

ADDRESS
TO THE PATRONS
OF THE

“CARLISLE HERALD.”

JANUARY 1, 1863.

PROLOGUE:

“Let Milton cease to rhyme
Let Watts lie in his tomb,
Let Shakespeare stand behind the door,
To give this ‘poie’ room.”—M. GOOSE.

Come hearken now good people,
List to a man of letters,
We carriers of the weekly press,
Acknowledge none our betters.
My New Year’s song,
I’ll try to sing,
When I have made my bow sirs,
And have told you I’m a man of note,
And my name is GEO. L. GOUCHER.

Our currency is very bad,
I hope ’twill soon be better,
But people don’t regard the law,
Or mind it to the letter.
For used up stamps,
There’s no excuse,
Nor any such disasters,
For every town is flooded o’er,
With ragged, old shinplasters.

As when I last addressed you,
The war is going on,
We still try to whip the Rebels,
With efforts great and strong.
To Maryland
They came one day,
And Mac’ went out to meet ’em,
And gave them a good humming,
At a creek they call Antietam.

Our Governor, Andy Curtin,
Called out our soldier boys,
And they went off to Hagerstown,
With lots of fuss and noise.
Like the King of France,
Was their advance,
With fifty thousand men,
They all marched into Maryland,
And then, marched back again.

They now are home among us,
These vet’rans strong and stout,
They have seen the smoke of powder,
And heard the battle shout,
To tell hard yarns,
Of war’s alarms,
Does seem to quite delight them,
How Franklin county hens and ducks,
Had often tried to bite them.

There was the Anderson Cavalry,
Men both brave and true,

Who were sent here, near the border,
To scare the rebel crew.
They did intend,
Us to defend,
From foes, in all directions,
But all that they accomplished was
To steal the girls’ affections.

The troop was ordered off one day,
’Twas in a hard snow storm,
But each one had a *comforter*,
To keep his body warm.
The ladies fair,
In force were there,
They risked both cough and croup,
For to the cars they all must go,
Oh! “Good-bye Anderson Troop.”

One day alas poor “little Mac,”
To leave the army *had to*,
And Burnside of ye Roanoke,
Had now the chief command to,
At Fredericksburg, he
Marched on Lee,
Where shot and shell sad havoc made,
In our ranks of gallant soldiers,
And we “retired” as Burnside said.

Now Mr. Seward to make it worse,
Did tend his resignation,
But Mr. Abe, he did not “see it,”
And so he saved the nation.
The stripes and stars,
Still wave o’er bars,
For it is their appointed place,
And now we’ll fight and sure we’ll win,
For its the “wind” that makes the race.

And now my friends and patrons,
My story I’ve related,
I’ve told you all about the war,
The incidents have stated,
And yet, for-ooth
To tell the truth,
I’m not quite done my tale,
For when I’ve said that I’ve ’nary red,
My luck you’ll all bewail.

Then if you wish to warm my heart,
Just open up your purses,
There’s nothing like a little cash,
To atone for all reverses.
And then indeed,
I can say “God speed,”
To every one who greets me,
And shall ne’er regret, that we have met,
On this morn of ’63.