



**Carrier's Address**  
TO THE  
PATRONS  
OF THE  
**VINCENNES GAZETTE.**

January 1, 1845.

FATHER TIME's ever rolling stream,  
On which our fragile bark is cast,  
Has borne another year away.  
To swell the number of the past.  
The moon that sits serene on high,  
The stars that deck night's diadem,  
And all the planets of the sky,  
Unite to sing her requiem.

Another twelve-months now is gone!  
A solemn thought, my patrons dear,  
That, of our short lives, since its dawn,  
We've seen the end of one and a year.  
How many lovely months have  
Been torn from green and flowing boughs,  
Consign'd to the cold, gloomy shades,  
Since summer's to us aghast!

The blossoms flowers that blushed in season,  
Partial, undue, due to disease,  
And all the bright, fragrant things,  
From Eden's boughs.

The verdant meadows—violet shadows—  
Which sent us music from the green,  
To beautify a simple bower.

Leaves, rustling in the rustle above—  
Bud, blossoms and fruit, complete—  
He, who, a thousand pleasures bounte,  
Her golden boughs of golden grace,  
Interspersed.

He, who, a thousand pleasures bounte,  
A to—

That, when all's done, is done,  
And art—

When, when to us, a—  
The husband, unfeignedly—  
Dispensing

Have passed on—

And, when he—

Who, with his bounte—

Has left a—  
The last, a—

Though many good lies you be—

And, should we—

And, now, now fill the place.

And, unless—

She, who, in—

At the—

gazed with a delight almost awed into ho-  
mage. A more exalted vision I had not  
held. My eye softened into delecta-  
tion—grander of mind and feature,  
made lovely by a pervading spirit of sweet-  
ness and sympathy—produced in her a  
mirth that charmed you ere you could ad-  
mire. I dare say it will seem an odd thing  
to say, but there is nothing that has since  
reminded me so much of the impression  
she then produced upon the eye as the  
bright fountain in Park; there was in her  
the same easy, I may say reluctant, mag-  
nificence; the splendid purity and soft sparkle,  
combined with an entire unrestraint & abandonment of effort, that you feel as if  
in that form and motion the very essence  
of grace were made palpable before your  
eyes; and as if that variety of movement  
was the wontonness of nature that strove  
to, but could not escape from its perpetual  
dread of elegance. Startled back in spite  
of myself, into the age of poetry and god-  
desses, I thought straightway of the appari-  
tion of Venus to the Trojan by the wood-  
ed margins of the Tyrian city, and was  
beginning to fall into my old tones and  
my Latin; but I felt soon that in truth I  
was below the mark, and that there stood  
before something of a true dignity and  
impression than all their goddesses together.  
I mean a delicate, pure, high-souled  
woman. I confess, while she was at a dis-  
tance from me, and I had but a glimpse of  
her, I felt a certain flattery about my heart,  
but as she came near me, that faded away  
and yielded to a profound and distant rever-  
ence. I cast those eyes, and looked  
downly as she was gaited g through  
the door of the shop.

Miss Kay's presence was to me dead,  
and she was the embodiment of all the  
largest fulness of New York. Her figure  
was in company not least included  
by the beauty of art; if it is a segment  
in Mr. Clay's system of high finance,  
possessing undisputed superiourity,  
great energy, and another, and  
of manner. But, as I said, I had  
been surprised at the coming  
of those of them who I knew and had  
regretted it not a little, for they seemed  
to me through working, as were  
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