

YEAR'S ADDRESS

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TO THEIR PATRONS.

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support their prowess, when by passion led,
He deems his honor ^{old} ~~lost~~ ^{to be} ~~lost~~ ^{may},
For fancied injury, ~~and~~ ^{he} ~~may~~,
To heal the wound, ~~and~~ ^{venge} ~~ends~~,
And senseless ~~and~~ ^{ends},
To gain revenge, ~~and~~ ^{ends},
And shoots, remorseless, ~~and~~ ^{ends},
He wants to traffic, so his ~~and~~ ^{ends},
To over-reach,—and then ~~and~~ ^{ends},
His wife with blistered ~~and~~ ^{ends},
head,

Tolls for his living, and his children's bread,
While he, the robust ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Her scanty earnings, with ~~and~~ ^{ends},
His mind in children's ~~and~~ ^{ends},
hosts,

Of spectral beings, and ~~and~~ ^{ends},
In later life he lights the ~~and~~ ^{ends},
At which the poor ~~and~~ ^{ends},
His social union, knows ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Of pseudo-savant, and ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Phrenologists, corn ~~and~~ ^{ends},
The num'rous pater ~~and~~ ^{ends},
And filthy charlatans, ~~and~~ ^{ends},
By pandering in ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Harpies!—who revel in ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Upon his ignorance, ~~and~~ ^{ends},
His politicians, with ~~and~~ ^{ends},
For mere emolument, ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Regardless of the way ~~and~~ ^{ends},
So they subvert their ~~and~~ ^{ends},
A neighboring ~~and~~ ^{ends},
His nation's lawless ~~and~~ ^{ends},
And swift, as the ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Onward he huris his ~~and~~ ^{ends},
And bloody war, and ~~and~~ ^{ends},
March, ~~and~~ ^{ends},
While time, again ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Of ~~and~~ ^{ends},

Her panted neck, ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Or tawdry beads, or ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Her ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Deemed by her class, ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Her ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Imparts the odours of the ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Her swelling bust, but ~~and~~ ^{ends},
Dyes the ~~and~~ ^{ends},

And learns to float, upheld by manly hands;
Her ~~and~~ ^{ends},
But those the gentle sex might fairly know,
Sometimes becomes so eloquently rude,
As puts a peaceful neighbourhood in feud;
To dressing prone since Eve her mother
sinned,

Her fashions change as often as the wind,
And styles, perfection thought to be to-day,
Her husband sees to-morrow tossed away,
And thus the costly change goes on until,
His bug-bear, is Her millinery bill;
But going far beyond the boldest guess,
That savage taste could make in planning
dress,

She gains the height of fashion when she
coops
Her lower members in her spring steelhoops,
Spreads on this cage, the filthy trailing skirt,
That sweeps the street, and gathers up its dirt;
She turns away for some ambitious scheme
The worthy object of her heart's fond dream,
Repels his suit, returns his tender gaze,
And ties herself to money and old age,
Repents too late her wretchedly played game,
And ends the scene, perhaps with tarnished
name.

Such is mankind,—examine whom we will,
Comparison, the same proclaims them still,
And from one single source contrast contends,
The wide spread human family descends;
Their physical distinctions, although great,
Attack the argument with futile weight,
They, with some other things of trifling worth
Are accidents of climate, habits, birth;
Their nature and their conformation show,
From one old root the scattered races grow,
And every phase that marks the human tree,
Are differences only of degree;

But such ornament acts as the anvil,
That points and polishes the piercing steel,
Thus rendering it more dangerous still,
And more effective, both to wound and kill,—
But that which elevates the human race,
And raises man to his intended place,
Developed light to straying mortals, when
Its beaming heralds sang good-will to men,
Brightens their future, cheers their present
state,