

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS
TO THE PATRONS OF THE
"HERALD & EXPOSITOR,"

ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW-YEAR,
JANUARY 1, 1847.

MY DEAR PATRONS: What a glorious thing it is to be a Poet! And who is there among the very select few to whom Nature has granted her choicest boon,—the "gift divine of Poesy,"—that is not proud of it, and that is not eternally writing, and afterwards eternally talking about what he writes? Poetry, I must confess, and I hope I do it with becoming modesty, is my particular vanity—it is with me far above the empty vanity of "wearing good clothes" and such trifles.—Your Carrier must be a poet,—it is his vocation,—and I have been patiently waiting this occasion to let myself out strop in something original, unique and brilliant, for your especial edification and amusement. I have been for the last week boiling like a tea-pot with inspiration, and felt just "in the vein" for throwing off a grand National Poem, as long and as warlike as the President's Message. I meant to go with my darling Muse clear down to the Rio Grande to "see the elephant," which has so excited the curiosity of our gallant Volunteers—to follow our daring Eagle as she plumes her flight for 54 40 and California—and of course I should have been with "the boys" who are going to "revel in the halls of the Montezumas." But the fates were against me—I sat down to write, but oh, such horrid pens and pale ink! As a young lady once shrewdly remarked no one can spell correctly or write grammatically with bad pens and bad ink.—And to write poetry with such materials, is beyond the highest effort of genius—it can't be done. The very attempt threw me into such a nervous chill, that the poetic inspiration vanished instantly.

But I wasn't to be fooled by any such provoking circumstance. I was determined the readers of the 'Herald' should have a poetical New Year's Address, and a first-rate one too. So I coolly turned to my portfolio and took out a gem by PRENTICE—by the way do you know PRENTICE, of the Louisville Journal, the keenest wit of the age? I have often told PRENTICE, that this poem makes his fame immortal. Think I if the patrons of the 'Herald' can be satisfied with anything less than a production of my own, it will be this. So I adopted it for the occasion. It is upon the "Close of the Year." There are some very solemn reflections connected with the close of the year, especially to me. I shall feel very solemn this evening, I am sure, dear Patrons, if I do not realize your usual liberality to-day; and if I don't get a pretty good pile of "HALVES," "QUARTERS" and "LEAVES," my poetry will be very nearly "knocked into fits." This is a very distressing apprehension, but I am sure I do you injustice by entertaining it for a moment. But the truth is "filthy lucre" will sometimes obtrude upon a Poet's thoughts. Excuse the weakness, and while you've got your purse out, let me invite your attention to my adopted Poem, and subscribe myself

Annually "yours to serve,"
GEORGE L. GOUGHER.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Gone! gone forever!—Like a rushing wave,
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being—and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo.

The gay Spring
With its young charms has gone,—gone with its leaves,
Its atmosphere of roses—its white clouds,
Slumbering like seraphs in the air—its birds
Tolling their loves in music—and its streams
Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks
To make earth echo with the joy of waves.
And Summer, with its dews and showers, has gone;
Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud,
Like spirits of the storm—its peaceful lakes
Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers, and budding trees
And overhanging sky—and its bright mists
Resting upon the mountain tops as crowns
Upon the heads of giants. Autumn, too,
Has gone with all its deeper glories—gone
With its green hills, like altars of the world
Lifting their fruit offerings to their God—
Its cold winds ataying mid the forest aisles
To wake their thousand wind harps—its serend
And holy sunsets hanging o'er the West,
Like banners from the battlements of heaven—
And its still evenings, when the moonlight sea
Was ever throbbing, like the living heart
Of the great universe. Ay—these are now
But sounds and visions of the past—their deep
Wild beauty has departed from the earth,
And they are gathered in the embrace of Death,
Their solemn herald to eternity.

Nor have they gone alone: High human hearts
Of Passion have gone with them. The fresh dust
Is chill or many a breast that burned erewhile
With fires that seemed immortal. Joys that leaped
Like angels from the heart, and wandered free,
In life's young morn, to look upon the flowers,
The poetry of nature, and to list
The woven sounds of breeze and bird, and stream
Upon the night air, have been stricken down
In silence to the dust. Exultant Hope,
That roved forever on the buoyant winds,
Like the bright, starry bird of Paradise,
And charnted to the ever listening heart
In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
Or soared into the open sky, until
Night's burning gems seemed jewelled on her brow,
Has shut her drooping wing, and made her home
Within the voiceless sepulchre. And Love,
That knelt at Passion's holiest shrine, and gazed
On his heart's idol as on some sweet star,
Whose purity and distance make it dear,
And dreamed of ecstasies until his soul
Seemed but a lyre, that wakened in the glance
Of the beloved one—he too is gone
To his eternal resting place. And where
Is stern Ambition—he who madly grasped
At Glory's fleeting phantom—he who sought
His fame upon the battle-field and longed
To make his throne a pyramid of bones
Amid a sea of blood? He too has gone!
His stormy voice is mute—his mighty arm
Is nerveless on its clod—his very name
Is but a meteor of the night of years
Whose gleams flashed out a moment o'er the Earth
And faded into nothingness. The dream
Of high devotion—beauty's bright array—
And life's deep idol memories—all have passed
Like the cloud-shadows on a star-light stream,
Or a stream of soft music when the winds
Are slumbering on the billow.

Yet why muse
Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along
Upon its heaving breast are thousand wrecks
Of glory and of beauty—yet, why mourn
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedeth to the past—in their bright round
The seasons come and go—the same blue arch
That hath hung o'er us, will hang o'er us yet—
The same pure stars that we have loved to watch
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour,
Like lilies on the tomb of Day—and still
Man will remain, to dream as he hath dreamed
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old affections—Hope,
And Joy, and great Ambition, will rise up
As they have risen—and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great ovents are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of Heaven were 'prisoned in its soundless depths,
And struggling to be free.

Weep not that time
Is passing on—it will ere long reveal
A brighter era to the nation.—Hark!
Along the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep, portentous murmuring
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air
When the fierce tempest, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his keep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hurries onward with his night of clouds
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant FREEDOM—and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
From every hill-top of her western home—
And lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood—
And "FREEDOM!" "FREEDOM!" is the answering
shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years.
The day-spring!—see—'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign—
From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free—
And the deep watch-ward, like the rush of seas
That heralds the volcano's bursting flame
Is sounding on the earth. Bright years of Hope
And Life are on the wing!—On glorious bow,
Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges—its high arch,
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the heavens.