

ADDRESS OF THE CARRIER TO THE PATRONS OF

THE COLUMBIA SPY,

ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW YEAR, 1859.

A Poet! POET!! is the boy insane?
What crotchet now is working in his brain?
WE keep a Poet! His infernal sire—
Who rakes and coals the subterranean fire,
Old Hookie hight—is coiner of this lie;
Old Nick has closed young Nicholas, his eye!
We DON'T maintain a Poet for the Spy!

Our staff is strong—all good and able men.
We've first and foremost, SCISSORS, PASTE, and PEN;
(We name them in their proper order;) then,
Our correspondents,—Philadelphia P.,
"SUBSCRIBER" "CONSTANT READER," X. Y. Z.—
And next our Artist; next, that A. I. card,
Our special JUSTICE; last, our own "MOUCHARD;"
But not a Rhymester.—No, sir; nary Bard!

What is your will? O, imp of Satau, speak!
What is the meaning of this crazy freak?—
You want a hundred lines or so, you say,
To greet your friends withal on New Year Day!

Hum! Ha! Your patrons! New Year Day! Address!
A hundred lines! That's curious! Now, bless
My eyes! You want a hundred lines! Not less?
It can't be done! It can't be done young man!—
Just say a dozen—and—PERHAPS—we-can—
Won't answer, eh! A hundred—maybe more!
Diable s'its, au Diable! The door!

Stop, stop, young man! Don't leave us in a pet;
The lines may possibly be furnished yet.—
Bring out you long mysterious old case,
That in the Sanctum fills a corner place.
Curtained with cobwebs—there: remove the dust!—
Wheels within wheels: dark, tarnished, dim with rust;
That box contains a cheap Promethean fire—
That old case serves the Spy as Harp and Lyre!
There your ADDRESS now snugly lies perdu:
Take hold, Diabolus, and "rush her through!"
—A little oil, first, on this creaking joint!
With feather-tip this stiff-backed spring anoint!
Take off your jacket! Give it all your mind!
Now!—a crank motion—GRIND, SATANAS, GRIND!

Clank—whizz—gnurr—clank—"More oil! More
Grease!"

A HAPPY—zrrr—"Will it never cease?"
NEW YEAR—buzz—fuzz—"There it goes again!"
Kind friends!—hum—hum—"bug. It's all in vain!"
I greet my patrons! ("Huzza! She's off!")
To one and all my beaver I doff!
I ask your ears for my humble rhyme;
(Ground, as you see, without tune or time;)
Or, to save those useful members auricular,
I'll take a quarter—I'm not particular!

It's well to get to business at the start—
I'll put the horse at once before the cart!
I know that custom calls for scrape and bow,
And long palaver over THEN and NOW—
A sigh and snuffle o'er the cast-off year:
A rag of mourning, a machine-pumped tear
(Beloved patrons, betwixt you and I,
This little water work is "all my eye!").
And then a twaddling void of sense or truth,

Anent the prospects of the NEW YEAR youth:
Predicting confidently fortune, fame,
A happy future, an undying name!
I'll skip for once this beating round the bush,
And plunge *in media res*; without a blush.
I want your "rocks," "hards," "spon," "tin," "powter,"
"dimes,"

Quarters! Hulves! Dollars!!! in exchange for rhymes.
There now, that's candid! Do I give offence?
I don't approach you, Sir, on false pretense,
To button-hole you—pour into your ear
A touching story of the poor old year,
Coffined, and carried off by (Lager) Bier—
Then—with the "briny" stealing down your nose,
Your handkerchief upraised for one of those
Grateful, sonorous, grief-assuaging blows—
Dry up your sympathy and tears forever,
By sneaking foot-pad cry—"Stand and deliver!"
I do not seek to "snake" my little bill,
Or with sweet phrases sugar-coat my pill;
But honestly eschew the dodger's art—
Believing thus to choose the better part—
To my good friends and patrons simply say,
"Diinna forget" the CARRIER Boy to-day!

My object's open then, and self avowed;
I seek to pick no pocket in the crowd!—
"The object's bad," you say!—It might be worse!
Be sure, I have designs upon your purse—
Nay, do not button up your pocket yet,
And set your lip; and go off in a pet!
To serve the Spy has been my weekly task
Through the past year, and now I only ask
Of you, my patron, such reward or fee
As I deserve—'twill all be gold to me.
Come! smooth your face and let you down a wrinkle!
There, that is better!—There again—a wrinkle!—
The mouth expands!—now just do what you order!
Sold! Sold!! Sold!!! Sold again, and got the quarter!!!!

That you WILL give is fairly settled. Now
Let us discuss the *how much*, and the *how*!
First, the amount!—I ask not what you CAN
But what you WILL to give. Be every man
His own assessor; and whate'er the sum,
To my insatiate pocket it shall come
Welcome as shad in Spring to our *cuisine*;
Welcome as drift-wood to the Algerine;
Welcome as "borrowed" chickens to the "Hill";
Welcome as "toll" and water to the mill;
Welcome as fee to Doctor, or to Lawyer;
Welcome as Lager to Von Spiegelmoyer;
Welcome as "epis" to the thirsty sucker;
Welcome as bit and sup to Daniel Tucker;
Welcome as fuel to the poor this Winter;
Welcome as BACK SUBSCRIPTION to the PRINTER!

As to the *how*—give with a pleasant face;
A look of kindness lends your gift a grace:
It makes right glad the CARRIER's heart, and adds
A tenfold lustre to the shining "brads."
—To bring this "begging letter" to an end,
This valuable precept I append:
Like to good voting let your giving be;—
GIVE EARLY, OFTEN, AND GIVE FREQUENTLY!