

CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS

OF THE

"CARLISLE HERALD."

JANUARY 1, 1865.

Fellow-Citizens of renown'd Carlisle!
And Patrons of its faithful "Herald!"
Receive this message with a gracious smile,
Or all my New-year hopes are peril'd!

Oh for some fruitful theme on which to write!
And oh for thoughts that breathe and words that
burn!

We'd bring important interests to light,
And teach you lessons that all should learn!

Tis said by sage Philosophers of yore,
That to begin aright is all we need,
And then the hardest work we have is o'er,
Except to end the Poem, and read!

But we have found it very hard throughout,
To write while sleigh-bells jingle in the ear,
And all is noisy bustle round about,
As though some awful crisis would appear.

A person's thoughts are all confus'd by noise;
And one forgets what one would like to say;
The Muse is silenc'd by the sound of boys,
And the Poet's vision flits away!

Let's see! I hardly know on what to write,
Or in what manner to address my Friends,
That would their generous hearts delight,
And thus for all my failures make amends.

I have it! *Politics* shall be my theme!
A subject fresh in every mind;
T'will suit the views and tastes of Messrs. Rheem
And Weakley, with others of their kind.

This subject is an Ephraim's cake turned;
It has two sides—a right one and a wrong;
And politicians have too often learn'd
That the right is not always to the strong.

The party spirit ran too high last fall;
And what was written and what was said,
Partook too much of bitterness and gall,
And our revengeful, evil passions fed.

Both parties used the weapon of abuse,
Instead of argument and reason;
Vulgar epithets were more in use
Than proof of Error or of Treason.

Copperhead and Woollyhead and such like
Terms, reminded one of Boys in flight,
Who, while they were too timorous to strike,
Would abuse each other with delight.

Tis sad, indeed, that men of high
And brightest in our Nation's catalogue,
Should the objects of vile slander be,
By sordid, office-seeking Demagogues!

These slanders are but measures used
To feed the vilest appetites of those
Who think, when men of office are abused,
They bring their own dishonor to a close.

Our desires often carry us away,
And contract our sense of what is right;
And that which those who differ from us say,
Is viewed in a distorted light.

We think that ev'ry man should think as we,
And help us to sustain our party cause;
We give to none that precious liberty
Which we ourselves secured by laws.

Neighbor A thinks neighbor B's a fool,
If not a traitor and a scoundrel too,
Because he will not be a party tool,
And vote and do as others wish him do.

And thus men made an Idol of their views,
A Deity of their candidate,
And a monster of the man who chose
To differ from them in affairs of State.

Many thought the Clergy should be mum,
And treasure up their people's views by rote,
That when the election day should come,
They would be better qualified to vote.

Those who refused, received the brand
Of a copper or a woolly head,
As though they were vile traitors to their land,
And to all piety and justice dead.

While party issues are no proper theme
For Sabbath sermons in the sacred Nave;
Yet who but Partisans would ever dream
That Pastors should their honest judgment wave?

Their standing and their calling make it just,
That they, as well as Demagogues at least,
Will be faithful to their public trust,
Without conversion to a lying Priest.

One wholesome lesson we have learned,
By party contests of a rabid kind;
To be hereafter more concerned
About the faults we in our own hearts find.

Give to others what is in honor due,—
Their right of judgment and of action,
To Country and to Church be faithful, true,
Without dissembling, or detraction.

Remember the needy and the poor,
And pay the Pastor for the pew you rent;
For ere the storms of winter shall be o'er,
His moderate income will be spent.

And ye that come to Market with your ware!
Ask a price within the bound of reason;
Think how some poor people have to fare
In this inclement, wintry season!

Would you, my friend, give fifty cents for eggs,
And the same for a pound of butter?
To ask you that, would put you on your legs,
And cause your very heart to flutter!

And now, kind Patrons, I have done my task,
And pause to greet thee on this New-year's day;
But one small favor yet I have to ask,
It is that you will not forget to PAY!

The price,—we leave it to yourself to say
What compensation Poets ought to get;
For poetry like this, just let me say,
The grateful Public owes a willing debt.

We brought to you the "HERALD" once a week,
And now, its happy New-year Greeting;
One generous boon for this we seek,—
A Quarter to attest this meeting!

GOUCHER.