



THE PILOT.

1848

THE CARRIER BOY'S NEW-YEARS' ADDRESS

To his generous Patrons.

O'er the dark regions of untravell'd space,
'Mid peopl'd planets of some happier race;
Time with his measur'd speed hath silent cast
His 'darken'd pinions o'er the fated past:
And sought around the circle of the sun
The future pathway whence his course to run.
No former trace remains of what has been;
Oblivion's veil hath hid the closing scene:
New moments hail us now, and friends appear
With ardent hopes to meet the new-born year.
Hail, Eighteen Hundred and its Forty-eight!
Thus figures change as men will change their state—
And months pass on from dark December's sky,
To that where Janus lifts his head on high;
Where fairer prospects from the sun's warm glow,
Gleam on the surface of the mountain snow:
The welcome presage of some brighter day,
To cheer the woodman on his wintry way.
Health to our readers!—from the Press we come,
To make our bows at each kind Patron's home;
To hail them joyous 'mid that circle dear,
Where Plenty smiles amid the festive cheer:
And at the board where fond affections meet,
To place this tribute of our "Extra Sheet."
It bears no "Foreign Items" fraught with fears
For England's safety and the Crown she wears;
No fall of Stocks—returns of Iris's Rents;
Nor price of Consols in the Five per Cents:
No Paris murders, and no stern decree
By Austria's hand to check the brave and free!
'Tis but the News Boy with his simple lay,
Who comes to greet you on this festal day.
From that kind store which willing hearts command,
He asks some kindness at your generous hand.
At morning dawn with quicken'd pace he bore
His well-fill'd columns to each Patron's door;
Where at the breakfast hour with plenty blest,
His folded *PiLor* came a welcome guest.
Smile on him, then,—accept his humble verse,
And cheer his spirits from your well-fill'd purse,