

THE VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

AT \$2 PAID IN ADVANCE.

CONDUCTED BY THE DEMOCRATIC CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

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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 arrears 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 all insertions 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 Wife.

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 unaltered 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 we behold 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 distressed mariner to peace and resignation.

Man profits by connexion 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 submit 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 strutting abroad—the creature of evil—the slave of debased thoughts—the destroyer of innocence—the despoiler of all that is bright and beautiful—and the scenes of guile, fraud and villainy 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 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 fill 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."

We hope it will not be deemed sacrilegious to quote here the sublime precept 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 debt 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—notoriety 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 every thing 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 every body, 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 by words of comfort and patience, lead the distressed mariner to peace and resignation.

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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 a warm 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 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 pistol, 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 pistol, 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 not 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 recollect, 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 who we call admiral Cockburn, of town and house bureau 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.

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 66. 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, amass

ed a very large fortune, part of which he laid out

in the purchase of several houses, in the neighbor

hood, 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 per

son and dress that he was known in the neighbor

hood 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 trowsers,

the result of which was that the nephew left the

house, and proceeded a few stops 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, deceased had

forever separated deceased and his god. Ver

dict, "Died by the visitation of God."—English

paper.

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 say 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, but 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 lost to encounter every storm. But a sorrowful feeling has possessed us, beholding the aged and decrepid man, who has lost the fire of his eye and the vigor 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.

Industries 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 repair. 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 sewed 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 unthrifty 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 insidiously 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, 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" is a party; a defalcation, "John" is off to Texas; a row in the street, "John" is it; author; a slander going the rounds, "John" is it; retailer; a loose brought before the Police court, "John" is it; a funeral invitation, "An" poor John in a bag; a mob raised, "John" is it; 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.—Akenhead 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, Allan Cunningham, and Gifford, were shoemakers in early life; Sir W. Herschell was a fifer boy; Ferguson, the astronomer, was a shepherd 'till 12 years of age; Ben Johnson was a bricklayer, and James Monroe 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