

CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

JANUARY 1st, A. D., 1870.

Once more, kind Patron! I appear
To greet you with the New Year!
Through Eminent HONORED SEVENTY
May Peace, and Health, and Plenty twine
Their dwelling in your hearts and homes!

And, even this year's successor comes,
May it, too, find you, more and more,
Thriving and happier than before—
The single wised; the married best
With all that *Benedicta* love best—
With lots of little fairy elves,
Sweet diamond copies of yourselves.

Oh, no, while Winter troubles all,
There'll be high do the poor befit,
Let each, as God his store hast best,
Give from that store to the distressed.
In Holy Writ these words you see,
"The poor will always 'mangit you be!"

You know the terms—the words you own—
Gifts to the poor are *Tenfold* One

Who gives rich interest for your gold,
For He repays a hundred-fold.

Stocks may decline, and banks may break,
And fall roads little profit make—

But he who lends in charity,
Invested for Eternity.

Strange things have marked the course of Time
Since last I wrote my Annual Rhyme:

Through ev'ry clime, 'neath ev'ry sky,
The Dead Year grinded its memory

To some it was a year of joys;

Too many fraught with grief & alloy;

Which Jove's all bounteous hand disperses

With common love are every hand—

On Christmas morn, on Pagan strand

But still the Dead Year pass away—

With none to find its passing day,

No voice to sing his last farewell,

As from his lips he'd

That task, perchance,值ue own might be—

But lo! a spirit fair I see,

A withered spectre, old and gray—

Yes—thus shall come the Dead Year's Day

Even now he strikes his well worn lyre

And from its chords the gathering gloom

Of the coming gloom encloses.

Behold it birth in the frozen North,

And I sawdust pine snows—

A hardy hawking the marshes

The wintry winds which blow—

As far west as the mighty brow

Of Wixen, dark and sea;

And I see you to the stars and know

As it sped on its winged steed.

Its march is next year, the Vernal Equinox

And it sung of the winter's end;

But I saw that long off the hills and flowers

And the gloom hid in their boughs

And now it is in the child groves

Of the Snows it gazed when

The dolls it filled with the soft of the doves—

With bows in the leafy plain,

But Aetery came with her ring breath,

And his grave and tempestuous power

He crept the girdles and broke each wrench

Ye—withered every flower

And the Old Year stonked at the sight

For it knew its race was run

All had it to rest, and the snows of the night

With its work and its record done

I have buried it with the buried years—

I have given and set no stone,

From the future it asks no claim no tears

Let it rest in its silence alone

I have set its stones—a memorandum,

To tell me of its years

That the record of death ever knew

Was the sum of its hopes and fears

The sum of its joys—the sum of its griefs—

Were those of the far dim past?

They are graven on Memory's has relief—

They are written—and written to last!

Yes, written on ev'rey masthead,

On the tablets of ev'rey soul—

In the secret story of human kind,

In the life tale we all unroll

And there is nothing that record told,

To illumine each coming year?

Or—this is the lesson Path can unfold,

Though the Past was dark and drear

Fair in the Hand which gave thee Life,

Horr'd that Life's dark hours,

Love which shall pour on Life's fatal strife,

The Price of the Prince of Powers

Who learneth this of the Parted Year,

O mortal! hath thought to will,

But may think on it with a joyful tear,

While recounting its chequered tale?

Grey dawn hangs o'er the Eastern sky,

Illumined by the sun's red eye;

Grey dawn—the herald of the New Year—

Its first of dawns—dawn in the East appears;

As on that morn the Star the Magi sought,

Their dubious footstep to the Manger brought

Where Sata's King in low estate they found

The Star of Birnix on a stable's ground—

While myriad unseen angels circled round

Hark! I list that symphony their ears now fills—

That blast Refrain which echoes o'er the hill

Telling to Nature that her mighty Lord

Was come again to earth, to prove The Word,

The Christian's hope—Heb's own eternal soul,

The Covenant—No Second Sign—the Cross!

Lo! as the Herald Angels joyous sing,

And Chaldeas' Bages bring their offering—

See Juno's children still deny their King!

Throw to the Gentiles that which first was given

Unto her chosen race—the Son of Heaven!

And why?—No royal power marked His birth

His milder way was not to be of earth;

Nor was He come to break the Roman chains

And build a temporal sway upon her plains.

But stronger than Augustus' world wide away,

Or sturdier hate of Herod's evil day,

The Dispensation wrought by Jesus' King

In being fallen man's Peace offering!

Wider and wider, on the waves of time,

Spreads to remotest climes that truth sublime,

That from the Bim, in Bethlehem's lowly grot,

Came the first Wong of Heaven ploughed again.

"Pax vobis, Earth, and Goop vobis, ave Mar!"

On Zion's Hill the New Year

Smiles o'er her landscape bright and clear;

On Oliver's fair mount is seen,

The beauty of the *sycamore* O'gang is
But now, alas! no olive grows
Where once the olive forest rose.
Another race—another faith—
Now rules on Zion's Mount;
And o'er each dell and valley there
Is heard the Moslem's threefold toll.

Jesuca! How altered now
The beauty of thy classic bower!
Thy very name is desolation;
Thy children's hope—Regeneration,
Yet such thy fate had never been
Had thou, through Faith, the Promised seen!
Had thou believed in Calvary's cross
Thy Faith had been the Roman's loss—
And Titus' host had never known
Thy Temple, and thy nose overthrown.

Our Federal City owns a jar,
A tempest in a teapot was—
Some "man of error" pulls the wire,
Directors do what he requires;

The Banks and Cabinet fall out,
And knock each other's case about—
Making much noise and botheration,
Defending "the administration."

In south, our politics are mixed,

The "Policy man" to silence fled

Who helped him into office, may
Have thanks and praise, but his—the pay.

We mean no harm to this stroke, our

Ulysses will forgive the joke.

All strife of cliques, we trust, will cease,
And with it, all of ingresses and egresses;

The Cabinets—no so strong

But it may need its friends, are long

For Radical voters see—astute,
They put their seal to them, eloquent.

Ye Pashas of our Federal Dream

Yield Congress, who are driving

Some scheme of *Constitution* to

To work the country's dire destruction;

Would that o'er each town to hold a State;

Your British wrath continues to hold;

When usurpation quells its hold,

Then should the Olive branch be plucked

By *Godwin*, instead of that which should come

I hate the blunderbuss and dragoon

And why those starving nations should

Spend millions and pour out their blood—

Is such a subtle, curious question

It passes my humble comprehension.

Your mouth would water at the sight,
While you could taste the dead and blight
Of legal statutes which fibber,
Brooks fibres, and nets! from being there.

Bethesda!—when under a town surpasses?

For great blessing, "Bethesda" is—

(Quote from Burns, "Truth or Fortune")

With such burns, truth or fortune?

But old protest us from their rule

In any but love's proper hood!

No politics be there to learn—

Their *rightful sphere* to bid them spurn.

Of our New Queries next Fall—pease—

Now open unto all who seek,

Good Printing—color card or poster,

Everything on the Printers' roster

Our politics—*Quo!* Democratic!

On public issues, not erratic.

Of lectures, we'll soon have two—

H. GRAY, and that noted shrew,

The *Dickens*. What'll they do?

Will tell us all they have to say?

From Europe's climate the din is heard,

Of changing aims, and iron the word

Of Prussia or of France's lead

To battle storms—an iron flood,

Because their rulers thus decree.

But *Hove*, I fear that *we* should come

I hate the blunderbuss and dragoon

And why those starving nations should