

ADDRESS OF THE CARRIER OF THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

Carlisle, January 1, 1848.

A stranger entered with graceful bow,
And, taking the Editor's chair,
He pass'd his hand o'er a lofty brow
Smoothing his silvery hair;
Then kindly ask'd for the Carrier-Boy,
Saying—"tell him an agent of Time
Has come, this night, from the spirit land
To bring him his yearly rhyme."

The Carrier came with step quite light,
But he started back with trembling fright
When he look'd at the Editor's chair;
For never, by mortal eyes, I ween,
Has a more unearthly form been seen
Than the one that was sitting there.

Like the lightning's flash in the midnight sky
Was the piercing glance of that fearful eye:

It was brighter far than the noonday sun,
For undimm'd it had gaz'd on the *Holy One*.
Like the Ocean's bosom in mad unrest
Was the rise and fall of his mighty chest;
And his lip was curl'd in proud disdain,
As if he triumphed o'er Death and pain;
As if he knew, and, perchance, might tell
The awful secrets of Heaven and Hell.

Round his neck a strange form'd dial hung—
To his side a golden scythe was swung;
And the spirit-cross on his lofty brow,
Where his thick hair lay like unguish'd snow,
Bespoke a Being of higher birth
Than the noblest one of sin-curs'd earth.

The Carrier bowed by the stranger's knee,
Saying, "Spirit or man, a boon from thee:
Oh! tell me a tale, in fitting rhyme,
Of man's noble deeds in the olden time;
Of the days of thy calm and joyous youth,
E're thy brow was stamp'd by the cross of Truth—
When no clouds were seen in the clear blue sky,
And the curse was unwrit *sinful man shall die*."

The stranger replied in low, mournful tone
"Boy, ask not the tales of days long gone;
I would not recall the world's early years
When Death never came bringing sorrow and
tears;
No! the Past's full tale no mortal shall see
Till he passes the gates of Eternity."

"But listen in silence—for my time fifteth fast,
And I'll tell you a tale of the year that has past—
A year that has brought both good luck and good
cheer
To the *honest*, the *free*, and the brave *'Volunteer*."

"Again!
Hark! on the stilly midnight, over hill

Counting-House Almanac, FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1848.

MONTHS.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JANUARY.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
FEBRUARY.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29				
MARCH.		5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
APRIL.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
MAY.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
JUNE.		4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
JULY.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
AUGUST.		6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
SEPTEMBER.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
OCTOBER.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
NOVEMBER.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
DECEMBER.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					

And vale and stream, that solemn word
Is echoing, like the sound of passing bell,
Or watchword of some spirit o'er it leaves
The earth forever."

"Fitfully and low,
And blending sadly with the bell's deep chim
Is heard the requiem of the parting year,
Swelling and dying like some choral hymn
Heard 'mid the pauses of a storm—and, as
The last, faint cadence of that requiem
Dies on the breeze, the spectre memory
Stands by each silent hearth, and gathers up
The ashes of the Past, and weeps above
The beautiful and sunny days that are
Returnless—they are gone, but in each heart
Is left a charm of strange and holy power
That binds the spirit to its early dreams
Of Love, and Truth, and Joy, again."

"Another year! and since its birth
How many a change has wrought the woof of fate
Darker around each spirit. Ye have seen
Friend after friend depart, and heard the sigh
Of trembling voices in the farewell hour.
Where are the fondly cherish'd ones who stood
Around you when the year began? As leaves
That in the summer hours hung on the same
Green branch are borne upon the autumn winds,
So they are scattered far and wide—But of,
As now, when midnight stars with all their calm
And blessed hearts are above, the heart
Pours out its worship at that shrine of love
Where memory is the Priestess, and again
Ye feel that ye are with them, as in days
Gone by."

"Another year!
And lo! the fearful shaft of death has struck
The noblest of your friends. But yesterday
And by your side there stood in manhood's strength
A soldier brave and true. A month pass'd on,
And farewell guns boomed sad and mournfully
Above his open grave."

"Another year
Has fled from earth forever, with its bright
And angel colored hopes and glorious dreams,
And o'er its sepulchre, hung with the dim
And faded garlands of the olden days,
The stars, yon distant pilgrims of the sky
Are shedding now their melancholy light!
And list! far through the heavens rolls its dirge,
Fainter and fainter, like the sound of harp
Mingling upon the distant winds, and 'mid
The glories of the unseen land to-night
The gray old years receive their weary friend."

