

ADDRESS

OF THE CARRIER

TO THE PATRONS OF THE ELKTON PRESS.

JANUARY 1st, 1930.

"Faint, fervent, faintly reproachable tongue"—Yemen.

"O for a lull in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless solitude of shade;
That, (divested of the narrow and distress
Of human kind) the pious Compote
What strife and tumult has the world displayed,
Since last the Carrier, with his new-year's song,
Was at your doors—a youthful flaxen face,
Else I could point the fierce conflicting throng,
The roar of hostile hosts, and wars remained as tangle.

But ah how common has the theme become,
Battles and bloodshed crowd the historic page,
Of Forts' labours there have been the sum
And scope, in every clime and every age!
Why should I tell how Russ and Turk engage,
And stain with gore the consecrated ground,
Where the great Roman patriot, saint and sage
Beard the proud city lauded and renowned,
Where Christian cities dwell, and royal fairs abound.

The Turkish crescent must descend to dust,
Perhaps, these fierce contentions cease,
O wretched nation, cruel and unjust.
How well your suffering with your acts agree;
Hope not for peace, 'till your voice is on the sea,
Oppression's canker must destroy your state,
'Till a while a vile submission frees
Your land from the effect of Christian hate:
Fruit Ottomans, ere long shall rain be thy fate!

But shall no greater ill from these arise
Than gulf and cities writhed in flame,
Beneath the arches of the Pyramis skies,
Where multitudes had the carrier's name?
What voice prophetic was it to me came?
Say was it wafted from that Delphian dome,
So long renowned for the truth of fame?
Or from thy groves, Dodoni, did it come,
Or whispered by the spirit that ruled the Sybil's tomb?

Nevertheless it said—"Yes, Turkish towers shall fall,
Assisted death with Meccan cut-throat;
The palace blazes, its mysterious hall,
(Where numerous beauties wait the monarch's bed),
Shall cease to invade women's tread,
The piercing scream already strikes my ear,
The brutal jolt, the harum scarum,
Frenzied ruin view'd by pallid fear,
And Turkey's self must claim compassion's holy tear!

But then what horrid scenes succeed to these,
All Europe trembles at a despot's frown,
And freedom dies—"who but with sorrow sees
The faint portion of the world's overthrow,
And follow men in foreign fetters groan?
Thou to ourselves heaven's bounty freely yields,
All that can make the joys of life our own,
Health, peace, prosperity and fertile fields,
And patriots' ardour, worth a thousand brassen shields.

You've read the General's message? It appears
Quite well adjusted now well adjusted:
Government, to ministers intrusted
Will be well done, I doubt not—speaking quite
Our great man, McPherson speaks quite clever,
Barely does well, Green comes a little better,
By Jarvis likely—but the friends may never,
Till war away perhaps, and all be well as ever.

Branch seems in blossom; his report's quite fine,
Flowery as May, and full of sense and brain;
Eaton likewise in print appears to shine,
Full of intelligence, yet quite clear of pain,
How well the pen and sword his thoughts divide,
Kendall, they say, is a noble-looking man,
His honors fit him closely as his skin;
Van Buren, the German stock began,
Two may rightly judge that from them.

Van Buren is a man of sense, I guess—
(Let not the Yankee phrase your patience shock.)
A man of sense, or something more or less,
A head quite round, and solid as a rock—
Mind, gentle reader, I don't say a block;

For black and head together serve to express
As ideas not separable—No check
Could be more regular than to I even
The "some have said that many a wretched folk,
The cover of as good a man has been,
But such remarks have sprung from my own jaws obscure.

And we'll sing the praise of every one
Van Buren, Barry, Branch, McPherson, and Kendall,
If all are bad, I trust my fault you own,
And (this is plain to say) may they mend all,
I think, my friends, this better than to send all
To Horry. But hush for Ench's song,
And if these observations should offend all,
Or say, if I agree—so there's my song,
To heal the wound, if 'twere, why I don't care a—d—d—d.

By which I mean three scruples, to be sure,
Or as some say, the eighth part of an ounce,
That some attack to that expression none,
A drink of whiskey, brandy, beer or rum,
For my own part, I solemnly pronounce,
(In spite of Doctors, temperance men and all),
And fill the area of the world with rum,
Than what a dream of whiskey-punch we call,
Or brandy, brandy or beer, or brimstone—by St. Paul.

And yet, my countrymen, beware of drink—
Too much, I mean—"G" an abomination.
Of fortune, health and fame the direst sink,
Disgracing every rank and every station,
Too much this vice prevails in our great nation,
This vice of drunkenness and those who tell
To root it out, impose an obligation
On law, religion—it perverts our soil,
Hides deadly taints, and lawless passions boil.

Thus have I sung, by some kind mind inspired,
The thoughts that first rose upwards in my soul—
By no relation is my fancy fired:
Nor with Hesperus from the sacred bowl,
Which he strains in to our sufferer roll,
I seek not to set myself on high;
The voice of fame extends from pole to pole,
And fills the ears of the vast world;
And yet the famed, like us, must die, must grieve, must die!

This stanza was invented by one Spencer,
A hard who lived in good Quaker's reign;
He was a man perhaps of some good sense,
But very "chimerical," else I'm afraid,
Indeed I think that fact is very plain,
From reading of his book called "Fairy Queen,"
Which he who reads will surely find plain,
Or else he has more patience and less pain,
Than our own carrier—my humblest friend.

Then Bontie tells these verses in a song,
"Veil'd by the 'Minstrel' pretty good,
Not very short and yet not very long,
More if you'd wish to know, why you may read—
"Ah, who can tell," he said to proceed—
Byron came next with his noble rhymes,
The "Childe Harold" which some call a weed,
And some a flower, that decorates two times,
But most allow 'twas blazed by the poet's crimes.

"Glorious and gain the industrious tribe provoke,"
Said Mr. Pope, who understood mankind—
I think the observation is not a joke,
In fact it's true we almost daily find;
But what is glory? 'tis the man that shines
In history, not his monuments behind;
To better rest to have your name well lined,
Than be the subject of a placard of offence.

I think so, friends—and now to show how well
My practice and my words are joined in one,
Let not your tongues my rhyming scribble tell,
Nor weave a wreath of verbiage for me,
The silver sound of praise I fain would flee,
Substantial silver I would rather see,
A small reward my recompense should be,
Which if you grant, my gratitude for you,
And making a low bow, I bid you all adieu!

THE CARRIER.

Twenty-First Congress.

FIRST SESSION.

January 1st, 1930.

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Charles S. Howell of Hartford county, John S. Smith, of Baltimore county, and James S. Thomas, of St. Mary's county.

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Our Ensign—It is now the season of the year for fire—almost every paper we expect to give in account of the ravages of this destructive element.

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Clothes, Cassinets, and CASSINETTS.

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I think the observation is not a joke,
In fact it's true we almost daily find;
But what is glory? 'tis the man that shines
In history, not his monuments behind;
To better rest to have your name well lined,
Than be the subject of a placard of offence.

I think so, friends—and now to show how well
My practice and my words are joined in one,
Let not your tongues my rhyming scribble tell,
Nor weave a wreath of verbiage for me,
The silver sound of praise I fain would flee,
Substantial silver I would rather see,
A small reward my recompense should be,
Which if you grant, my gratitude for you,
And making a low bow, I bid you all adieu!

CHESAPEAKE & DELAWARE CANAL.

A writer in the National Gazette says, that the tolls on the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal are much greater than one hundred dollars a day at high water. He says that the Collector at the western lock had received, for the night since, 1930 on merchandise going westward between the hours of sundown and sunrise the evening morning, and that during the same short period of 15 hours, more than half as much had been received at the western lock. This information, he observes, being confirmed by one of the directors, must be correct. The same writer also states that the old line of Baltimore steam boats contemplate ending all their passengers and goods, and transporting the canal, and that line of packets to commence running between Philadelphia and New York, and a brick trade with the south, Norfolk and Petersburg, will be carried on through the same new channel as soon as the works of the proper size and draught of water can be built.

When it is known that one line of steam boat company pays \$14,000 per annum for the use of the canal, which is to be the fact, and that when this amount is paid, the number of days in which the navigation is not interrupted by ice, and the Sundays that the boats do not run, it is hardly to be believed that a day's toll will be readily believed that the tolls on that canal amount to much above \$100 per day.

Details of the first settlement of the canal. The canal is one of the most important memoranda found in the "New American Almanac." Virginia was settled in 1607—New York, 1614—Massachusetts, 1630—New Hampshire, 1633—Maine, 1634—Delaware, 1639—Maryland, 1634—Connecticut, 1636—Rhode Island, 1639—Pennsylvania, 1639—Georgia, 1733.

A former canal said a merchant some grain, and to take the pay from the stone.

He went into the street and demanded his pay.

THE NAVY.

The following is, we believe, a correct list of the U.S. Navy in commission, and now in service.

Mediterranean Station—Despatch, 74, Com. W. M. Brown, Jr., Capt. J. D. Fenner, Constellation, 36, Capt. A. S. Wadsworth, Fair, 18, Master Commandant F. A. Parker, Lexington, 18, Master Com. W. M. Hunter, Warren, 18, Master Com. C. W. Skinner, Ontario, 18, Capt. T. H. Stevens.

Pacific Station—Guerrero, 44, Com. C. C. Thompson, St. Louis, 18, Master Com. J. D. Shaw, Vincennes, 18, Capt. Finch, Dolphin, 18, Lt. J. P. Zentgraf.

West India Station—Falmouth, 11, Com. Jesse D. Elliot, Erie, 18, Master Com. Daniel Turner, Peacock, 18

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