

ADDRESS OF THE CARRIER

18



41.

To the Patrons of the 'Carlisle Herald & Expositor.'

Another New Year! we have buried the old;  
In the silence of midnight, was his requiem tolled,  
And the annual Herald begins a new round,  
To wish that good cheer and light hearts may abound;

And we know but one band, whose murmuring voice  
Sounds harsh and dissonant with those who rejoice,  
Tis the certain-aged spinsters, that in sorrow lament  
For another is added, to the years they have spent,  
New-Year's gift, Sir—  
"But I'm not introduced—sooth I meant to be civil,  
Myself I'll present—as your servant—The Devil."  
"The Devil you are?"

"Yes Sir—but stay,  
We'll have a short confab, before you go'way.  
Stop, my dear sir—Olf! I see your mistake—  
You think I'm Old Harry—mine ancient namesake  
An utter mistake—I'm much younger than he,  
Although in points minor, we do sometimes agree.  
I was born in some year—though I cannot tell what—  
I'll consult the Big Bible—for I have really forgot:  
And as for my stock, I am led to believe,  
I am a lineal descendant of Grandmother Eve.  
My hoofs are not cloven—no horns on my brow—  
Nor tail in reversion e'en have I to show.

My character is—though I say it myself,  
An honest and peaceful, but frolicksome elf."  
That alters the case—I've a bowl of egg-nogg—  
I've lately forsworn all manner of grog,  
And decline, my dear sir, as excuse I allege  
That I yesterday signed the Temperance pledge.  
Well come in the house—sit down in that chair,  
Go on with your story—you talk and I'll hear.  
Some short month ago—I'm beginning my friend,  
Since all must begin, before it can end,  
Some short month ago, as I fancied a ride  
I saddled Pegasus and mounted astride,  
Though his wings were ill plumed and I wanted a spur  
If I pricked but one side I knew tother must stir:  
To note what I saw, a portfolio I took,  
Since a man is no man, till he has written a book;  
Nor marvellous faith—it's a natural thing,  
That what's in a calf's head, should be bound in calf-skin.  
I crossed the sea safe—nor met with aught rare  
Unless a chance mermaid adorning her hair,  
Arrived in Old England I kept a lookout  
To see that I knew my true whereabouts,  
But the air was so hazy—though mid-day—the sun  
Seemed nothing so like as a water balloon;  
And I thought—for my throat was sore from the fog—  
That I'd get at "The Arms" a warm tankard of grog.  
But when I got there—such a hubbub I ween,  
Some shouted Victoria—some bellowed The Queen,  
Hurrah for Prince Albert—quick—run for the nurse—  
I thought it was Bedlam, or some place far worse.  
What think you 'twas for? Nought else by my head,  
Than "Her Glorious Majesty" was just—brought to bed.  
I bolted outright—determined to go  
And pay a short visit to Johnny Crapau.  
I mounted my steed and gave him loose rein,  
Was soon within sight of Notre Le Dame:  
Just then such a volley of cannon let fly  
As a hogshead of thunder had burst in the sky.

Peggy pricked up his ears, as though he would say,  
In my humble judgment, hell holds holiday.  
Bon jour Monsieur—What's this? Je ne comprend—  
Saere! de funeral of Napoleon le Grand!  
In solemn mood I sought the mourning hall,  
Dark velvet drapery curtained o'er the wall  
Whilst fragrant perfume burning censers shed  
And bright yet chastened light shone mournful o'er the dead.

The pall was lifted from the altar stones,  
And lo! a heap of filthy, mouldering bones.  
Not conscience, but my stomach had its qualms,  
I overturned a friar begging alms  
Rushed from the chamber—bade final adieu  
To Paris, Napoleon, and Johnny Crapau.  
In my next route nought worthy note befell  
Dejected at Rome and supped at Dardanelles;  
Nor midway stopped but once, which was, I think,  
At Hipporene; to let Pegasus drink.  
When sounds Allah il Allah from the minaret's top  
Down on their knees all faithful Moslems drop,  
In doors or out, street, gutter, any-where,  
That sound proclaims a universal prayer:  
And sooth because I knew not—did not bow—  
Some villain snatched my beaver o'er my bow.

To this demurring, even though in sport,  
French leave I took full shortly of the Porte.  
Stopped next in China, to see in what strange sort  
My friend the Celestial held his august Court;  
I found the Mandarins in a mighty pothor,  
Some counselled this, some that, and some the other;  
The Emperor swore that whether he would or not  
The English crammed the opium down his throat.

And like the generals of that famous nation,  
He thought to stop the dose by proclamation.  
I knew 'twas vain—off in a tangent flew,  
Of Persia, Syria, took a birds-eye view,  
And as I peered deep in the crystal wave  
Methought I spied Old Pharaoh's chariot nave,  
However, this I don't assert as fact,  
Lest some may say, the fellow's skull is cracked.  
Passed on to Egypt, there again I stopped  
At Cleopatra's darning needle dropped;  
And looked, and looked, but could not see the eye,  
And if it was a needle could not tell why,  
But if it was, about the men of yore  
What monstrous inexpressibles they wore.  
Mounted anew, I travelled post to Spain,  
Found nothing strange and crossed the sea again:  
Arrived in Texas, there I saw a crowd,  
About a dying man—dying in his blood.  
I asked the cause—the questioned did not know  
"I'll tell you, Sir—he trod on my sore toe!"  
I heard no more, but streaked it homeward straight,  
To Bowie-knives, I have a mortal hate,  
With pistol, poignard, rapier, I can bear,  
But Bowie-knives, they're shocking, I declare,  
Zounds! here I've talked and talked this blessed while  
Nor thought 'twas New-Years, my goose will surely spoil  
"Nay go not yet, here take this vacant seat  
For like Old Tip I've e'er a ready plate"  
With all my heart, you hold the maxim true  
Whate'er betide, "The De'il shall have his due."

THE CARRIER.