

VEVAY TIMES AND SWITZERLAND COUNTY DEMOCRAT.



POETICAL.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

BY HENRY D. MURST.

FLING out, fling out our meteor flag—
Give forth its stripes and stars;
The pennon of a blood-bought land;
The idol of each free-born band—
Won bravely, may its glories stand,
Throughout a thousand wars.

For it—our fathers—sought and died,
In freedom's holy cause;
O'er mountain top, and mountain glen,
O'er rushing stream, and shaded fen,
The symbol of her free-born men,
The banner of our laws.

The breeze shall bear its rustle past;
Through whirlwind, and o'er flood—
Unstained by storm—upon the blast—
Oft let our meteor flag be cast,
Throughout eternity, to last;
Dear to our heart's best blood.

And he—who would its lustre dim,
Be traitor to our sod;
His ashes to the whirlwind given;
Himself from honor and kindred driven;
His soul, unsentiven, unforgiven;
Accursed, by man and God.

MISCELLANY.

THE CORSICAN.

BY J. E. DOW.

BANISHMENT.

CHAPTER ONE.

EVENING was slowly creeping over the rugged mountain peaks of Corsica, in the year 1793, as a young man in the uniform drew near to the convent of Rostino.

There was something in the expression of the stranger's face that repulsed all impudent curiosity, while his form, short and crooked, seemed to give the lie to his martial bearing. He rode a mettled steed, and as he passed by the cottage door of the rustic beau and his strapping lass, the one exclaimed, involuntarily,—"what a bold rider!"—while the other, instinctively shrinking from the stranger's approach, quizzingly replied;—"the form of a devil, and the look of a God."

The ponderous bell from the convent tower, was slowly clanging to vespers, as the rider reined up his steed beneath the moss-clad walls of the garden, and entered the wicket gate.

An aged man, dressed in cassock and cowl, received the visitor in the refectory, and after a scanty meal had been offered and refused, hastily led him to a little chapel, in a remote part of the building, where penitents of the highest order—"made a clean breast!"—as they say at sea, by telling over their crimes to an image forgetful that the true God, is conscious of guilt at the command; and that no image never can be.

When the two personages had reached a little closet leading from the chapel, the monk, setting the light which he had borne with him, upon the table, threw off his cowl, and loosed his gown.

The uniform of a general flashed upon the subaltern's eye.

"Paoli," said the stranger.

"The same," said the tall patriot of Corsica who had just returned from a twenty year's banishment, to head a rebellion in his native land.

"What news, my son, do you bring from Paris?"

"Dreadful news," said the young man, pacing up and down the apartment—"I have seen a king running away from his throne of beauty, and a massacre of the only ones who remained faithful to him; when the cannon that only looked upon the mob, could have swept it away, with one burst of thunder, I marched through the courts of the Tuilleries at evening, when the brave Swiss guard, mangled and glory, lay stiffened in death, butchered, sir, by the Artisans and Provision Dealers, of Paris, and my soul sickened at the sight. There was no war, no fair fight, no glory, it was a butchery of brave men, by a host of cowardly assassins."

"Stop," said Paoli. "As soon might the wolf or the eagle sicken at the sight of blood as thou, Lieutenant—I know you of old, you have a taste for crimson."

"Aye, sir," said the subaltern, "but not for the blood of murdered victims—not for the blood of sheep; but come—come—let's to business. What would you do with me?"

Long and fiercely did the disguised general watch the countenance of the youthful soldier. Three times he looked as though he would penetrate his very soul, and three times the young man returned his searching gaze with a cold, calculating, grey eye.

"Lieutenant, I will trust you—Corsica must be free, and you must aid in her liberation."

"Paoli"—said the young man, firmly—"she shall be free, but not until the work of destruction in France, has ceased."

"What mean you?" said the old patriot, rising,

"will you not join our expedition?"

"Never, until I have seen the end of the dream of France. The great drama which you rehearsed in your younger days, in an obscure corner of the world, has now a kingdom for a stage, and nations to behold the swelling act. Old man, let the little island of Corsica rest in quiet, and come with me to Paris."

The patriot laid his hand upon the speaker's arm with awful sternness.

"Traitor to your birth-place," said he, "what mean you! Would you hug your fathers until reason ruled France?"

"Poor Corsica, thou home of the stranger, thou whom I have slaves for nearly half a century, shall thy younger sons leave thee to perish—God forbid!"

"My noble-bred tutor," said the young officer, helping the aged man to a seat,—"Corsica cannot be free, but by the freedom of France—a few months may break your fetters, why then jeopardise your life, and the lives of your friends, for the attainment of that may be impracticable now, but which will come as a thing of course before the close of this century."

The old man shook his head mournfully. "I had placed great confidence in you," said he,—"your military genius inspired me—you seemed to have been cut from the antique—one of Plutarch's men. With your aid our country might be free—as it is, she must fight her battles without you—Paoli will not desert her in her hour of peril."

"Old man!"—said the young officer, fiercely—"I am no traitor to my country, no enthusiast, to build up the theories to be blown away by the first breath of wind. England cannot save Corsica,—France shall. Let the ball of the Revolution, roll on, the time for our little island will soon come—I must go to Paris—farewell."

"Go, unworthy son of a suffering country," answered the stern old man, waving him away. "It was now night, deep night, and the wind wailed sadly amid the convent turrets while the deep mouthed thunder echoed along the straits of Ajaccio.

ADOPTION.

CHAPTER TWO.

"Land ho!"—rang the dreamy look-out man from the mast head of a Tuscan Polacre, at the coast of France hove in sight.

A family of noble exiles stood upon the quarterdeck. It was the family of Bonaparte—banished from Corsica. They sought refuge in France, and now the harbor of Marseilles received them. It was a lucky time—Marseilles was besieged, and the army of the Republic hovered along its bastions—wide, then, were the portals of France flung to the young Lieutenant and his relatives.

In one hour after landing, the young Napoleon had offered his services to the leader of the French forces, and had been accepted. He was now an adopted son of the Republic. His race was around him. The cannon woke him, at morning light, and the enemy's bugles sang him to sleep at evening, Marseilles having surrendered to Geril Cartaux, the army moved on to Toulon.

There was a fortress on the mole called Little Gibraltar. The eye of Napoleon, who had now been promoted to commander of artillery, saw that whoever held that fortress would hold Toulon. He sought the music master, General Cartaux, who after throwing a thousand impediments in his way, was fool enough to give his opinions in writing.—Napoleon immediately made marginal comments, and sent the singing *Bulletin* off to Paris by a special courier. The consequence was the sudden recall of the singer, and the appointment of a doctor of simples to command. His name was Doppet, and though he could let blood from others without fainting, he sounded a retreat the moment a stray bullet interfered with the breath pipes of his side-de-camp—a barter's boy of no mean pedigree—and left the field at a time when victory was certain to ensue. Doctor Doppet was now sent back to his pestle and mortar, and General Dugommier, a veteran soldier, succeeded to the command of the army before Toulon. The French Directory, in its dream of omnipotence and immortality, had ordered that "Toulon should be taken, and the allied squadrons burnt in three days"—poor fools! well was it for human nature that the God of French reason was not the Jehovah of Eternity. Well was it for the brute that a week of eleven days was not sufficient to become a period of time.

The siege of Little Gibraltar now commenced in sober earnest; Dugommier was no doctor of simples, but the master of a jack-ass. He knew his duty, but he never was fool enough to give an inferior his reasons in writing. This giving of reasons in black and white is no business for an ignorant man, however brave he may be.

Lord Mansfield once was waited upon by an admiral, who had been made governor of the Leeward or Windward Isles in the West Indies—and I neither know or care which—for a code of laws suitable for the people over which he was to rule; and a chart for his particular guidance. "You are a good common sense individual, whose only aim is to do about right," said his lordship, to the old bruiser.

"For the bullets and the gout

Had so knocked his hull about

That he couldn't go to sea any more."

"Aye, aye, your honor," said the old sal in swabs, endeavoring to look over a shirt collar as large as the fore sail of a clipper.

"Well, then," said his lordship, with a smile—"you want no written laws; neither do you want a guide for your judgment; decide all cases by your own ideas of right and wrong, and be law unto yourself; but never give a reason—for as sure as you do—the lawyers will pick you all to pieces." The admiral bowed himself out of the chief justice's presence, and went to his station.

Not a law had he, and during a command of a dozen years, there was no place in the colonies of Britain so well regulated as the Islands of the Ocean, that owned the power of the jolly old admiral. So much for a digression—let us on to the siego of Toulon. Batteries were raised against the walls and the guns of the French army were mounted in silence. Napoleon slept in his military cloak beside his cannon. The foolish Directory finding that their orders were not executed, sent a deputation to the besieging army. They inspected Napoleon's secret battery, and finding that it had been finished for eight days without having discovered itself by his fire, they ordered the commandant to open his artillery at once. He was a little way off—the cannoniers eager to shew their love for the reptiles in power, obeyed the ridiculous order and fired away. Napoleon cursed them aloud; but before he could reach the spot, the English had saluted out and spiked the guns, while the Directory men made straight coat tails for Paris. A sharp skirmish now took place, and by a skilful maneuver, the commandant of artillery, at the expense of a bayonet wound in his thigh, captured the English commander, General O'Hara, and raised the old Harry with the besieged. Had it not been for this, Napoleon would have been dismissed from the army—as it was, he received the praises of the Directory, and the shouts of applause of the fish women and butchers of Paris.

Under the cover of the symbols of peace—a grove of olive trees—Napoleon now constructed a battery parallel with that of the English, and but a hundred fathoms from it. The moment he unmasked it—every Frenchman lay dead beside his gun, for the English cannoniers in security gutted the works. Juno now at the command of his colonel, raised upon a pole a placard, with this inscription, "The battery of the men without sea!"

"My noble-bred tutor," said the young officer, helping the aged man to a seat,—"Corsica cannot be free, but by the freedom of France—a few months may break your fetters, why then jeopardise your life, and the lives of your friends, for the attainment of that may be impracticable now, but which will come as a thing of course before the close of this century."

It was enough, the artillery men crowded around the fatal spot, and when after three days fighting, the bugle of rest sounded—many an artilleryman had gone up on the breath of the death-dealing cannon, to the master of the God of Battles.

On the night of the eighteenth of December, when all was still but the warring elements of Nature, the whole army attacked Little Gibraltar. The representatives of the people called a council for deliberation. The general and his gallant artillerymen laughed them to scorn; a scaffold awaited them in case of failure—immortality in case they succeeded.

Onward rushed the columns—Dugommier led the main body. Napoleon headed the reserve—seeing Dugommier fall back, he sent the gallant Captain Muiron with a battalion of light infantry by a private way to surprise the fort. Muiron was successful. He fell himself upon a English pike, but Little Gibraltar was taken.

Toulon immediately surrendered to the French. The cowardly representatives of the people now, with swords in their hands, rushed in to eulogize the troops. Every thing was burnt. Nine French line of battle ships were blazing at one moment; and the explosion of two vessels of powder finished a *Feu de Joie* in honor of the victory. The exile now became a general. The Corsican was a leader in the armies of France. Napoleon reposed upon his laurels in a garret in Paris.

The Unbeliever.

I pity the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur, the glory and the beauty of the natural universe, and behold not the touches of His finger, who is over and with, and above all—from my very heart I do commiserate his condition. The unbeliever, on whose intellect the light of reason never penetrated—who can gaze upon the sun and moon and stars, and upon the undulating and imperishable sky; spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance. The heart of such a being is a dull and cheerless void. In him, mind—the God-like gift of intellect, is debased, destroyed; all is dark—cheerful chaotic labyrinth—rayless, cheerless, hopeless. No gleam of light from Heaven penetrates the blackness of the horrible delusion—no voice from the Eternal bids the desponding heart rejoice. No fancied tones from the harps of seraphim arouse the dull spirit from its lethargy or allay the consuming fever of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly remediless, reason is prostrate, and passion, prejudice and superstition have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect. I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the revelation from on high, but a sealed book! He sees nothing above, or around, or beneath him that erases the existence of God—and he denies—yea, while standing on the foot-stool of Omnipotence, and gazing on the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuns his intellect to the light of reason, and denies there is a God.—Chalmers.

Marshal. Are there any aliens (foreigners) not naturalized belonging to this family?

Woman. There is my son Henry who is ailing in the knee, but he was natural born sir.

SITTINGS OF THE COURTS

At the Court-House in Vevay, Switzerland County, Indiana.

CIRCUIT COURT.

2d Monday in April. 1. 2d Monday in October.

PROBATE COURT.

2d Monday in February. 1. 2d Monday in August.

2d Monday in November. 1. 2d Monday in November.

COMMISSIONERS' COURT.

1st Monday in January. 1. 1st Monday in September.

1st Monday in March. 1. 1st Monday in November.

1st Monday in May. 1. 1st Monday in May.

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