

# Address of the Carrier of the Lewisburg Chronicle.

## 1858.

KIND FRIENDS! I'm on an errand somewhat new,  
But doubtless old and understood by you;  
I've come to tell you the important truth  
That a NEW YEAR is here in all its youth;  
And as this is my introductory lay,  
Upon my word I don't know what to say.  
"You'd scarce expect one of my age," wot do—  
I've oft repeated that, and so have you.  
"Hoops" now are thought a necessary evil,  
(Though all once said they came straight from the devil.)  
Division's past—what shall I do for rhymes?  
There's nothing left for facts in these hard times.  
My brain is bankrupt—ditto "mill" and purse—  
And, without "rocks," how can I grind out verse?  
A dime or two—enough to grease the wheels,  
Would greatly stimulate "machine" and wheels.

At home much has been done in Fifty-Seven.  
The College Buildings covered—streets made even  
(Some places level with your parlor doors,  
And others level with your cellar floors)  
Out in yon grove, the "Fem. Sem." Buildings stand,  
(Somewhat the nicest in this West Branch land;)  
Within, there's music, learning, school-marms plenty,  
And lots of girls from sweet sixteen to twenty,  
(Be still my heart! and keep that flattering down,)  
Besides a score of fine new homes in town.  
Although we've lived full fast, and are in debt.  
The dreadful Panic has not killed us yet.  
Our Bank's at work—we move sure, not very slow,  
Are never quiet—always on the go.

They've had "panic" in Europe—Asia, too.  
Scarce closed the Russia war, out bursts anew  
The Indian insurrection, cruel, bold,  
And tales of woe make all our blood run cold.  
The Ocean Telegraph wire, drawn part across,  
Was strained and broke, to art a whole year's loss.  
The Leviathan—the whale-ship of the seas—  
On dry land yet, "makes water" by degrees.

We've had a kind of 'lection—much like those  
Dark, foreboding days, when slow before his foes  
Great WASHINGTON, by alien hordes o'erborne,  
Upheld the flag of Freedom 'mid the storm.  
So, boldly strove our WILMOT for the right,  
Almost alone he fought the hopeless fight;  
But, through the clouds, faint glim'ring from afar,  
He saw—we see—the brightly shining star.  
"The World *does* move"—the seed be long has cast,  
Shall spring and yield a hundred fold at last.

The greatest news since Packer's election  
Is the dough-face "slave insurrection!"  
Douglas and Walker, Stanton and Forney,  
Though hitherto ultra, rampant and "scorney"  
Against the Republicans, seem to agree  
That Kansas from Niggerdom should be kept free.  
"Freedom for Kansas!" most fiercely they "sbrick,"  
They print it in *Press*, and in Congress do speak  
The Lecompton fraud a shame and disgrace,  
That should be sent to the "most hottest" place.  
We long tried to teach them the truth "on the goose,"  
But feared all our pains were no earthly use.  
Now, somehow or other, the slave game is fast—  
They're right, now—hurra! and long may it last.  
Sustain them by press, by petition and speech,  
Let sound public opinion the President reach—  
Show him "there's a North," that will not submit  
To be ruled by a Cabal that in secrecy sit—  
Hold him to his word, to his oft plighted faith,  
And yield not to Slavedom a jot or a breath—  
A fair, manly front, and the tyrants will bend  
As they did when our BANKS that Chair did ascend—  
As Brooks declined BURLINGAME'S "at Clifton House"—  
Be we MEN, and Oppression's as still as a mouse.

Fillibuster Walker's brought back as a show,  
And *Nena Sahib* in the same cage should go—  
Both are bloody and base, but the worst of the two,  
Is the piratical knave, with his death-dealing crew,  
Who—better brought up—'t' attack strangers roam,  
And were not, like Sahib, scourged by aliens at home.  
Give the gallows its due—and if Walker don't swing,  
There's no use in having that ill-looking thing!  
Give the gallows its due—and let it be known  
That the murd'rer of thousands is worse than of one!

Once more, throughout our land, the cry is made  
Of hardy men in want of daily bread;  
Distress and ruin boldly stalk along,  
And drag behind a hungry, ragged throng,  
Our gold has gone t' enrich a foreign shore,  
And the effect our lab'ers sore deplore.  
By party hacks deceived, by Slavery ruled,  
And now by sad Experience dearly schooled,  
May we yet learn—what all our great men taught—  
That foreign wares are always dearly bought.  
Protect yourselves—prefer your country's goods,  
And soon we'll find you all in prosperous moods.

"REMEMBER THE POOR!" is a Bible command.  
"Remember the Poor!" they're in our own land.  
"Remember the Printers!" they toil (while you snooze)  
To correct and arrange and to CHRONICLE news;  
They want all their dues as well as most men,  
And 've hard work to make all go smooth even then;  
Remember the Mechanic, the Merchant, the Teacher,  
And don't you forget the Doctor or Preacher.  
And forget not the CARRIER—need I say more?  
With my bow and my thanks, I am  
Yours  
THEODORE.