

# THE VEVAV TIMES

## AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

AT \$2 PAID IN ADVANCE.

CONDUCTED BY THE DEMOCRATIC CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

\$3 AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME IV.

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**TERMS:**  
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No subscriber will be taken for a less term than six months, and in all such cases the subscription money will be required in advance.  
Subscribers not residing in the county, will be required to pay in advance.  
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

**Rates of Advertising.**  
The following rates of advertising, agreed upon by the Indiana Editorial Convention, are strictly observed at this office:

|                                |        |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| For one square, 3 insertions,  | \$1 50 |
| Each additional insertion,     | 20     |
| One square, 3 months,          | 3 00   |
| " " 6 " "                      | 6 00   |
| " " 12 " "                     | 10 00  |
| Two squares, 12 months,        | 15 00  |
| Three squares, 12 months,      | 20 00  |
| One column—1000 ems—per annum, | 60 00  |
| Three fourths of a column,     | 50 00  |
| Half a column,                 | 35 00  |
| Fourth of a column,            | 25 00  |

A deduction of 20 per cent. will be made on advertisements longer than a quarter of a column, when inserted by the half year or year, and not altered.

All advertisements authorized by statute must invariably be paid for in advance.

Advertisements coming from abroad must be accompanied with the cash, unless ordered for publication by a brother publisher.

### MISCELLANY.

#### The Will.

Woman's love, like the rose blooming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart; and while all around it is blank and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of woman appear more beautiful than in that of wife, parents, brethren and friends, have claims upon the affections but the love of a wife is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent, a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother, but the feelings which induce her to this conduct, are not such as those which lead a wife to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him, to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and even remain unshaken at his side, in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is an heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hopeless husband; when he beholds her in domestic scenes, a mere passive creature of enjoyment, an intellectual joy, brightening the family circle with her endearments; and prized for the extreme joy which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being who seems to hold existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay, when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should retain her pristine powers of delight and by her words of comfort and patience, lead the distracted mourner to peace and resignation.

Man profits by connection with the world, but women never; their constituents of mind are different—the principles of thought and action are moulded variously, and where the character of man is dignified and ennobled, that of woman becomes reduced and degraded. The one is raised and exalted by mingled associations—the purity of the other is maintained in silence and seclusion.

Woman was created by the Great Giver of all good, as the help-mate of man; formed in a superior, though more delicate mould—endowed with purer and better feelings—stronger and more exalted affections—to play a distinct character in the drama of the created world; in fact, to reward the toil and labors of man. God made her not man's slave, neither to buffet the billows of the troubled sea of life, the jarring elements of public duties; but to share his pleasures, to console his troubled thoughts, to join with him in his joy, and exalt him in his happiness; by her participation, and to meliorate his griefs by kindness and endearments. Connection with the world destroys those other traits of feeling. She beholds man in all his aspects stalking abroad,—the creature of evil—the slave of debased thoughts—the destroyer of innocence—the spoiler of all that is bright and beautiful—and the scenes of guile, fraud and villany that meet the eyes, the glances at every turn, gradually stifle the kindly feelings of woman, and at length destroy that unsophisticated purity of soul, or if you will, those feelings of romance, which are all best; and the most productive of happiness in the sex, which "heaven made to temper man."

#### Newspapers.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are very familiar, and he will make a progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year, says Mr. Weeks, is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement. The mother of the family being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, ought to be intelligent of mind, pure in language, and always cheerful and circumspect. As the instructor of her children, she should herself be instructed. A mind occupied, becomes fortified against the fil of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading and study, are of course considerate and more easily governed.

How many thoughtless young men have spent their evenings in a tavern or grog shop, which ought to have been devoted to reading! How many parents who never spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would gladly have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter, who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

Weekly newspapers can be had at from one

to three dollars per year, being from two to five cents per week. Each paper costs the printer before it is printed, about one cent. He therefore, obtains from one to four cents for his editorial duties, and for printing, distributing, composition, &c. This is extremely low. It is the price paid for advertisements which must keep newspapers alive.

Thus the readers of newspapers get the cheapest of all possible reading.

#### Brief Discourse.

Text—"There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

We hope it will not be deemed sacrilegious to quote here the sublime preachment from Oracles of Divine Truth, as a text to discourse from in the manner which follows, although in aid of subjects of somewhat a secular nature, appearing to mortality.

It may seem right to a man—to neglect paying his debts for the sake of lending or speculating upon his money, but the end thereof is a bad paymaster.

It may seem right to a man—to live beyond his income, but the end thereof is—wretchedness and poverty.

It may seem right to a man—to attempt to live upon the fashion of the times, but the end thereof is—disgusting to all sensible folks, and ruinous to health, reputation and property.

It may seem right to a man—to attempt to obtain a livelihood without industry and economy, but the end thereof is—hunger and rage.

It may seem right to a man—to keep constantly borrowing of his neighbors, and never willing to lend, but the end thereof is—very cross neighbors.

It may seem right to a man—to be always trumpeting his fame, but the end thereof is—his fame don't extend very far.

It may seem right to a man—to trouble himself very much about his neighbor's business, but the end thereof is—great negligence of his own.

It may seem right to a man—to be constantly slandering his neighbors, but the end thereof is—nobody believes anything he says.

It may seem right to a man—to indulge his children in every thing, but the end thereof is—his children will indulge themselves in dishonoring them.

It may seem right to a man—to put off everything which ought to be done to-day until to-morrow, but the end thereof is—such things are not done at all.

It may seem right to a man—to attempt pleasing everybody, but the end thereof is—he pleases nobody.

It may seem right to a man—to excel his neighbors in extravagance and luxury, but the end thereof is—he excels them in folly.

It may seem right to a man—to take no newspapers, but the end thereof is—that man and his family are totally ignorant of the ordinary occurrences of the day.

It may seem right to a man—to obtain his news by borrowing and stealing of his neighbors, but the end thereof is—annoyance to his neighbors, and fraud upon the printer.

It may seem right to a man—to pay every body before he pays the Printer and the Minister, but the end thereof is—he pays the most needy last, if he pays them at all.

It may seem right to a man—to worship the creature more than the Creator, but the end thereof is—an idolator.

It may seem right to a man to be incessantly occupied in hoarding up the treasures of this world, but the end thereof is—he has none in the world to come.

It may seem right to us to farther extend this discourse, at the expense of the patience of the reader, but the end thereof is—here.

#### Cockburn the Robber.

We have an anecdote of Admiral Cockburn and Commodore Barney, related to us many years ago on the Bladensburg battle ground, and which, as we have never seen it in print, we will give:

It will be remembered that Commodore Barney, with his marines, after the other troops had been driven before the enemy, gave the British so warm a reception, that, according to Colonel Thornton's own account, they would not have continued the contest five minutes longer had not Barney's men within that time been overpowered and beaten back. The Commodore, though wounded, continued to fight like a tiger, until his forces slaughtered and weakened, were compelled to retreat. Barney himself was too badly wounded to effect his retreat, and asked a soldier to place him in the shade of a little cedar tree to lay and await the issue. The soldier insisted in tarrying with him but the Commodore would not consent, but requesting him to load his pistols, and then make his escape. The soldier placed the loaded pistol in the Commodore's hands, and then escaped, but was greatly at a loss to divine the use the Commodore was to make of his loaded pistols, wounded and alone, and virtually a prisoner.

Presently, the British army came pressing on, and the Commodore was soon discovered by a young officer of inferior grade who, ambitious of the honor of capturing the Commodore, approaching him with an air of consequence and triumph, declared Barney his prisoner. "I am no such a thing," said the Commodore, "and if you touch me I'll blow your brains out instantly."

"Surely," said the officer, "you do not mean single handed and wounded to resist the whole army. What may be your meaning in refusing to be taken?" "I mean, sir, simply that while I have ability to fire a pistol, I'll be taken by no insolent under-strapper. Bring an officer of my grade, and I will surrender to him."

The young man brought some general officer, who is not now recollected, and to him Barney at once surrendered, on being introduced to him. In company with that officer was Admiral Cockburn, (whose name is pronounced Coburn,) and the officer introduced him to the Commodore. But

as he pronounced the name Coburn, Barney did not at first know who the new admiral could be. Enquiringly he repeated "Coburn! Coburn!" and then thinking that it must be the same differently pronounced, added, "ah admiral Coburn, the same I suppose whom we call admiral Cockburn, of town and house burning memory."

The valiant Commodore, though a wounded, bleeding prisoner, could not repress the utterance of his scorn for the unsoldierly and unmanly conduct of the hen-roost admiral.

#### Sam Slick's description of a married couple.

There, said he, there is a picture for you, squire. Now, that's what minister would call love in a cottage or rural felicity, for he was fond of fine names, the old man. A neat and pretty little cottage stood before us as we merged from a wood, having an air of comfort about it not often found in the forest, where the necessities of life demand and engross all the attention of the settler. Look at that critter, said he, Bill Dill Mill. There he sits on the gate, with his go to meetin' clothes on, a-doin' of nothin', with a pocket full of potatoes, cuttin' them up into small pieces with his jackknife, and teachin' a pig to jump up and catch 'em in his mouth. It's the schoolmaster to home, that. And there sits his young wife, a-balancin' of herself on the top rail of the fence opposite, and a-swinging her foot backward and forward, and a watchin' him. Ain't she a heavenly aplice that! By Jacob's spotted cattle what an angle she has! Jist look! A real corn fed heifer that ain't she! She is so plump, she'd reio like a duck. Them blue noses do beat all in gals, I must say; for they raise some desperate handsome ones. But then there is nothin' in that crittur; and he looks tired of his bargain already, what you call fairly onswegled. Now don't speak loud, for if she sees us, she'll cut and run like a weazel. She has got her head all covered over with paper curls, and stuck through with pins like a porcupine's back. She's for a (a) equal to-night; and nothin' vexes women like bein' taken of a nonplus this way by strangers. That's matrimony, squire, and nothin' to do; a honey-moon in the woods, or love growed ten days old. Oh dear! if it was me, I should yawn so afore a week, I should be skeered lest my wife should jump down my throat. To be left alone that way idle, with a wife that has nothin' to do, and nothin' to say, if she was as pretty as an angel, would drive me melancholy mad. I should either get up a quarrel for vanity sake, or go hang myself to get out of the scrape. A tame, vacant, doll-faced, idle gally! O Lord! what a fate for a man who knows what's what, and is up to snuff! Who the plague can live on sugar candy! I am sure I couldn't. Nothin' does for me like honey; after a while I get to hate it like sin; the very sight of it is enough for me. Vinegar ain't half so bad; for that stimulates, and you can't take more nor enough of it if you would. Sense is better nor looks any time; but when sense and looks go together, why then a woman's worth havin', that's a fact. But the best of the joke is, that critter Bill Dill Mill has found out he 'knows too much,' and is almost frettin' himself to death about it. He is actin' pinin' away so, that it will soon take two such men put together to make a shadow.

#### Seasonable hints to Farmers.

In this month particular attention must be paid to calves. They are quite apt to decline and become poor at this season. Grass is insufficient for them and they have not become used to dry food. When they are first put up to hay they must have roots of some kind to mingle with this dry food—a very few bushels of ruta baga will keep a calf's hide loose and make him thrive through the whole winter. If it be a female she will be likely to come into milk one season, sooner than if she was kept on hay only through the first winter. Whether we should ever raise any calves in the vicinity of the great meat markets, has now become a question of importance.

When calves eight weeks old will bring nearly enough to purchase others one and a half years old, there is no wonder our calculating farmers hesitate about raising stock in the neighborhood of our great markets.

The only objection to buying from a distance in the country where hay is cheap, and veal brings but little, is we cannot select and raise the choice stock.

As prices now are, however, it will well pay the cost to raise good cattle—the best of cattle—and we hope a good number of farmers in our vicinity will go into the stock business. It will not require many generations, if the best of our native cattle are selected, to produce a first rate cattle, and we have no doubt that those who now commence the business can find it profitable.

We see that first rate cows will now command a high price, and by breeding from the best and not departing, a perfect race may soon be produced that must remunerate the owner. Stock farms have one great advantage over grain farms. All the produce may be spent on the farm and it must of necessity be growing richer from year to year.

In purchasing for a stock farm good judgment and taste are required to make selections, and regard must be paid rather to the shape or form of the animals than to the size.

Cows should have small heads—slender and short horn—a slender neck—small and short legs—broad feet—broad shoulders—broad back—and broad haunches. A slender tail is a good sign. The udder and all the skin about it must be yellow if we would be sure of good milk. It should be large and loose but not fleshy—no matter how small it appears immediately after milking.

We have seldom known a cow with a white bag to give good milk. Large teats are good features—and if the cow has six, the two hindmost are never troublesome.

#### Death of a Miser.

On Saturday an inquest was held before Mr. Wakely, P. M. at the Globe, New Compton street, Soho, on the body of John Cooper, aged 68. It appears in evidence that deceased was one of those rare individuals who deny themselves all the pleasures and blessings of this life in order the more surely to gain and hoard up money. He lived at the corner of Monmouth street and White Lion street, and kept a luxur's shop, selling almost every thing that the poor require most; and during the last twenty years, by strong and constant self denial, he, by degrees, amassed a very large fortune, part of which he laid out in the purchase of several houses, in the neighborhood, and part of which he left behind in hard cash to the amount of many thousands of pounds. A parlor, the shutters of whose window were always up, served him for sleeping room, kitchen, office and sitting room. In it he kept his money, and never allowed a soul to enter but himself. It was a disgusting and filthy place, and deceased was so negligent of his person and dress that he was known in the neighborhood by the nick-name of "Dirty Jack." It further appeared that on Wednesday evening last, deceased had a violent altercation with a nephew of his, respecting a pair of trousers, the result of which was that the nephew left the house, and proceeded a few steps and turning round saw deceased stretched and struggling in a fit on a wide bench in the shop. A surgeon was sent for, but before he arrived, death had forever separated deceased and his god. Verdict, "Died by the visitation of God."—English paper.

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#### Dying Rich.

The following lines from the United States Gazette, have the eloquence of truth to recommend them:

"An active business man is a rational man, and a great blessing to the community. He keeps in gratifying exercise the talents which God has given, which of itself is a blessing to him. He gives employment to the hands of industry, which is far better than giving alms to the unemployed. These are the legitimate and rational ends of active business pursuits and wealth-getting—the gratification of the active powers, and the promotion of industry. But their desire of growing rich, merely to die rich, is one of the most foolish intentions, which ever entered the heart of foolish man. Experience has fully and emphatically taught the lesson, that much wealth left to heirs, is eight times out of ten, not a blessing, but a curse. Its expectation bequeaths the many powers—its possession leads to misjudgment, excess, and finally exhaustion and ruin. The time will yet come, when men of wealth will be wiser enough to make a gradual disposition of their property while living—not prospective but operative—thereby have an eye to the use which is made of it, and participate in the greatest enjoyment that wealth is capable of giving, that of seeing it do good to others. They will dismiss the foolish aspiration of 'dying rich,' with the almost certain reflection that their heirs, sooner or later, will die rich."

If a man begins to save ten cents a day when he is 21 years old, and continues to do so until he is 70, he will be worth \$10,937 37. A great many boys and young men spend nearly as much as this for unnecessary and injurious eating, drinking, and smoking.

#### Deserted Age.

One of the most touching sorrows of old age is its solitude. To outlive the world in which we were born—to be the last survivor of our generation, is, to any a melancholy position to occupy, but bleak and dreary in the extreme to him who has no hope of a brighter existence beyond the grave. Our natural repugnance to death renders us willing to live on, but what sorrowful changes are produced by the lapse of a few years! One generation passes, and another springs up; and he that passes on to a third, finds himself a stranger in the world. Familiar faces have disappeared; loved ones have passed away; joys are only remembered, and the remembrance is sorrowful; busy thought brings back the vision of happiness departed and never to be recalled; and a sense of painful loneliness falls on the heart, although the world around is busy as ever. We have felt melancholy thoughts obtruding themselves on our mind as we have gazed on a solitary tree that had escaped the axe, which had prostrated the whole forest besides; and now in its age, withered at the top and decayed in its branches, was left to encounter every storm. But a sorrowful feeling has possessed us, in beholding the aged and decrepit man, who has lost the fire of his eyes and the rigor of his limbs, and from whose side had been struck down all who had felt an interest in his existence. The fashion of the world passes away, each succeeding year sunders some endearing tie; and sad and melancholy must be our lot, if, amidst the wreck which the storm of death produces, we have no brightening hope of renewal of our youth in a happier and more genial clime.

#### Industrious Occupation.

From our window, the other day, we saw an individual in a shabby genteel suit, sitting on a box on the pavement, where he had located himself for the purpose of repairing his hat; which actually stood in need of some reparation. His implements—a skein of black thread, an old pocket knife, &c., lay beside him on the box, while he was earnestly endeavoring to drive a needle through the felt. After an hour's zealous labor, the rim was successfully rewed on, and he placed the antiquated beaver on his head with an air of triumph and satisfaction. The hat, however, which had undergone the process of amendment, was not worth a brass button, and we have seen many a better one, both for use and ornament, used by the boys as a substitute for a football. We saw in this person an exemplification of that untidy temper which distinguishes too many in this age and country. With the same amount of labor it must cost him to keep his old hat in repair, he might earn the price of a new one. So it is—thousands are kept busy in repairing the effects of their own idleness. This sounds like a bull, but it is as true as preaching. Thus it happens that so many appear to labor industriously and do nothing at last. Leaving what they should do undone, finds them in constant occupation to make temporary provisions against the ill effects of their negligence. We have seen persons busy themselves an hour every day with calking an old dinner pot with rags or putty—never reflecting that the labor bestowed on that old pot would in a week's time defray the expense of two new ones. Ah, how much do some people lose for want of the calculating faculty!—Ball's Sun.

John.—We thought that this ancient name would be handed down to the latest generation, and we now doubt not that the last inhabitant of this world when its business is brought to a close, will be a 'John,' and in the world to come, the last on the list of debtors to grace will be 'John.' We infer this from the rapid increase of 'Johns,' and we fear that the name of John will be given to every body. Step into the street and the first name you hear is 'John,' go into the crowd, and 'John' has done it; a wedding on hand and 'John' is a party; a defalcation, 'John' is off to Texas; a row in the street, 'John' is its author; a slander going the rounds, 'John' is its retailer; a loafer brought before the Police court, 'why is that you John?' a witness wanted, call 'John'; a funeral invitation, 'Ah! poor John is dead'; a mob raised, 'John' is the very man; and no other name will answer! Heaven be praised that our name is not 'John.' Oh 'John,' John, what a black list will appear against thee at the great day of reckoning.

SELF MADE MEN.—Abehide was a butcher till 21, and first took to study from being confined to his room, by a wound produced from the fall of a cleaver. Marshal Ney was the son of a cooper; Roger Sherman, Allen Cunningham, and Gifford, were shoemakers in early life; Sir W. Herschell was a fifer boy; Ferguson, the astronomer, was a shephend until 12 years of age; Ben Johnson was a bricklayer, and James Monroe was the son of a bricklayer; General Green was a blacksmith, and General Morgan was a waggoner; Bloomfield a farmer's boy; Hogg was a shepherd, and learned to read after he was twenty-one.

AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL.—A young lady came over from a great distance 'to be cured,' and when asked the nature of her complaint, she replied: "As to the matter, I believe there is not a single complaint under the sun which I have not." Here was a fine catalogue of disorders I asked if she was married or single? "Single," was the answer. I then told her that so many complaints as she seemed to have could only be cured by a husband! At which observation she was exceedingly exasperated, but her anger terminated in a proposal to marry me. I never was more surprised in my life, and looked quite stupid.—Hardy's Travels in Mexico.

ANOTHER YANKEE INVENTION.—A New York paper says that a Yankee has invented an eight day clock which runs 16 days without winding or stopping, and what makes it still more valuable, the time piece gives two quarts of milk a day! There would be no such thing as calculating its value if it was able to churn its own butter and would stop ticking during family prayers!