

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

"HERALD & EXPOSITOR,"

On the Commencement of the New-Year

January 1, 1846.

"I hope I don't intrude."

Last night as I lay on my couch of down
And dreamingly dozed as the hours passed round,
The old year breathed in my ear 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.

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.

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 nut
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 number 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 but thank heaven it has left us here,
And the sun 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.

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 fledglings 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 in glory 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,
But ah, he thunders a cheerful din,
Instead of lava he spouts the tin.

A quarter per rhyme he calls wonderous cheap—
A quarter, by cupid its worth a 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.

Nor base be the sources of our desire
Nor low be the mark to which we aspire.
Be virtue's robe our 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 you're most too willing,"
Willing or not at least you ought
To hand us out a **SHILLING**.