have it."

"Thirteen," cried Kate. She couldn't stand unbroken at such an appeal.

"Thirteen, now I breathe a little, but its only a gasp; it's a straw to a drowning man, but I catch at it. Thirteen, will you see this beautiful article sold for less than it would be worth to pack crockery with torn in threads; thirteen, thirteen, four, four, one dollar more ma'am, and you will have it; fourteen, fourteen; quick or you lose it; fourteen, hard ma'am but fair; fourteen, four!"

To make the long story short, Kate bought the carpet for thirty-two dollars.

When her husband came home to dinner he thought Kate looked fatigued. So she did, but she was more perplexed than tired—more vexed in mind, with herself, than jaded in body. She had more than half a suspicion that she had made a fool of herself—she knew the master must be broached to her husband, and did not begin to see how she was to do it.

Lucky George was in a capital good humor. He had met his acceptances, and had something over. He chatted merrily—and even proposed a jaunt to the Springs when the time for fashionable gadding into the bush came fairly round. He complimented Kate upon her dinner, and, after a while so far cheered her that she took courage to tell him she had bought a new carpet—that is, an old carpet as good as new, for the basement.

"But I thought you meant to buy nothing," said George.

"To be sure I did not intend to purchase any thing—but this I bought at a bargain."

The hours passed away very pleasantly. George certainly did not seem much inclined to hear the narrative of her auction experience, but put on a patient face while she described the excellent bargains which she saw sold, and took credit to herself for her resolute adherence to her promise not to buy until she came to that carpet; to have missed the purchase of which she declared would have been "downright extravagance," and neglect of such a chance for a small investment, as might not occur again in a lifetime. George smiled incredulously when she came to the carpet. He was more than half disposed to take his evening walk without looking at it—but could not so far disappoint his helpmate as thus to expose his indifference to her "great bargain." So he forced himself to say—

"Well, Kate, I should like to see your purchase; and I may as well say what I think of it before I look at it. It is wonderfully cheap, and not worn enough for the wear to be perceived, and I really think it would have been cheap at a hundred dollars."

Kate smiled as though sure that what her husband said in jest, he would repeat in earnest, when he did actually see that paragon of second-hand articles. She led the way to the breakfast room, and proceeded to unroll the treasure—"There are a few ink spots in it," "but on the whole!"

Here she stopped speaking, as she heard something like a marvellously low, long whistle. She rose and turned round. George was leaning against the door, almost smothered with a suppressed laugh, to which he allowed partial vent in the before described whistle.—Kate looked at him steadily in perplexed and grieved astonishment; and at length tears began to steal out from the corners of her eyes.

"Ha! ha! ha!" at length burst out her husband's merry laugh. "Forgive me, Kate, but by Jupiter, I can't help it. This is the same infernal old rag that I took from my office floor yesterday, and gave the porter. It has been with me five years, and was second hand at that. There is the same spot that the booby made in upsetting the ink bottle."

Now, was Kate fairly wretched. A woman's quick thoughts carried her years ahead when that carpet would be called up for her mortification. "Oh, dear!" she sobbed; "I never shall hear the last of it."

"You have heard the last of it, my dear Kate, for I never will mention it again, if it pains you."

"Not pains—but—it certainly will not be very pleasant."

"Well, you never shall hear one word of it again."

She never has heard it alluded to in a taunt. But, sensible girl as she was, she quietly put it down on the floor she bought it for. To do it justice, it really wears well, and she declares that if her husband throws away such things, he will bear looking after. It is a capital good check in family quarrels; it is an excellent hint when a joke should be brought "on the carpet," and, as it has entirely cured his wife of her auction mania, George himself now acknowledges that it was "bought at a bargain."

BAD ECONOMY.—An economical farmer's wife, once kept a cheese in her pantry for more than two years, alleging that old cheese would go farther than new. They were afterwards all stolen, during a night. When the husband became acquainted of the fact, he said to her tauntingly: Sarah, what do you think now about old cheese going farther than new? "Why, sir, just as I did before, only I fear it has gone a little too far."

LANDSCAPE.—An Irish captain being on the ocean, many leagues from the most remote part of land, beheld at a short distance four sail of ships, and in the joy of his heart exclaimed, "Arrah my lads, pipa all hands on deck to behold this rich landscape."

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at Vevay, Switzerland county, State of Indiana, on the 1st day of October, 1840, which if not taken out of the office within three months, will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

Anthony L. B. H. Malin George
Aquad Canille McKay Allen
Albro Joseph McGrady Mary
Boyd James Muller John
Beckwith Nancy Miller Samuel
Bronson Moses McKay Thomas
Boral Ulysses Malin, Esq. Joseph
Borland Andrew 2 Mendenhall Martha B.
Campbell John D. McCollum Ellen
Cox Noah R. McGinnis Josiah
Cole James W. Northcott Rev Wm 3
Chenau M. Ogle Hiram
Carter Thomas Orr John
Cotton J. B. Peak T.
Dawson John Peabody S. G.
Dills John Pearson M. B.
Dyer James Pickett Younger
Dumont A. B. Phillips William
Duncan Peter Pratesman Samuel
Dufour & Co J. Protzman William
Deemer James B. Phillips James
Drummond & Myers Rankin John
Elliott Peter Redd Mordecai
Elmora Christa Rodwein T.
Fluehpach G. Rickards William
Funstan Nicholas II Sheets F. G.
Freeman Thomas W. Steward James
Farrar Andrew J. Smith G. Y.
Frazer Charlotte Smith Thomas II
Graham James Scott Walter
Gray W. H. Smith Irby
Grisard F. Smith Anderson
Huldy Mrs Ann Shepherd James
Hines Caldwell Schoonover Francis
Hoag Mr. Thrasher Benjamin
Hubbard Samuel V. 2 Swaddle Eber
Huston William W. Tardit Louis Helen
Hollingsworth Amanda Ugh James
Hamilton Robert W. Vanbriggle Eliza
Jackson George A. Vevay Ind. { from Mad.
Kirtley Abraham Vevay Ind. { from Mad.
King Minerva Jano Vevay Ind. { from Mad.
Knox George G. Wolley Silas
Kesler Eliza Wells Jacob C.
Lewis Rebecca Woolley S.
Lockard John Worden Adam
Lanhani Shadrick II Webb Daniel W.
LeClerc Anthony Wyat S.
Lewis Hezekiah Whitehead John
Loudon D. W. Whitmore Wm
Marsh Webster Wright Tho T.
Murphy Jeise

PERRET DUFOUR, P. M.
PoOstf, co Vevay, Ia., Oct. 1, 1840. 31c

GROCERY STORE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Switzerland county, and the public generally, that he has on hand and is now opening at the old stand of Matthias Madary on Ferry street, opposite the Market space, in Vevay, an extensive assortment of

GROCERIES,

consisting, in part, of Tea, Loaf and New Orleans Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Mackarel, Pepper, Alpice, Ginger, Tobacco, Cigars, &c. &c. Also an assortment of choice

The farmers of Switzerland county generally, are invited to call and examine the Groceries, and hear his terms.

The subscriber will not be prepared to receive Pork for two or three weeks, at which time due notice will be given.

EDWARD HOUSTON.
Vevay, Sept. 24, 1840. 42f.

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 mended gratis when ripped. He hopes by close application to business, and a desire to please the public, to merit a share of public patronage.

F. J. GEORGEL.
May 23, 1840. 26f.

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY.

C. Thiebaud and T. Haskell.

CHARLES THIEBAUD would inform his friends and former customers, that he has resumed his business of boot and shoe making in all its branches, at his old stand in the brick building on Main, one door west of Ferry street, Vevay, Ia., and has taken into partnership with him Thomas Haskell. They are determined to spare no pains or expense to render satisfaction to those who may favor them with their custom. They have now on hand a large quantity of the best quality of stock which is being put together by mechanics of the very first class, so that their customers may depend on having work of the best quality, at prices to suit the times. All orders in their line thankfully received and promptly attended to.

May 14, 1840. 24f.

W. C. GEORGEL.

May 14, 1840. 24f.