

PROPHETIC WORDS.

A CARRIER'S ADDRESS WRITTEN IN 1813, IN WHICH ISAAC A. CHAPMAN PREDICTED THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIES—THE WARRING WORLD THEN, AS NOW, CLAD IN HOSTILE ARMS.

The carrier's address as a feature of newspaper life has dropped out of use except in small communities, and has given way to the almanac, but the Record has been handed one that pleased Wilkes-Barre readers eighty-five years ago, and that will be curious and interesting to republish now. It is by Isaac A. Chapman, father of C. I. A. Chapman of this county. It is the original manuscript and was sent to Steuben Butler for publication in his paper, the Literary Visitor. It shows the original punch holes of the copy hook. It was written from Montcalm, Dec. 20, 1813, at which time Mr. Chapman was 26 years old. For a full sketch of Mr. Chapman see Historical Record, vol. 4, page 184. He was a prominent surveyor in this county, wrote the first history of Wyoming, published the Wilkes-Barre Gleaner in 1816, and was an enthusiast in mechanics and literature. He died lamented at the age of 41.

At the time the address was written, our country was in the throes of the War of 1812 and Mr. Chapman pathetically paints the sufferings of our armies, and in language truly prophetic looks forward to the time when the United States shall become independent of foreign commerce by developing its own manufactures, and when distant nations shall come to buy of us,—a prophecy which we have lived to see fulfilled. Though we boast to have made great advances in international relations and to have inaugurated an era of peace, the powers, just now so threatening, are about as they were when Mr. Chapman wrote in 1813,—
"Vain are our wishes, when with dire alarms

The warring world is clad in hostile arms."

The interesting old manuscript was handed the Record by C. E. Butler, son of Steuben Butler, publisher of the Visitor in 1813:

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ADDRESS.

From the Carrier of the Visitor to His Patrons.

How shall the newsboy strike a jocund lay
To cheer his patrons on the New Year's Day?

'Tis true, no wishes can be more sincere
Than his, that all should spend a happy year.

But vain are wishes, when with dire alarms

The warring world is clad in hostile arms.
Such were the wishes when the year begun.

But few are happy, now the year is done.
When revolutions shake the trembling world

And mighty nations to the tomb are hurled.

When the whole globe from pole to pole shall rock,

We too, must feel our portion of the shock.

But what if we beside the cheerful fire,
Enjoy those comforts which our wants require,

And when the storm, with fury howls around,

Feel not the blast, nor heed the dismal sound.

Yet the poor soldier, in the northern snows,

Hungry and cold, and freezing as he goes,
Feels the chill tempests which around him roar.

Sighs for that home, he'll never visit more.

A heart of sympathy for other's woes
Feels for the sufferer in Canadian snows,
And though, perhaps, he disapproved the cause

Which sends our armies forth to foreign wars;

Yet when our standard on the embattled field

Waves o'er the foe whose hostile banners yield

He feels rejoiced to hear our arms succeed.

Yet sighs for those whom fate has doom'd to bleed.

For those whose blood has stain'd the sanguine plain,

How many mourn a friend, or brother slain.

On William's plains all clad in wintry snows,

Or Queenston hills where Niagara flows;
Or Beaver-dam begirt in gloomy woods,

Or Brownstown banks, which bound Detroit's floods,

Or where the Thames his crystal current winds

'Mid hills of beech and swamps of waving pines.

It matters little, if the virtuous brave
Find naught but honor in a distant grave.
When fifty years have roll'd their course away

Who knows who fell upon the battle day?
A Pike's or Covington's regretted name

May be inscribed upon the rolls of Fame.
A Lawrence—Burrow's—or an Allen's deeds.

May dress their funeral hearse in splendid weeds.

But he who smil'd around our social board

Who for his country drew his trusty sword,

Who sought no honors,—ask'd for no command.

Now lies forgotten in a foreign land,
And those, whom once his social virtues bless'd

Know not the place where now his ashes rest.

His aged mother heard the dismal tale,
Then sunk beneath the willows of the vale;

And she to whom he gave his plighted vows,

Now laughs a maniac, 'mid the drifting snows.

Such are the pleasures which on war awaits

The mournful fortunes of ambitious States.

We hop'd when first the fruitless mock campaign

Had clos'd the scenes on Niagara's plain,
And Smyth returned, unenvied whence he came

In wither'd laurels of bombastic fame;
That learning wisdom from our errors past

Success might crown our varying hopes at last;

And when the next campaign its toils should cease

The object gain'd, might bid us hope for peace.

But disappointment drives these hopes afar

And bids us look for long continuing war.
Again our generals quarrel, and again

Our tented army waits the next campaign.

But though the war has spread its evils wide

Our manufactures rise on every side,
And soon will furnish as our commerce dies

Sufficient sources for our own supplies
That wealth which once lay floating on the seas.

A prey to foreign Orders and Decrees,
Shall find new sources in our native soil,

To bless our country and reward our toil.
Our native mountains, unexplor'd before,

Shall yield a rich supply of useful ore.
And thousand hills, where now the forest grows,

Shall furnish fleece, white as Russian snows.

And then again when peace our land shall bless,

Our native sons in native garb shall dress,
And distant nations, where we used to buy,

Shall seek our shores to find their own supply.

Then prosperous times shall bless our land again

And the pleas'd newsboy find a happier strain.