

# ANNUAL GREETING OF THE CARRIER, TO THE PATRONS OF THE COLUMBIA SPY,

ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW YEAR 1858.

Save ye, my patrons! lend a kindly ear!

The Carrier brings once more his annual rhyme:  
Warmly he greets you; to you all good cheer,  
And health, and happiness, this blithe New Year!

Solemn my tidings. With the midnight chime  
A life departed. Like a tale of crime  
Falls the sad warning.—'Tis the death of Time!

The King of Terrors—come with noiseless tread—  
Stands with his weapon by an old man's bed—  
A blow—a struggle—FIFTY-SEVEN is dead!

Here comes young FIFTY-EIGHT, the brand-new year!  
His eye still glistening with a filial tear;  
His fingers eager for his father's gear.

Hold hard, my master! by your gentle leave  
We'll bury first the friend for whom we grieve;  
The badge of woe display on hat and sleeve.

With solemn tread and decent length of face,  
We'll bear your sire to his long resting-place,  
And lay him with the giants of his race.

The mould we'll heap upon his quiet breast,  
A stately elm or oak shall watch his rest;  
With clinging ivy shall his grave be dressed.

No sculptured marble will we pile above;  
No lying epitaph; our grief and love  
The mourning wind shall murmur through the grove.

O'er him we'll smooth the turf with pious care;  
Breathe for our old friend's soul a silent prayer,  
Then wend us homeward with the son and heir.

Now sit we down to tell his virtues o'er,  
To speak of sorrows which he meekly bore;  
Of kindly words that we shall hear no more.

Of the sad memories that o'er us steal;  
Of words light-spoken, but which now we feel;  
Of the great wound that only Time can heal.

And then in measured tones the will is read—  
The sacred wishes of the sorrowed dead—  
White to the rising star bows every head.

Listen, young stranger! all the treasured pelf  
Of buried ages centres in thyself.  
Thou'rt sole inheritor, thou lucky elf!

Of banker's well filled vaults, of misers' hoard,  
Of nations' treasures, caskets jewel-stored,  
Thou art alone, the master—monarch—lord!

The precious ores which South and Westward shine,  
The sterner metals of the Northern mine,  
The Orient gems, and Ocean's pearls are thine.

For twelve months' term the world thou shalt possess.  
With thee its fate; the power to curse or bless;  
To heal its griefs, rebuke its wickedness.

## Almanac.

1858.

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

Heed then, young master! profit by the past!  
In good, let this year's reign exceed the last,  
That no reproach be on thy memory cast.

Thy father, rest his soul! on this fair land,  
(Though many blessings to his credit stand,  
Laid very heavily his royal hand.

Alas! thy sainted dad would deal in stocks,  
His Cash invest, put out to nurse his "rocks."  
(Oh, that he'd kept them in his own strong box!)

For, to the world there dawned a day of grief,  
When mad mis-trust succeeded blind belief,  
And in the night came Panic like a thief;

Lodging in each man's breast grim, gaunt, dull-care,  
Giving to all a heavy cross to bear;  
Sackcloth and ashes for our Winter wear.

With grievous groans we mourn our doleful lot;  
Our commerce, credit, specie gone to pot—  
The times have taken the potato rot!

Instead of jollity, and fun, and mirth,  
To mark this glad event, the New Year's birth,  
Behold SUSPENSION and HARD TIMES on earth!

Oh! FIFTY-EIGHT, young FIFTY-EIGHT, take heed!  
Bring thou relief in this our hour of need,  
And let RESURRECTION be thy shout, thy creed!

Bring thou to light our lost, our buried "tin;"  
Thou shalt thou expiate thy father's sin,  
And heartfelt blessings of a nation win.

And whilst thou shun'st his faults, O, FIFTY-EIGHT!  
The old man's many virtues emulate;  
In generous bounty he was truly great.

To our fair land he gave the poor-man's wealth;  
No cruel pestilence has come by stealth,  
To rob us of earth's greatest blessing—health.

In our hard wrestle with the stubborn soil,  
To us he gave the victory and spoil;  
A plenteous harvest blessed the farmer's toil.

When, at the close, good FIFTY-SEVEN fell ill,  
He put his house in order, made his will,  
And, crowning glory! paid his printer's bill!!!!

Dear FIFTY-EIGHT close thou thy reign as well,  
That after ages may thy virtues tell;  
Thy name be Printer's glory—watchword—spell!

And now, my friends, one little word with you—  
Be just! be generous! I ask no more;  
I've served you faithfully the long year through,  
Then, good my masters! "give the Devil his due!"