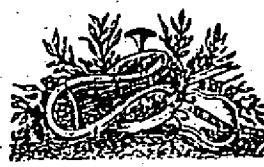


VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.



POETICAL.

The Cottage Door.

By T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

How sweet the rest that labor yields
The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch of the fields
Before his cottage door!

The lark is singing in the sky,

The swallow in the eaves,

And love is beaming in each eye

Beneath the summer leaves:

The air amid his fragrant bower
Supplies unpurchased health,
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,

More dear to him than wealth;

Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays

Around his humble cot,

And happy nights and cheerful days

Divide his lowly lot!

And, when the village Sabbath bell

Rings out upon the gale,

The father bows his head to tell

The music of its tale—

A fresher verdure seems to fill

The fair and dewy sod,

And every infant tongue is still,

To hear the Word of God!

O! happy hearts!—To Him who stills

The ravens when they cry,

And makes the lily 'neath the bills,

So glorious to the eye,

The trusting patriarch prays, to bless

His labor with increase;—

Such 'ways are ways of pleasantness,'

And all such 'paths are peace!'

VARIETY.

From the N. Y. Express.

Jonathan Slick in New York,
Jonathan's entre into a Milliner's Establishment,
and said mistake about a Side-Saddle.

"So; when the leetle old maid cum back from the door, I just panted at the saddle, and sez I, "What's the charge for that are thing!"

"Why, that pair," sez she, a sticking her head on one side and a burying her hands, that looked like a hawk's claws, down in the pocket of her running short apron; "I'll put them to you at twelve dollars; they're French made, elastic shoulder straps, stitched beautifully in the front, chuck full of whalebone—and they set to the shape like a skin to a bird."

Lord a massy, how the little stuck up critter did let off the talk! I couldn't shove in a word edgewise; til she stopped to git breath, and then sez I, "I suppose you throw in the martingales, sir; he's stepping back and squinting up in my face sort of cross, as if she didn't like to throw in the whole harnessing at that price."

The martingale, sez I, and the sircingle, but mebby you have some other name for 'em down here in York. I mean the straps that cum down in front to throw the cheat out, and give the neck a harnessing bend, and the thing to girt up in the middle with. Marin won't know how to use this new fashioned thing if I don't send all the tackle with it.

"Oh, sez the milliner, I didn't understand; you want the laces and the steel in front; eatin' we give them in. The steel is covered with kid and the laces are of the strongest silk."

"Wal," sez I, "I never heard of a steel martingale, and I should be afeared they wouldn't be overly pliable."

"Oh," sez she, "you can bend 'em double, they give so." How you talk, sez I, it raly is curious what new inventions people do have, but somehow it sort of seems to me that a silk girt might be a leetle too slimpy, don't you think so marin?"

"Lord, no sir," sez she, "they are strong pleated, I can tell you; just take a look at the broad ladies, they never use any thing else, and they girt tight enough, I'm sure."

I had'n't the least idea what the critter was, you the laces and the steel in front; eatin' we give them in. The steel is covered with kid and the laces are of the strongest silk."

"Wal," sez I, "I never heard of a steel martingale, and I should be afeared they wouldn't be overly pliable."

"Oh," sez she, "you can bend 'em double, they give so." How you talk, sez I, it raly is curious what new inventions people do have, but somehow it sort of seems to me that a silk girt might be a leetle too slimpy, don't you think so marin?"

"Lord, no sir," sez she, "they are strong pleated, I can tell you; just take a look at the broad ladies, they never use any thing else, and they girt tight enough, I'm sure."

"Gauly Apollo!" sez I, a snoring out a larking, and a eyeing the leetle finefied old maid; but I didn't think it was very good manners to bust right out so, and I tried all I could to choke in. Gracious me! think sez I, no wonder the York gals have such a hump on their backs, since they have got to wearing saddles like horses. By-an-bye, arter I'd eenamost burst myself a trying to stop larking, it come into my head tha' the critter of a milliner was a trying to poke fun at me, cause I wanted to beat her down; for I couldn't believe the tippies quite so bad as to girt up and trap down like a four year old colt.—Wal, think sez I, I'll be up to her anyhow; so I looked just as mealy mouthed as if I believed her, and sez I, as innocent as a rabbit in a box trap, sez I, "if the wimmen folks have took to wearing saddles, I suppose they ain't forgot the bridles too; so I don't care if I take this ere pair for some old maid's we've got in our parts. If I had my way, they'd all be bitten the minnit they'd turned the fast corner. Darned talking critters them old maid's are, marin," sez I, a looking at her sort of planting, just to let her see she hadn't got hold of quite so great a great horn as she seemed to think on.

Lord a massy, how she did look! Her leetle wizzled up face began to twist till it looked like a red winter apple, pucker'd up by the frost. I didn't seem to mind it, but put my hand down in my pocket sort of easy, and began to whistle Yankees Doodle. You haint got no bridles them! sez I arter a minnit; for she look'd wrothy enough to spit fire, and eat up with an opposition

in the pocket line that I was raly afeared her leetle hands would bust through the silk, or break her apron strings, she dug down so.

"Bridles! no!" sez she, as spiteful as a meat axe just ground, "but I'll send out and git a halter for you, with all my heart."

"Golly!" sez I, "but you're clear grit—smart as a steel trap."

"Think sez I, Mr. Jonathan Slick, Esq., it's about time for you to haul in these ere horns of your'n. You ain't no match for a woman, any how; there never was a critter of the feminine gender, that couldn't talk a chap out of his seven senses in less than time."

"Golly!" sez I, "but you're clear grit—smart as a steel trap, aint you? but don't git too mad; it'll spoile that handsome face of yon't'n. I swear! but I should think you was eenamost thirty this minit if I hadn't seen the difference before you begun to rile up." Didn't the pockers go out of her face when I said this! She was modified down in a minnit. I dont a'pose she ever had twenty years took off from her good fifty so slick afore in her hull life; but it ain't human natur to come too all to once—*at any rate*, it aint an old maid's natur, when her back once gits up. So when I see her darned thin lips begin to pucker and twist into a sort of a smile, I let off a legless more soft soilder, that willed her down like a cabbage leaf in the sun; and then sez I, a pinching to the glass box:

"Come now, s'posing we strike up a trade. I've took a sort of a sneakin notion to that are new fashioned side saddle. So if you'll throw in the tackling, I'll give you ten dollars for it, cash on the nail."

"That what?" sez she, a looking fast at me and then at the saddle, with her mouth a leetle open and her eyes sticking out like peeled onions. "That what?"

"Why, that are saddle" sez I, beginning to feel my mander rise.

"That saddle," sez she, "that saddle; why, sir, did you take that pair of French corslets for a saddle."

With that she slumped down into a chair, and covered her face with both hands, and larfed till I ray thought the critter would split her sides. The way she wriggled back'ard and fore', teetering and haw-hawing, was enough to make a Presbyterian Missionary swear like a sea captain. "That saddle!" sez she, a looking up from the sun again as bad as ever. "That saddle! Oh, dear, I shall die! Did you really take that pair of French corslets for a side-saddle, sir?—Oh, dear, I shall die a larfing!"

"Didn't I feel streaked though. Only think what a darned eternal coot I had made of myself, to take a pair of gal's corslets for a side-saddle."

"Blast the things," sez I, and it was as much as I could do to keep from putting foot to the glass case, and kicking it into the street. I felt the blood pile up into my face, and when the old maid bust out again, and I see a full grist of purty faces come a swarming to the glass door that they'd hauled back a curtain from, I fel so dreadful mean." But by-and-by I began to think that I had more cause to be ashamed than I had. Who on earth would ever have thought them stiff indacent looking things were made for a delicate gal to wear! I fel dreadfully though, to think that I'd been a talking about a gal's under-rigging, to a woman so long, but arter a few minutes I began to think that I needn't fret my gizzard much about that. The woman that stuck them things out in the street for young fellers to look at, needn't go off with a fit of "the dreadful sin," because a feller asks the price of them, "So, who cares."

"Do Buy Me."—This is an expression used by the Georgian girls who are offered for sale in the Constantinople slave market when they happen to see the face of a man that pleases them. A correspondent of the Boston Post writes thus upon the subject: "It is a scene that made a deep impression upon me; there are seen our fellow creatures, like horses or other cattle, exposed for sale, and yet the merriest looking set of creatures I ever beheld. The greater portion of them come from Abyssinia and Nubia, and are blacks. In the houses which surround the yard or slave market, are the Georgian slaves, and among them are some really beautiful; they have the advantage over the Circassians, in complexion. They looked at me in passing, with a good humor smile, and some of them said a few words which I understood to be, 'Do buy me.' They would like European masters, but the Franks are not permitted to purchase. The price of a beautiful, accomplished and youthful Georgian slave is £600."

A Clergyman in New Jersey, owned a negro by the name of Quash, who was by no means fond of working. One day told his master he conceived it a hardship, 'dat de poor negar man mus work so hard, and massa do nothing.' You are mistaken Quash; my labor is more fatiguing than yours; I do hard work and yours is merely bodily exercise. This hint was sufficient for Quash. The next day he was ordered into the woods to procure fuel—but Quash staying longer than usual, the parson repaired to the woods to see what detained him when he was the first object that presented itself to his view was Quash astride on a large maple log in a passive attitude. When enquired the cause, Quash starting up and rubbing his midnight brow, oh! massa me—me have been doing head work. Well, let me hear what your head has done. Suppose massa, dere be five pigeons on this tree, and you take a gun and shoot two of dem, how many ther be left? Why three, all older. No massa, dem toder tree fly away.

A fellow whose countenance was homely enough to scare the old one, was giving some extra flourishes in a public house, when he was observed by a Yankee, who asked him "What do you mean, you impudent a'coundrel?" was the reply. "Why, I didn't mean nothing only you have got such an all fired crooked mouth, I thought as how you might have fall'n in the brook when you was a boy, and your mother hung you up by the mouth to dry."

A jockey at the Maze races, England, asked an emigrant Yankee if they had any such remarkable swift horses in America. "Swift," said Jonathan, "why I guess we have—I seen a horse at Baltimore, on a sunny day, start against his own shadow and beat it a quarter of a mile the first heat!"

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Vevay, and the public generally, that he has established a

Blacksmith Shop

at the lower end of Market street, where he is prepared to do any work in the line, in the best manner, and at reduced prices. Having engaged a good workman, he hopes to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

BENJAMIN DETRAZ.

N. B. An apprentice to the above trade wanted immediately.

Dec. 7, 1840.

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NOTICE.

THE individual who by mistake took from the store room of Mr. Friesly, the 2d Volume of Horace' Poetical works, would much oblige the owner by returning it to this office immediately. April 11, 1840.

Suspension of Credit.

THE subscriber would respectfully give notice to his numerous customers, that while he feels grateful to them for their past favors, and while he still feels unbounded confidence in the great majority of them, and would, if possible, be very happy still to accommodate them with goods'ou; credit, yet he finds himself so much embarrassed by the present difficulty in money affairs, that he has reluctantly come to the conclusion that until there is an important change for the better, he must sell his goods for ready pay only, and would inform those who feel goods for cash, he will sell them at unusually low prices.

He would earnestly request those indebted to him to make immediate payment, and it is upon such he must rely for means to meet his engagements.

ULYSSES P. SCHENCK.

Vevay, March 14, 1840. 15 Sw

NOTICE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a Carding Machine with all its running gears—also one two Horses Waggon, and one Horse which he will sell low—*for cash*, or part of them; for approved country produce terms will be made as easy as possible to the purchaser. The Machine may be seen at his old stand on Indian Creek, near the Bridge, for particulars apply to the subscriber living in Jacksonville, Indiana.

JACOB WEAVER.

March 7, 1840. 14—Sw

LEAN cotton and linen RAGS are at all times purchased at this office.

A Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber wishes to sell the farm upon which he now resides, containing two hundred and forty-seven acres, being a part of section 1, town 2, range 3 west, near Pinch Creek and about one and a half miles from the Ohio, which when high backs up to the land. There is about one hundred acres cleared and under cultivation; an orchard of one hundred bearing apple trees, besides peach and cherry trees. The dwelling houses are of hewed logs, three rooms on the lower floor and two on the second. Also a good well of water near the house, and a number of springs of water on the place. The wood land is well timbered, with plenty of ash and black walnut on it. It might be divided very conveniently into two farms. Persons wishing to purchase are expected to call on the subscriber living on the premises who will always be ready to show the land and improvements.

GEORGE WALTZ.

March 14, 1840. 15c.

UNION HALL.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the travelling public, that he has taken this well known tavern stand, situated on the corner of Main and Ferry streets, in the town of Vevay, and formerly occupied by John M. King, Esq. His table and bar will be found well furnished with the best the country can afford, and his stable plentifully stored with provender, and attended by careful stablemen. By strict attention to the convenience and comfort of travellers, he hopes to give general satisfaction, and receive a share of public patronage.

JOHN S. ROBERTS.

Feb. 29, 1840. 13f.

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 first preserved, being forced 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 constantly costive. 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 disordered stomach; as are also scrofulous disorders, and all sympathetic functional, organic or febrile 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 which few persons would theoretically believe, but to which thousands have testified from happy experience. In colds and coughs, which, if neglected, produce the most fatal diseases of the lungs, and indeed the viscera in general, these medicines, if taken but for three or four days, never fail. Taken at night, they promote the insensible perspiration, and so relieve the system of febrile action and feculent obstructions, as to produce a most delightful sense of convalescence in the morning; and though the usual symptoms of a cold should partially return during the day, the repetition of a suitable dose at the next hour of bed-time will almost invariably effect permanent relief, without further aid. Their effect upon fevers of a more acute and violent kind, is not less sure and speedy if taken in proportionable quantity; and persons retiring to bed with inflammatory symptoms of the most alarming kind, will awake with the gratifying consciousness that the fierce enemy has been overthrown, and can easily be subdued. In the same way, viscerai turgescence, though long established, and vicegrindulations, however critical, will yield—the former to small and latter to large doses of the LIVER PILLS; and also hysterical affections, hypochondriacism, restlessness, and very many other varieties of the Neurotic class of diseases, yield to the efficacy of the PHENIX BITTERS. Full directions for the use of these medicines, and showing their distinctive applicability to different complaints, accompany them; and they can be obtained wholesale and retail, at 375 Broadway, where numerous certificates of their unparalleled success are always open to inspection.

French, German and Spanish directions can be obtained on application at the office, 375 Broadway. All post paid letters will receive immediate attention.

Agents.—The Life Medicines may also be had of the principal Druggists in every town throughout the United States and Canada. Ask for Moffat's Life Pills and Phenix Bitters; and be sure that the signature of John Moffat's signature is upon the label of each bottle of Bitters, or box of Pills.

For full particulars of the mode of treatment, the reader is referred to the Good Samaritan