

# CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

JANUARY 1, 1873.

## WILLIAM SPANGLER, CARRIER.

Again the Carrier's artless rhyme  
Reminds his friends that Father Time  
Hath turned another of his pages  
That mark the years in all our ages.

In Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-One  
A lively year hath past and gone;  
He made his mark in history,  
And made a busy time for me,  
And all my staff of agents, too,  
You find the news I bring to you.  
How many changes have been wrought  
In this great World of Deed and Thought  
Since last your Carrier's Annual Greeting  
Craved blessings on your New Year's meeting!

The vine fields of "Sunny France"  
Have felt the hostile, fierce advance  
Of German legions; and her sons  
Have stood till slaughtered, by their guns,  
And poured their blood in seas to save  
Their country from being made the slave  
Of foreign-masters; all in vain  
Their blazing homes and heaps of slain—  
Fate seemed to aid the outnumbering foes  
And mocked the Frenchman's patriot blow.  
Till France's chivalry and pride,  
For which her children bled and died,  
Were trampled in the blood-stained dust,  
With all but Gallie honor lost!

And the victorious German hordes  
Have all returned with reeking swords,  
To chant a song of victory  
And shout for "German Unity."

Our own dear "cousin," Johnny Bull  
(Who tried so hard to pull the wool  
Over our eyes about those "claims")  
Sent hither men with lordly names  
To make a Treaty, which was "done"  
Six months ago "at Washington."  
Of course that honest gentleman  
Intends to cheat us—if he can.  
We don't forget how he and Nap—  
And Bismark and the King of Prussia  
Would have increased our sad mishap  
Ten years ago, if brave old Russia  
Had not stood by us to the last  
Until our troubles all were past,  
And Uncle Sam grew strong enough  
Once more to make it "rather tough"  
For any two-faced foreign "cuss"  
To turn his wicked face towards us.

And if they think that we forget  
Old Russia's friendly conduct yet,  
Or that the sense of favors vexed  
Our people, like "ungrateful Turks,"  
Let them enquire of Prince Alexis—  
He'll tell them "how the old thing works!"

Alas, Poor Tweed! That phrase was his,  
And makes one think of what he is  
Compared with what he used to be  
Before it was found out that he  
Was the head-center of a Ring  
Of rogues who should be in Sing Sing;  
Who, charged with guarding Gotham's rights,  
And property, spent days and nights  
In plotting how to rob and "bleed"  
Us all, to gratify their greed.

But when the people learned the shame  
And wrong, they rose in Freedom's name  
And, in ever-glorious hour,  
They tumbled all the knaves from power,  
And gave the city's trust again  
Back to the hands of honest men.  
Thus have we shown each lordly drone  
And monarch on his tottering throne  
That a True People's praiseful will  
Remains the mightiest power still.

To it the bold Ben Butler bowed,  
Like Sweeny and "the Tammany crowd,"  
And scores of others want to bow  
To that same wondrous mandate now:  
George Francis Train and Tennie C.,  
And "Vicky" Woodhull won't be  
Elected Presidents next year,  
And Grant and Greeley slyke with fear  
Before the champions who would prove  
That "Down with England," and Free Love  
Are all we need to make us strong  
And "happy as the day is long."

And we have grown so strong already,  
And all so swift, and sure, and steady  
Has been the progress that we've made,  
That all the World's become afraid  
To enter in the lists with us  
For even a spar or "friendly muss;"  
(Just think how that poor Ashbury  
"Protested" our supremacy!)  
Our Nation's great, and grand, and glorious,  
O'er all her foes on earth victorious;  
And as she's now, so may she be  
When the Carrier greets you in Seventy-Three.