

# NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS OF THE CARRIER OF THE PATRIOT & MOUNTAINEER.

(JANUARY, 1864)

OLD LINCOLN gave a grand *Levee*, invited lots of folks,  
To partake of his rich dainties, and listen to his jokes;  
He had heard from Chattanooga, his joy was very great,  
So he resolved to have a spree before it was too late.  
The sure retreat of Longstreet, too, had filled his cup of joy,  
His heart was full of pleasure, too, without the least alloy.  
The White House teemed with many guests, old Seward was on hand  
To give such aid and comfort, too, as Lincoln might demand.  
The ministers from foreign courts, in all their gay attire,  
Were there to grace the festive scene, the splendor to admire;  
The members of the Navy Band discoursed sweet music there,  
And every one was made to feel his portion of good cheer.  
The ladies, too, with artful smiles, all graced the fairy scene,  
The face of nature wore a look all pleasant and serene;  
And nothing marred the joyous hours—the programme was complete,  
For every room was filled with guests, and crowded was the street.  
The chandeliers, like meteors bright, illumined every place,  
And not a look of sadness could be seen on any face.  
The preparations all complete, the appointed hour came,  
All seemed anxious, too, to share the great Commander's fame.  
The music of the giddy waltz, the conversation loud,  
Monopolized the eyes, the ears, the time of every crowd;  
And thus the hours wiled away, and time with rapid flight,  
Bore on its never-tiring wings the pleasures of the night.  
The feast came on, a gorgeous show of nature's dainties rare,  
The sparkling cup, the merry laugh, each took an active share,  
In honor of the victories gained by Grant's tremendous host,  
Dangeful of the battles past by other Generals lost.  
When soon Old Abe was ushered in, to greet the mighty throng,  
To join the dance, enjoy the laugh, and list to merry song.  
Seward soon approached his chief, and in a winning way,  
Told him he had a private chat, a few kind words to say.  
He had a few choice spirits near, who were invited there,  
Would like an introduction, if he had time to spare.  
"With all my heart," said Lincoln, "pray bring them to me now,  
I'll extend to them my best regards, and make my lowest bow."

So, old Seward brought a host, in gayest colors dressed,  
Some of them were from the South, and some were from the West;  
Some were rigged in plain black suits, and some in rebel gray.  
Indeed they made a mighty show, a very fine display.  
Old Seward told him they were true, though raised in hostile lands,  
They never yet had volunteered with muskets in their hands,  
To fight against the stars and stripes, as all their neighbors had,  
And to introduce them, at this time, had made his heart quite glad.  
Old Abraham, with awful grip, and with a gracious smile,  
Now gave his guests a welcome true, and bade them stay awhile,  
He wished to tell them how his heart with gratitude o'erflowed,  
His feelings for his friends down South no mortal ever knowed;  
For while the war was raging strong, and battles being lost,  
And his mind with wild commotions was daily being tossed,  
He always turned with calmer mind, to look to distant friends,  
For sure and firmer efforts to gain his cherished ends.  
For since this awful war began, I have used every means  
To stop this wild rebellion, sirs, but all in vain it seems.  
The rebels hate me, that I know, and that has made me mad!  
'Tis true I have done many things I wish I never had.  
I thought to scare them at the first, by proclamation made,  
I called my troops by thousands out, to get the South afraid,  
But with contempt they treated me, and as it were for sport,  
They made Bob Anderson haul down our flag on Sumter's fort.  
They fired at our vessels, too, whenever they came in sight,  
To tantalize us every way they took such great delight;  
And, for revenge, I sent my fleet their harbors to blockade,  
In hopes to bring them back to terms, but they were not afraid.  
I burnt their houses and their barns, their property destroyed,  
And all the efforts men could make, my Cabinet employed,  
To make the rebels badly scared, and give their projects o'er,  
But greater efforts by us made, exerted them the more.  
Three hundred thousand soldiers, sirs, we called to put them down;  
At first it caused them some surprise, at last it caused a frown;  
They saw we were in earnest, and in earnest they became;  
Instead of putting out the fire, they fanned it to a flame.  
I can't forget McDowell's trip; indeed, sirs, 'twas no fun,  
To ruin my grand army, sure, at the battle of Bull Run.  
I was resolved to have revenge, so I put in prison those  
Who would not fight against the South, as our most bitter foes;  
And even pretty ladies, too, and damsels young and fair,  
I caused to be imprisoned, the rebel host to scare.  
I ordered all my soldier boys to burn plantations down,  
To tear up railroads, bridges burn, and plunder every town;  
The growing crops they must destroy, the farmers' tools despoil,  
And every effort they must make to desecrate the soil;  
Burn public houses, Churches rob, steal ladies' finger rings,  
Take all the silver they could find, and lots of other things;  
Force every one to take the oath, nor feel the least regret,  
To find for them a snug abode in old Fort Lafayette.  
Counterfeit Confederate bills, their stock of cotton steal,  
They must the evils of this war, with all its horrors feel.  
I've tried to get to Richmond town; somehow I can't succeed;  
I gave McDowell first the job, the last was General Meade;  
Somehow old Lee is hard to head, I think it is the best  
To strengthen my grand army with forces from the West.  
One more last effort I will make, and if indeed I can't,  
I'll lay the whole entire blame on my best General, Grant.  
To take infernal Charleston, sirs—ah! that's my chief concern—  
If the city doth surrender, then every house must burn.  
Oh! I have a great ambition to place friend Butler there;  
I want that boasting people, too, his humbling yoke to wear.  
Ah? could I capture Sumter, too, my joy no words could tell;  
I would be willing then to die, and bid this world farewell.  
Let's see: is the plan to coerce rebels South?  
Then, try and keep subsistence from every hungry mouth;  
I cannot do the thing myself, but still I have the friends  
Who have the means to carry out my noble, cherished ends.  
They live in all the Southern States, some hail from Northern land,  
I can approach them right I know, their ways I understand,  
They care not for their Country, sirs, while money can be made,  
To buy and sell at profits large, has been their daily trade;  
These are the men I will enlist; they hate the army life;  
They shudder at the very thought of war with all its strife.  
Now, Seward, leave me for awhile—I want to be alone,  
While to these kind, invited guests, I make my wishes known.

Kind sirs, on you I must depend, to gain my dearest ends;  
I often hear and speak of you, as our best, warmest friends;  
Without your aid, it were in vain, all trials we may make;  
Be constant in your efforts, boys, our cause do not forsake.  
Unless our ranks are three to one, we know what we're about!  
This is the reason that we drove the rebels from Lookout.  
Why, every river, every creek, with gunboats doth abound,  
The largest cannon in the world near Charleston now is found.  
I've tried Greek fire, monstrous shells, the job proves rather hard,  
To take that hated rebel nest, and bag old Beaufort.  
My white folks cannot do the job, in vain they pull their triggers;  
At least I have been called upon to get the help of Niggers.  
I was in hopes some foreign friends would stop this bloody strife!  
I'm tired of this sacrifice of precious human life.  
I am too proud to sue for peace! to back out I'm afraid!  
Look at the enormous public debt this little scrape has made.  
Oh! could I reach the starting point, and cancel all we owe,  
I'd let Jeff. Davis and the South in perfect quiet go.  
To get our mighty debts all paid, the South must do the same;  
To quit, and each one pay his scores, would blast our mighty fame.  
What then shall my people do? we've tried all earthly powers,  
The Union is a perfect smash, and ruin must be ours.  
We'll try to starve the rebels out, 'tis now our only chance,  
We hoped to get assistance from England or from France,  
But they agreed to stand aloof, and let us end our fight,  
Neutrality their motto is! perhaps they may be right.  
They hate to make the rebels mad, and lose their mighty trade,  
When this infernal war shall end, and perfect peace is made;  
And, too, they dread us Northern folks, our navy is so great,  
So we are forced to bear the brunt, and trust to chance and fate.  
Starvation! yes, sirs, that's the word, our only hope I fear:  
'Tis a cruel mode of warfare, I really do declare.  
I'm told the rebels suffer much for clothing and for shoes,  
They have no blankets to keep warm! that is glorious news!  
The Winter is upon us now, and you, my friends, must try,  
To use your best endeavors, too, to keep down the supply.  
They call you Speculators, sirs, no matter for the name,  
I'll try and have your noble deeds inscribed on rolls of fame;  
Depreciate the rebel funds, buy up their silver, gold,  
Let all the produce now on hand at killing rates be sold;  
If drafted in the army South, a substitute obtain,  
And put a tariff on your goods, your outlay to regain.  
Buy up all surplus things you find, Confederate notes discard,  
And let them feel the ills of war, and know the times are hard;  
In all the cities and the towns, go walk each busy street,  
Buy up the homespun and the yarn at every chance you meet.  
No matter if a soldier's wife or children's tears implore,  
Put up the price! if want is great, then ask a little more;  
Don't let a peck of corn escape, buy all the bacon, too,  
And all our Eastern people, sirs, will long remember you.  
The soldiers must have clothing—their monthly pay is small,  
If wives approach imploring you, pray take from each her all;  
If their children are bare-footed, and pinching be the weather,  
Then ask ten dollars for a pound of sole or upper leather,  
Three dollars for your bacon, boys, ten dollars for your wheat;  
If killing time should be on hand, then ask two dollars neat,  
Ten dollars for potatoes, sirs, and eighty cents for salt,  
Tell them, 'tis owing to the war, and it is not your fault.  
If hospitals are filled with sick, and dainties can't be found,  
Ask for your Rio Coffee, sirs, ten dollars by the pound.  
For whiskey fifty dollars ask, don't let the rebels drink,  
It will bring them to their senses, and cause them, too, to think.  
Ask thirty dollars for a bunch of cotton yarn, be sure,  
The rich can buy just what they want—you must oppress the poor;  
The rebel army is made up of men of slender means;  
Get twenty dollars for a yard of common country jeans;  
For butter, ask three dollars cash, I know they'll think it hard;  
Four dollars get for every pound you have to spare of lard.  
The poor, they have to suffer, sirs, I want to make them feel;  
Then make them pay two dollars for every peck of meal.  
I want to make some discontent among the rebel ranks,  
And if you do it, you will have my kindest, warmest thanks,  
And when you get a mighty pile, don't keep your funds on hand;  
Go quickly, sirs, and lay it out, in houses and in land.  
Abraham bade his guests adieu, with many wishes kind.  
Reminding them to not forget the friends they left behind.  
The joyous party now broke up, and Lincoln's friends retired,  
And at their kind reception, too, elated and inspired.  
The Carrier begs to differ with Lincoln and his friends;  
They never can accomplish thus their wishes and their ends:  
The Union cannot be restored—the South will yet succeed,  
And our blessed Southern land from tyrant rule be freed.  
A million Yankee hirelings can ne'er subdue our cause;  
The nations of the world shall yet accord us great applause.  
The murderer's hand shall never wield his sceptre o'er our land,  
True as the blades their courage wield, shall Southern foemen stand.  
And proud old Sumter boldly dares to tempt the serpent's ire;  
In vain, his target may be long St. Michael's lofty spire.  
Old Charleston! sacred to her trust, will yet withstand the storm,  
Though monitors and gunboats, too, by hundreds round her swarm.  
Let the Northern wolves in legions around your islands howl,  
Let them snap their jaws with venom, with rage still let them growl,  
In vain their fleet may ride the waves that dash against your shore,  
In vain on cherished homesteads their iron hail may pour;  
Still guided by an unseen hand, the sky will yet be bright,  
Our glorious cause must prosper, for we are in the right.  
And while our land can yield us corn, and while our rivers run,  
The freemen of this Southern land can never be outdone.  
In vain the Speculator may his mushroom fortune make,  
In vain from friendless orphans; too, their little pittance take;  
His greedy gains will haunt his soul, his children bear the blame,  
When his body shall have perished in infamy and shame.  
The Carrier has transcended his own allotted task;  
On New-Year's Day he left his home, a simple boon to ask:  
The Patriot and Mountaineer he brings you once a week,  
And his pay for this great trouble, he now has come to seek:  
As every thing is very high, his pay must be the same;  
He hopes his friends will still keep up their old established fame.  
It takes a heap of money now to buy a pair of shoes,  
So fill my empty pockets up, and I will tell the news;  
Tell every friend I have in town, in print it may appear,  
How generous were subscribers, this first day of the year.

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