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EBOCH PRATT ALTO.

THE NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS

TO THE FRIENDS AND PATRONS OF THE "Clearspring Sentinel."

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Kind Patrons, hail! 'Tis New Year's day that brings me to your door,
To sing my Song, and tell my tale, as oft' I've done before—
Then listen to the simple strain, it will not keep you long;
And hoping you'll forgive its faults, I'll now commence my song:—

(slow and solemn.)

HARK! on the midnight silence breaks a low and silvery chime
Which softly stealing on the ear, proclaims the march of time,—
TIME, who makes Kings to quake with fear, and Monarchies to fall;
TIME, whose dark tide awaits for none, but onward bears us all—
And as those notes with solemn peal, sound on the wakeful ear,
They knell the death of passing time, the end of one more year.
Of one more year that flitted by, filled with its sin and crime,
To swell the ocean of the Past, the memories of time.
And could we but unveil those dark and hidden scenes of woe,
And view some of those past events, which God alone can know,
We'd shrink with horror from the sight, and shuddering, exclaim:
"Oh! can it be that this bright world's so full of crime and shame?"

ONE YEAR HAS GONE! and in its flight sent many to their God,
And bosoms that once warmly beat, lie pulseless 'neath the sod;
And friends have wept o'er severed ties,—and *father o'er his child**
He fondly loved, which won his heart by ways so meek and mild.
AND at the marriage alter stood, arrayed in all their pride,
A youthful bride-groom and his fair and sweetly blushing bride;
And there they pledged their vows of love, and dreamt of pleasures *here*;
Those dreams soon fled, for *she* he loved, *died*, in the by-gone year.
Whilst breeze, and rill, and rocking pines, and stars with twinkling ray,
Join in one song whose silence is—we *all* must *pass away*.

ONE YEAR HAS GONE! and with it too, Kingdoms have passed away,
And Thrones have trembled—Nations too, have thrown off tyrant sway;
Whilst France, which was a Kingdom once, is a Republic now,
And wears no more a tyrant's bonds, nor to his motions bow;
But when Rome rose from servitude, and spurned the Papal Crown,
France sent an army *there* to crush, and trample FREEDOM down;
And 'neath the mighty blow Rome *fell!* And with the damning stain,
Her sword is curs'd, her honor lost, and blemished her fair name.
Whilst Hungary too, who amidst the clanking of her chain,
Was driven back in blank despair, to misery and shame.
Thus mighty revolutions have transpired in *one* year,
Among the Nations of the earth; whilst all was quiet here;
All quiet—save among those few who rule and guide the land;
For we've another President to govern and command.

ONE YEAR HAS GONE! and with it changed most things from "days of yore,"
Now Girls wear numerous *Skirts* and *Paddies*, which they never did before.
'Tis thus with the *Fashions*, Time changes them too,
As oft he has changed them before;
For he brings back the old styles, and calling them "new"—
All like them, and wear them the more.

And *Preachers* build churches wherever they can,
Provided "the people" will—let 'em;
Then calls for *their* "dollars" to help on the plan—
I'll give mine, oh, yes!—when I get 'em!

And *Politics* too, seem the talk of "*the age*,"
If *the right age* proclaims him—a Man!
He'll swagger, and blow, seem as wise as a sage,
And vote too—*provided* he can!

And *Love's* the go now between man and maid,
And in that brief passion they revel;
With kisses, and presents, and vows never paid—
I'd rather give mine—to the "*devil!*"

ONE YEAR HAS FLED! one long, long year has now forever gone!
'Tis buried with the Ages Past—another year is born.
Then hail ye Patrons! on this year
All happy may ye be!
And from your plenty freely give
MY ANNUAL NEW YEAR FEE!
For I've bestowed on you my song,
And that with heart-felt joy;
And now my friends do not forget
YOUR FAITHFUL CARRIER BOY.

* The Editor within the by-gone year laid beneath the grassy sod a lovely child.

TO STOP MOUSE HOLES.—Take a plug of common hard soap, stop the hole with it, and you may rest assured you will have no further trouble from that quarter. It is equally effectual as regards rats, roaches or ants.

☞ "There is a time for all things," said a crusty old fellow to his wife.—"I'll believe that," answered his wife in a sharp vinegar voice, "when you *pay for your newspaper.*" Hit him again, old woman, we'll stand by you.

Keep Him Down.

Aye, keep him down. What business has a poor man to attempt to rise—without a name—without friends—without honorable blood in his veins? We have known him ever since he was a boy—we knew his father before him, and he was but a mechanic—and what merit can there be in the young stripling? Such is the cry of the world, when a man of sterling character attempts to break away from the cords of poverty and ignorance and raise to a position of truth and honor. The multitude are excited by envy—they cannot endure to be outstripped by those who grew up with them or their children sinking and hence the opposition a man encounters in his native place. Despite of this feeling, many noble minds have risen from obscurity and lived down their opponents; but others have yielded to discouragements lived in obscurity, and "died and made no sign." Let it not be thus with you, young man. Persevere—mount up and you will startle the world.

AGONY OF THE MURDERER.—Some years since a most horrible murder was committed in one of the New England States. The murderer was tried, convicted, and hanged. In his last address to the people assembled to see his execution, he said:—That after he had committed the murder, he stood musing on the dead and mangled body lying before him. It was night, and he was alone in the house. A pitch-pine knot was burning on the fire-place, and enlightened every part of the room. He stood gazing upon his victim, he heard the flapping of a great pair of wings, just behind him, and turning round saw the grim and magilnant visage of the enemy of souls,' standing near him, and regarding him with firey eyes, and a countenance expressing a most sneering fiendish triumph. He desired to die to be rid of that horrible visage, which continually haunted his imagination.—Poor man! he will probably look on that same visage through all eternity!—*Uncle Sam.*

TEMPERANCE IN SWEDEN!—The punishment for drunkenness is very severe in Sweden. For the first time the offender is fined three dollars: for the second, six; for the third and fourth times a much larger sum: he loses besides the right to vote and be voted for. The following Sunday he is exposed in a sort of pillory at the parish church. For the fifth offence he is confined in a house of correction, six months at hard labor; and for the sixth, the punishment lasts a whole year. A person convicted of having tempted another to drunkenness is find three dollars, or six, if the victim be a minor. An ecclesiastic loses his place on the first offence; a civil officer is suspended and sometimes removed.—*Flag of our Union.*

MATRIMONIAL.—Of all themes, perhaps that of the sorrows of matrimony has been most subservient to the turning of jokes and anecdotes. The subject would seem to be inexhaustible from the abundant yield and the immense draft upon it. One of the best hits, of a calm, satrical character, that we remember, is that of a funeral. In passing through the street a bier was struck against the cornor of the house, and the corpse, reanimated by the shock, was restored to life. Some years afterwards, when the woman died in earnest, her husband called to the bearers, "Pray, gentlemen, be careful in turning the corners."

☞ CLOSING paragraph in Patrick Henry's Will:

"I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had this and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; & if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

☞ A man who become rich by his own unaided exertions, was asked by a friend the secret of his success. "I accumulated," said he, "about one half of my property by attending to my own business, and the other half by letting other people's entirely alone."

☞ Art thou poor? show thyself active and industrious, peaceably and contented. Art thou wealthy? show thyself beneficent and charitable, condescending and humane.

Lion Fight:

OR THE SHOWMAN OUTWITTED.

The menagerie was in town.

A rare occurrence was the exhibition of the wild beasts, lions, tigers, Polar bears and ichneumons, in Baltimore, at the early day of which we are writing; yet they came occasionally; and this time were visited by Nat Wheatly, a jolly, weather-beaten boatman, well known in Baltimore, as an inveterate joker, who never let any one get to the windward of him. He was furthermore a stutterer of the first class.

Nat visited the menagerie. As he entered, the showman was stirring up the monkeys, and tormenting the lions, giving elaborate descriptions of the various propensities and unnatural peculiarities of each and all.

This, ladies and gentlemen—this, I say is the African lion. A noble beast he is, ladies and gentlemen, and is called the king of the forest. I have heard that he makes nothing of devouring young creatures of every description, when at home in the woods. Certain it is, that no other beast can whip him."

"M-m-mister," interrupted Wheatly, "d-do you say he can't be whipped?"

"I does," said the man of lions and tigers.

"What-at-ll you bet I can't fetch a c-c-critter what'll whip him?"

"I ain't a bettin' man at all. I don't object to take a small bet to that effect."

"I'll b-b-bet I c-c-can f-f-fetch something that w-w-will whip him. W-w-what do you say to a hundred dollars?"

Now there were several merchants in the crowd who knew Wheatly well, and were fully convinced that if the bet was made he was sure of winning. So he had no difficulty in finding backers, one of whom told him he would give him ten gallons of rum if he won.

The menagerie man glanced at his lion. There he was crouched in his cage, his shaggy mane bristling and his tail sweeping, the very picture of grandeur and majesty. The bribe was tempting, and he felt assured.

"Certainly, sir, I have no objection to old Hercules taking a bout with any creature you may fetch."

"V-v-very well, said Nat. It's a bet."

The money was planked up, and the next night was designated for the terrible conflict. The news spread over Baltimore, and at an early hour the boxes of the theatre were filled—the pit being cleared for the affray.

Expectation was on tip-toe, and it was with impatience the crowd awaited the arrival of Wheatly. He at length entered, bearing a large bag or sack upon his shoulders, which as he let fall upon the floor, was observed to contain some remarkably heavy substance. The keeper looked at it with indignation.

"Th-th-there," said Nat, pointing with his finger to the bag.

"Well, what is it?" asked the man with increased astonishment.

"Th-th-that, l-l-ladies and gentlemen, said Nat, gesticulating like a showman, "is a w-wh-whimbamper!"

"A whimbamper," echoed the keeper; that's certainly a new feature in zoology and anatomy. A whimbamper! Well let him out and clear the ring, or old Hercules may make a mouthful of both of you."

The keeper was excited.

Accordingly, Nat raised the bag, holding the aperture downwards, and down rolled a snapping turtle, the cheers and laughter of the audience made the arches ring.

"Th-th-there he is," said Wheatly, as he tilted the whimbamper over with his hands and set him upon his legs. The snapper seemed unconscious of his peril. The showman was about leaving the room when he swore that his lion should not disgrace himself by fighting such a contemptible foe.

"V-v-very well," said Nat, "if y-y-you ch-choose to g-g-give up the hundred—"

"But that's unfair," cried the showman.

The audience interposed and insisted upon the fight. There was no escape, and the showman reluctantly released the lion, making himself secure on the top of the cage.

The majestic beast moved slowly around the ring, snuffing and lashing, while every person held their breath in suspense. Lions are prying beasts, and this one was not long in discovering the turtle which lay on the floor, a huge and inanimate mass. The lion soon brought his nose in close proximity to it, which the turtle, not liking, popped out its head and rolled its eyes, while a sort of wheeze issued from its savage mouth. The lion jumped back, and made a spring at the critter, which was now fully prepared for his reception. As the lion landed on him the turtle fastened his terrific jaws upon the lion's nostrils, rendering him powerless to harm, yet with activity of limb, he bounded round the circle, growled, roared and lashed himself; but the snapper hung on, seeming to enjoy the ride vastly.

"Go it, wh-wh-whimbamper," cried Wheatly, from the boxes.

The scene was rich. The showman was no less enraged than the lion. Drawing his pistols he threatened Nat, with terrible threats, that if he didn't take his turtle off he'd shoot him.

"Ta-ta-take him off yourself," shouted Nat, in reply.

At this critical moment, by dint of losing a portion of his nose, the lion shook his dangerous foe from him, and clearing the space between him and the cage, he slunk quietly in to chew the cud of defeat and pain.

It was a fair fight, all declaring that the whimbamper was the victor. The money was paid over to Nat, who left the theatre delighted at the success of his whim. The next morning he carried his turtle to market and sold him.

So this valiant champion, after conquering the king of beasts, served to make a dinner for epicures.

Kissing no Robbery.

"Oh! quit—get out—now don't you;
I really wish you wouldn't!
Oh! quit—will you!—Oh, get out—
You know you ought to shouldn't.

There now, you've got it!—oh, be still!
You shan't have any more!
You've got—oh take your face away—
What no man has got before!

One more, there that will do—oh, don't!
You've rumpled up my hair,
If you'll but quit, I'll give you one—
Now take it—there—there!

☞ [illegible]ed, antiquated maiden vi[illegible] physician for advice. [illegible] doctor, I'll warrant to m[illegible] do you good to have a lit[illegible] air."

"Oh you abominable critter! a son and heir! Oh, dear! will somebody fan me?—I shall go off! The outrageous brute! a son and heir!"

The old maid vamosed, and has not since been seen.

☞ The papers says a woman in Ohio, put her baby into the washing-tub, and its dirty frock and pettycoat into the craidle, and set her little boy to rock it.—She did not discover her mistake until the baby cried when she pinned its left leg to the line, as she hung it in the yard to dry.

☞ A printer, whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason of it. "In printing," answered he, "all the faults are exposed to the eye—but in physic they are buried with the patient, and one gets mere easily off."

☞ One of the deepest thoughts we ever had was when we were a child.—We fell into a well one hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the earth, and were wondering how we should get out.—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ A Boston paper says that they are beginning to pave the streets of Havana with Massachusetts granite, so that United States flags will soon be trampled on in the city of cigars.

A LIBERAL MAN.—One who wants to rent your stable, and offers the eggs laid on the hay mow by other people's chickens, as rent.

☞ A little girl, hearing it remarked that all people had been once children artlessly inquired:—"Who took care of the babies?"

☞ Kissing another man's wife by mistake, our imp very appropriately terms a blunder-*buss.*

☞ The following "rules" are posted in the New Jersey school house: "No kissing girls in school times. No licking the master during holidays."

Almsgiving never made any man poor, nor robberry rich, nor prosperity wise.