

CARRIER'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

January 1, 1851.

PATRONS and FRIENDS, again 'tis mine to say,
I wish you all a happy NEW YEAR'S DAY;
And oh, what pleasure could this wish impart
Joy to each breast, would fill the printer's heart—
Would that it might be realized by all,
The rich, the poor among you, great and small,
How much 'twould cheer him in his humble task,
And lend his labour o'er an smiling mask.
But well he knows that it cannot be so,
That sorrow should forsake this world of wo;
E'en on a New Year's day her form she rears,
And bathes the cheek of wretchedness with tears;
E'en on this day when pleasure should abound,
We hear the wail of grief, unwelcome sound.
Death's angel in his passage o'er the land,
Has laid on infancy his icy hand,
Has snatched the wife from the fond husband's side,
And made him mourn a well beloved bride;
Has borne the husband from the wife's embrace
On whose pale brow a broken heart we trace;
Has quenched the spark that warmed the aged breast,
And sent his weary spirit home to rest;
Nor does the insatiate monster spare youth's bloom,
It falls a blasted rose, into the tomb.

But, from this sad picture we'll turn our eyes away,
And hope the Tyrant Death his hand will stay.
May those who are spared, give thanks to God above,
For all His mercies and His endless love.
The good Old Year, its fleeting course just run,
With plenty blessed our farmers, every one;
And barns well fill'd with corn and wheat, and hay
Provide the farmer 'gainst a rainy day.
And turkeys, too, and ducks, and geese, and chickens.
So plenty are—the printers get "good pickings."

About this time, twelve months or more ago,
Appear'd in Congress, a mighty bugaboo;
Which threaten'd with his meddling tongue and
blacken'd pace,
To put an end to our beloved race.
His name *Disunion*, a faction generation,
Who raised a fuss about the color'd population.
He threaten'd South, to steal away their blacks
And gave the North, some thundering heavy whacks.
The House and Senate quailed beneath his eye,
Until, to break the Union he essay'd to try.
Then rose the spirit of the "Old Thirteen,"
With wisdom link'd to scan the scene.
We are all brothers here, a love link'd band,
In Union bound, by God's own hand.
Why let Disunion, traitor to our cause,
At once o'erthrow our country and our laws?"
Thus spake the sage, & champions rose on ev'ry side,
Attack'd Disunion, and with wounds severe he died.
Internal peace once more asserts her sway,
Which Heaven grant may end with the last day.

We want good men to work our ship of State
Like Cass, "our own BUCHANAN" at any rate.
And let's have BIALKA, too, the Governor shall he be,
Join ev'ry one, and vote for him, and this thing you
shall see—

Our noble President, who yielded to no mortal foe,
Has rendered up his life in deathly throes
His conqueror Death no mortal hand can stay,
And small and great must yield before his sway.
We hope the New Year '51 will prove,
A happy year of blessings from above,
And all our Patrons in our annual round,
With joyful hearts and open hands be found.
The winter winds blow bleak and cold
Hard freezing earth and sea,
And now the poor your care bespeak,
Now need your charity.
Kindness dear friends now extended,
Shall be repaid by those befriended.
For Holy Scriptures say, you know,
Our charities bestow'd below,
Repaid by Heaven shall be.
Patrons, Farewell! and may the New Year's record,
With your good deeds & high resolves be checker'd.
And as down life's winding path we go,
May we all better, as we older grow.
Pray don't forget when this our sheet 's read o'er
The one who leaves the paper at your door!

THE CARRIER.

Almanac FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1851.

	SUNDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.
JANUARY,	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,	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	
MARCH,	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
APRIL,	30	31	1	2	3	4	5
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	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
MAY,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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JUNE,	29	30					
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JULY,	29	30					
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AUGUST,	29	30					
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SEPTEMBER,	29	30					
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OCTOBER,	29	30					
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NOVEMBER,	29	30					
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DECEMBER,	29	30					
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	29	30	31				

"Good morning, kind Patrons; I wish you a very happy New Year, and in return for your many acts of kindness toward me, I herewith present you with an Almanac to enable you to drive dull time along."
GEORGE L. GOUCHER.