

VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

POETICAL.

Our Country's Flag.

Fling out our flag from the gallant mast,
Let the shout of the crew be heard,
While the barque that rides is flying fast
O'er the sea like a mountain bird!
Let it rest on the breast of the glorious sun,
When the sky grows calm at noon—
And on let it float, when the day is done,
In the shoon of the silvery moon.

For it breathes a charm in that tender light
Through the skyward sailor's eye—
While he looks on Peace, as she nestles bright,
'Mid the stars and stripes on high—
It speaks to the heart of his mountain home,
Where in quiet it long shall wave,
And knows that his sons are free if they roam—
If dead—in a free man's grave.

Let it stray through the night on that lofty spire,
And talk with the midnight star—
For the heavens will glow with a warmer fire,
The gaze on its face afar—

They will hail its light as kindred all,
Long sent from the parent sky,
To laugh in scorn o'er the Tyrant's fall,
And beam where the Tyrant's die.

Let it float till the last great day of time,
And proud, o'er a falling world,
Far up in its own congenial clime,
Triumphant hang unfurled—

And when this fair earth shall no more be given
For the hoing of its stars so bright,
May they turn in love to their native heaven,
And dwell in eternal light.

At the request of a fair correspondent, we give the following an insertion. We would remark, however, that it is from the Spanish, not the French.—*Wabash Enquirer.*

Giving and Taking---from the French.

Since for kissing you, my mother,
Blames and scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly—quickly,
Give me back my kiss, I pray.

Do—she keeps so great a tumult,
Chides so sharply—looks so grave—
Do my love, to please my mother
Give me back the kiss I gave.

Out upon you—out upon you—
One you gave but two you take,
Give me back the two my darling,
Give them for my mother's sake.

VARIETY.

[From the Ohio Statesman.]

Mr. M'DAY:—I overheard the following dialogue this morning, between two prominent Feds of this city, in the Market House.

Mr. R. Good morning, Mr. K. Well, what is the prospect these few days with the good cause—
—all things go on finely I believe, do they not?

Mr. K. Well, I don't know that they do, quite as well as I would like to see them.

Mr. R. Why, what is the matter—any thing new? I am sorry to see you look so down-hearted—it is not usual with you.

Mr. K. I tell you, Mr. R., that it takes considerable to make me look down-hearted, but I see no prospect of success. It appears we can't devise any means, by which to overthrow these d—d loco foci, unless they find it out about as soon as we know it ourselves.

Mr. R. How now, have they found out any of our plans?

Mr. K. Why, you know our plan to scare them, was to tell them that such a man, and such a man, had turned to be a Harrisonian, and all the Farmers and Mechanics had turned. Well, I went to work in this manner, and told that several men had turned. Well, they would ask me who they were that had turned. Well, I told them that Mr. S. had turned. They goes and tells Mr. S. that I said he had turned. Mr. S. came to me and asked me if I had told Mr. D. that he (Mr. S.) had turned to be a Harrison man. I told him that I had heard so. He asked me for my author. Then I was stuck.—And he told me that if I told any more such stuff about him, for the purpose of injuring his moral character, he would hold me responsible for it. So, you see, that will not do—for I will not lay myself liable to receive a thrashing from every man I met for the best office the Whigs could give me.

Mr. R. O, you must not back out yet—stick to it, for you know a lie well stuck to, is as good as the truth. One thing you have done which is wrong, and that is, in telling the names. You might know they will find it out.

K. Well, what will I tell them when they ask for the names?

R. Why, that is easy enough got over. Just tell them that you won't tell the names for fear they will go and whip them into the ranks.

K. Yes, but that won't do, that is too shallow, people have got so now, that you must put the finger on these converts, or they won't believe you.

R. But when they pinch you down, name John G. Miller, Miskell Saunders, Jonathan Phillips.

K. But as soon as you mention either of these three worthies they will say, they just left us because they could not get offices in our (democratic) ranks, which is undeniable, for Miller has scarce got into the party, and he is the whig candidate for Mayor, and Miskell will be the whig candidate for some office in the county next fall, so I tell you, it will not do, to mention these men as converts, for they are men of no influence any how.

R. Well, when you can't mention names, tell them that all the Mechanics have turned.

K. And how will that contrast with the meeting that was held last night at the Military Hall. I went down there and peeped into the rooms (for I could not get in, it was so full,) and they were all mechanics and laboring men, so that, yea won't do, and I tell you Mr. R. that when such men as were there, take matters into hand, such politicians as you and I, stand no more chance than a cat in h—ll without claws—excuse me, I am not in the habit of swearing, but I can't help it. I must get my meat and go home.

[Hickory Club.]

It is an unpleasant thing to love, when we have not fortune great enough to render those we love as happy as they can desire.

Too TOUGH for SCOTIA.—Two or three days ago, while one of the ship-news collectors was knocking about on the lever, in quest of "news from all nations," a couple of Scotia's sons, who had evidently been but a short time in the country, strolled up to him with curiosity pictured upon their faces, when one of them accosted him in these words:

"What muddy stream do ye ca, this, guid neebor?"

"The Mississippi, sir."

"Th, what d'y'e say?"

"The Mississippi, sir."

"By me bluid, ye ca, it by a tough name."

"Easy enough when you get used to it, sir, as the convict said to the hangman."

"Ye're a droll body. Does your stream run far up, neebor?"

"Three thousand miles or so, sir."

That was too tough for the Scotchman. A river three thousand miles in length was something he had no conception of. So he turned suddenly to his companion, and exclaimed, (his eyes dilating to their utmost orbicular extent as he spoke.)

"Come, Jamie, let's gang awa'. The man's daft!"—N. O. Sun.

Ancient.—Some eight or ten years ago, there lived near the Log Jail in the State of New Jersey, a personage who became very eminent in the military line after he was elected to the office of Major. On the morning of the regimental parade, (being the next after his election,) the sun rose as usual, and nature seemed to have lost none of her attributes, when the new made Major, determined to exercise a little, previously to associating with his superior officers. He accordingly mounted on his own steed, and with all the consequence of a man in power, drew his sword and exclaimed, "Attention to the whole! Rear ranks take distance three paces back!" He immediately stepped back and stumbled down his cellar. His wife ran from the kitchen, and cried out, "My dear have you killed yourself!" "Go into the house woman what do you know about WAR?"

AN EDITORIAL CURIOSITY.—The following is from that spicy little sheet, the St. Louis Pennant. We think it must have been penned, under the influence of something stronger than Mississippi water:

"The weather is charming—the birds are singing—boats are putting—bees are humming—merchants are dunning—the trees are budding—loafers are lounging—toads are peeping—maiden-s are sighing—editors are quarrelling—babes are squalling—banks are stopping—wags are punning—the poor are starving—the rich are giving—brokers are shaying—borrowers are cursing—christians are fasting—our subscribers are increasing; but what's the use of summing up or calculating? the fact is the world is wagging, just as it pleases."

YOUNG CHEROKEE will stand

the present season, (all public days excepted,) at the following places,

to wit: On Mondays and Tuesdays,

at Mount Sterling; Jefferson town-

ship; on Wednesdays and Thursdays, in the

town of New-York; and on Fridays and Satur-

days, in Vevay.

PEDIGREE of Young Cherokee:

YOUNG CHEROKEE was sired by Old Cherokee.

Old Cherokee's dam was a fine mate of the Quick-

silver and Comet breed, both known to be cele-

brated stock.

Old Cherokee was got by the renowned horse

Sir Archey, and Archey by the imported Diamond,

whose blood is well known.

Old Cherokee's dam, Young Roxanna, by Hephestian, his grand-

dam, Roxanna, was got by the imported horse

Marplot, his grand dam by the imported horse

Flimmap, put of one of Gen. McPherson's best

bred mares. Cherokee's grand sire Hephestian

was got by the imported Buzzard; Hephestian's

dam, the dam of Sir Archey, which was the old

imported mare Castania, out of Tabitha, (as per

the English Stud Book, page 404, will appear,

and was imported by Col. Taylor, of Virginia, in

1708.

Thus by Archey, and Hephestian, being half

brothers, Cherokee's Blood is almost wholly of

the blood of Sir Archey and Buzzard.

As there are

are few stallions touched with the blood of

Buzzard, his pedigree is scarcely known: I will

here give it correctly. Buzzard, was got by Wood-

pecker, his dam by Curiosity, Doty's Snap, Reg-

ulus, Bartlett's Chidlers, Honeywood's Arabian,

and of the two True Blues.

We do certify that the above pedigree is true.

JAMES EWING.

CAPT. LINN WEST.

For further particulars see bills.

The excellent qualities of Mazeppa and Cherokee, both

will show for themselves. Farmers, come and

examine.

JOHN MCMANIN.

JOHN DAWSON, Keeper.

April 4, 1840.

THE CAUSE OF BILIOUS COMPLAINTS

AND A MODE OF CURE.—A well regulated

and proportionate quantity of bile on the stomach is

always requisite for the promotion of sound health;

it stimulates digestion, and keeps the intestinal canal

free from all obstructions. On the inferior surface of

the liver, is a peculiar bladder, in which the bile is

thus preserved, being formed by the liver from the

blood. Thence it passes into the stomach and intestines,

and regulates the indigestion. Thus we see

when there is a deficiency of bile, the body is con-

stantly constipated. On the other hand, an overabundance of bile, causes frequent nausea in the stomach, and often promotes very severe attacks of disease, which sometimes end in death.

Fever is always preceded by symptoms of a dis-

ordered stomach; are also serous disorders, and

all sympathetic functional, organic or serous diseases.

From the same cause, the natural and healthy action

of the heart, and the whole vascular system is impaired

and reduced below its natural standard; as exhibited

in palpitations, languid pulse, torpor, of the

limbs, syncope, and even death itself, in consequence

of an overabundance of a peculiar offensive substance

to the digestive organs.

The approach of bilious diseases is at all times at-

tended by decided symptoms of an existing diseased

state of the stomach and bowels; i.e. with those signs

which are known to point out their tendency to be of

a morbid irritating nature; but whenever the alimentary canal happens to be loaded with irritating

matter, some derangement of the healthy operation,

either of the general system, or of some particular or-

gan of the body is the certain result; and when this

state happens to be united with any other symptoms

of disease, its effects are always thereby much aggra-

uated. The progress of organic obstruction is often

so rapid as scarcely to admit of time for the applica-

tion of such aid as to be offered by art; yet, in gen-

eral, the premonitory symptoms of gastric load are

perceptible for a day or two previous to the paroxysm,

a period, when the most efficacious assistance

may be given, by unloading the stomach and alimentary

canal of irritating content, and thus reducing

the susceptibility of disease.

MOFFAT'S LIFE MEDICINES, should always

be taken in the early stages of bilious complaints;

and if persevered in strictly according to the direc-

tions will positively effect a cure.

For full particulars of the mode of treatment, the

reader is referred to the Good Samaritan, a copy of

which accompanies the medicine. A copy may be