

# CARRIER'S ADDRESS

To the Patrons of the

## CARLISLE HERALD AND EXPOSITOR.

JANUARY 1, 1854.

Old year farewell.—One parting tear  
We drop upon thy early hier.  
Then haste to pay the honors due  
Thy young successor.—Brief review  
Becomes thy works ere thee we urn,  
And then like politicians turn  
To him in power. Not to the dead  
Look we for "spoils" or daily bread;  
"It will not pay" in homely rhyme  
To praise the dead.—The wisest thing  
Is leaving flatteries to utter  
When they'll bring us bread and butter  
The living pay for laud and pain,  
The dead don't care a pinch of snuff  
For stacks of eulogistic stuff.  
What boots to know that snows and sleet  
Thy swaddlings were and winding-sheet;  
That Spring paid court to thee with flowers,  
And Summer cooled thee with his showers,  
Autumn brought fruit to please thy taste  
Till Winter hid his labors waste;  
That as the bell tolled twelve last night  
Thou "cut" our world and died outright?  
Thou'st shown thy graver ways to scan  
With mighty States and mighty man.  
As King or President—gentle pates—  
In speech or message annual prates  
Of glory, self, and all creation,  
And "universal yankee nation."  
So we—windy as they and long—  
Burden, with all the world, a song.  
Begin, like charity, at home,  
And o'er the globe as blindly roam.  
Queen of this mundane, sweet Carlisle,  
On all the mundane deign to smile.  
With thee what burgh may claim compare  
In whiskered beaus and frizzled fair,  
In valor, wisdom, wit and cash,  
Poets' and Editors' balderdash,  
Parsons' and pedagogues' learned swell,  
Doctors and lawyers up to "sell,"  
Barbers and merchants—(who beside  
So close can shave and spare the hide?)  
Market and court-house, cheek by jole,  
Tavern and church—stomach and soul,—  
"Bars," the bribe of political tools,  
Jail for rascals,— College and Schools—  
That Cumberland all her scamps may send  
To moral Carlisle their manners to mend,  
And neighboring States increase their gains,  
By needful barter,—brass for brains,—  
At our stone mart, where sage D. D.'s  
O'er musty tomes nod at their ease,  
While Freshmen study, "fast" young blades,  
The art of winning love-sick maids,  
And "spooney Juniors" doff their books,  
For novelettes and ogling looks,  
And bristling Sophs o'er "honor bright"  
Dare all the world, and die in fight.  
Learned our bench and learned our bar,  
With crime and loss of costs at war,  
Yet counsellors and judges blench  
Before the tavern-bar and bench;  
Justice and right have naught to fear,

THE HERALD OFFICE BRINGS UP THE REAR!!  
And politicians get the blues  
O'er the "prohibitory" screws;  
O'er "rights and farming interests" drivels,  
Kick in the traces (most uncivil)  
And, as of ill's the lesser evil,  
Consign their party to the devil.  
"Give us Maine Law!" the people cry,  
"Constitutional flaw!" "old fogies" reply;  
"Up Steam!" at each bar-keeper's beck  
"Whistle and break!"—your thirsty neck.  
Visit the "spirits." In magic glass,  
They show the past and coming to pass,  
Rap!—"presto! CHANGE!" the spirits come,  
Brandy or Gin, Old Rye or Rum,  
Court lips!—with love the beakers wave  
In sparkling bliss, let fancy lave,  
Then trim her plumage for the skies,  
And paradise in dream arise,  
Till senso returning breaks the spell,  
And, as from glory Satan fell,  
You, too, like lightning plunge to hell.  
Our Borough Council's learn! "talks"  
On dirt and ditches and side walks  
Th' Assembly's self of Old Keystone,  
A thing or two, how things were done,  
Might teach, and our law-makers gladly  
Might learn—they need example badly.  
Too sage our borough "sires" for gibes,  
Too honest they for trade in bribes,  
Too honorable, as I'm a sinner,  
I'll invite all Maryland to dinner,  
Blow off their gas in speeches fine,  
Run up cool thousands too for wine,  
Then leave the bill, as 'twere no matter,  
Or payment might raise fuss and clatter.  
Th' successors, who might do the same,  
And in their own hide others' shame,  
Or leave the whole for men to settle  
Of prompter mould and better mettle.  
Dear people! foot like men the bill  
For legislative show and swill,  
Trudge to your plows, wield hard your axes,  
Dinners and taverns,—double taxes.  
Our borough, too, might teach the nation,  
And lessons give to all creation,  
Could we our glorious way make known  
Of letting men's affairs alone,  
And how we hate with curious eye  
To finger everybody's pie;  
How we despise the prying few  
Who, restless as the Wandering Jew,  
Roam other towns in noisy squads,  
With hats behind on ugly wads,  
As if the empty house below  
Needed no cover but for show.  
Our new elected loco king  
Will doubtless finish every thing  
But keep the "hards" and "softs" in order,  
And filibusters from the border,  
Senate from choosing their own printer,  
Mouths shut on compromise all winter,  
Showing which side the fence he stands  
Upon the gift of public lands,

Highways to open to Pacific,  
To States in trade and gold prolific,  
And find no cause for great vexation,  
Unless it be that all creation  
Won't toss up hats for "annexation."  
Owhyee, Ireland, Afghanistan,  
Cuba, Greenland and Japan,  
Whence he perchance might think it better  
To send a fleet to fetch a letter.  
The "nine days' wonder's" over, Frank,  
Parties will play you many a prank.  
Hold with strong hand the guiding rein,  
For you will never guide again.  
While Congressmen with wordy war  
Keep the whole continent ajar,  
Railroads cry out "how fast we go."  
(Wild geese and pigeons think you slow  
And o'er the awry world's progression,  
Greely & Co. hold many a session,  
And Germany or Ireland pours  
Prison and almshouse on our shores.  
Woman to honors thick aspires,  
Reverends, Lawyers, Doctors, Squires,  
And who but may not live to see  
A Presidentess "L. L. D."  
"Young America" rules the day,  
And hastes to do old things away.  
Our sires' Republic is no go,  
And even Democracy's too slow.  
O'er empires old hangs ruin red,  
About to tumble on their head.  
The round of government is run,  
Mankind's millenium is begun;  
And man in his own mighty manship  
Dissolves for aye oppression's clanship.  
No more 'neath Emperor and King,  
To skulk a chattel or a thing;  
But, without ruler, law or book,  
Patrol the universe on his own hook.  
John Bull exults in his domain,  
O'er sea and land extends his reign;  
While "Vic" with heirs supplies his throne,  
As bees keep queens for spawn alone.  
Russia and Turkey—simple gulls—  
Find fun in smashing each others skull.  
And while the Danube, Pasha Omar  
Bestrides, to lock horns with the Czar,  
Austria holds off to see fair play,  
Fearing of fight she may rue the day.  
England and Franco's combined fleets  
Lie by to crow with the cock that beats.  
Santa Anna still climbs the tree *eclat*,  
Aspires to Nappy's *coup d'etat*,  
Bargains to swell his glorious reign,  
A slice of national domain.  
So wags the world, and so our song,  
Like a dull homily too long.  
Then lend your Carrier "material aid,"  
Just for the honor of the trade,  
And a twelvemonth hence he'll joy to hear  
That you've had what he wishes, A HAPPY  
NEW YEAR.

CARRIER BOY.