On the Commenseniers of the Asw-Year

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

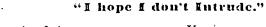
PATRONS

OF

STATES TO

EMPOSITOR,"

Ianuary 1, 1846.



Last night as I lay on my couch of down And dreamingly dozed as the hours passed round, . The old year breathed in my car and said Some minutes, my lad, and I have fled?

'Eh ! what, Forty-five not away so soon !'' Why sure for a year you mistake a moon. A moon in sooth, I own you have seen, But moons are not as yet years, I ween.

9.00

HI TITS

But lately I learned to write you, when Away like the wind you're off again. Just introduced I have made my bow, . And lo, you cut the acquaintance now.

My hopes were still fixed on the time to come---You've stricken my whole calculation dumb. The many days of "feed and fun" Forbidden ere they had yet begun.

Hold there, thou forgetful and thoughtless boy, Look back on thy life full of passing joy. What toy is this which lies broken here ? Twelve months ago it was a token dear.

Who last called St. Valentine's billets forth !--The day of our Washington's joyous birth? Good Friday's shells which of every kind, You've strained and cracked on Easter too ?

Have I not awoke you with thunders when The fourth of July lit the land again, And given the freemen a sacred day On which to praise, give thanks and pray?

And last you have had to remember me In the revels and mirth of a Christmas spree. When friends, and fruits and the witty stroke, And cakes passed round to complete the joke.

Ye sires on whose locks the gray silvery dew The three score and tenth frost makes glitter anew ; Ye living charts of the sea of time, Ye fiedglings bound for another clime.

A stripling who plays in the sands you've trod This bright happy morn asks a passing nod. O smoothly on may your frail barks glide Till wrecked on strands o'er this raging tide.

Ye matrons, who long as the salt of the earth Are spared to behold yet a New Year's birth Whose breath of prayer as it climbs the skies Dispels the wrath boding clouds that rise

To-day as I tramp all the rough streets through How happy if I may be blessed by you-God grant that your sun may inglory set And stars be the gems of your coronet.

Good morn my friends of the mid-day life How oft have we met in the world's fierce strife, When you each day not an hour could loose When I brought round the full sheet of news-

But now is the time for rest and sport Your pockets are filled and so is your quart. Be merry, O be merry ye and full of glee, As I shall be with the carrier's fee.

I love the young beau, full of glee, to meet To day with fine dress in shop and street, With brace and straps, and his beardy down As large as the Pope in his morning gown.

His cane in his hand and segar in his mouth, He puffs like the crater which rises far south, Bút ah, he thunders a cheerful din, Instead of lava he spouts the tin."



irt.

I've seen the wild winds lay aside their wrath, And clouds let down the reviving bath. The blade of green and the flowret fair Bedeck the ground that lay dead and bare.

The harvest its weightiest ears unfold I've seen when the breeze waved the sea of gold, And falling leaves and the frost-browned mut Till snows and storms the rich scenes have shut.

Why sleeper, I have measured the lives of some They've gone who with me to this world have come Though some may still dwell a while with you There goes with me quite a nun ber too-

Complain not to me of too short a stay-Nor waste the bright days as they glide by Good bye! My errand is run at last I go to the shades of the ages passed.

Good Patrons and kind, thus the old year spoke On my ears the noise of its swift wheels broke. I rose, and gazed with a sigh to see It lost in the haze of eternity.

'Tis gone hut thank heaven it has left us here, And the suh has now broke on another year-Here's mirth, and peace, and all else to bless And the PRINTER'S DEVIL with his first address. A quarter per rhyme he calls wonderous cheap-A quarter, by cupid its wortha heap He folds it neat and presents his miss Who bows in a bustle her knight to kiss.

But girls do excuse me this morn, I pray, So long my respects I neglect to pay, I know though but a lad I be, A pretty lass has a charm for me,

Your smiles and your cheers are commingling here Like roses and songs in the spring of year,-May joys as bright as those smiles portray Be thine, and a speedy wedding day.

Hurra, now hurra for the year that's come Of hopes we are full, and of fears have some May the hopes increase and the fears grow less Or sink in the tide of our hopes success.¹²

Nor base be the sources of our desire Nor low be the mark to which we aspire. Be virtue's robesour regalia fair, And worth the pearl that shall sparkle there.

And now my friends I wish you all, A happy new year, great and 'small, 'And "hope I don't intrude," at all, When I ask you for a QUARTER. "A quarter, boy, why how you talk, I think would be a superior of the second I think you're most too willing," Willing or not at least you ought To hand us out a SHILLING.