



Friend's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor.

#### TO A FRIEND.

When the heart once is broken  
The bonds our hearts, if break it must  
Be destroying a cherish'd token;

Then see it moulder into dust.

Friend, pluck the fairest flower

And to the winds its beauties strew,

(Though I had wist it may as how)

Than see it wither where it grew.

I'd rather say at once, farewell,

We part, and we shall meet no more,

Than dread that parting knell.

And hear it daily o'er and o'er.

Friend bear from day to day,

To watch the death of pure, warm feeling,

See the soul's sunshine fade away,

While apathy steals life is stealing.

I cannot bear the altered eye,

Whose hurried glance speaks hearts estranged;

Or back the cold, polite reply—

The words the same, the tone how changed!

Yes, let the tie at once be broken

That bound our hearts, since break it must,

Be destroying a cherish'd token,

Then see it moulder into dust.

#### BAD COFFEE.

What 'tuff's this you're bringing me,  
That looks so ordinary in the ce'?

For coffee sure it can't be;

Nay, by the mass,

It's but a sain apology,

An' winna pass.

Here, Betty, tak the cup awa'—

An' wi' the cup the liquer a'—

The fair that made foul' befa'

An' single lifes

May she na mortal husband ha'

Nor be an' wife.

He'e' sicca stuff my senses great,

Like puddle water frae the street;

But bring me coffee strong an' sweet—

Clear as the stream

That we amang the mountains meet,

An' fu' o' cream.

#### AN ODE.

An ode sung at the annual meeting of the Columbia Typographical Society, on the 7th of Jan. 1832, at Washington city.—Written by J. F. Rogers.

#### AIR—*Star sprangl'd Banner.*

Sh'dark was the time when through ages of gloom,  
The earth'mit its clouds like a sun by rep'ning,  
Ere the bright rays of knowledge broke forth to illumine  
Or the bold shapes of truth were their beauties dis-

closing;

And darker the mind when in thraldom confined,

Than the sun hanging o'er so thickly entwined;

Till the *Press* in its glory shed light o'er these;

Bidding man, like itself, to be mighty and free;

But now was the morn after the old world's dull waste,

While the far distant light still was there dimly burn-

ing;

And science, fair goddess, exulting was placed

On her high statued seat in the temple of learning,

Sh'dark was the day when that cloud passed away

And sweet was the sound of the soul stirring lay;

As the song of the muses bailed forth kind decree;

When the night spell was broke, and the *Press* is

awakened free;

Let now the bold art spread afar on the wind,

And riso exalted, like the pride of its nation!

Se' it catches the fires as they dart from the mind;

While the *Press* is reflection the brilliant relation;

No longer obscure shall the Art now endure,

The mystical shadow that hung o'er its shore;

But long as the sun light still was there dimly burn-

ing;

And science, fair goddess, exulting was placed

On her high statued seat in the temple of learning,

Sh'dark was the day when that cloud passed away

And sweet was the sound of the soul stirring lay;

As the song of the muses bailed forth kind decree;

When the night spell was broke, and the *Press* is

awakened free;

What engine of power, what strong bulwark of might,

Could so safely protect our blest freedom forever;

Than the Art that illuminated the perilous night;

Bro' gloom of the sky had began to discover?

Let us sound the glad tale, and joyfully hail

The Art who is perfect in no power can assail;

And long we may cherish our fair country and thea,

With hearts that are noble, and a *Press* that is free.

#### THE HONEY MOON.

Charles had been only married a week, and

his wife adored him. Oh those young wives,

when they yield up their pure, deep affections,

and break through the restraints of bashful fear,

how they do love! And those young husbands

too, when from the lonely, and sometimes miser-

able adventures of the untraveled world, they have

gathered in all the wealth of their scattered feel-

ings, to concentrate it upon one object, what sa-

cred joys swell in their bosoms—what brilliant

imaginations float in their imagination! They secre-

ly live except when together. They could not

conceal the bliss which they drank in from each

other's voices; nor control their eyes from read-

ing in each other's glances the silent but sweet

passages of love. If one left the room, though

for only ten minutes, the other was sure to fel-

low; and if any prying stranger had been within

gun shot of their circle, he might have heard

half uttered terms of endearments of feigned

anger, from every part of the house.

Charles had been absent two days, poor Julia

had been wishing and wishing for him. His well

known step sounded in the entry; the door open-

ed, and she met him with a brightened colour,

in her cheek, and her blue eyes flashing from

beneath their long lashes with sparkles of un-

wanted pleasure.

Well, I mention particulars! It is scarcely

holding notes on Stephen Girard's bank, to

worth while. He who can not imagine how to bring them in for redemption.

warm hearted young wife in the honey moon, would meet her idol after an absence of two whole days; is no reader for me.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, after the first transport had a little subsided. "I am so glad you have returned, dear, dear Charles! I was afraid you might not come, that you were sick, or some accident had occurred. But here you are. And now, have you had a pleasant time? and how do they all do? and whom did you see? and—

Charles stepped her rosy mouth with kisses.

"Yes here I am, safe and sound, and full of news; but you huddle question upon question with such volubility that I shall never get a chance to answer them, and your pretty mouth here wide open to ask I don't know how many more."

"Well, then," answered she, flinging herself into an attitude of attention, and folding her arms like a judge upon a bench, "there—I am dumb, and ready to listen to the news—I won't speak another word till you have done."

And with considerable apparent difficulty she closed her lips.

"Now then," said Charles, "mark me."

"I will," said Julian.

"Well then," continued her husband laughing, in the first place, they are all well; in the next, I have had a very pleasant time; and lastly, I have seen old Mr. Peterson, and aunt Sarah, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderdyke and little Bob, Henry, and Martha.

"And this," inquired Julia, "is the news that you are to tell and these are all you saw?"

"Oh no!" replied Charles, mysteriously; "far from it, Julian. I have one more—one most beautiful, bewitching being more—the very counterpart of Venus. Such complexion—such ringlets, long and glossy—and cheeks, roses and lilies are nothing to them! There is nothing in all nature sweeter than her lips, and her eyes are bright daggers no man should encounter.—They were soft, melting liquid, heavenly blue; full of the light of intellect, and tremulous every beam of them with a tenderness that makes the heart ache."

"You are only jesting with me," said Julian, endeavoring, but in vain, to check the change that came over her face, as the shadow of a cloud falls on the stream. "This is some stupid dutch beauty, and you can scarcely describe her without laughing. Come now, tell me truth."

"You may believe it or not, just as you please, said Charles; but I assure you the whole account is as true as the enjoyment of it was enrapturing, and the memory delicious."

Julia was sensitive and artless. She loved her husband with that deep tenderness which knew all the thrills of love's hopes and fears. Her heart was like a goblet filled to the brim, whose contents tremble and overflow when she shakes even so highly. There was therefore in those enthusiastic praises of another, something strange, and even cruel. Still she could not believe that he was serious; and forcing a smile and struggling to keep down her rising emotion, she listened to him in silence as he rattled on.

"Our meeting was marked with uncommon interest. Old Mr. Peterson introduced me to her, after having previously hinted that, before I was married, she had regarded me with more than common complacency. Well, we met, I addressed her by name; she said nothing—but oh! those eyes of hers were fixed on me with a gaze that reached into the innermost recesses of my heart, and seemed to touch all those chords of feeling which nature had strung for joy.—Wherever I went, I found her eyes still turned towards me, and an arch smile just played around her saucy lip, and spoke the fancies and half hidden meaning that woman will often look, but not always trust to the clumsy vehicle of words. I could restrain no longer—but forgetting all but those heavenly lips, I approached and—"

Poor Julia—she thought she heard the knell of her young dreams. The hue of her cheek, and the sparkle of her azure eye, were gone long before, and as he painted in such glowing colors the picture of his feelings, her lip quivered, and tears swelled up and dimmed the blue light of eyes as beautiful as day.

"I will never speak to you again Charles," sobbed she, "if this is true."

"It is true," he exclaimed, "only not half like the reality. It was your own picture; my sweet girl, that I kissed again."

She looked at him a moment, and buried her wet eyes in his bosom. As she lifted her head, and shaking back the clustering ringlets that fell around her brow, displayed her face smiling through tears, his arm softly found its way around her waist, and—but I am at the end of my sheet.

The late Stephen Girard's income.—From the bequests in Stephen Girard's will, it is estimated that the gross amount of his immense property is nearly \$15,000,000. Calculating the interest at 6 per cent, and the year at 360 days, it will furnish the following curious results:

Income per annum,	\$900,000
" per month,	75,000
" per day,	2,500
" per hour,	104 1/2
" per minute,	1 1/2

N. Y. Courier.

The trustees nominated in the will of the late Stephen Girard, esq. to settle up his banking business, have advertised for persons to hold notes on Stephen Girard's bank, to worth while. He who can not imagine how to bring them in for redemption.

## Washington Hall,

Corner of Main and Ferry streets,  
Vevay, Indiana.

THE subscriber respectfully informs travellers and others that he is in course of business at his stone **THE BRICK HOUSE**, in Vevay. He will be grateful for a share of public patronage. He will keep on hand a choice collection of LIQUORS and his stables will be provided with CORK, HAY and OATS. In short, every attention will be paid to make his customers comfortable.

AMOS GILBERT

Vevay, January 31

## County Surveyor.

The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Switzerland county, that he was appointed

## SURVEYOR,

of said county, by