

THE CARRIERS  
OF  
THE TRUE WITNESS  
TO THEIR PATRONS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1865.

Once again, 'neath the Frost King's keen cold breath,  
Doth our land lie locked in a trance like death,  
Forgotten the violets of smiling spring,  
The birds flitting past on joyous wing,  
Or carolling clear on hawthorn spray,  
Mid roses of June and buds of May.  
Forgotten the beauty of Summer arrayed,  
In exquisite richness of tinting and shade,  
Or the mellower glories of Autumn's short days,  
Its brightly dyed woods, its skies golden haze.  
We think not of them—they are past and gone,  
The flowers all withered, the bright birds flown  
And gazing abroad on the snow storm drear,  
We shivering murmur that winter is here.

Well, is it not welcome? who'll say no,  
When its breath fills the frame with healthy glow,  
Gay smiles lighting up each happy face,  
Fair childhood joining in romp and race,  
Boys bounding amid the glittering snow,  
Their cheeks with roses of health aglow,  
Skaters careering gleefully past,  
With graceful motion, easy and fast,  
Or the sturdy snow-shoer, calm and sure,  
The coldest winds nerved to endure,  
Whilst loud on the ear rings the sleigh bells clear,  
And voices wishing "a happy New Year."  
Tis a season that may well repay  
The heart for many a weary day,  
Rich and poor feel its pleasant power,  
Bow to the charm of the festive hour,  
Forgiven, forgotten, many a feud,  
Many a waning friendship renewed,  
And new ones formed that will last for aye,  
Most precious fruits of a New Year's Day!  
Tis a season too for earnest thought  
O'er the many changes Time has wrought  
In the twelve months that have speeded past,  
Like an arrow's flight, resistless—fast—  
A season for a reckoning strict  
With conscience, waiting to judge,—convict—  
In the secret chamber of each breast,  
Dealing remorse, or quiet rest.  
Ah! well for us that the spotless leaf  
Of another year, free from sin or grief,  
Before us lies with resources vast,  
To atone for that which is lost and past.  
Kind friends, on that surface let us trace  
Deeds worthy a noble and christian race,  
Let no bitter feuds mar the tablet fair,  
No rankling hatreds—no paitry care,  
But love for our country and for kind,  
The ties that all true patriots bind.  
Why should the Demon of Discord seek  
To inflame the rash—mislead the weak,  
Why disturb our land with senseless brawls,  
Old Country feuds and party calls?  
Let Fenians, Orangemen, now alike,  
Raise the Olive and bury the pike,  
In these troub'lous times, rememb'ring all,

"United we stand—divided we fall."  
Ours is a fortunate, happy lot,  
A traitor he who says it is not,  
Liberty equal for every race,  
For every creed, protection and place,  
No griefs to complain of, no wrongs to indite  
Save those which our passions perchance may excite.

In the future there looms too a panacea sure,  
For any stray wrong which we have to endure,  
A Confederation of different States,  
Which Blue Noses, Tories, Canucks, 'malgamates,  
Bringing all citizens valuable store  
Of Titles, Stars, Garters, for each, less or more.  
A project conceived with true genius sublime  
*But we pray it may ne'er be fulfilled in our time.*  
Lycurgus and Solon, "fogies" of an old school,  
Doing things with long study, close labour and rule,  
Might stand in a rapt and admiring amaze  
At the lawgivers wise of our fortunate days.  
*Dejeuner a la fourchette*, then frame a few laws,  
*A musicale matinee*, add a new clause,  
Review of the troops, then more laws, wind up all  
With a choice champagne supper and gay dashing Ball.

Alas! that such contrast should lie close at hand,  
In ruin now brooding o'er a people and land,  
That in prosperous triumph a few years ago,  
Were alike shield to friend, and terror to foe.  
The sight of such anarchy, misery dread,  
Fair home-steads in ashes, maimed, dying and dead,  
Is too sad a sight for this festival day,  
And we turn from its mournful shadows away.

But will Europe console or rejoice us? ah! no,  
Brave nations lie crushed neath a merciless foe,  
Down trodden, long suffering, grieving alike,  
The sword of the tyrant e'er ready to strike,  
Defiantly flashing e'en in sullen rest,  
Or dripping with blood of the bravest and best.  
In the halls of the Vatican, sorrow still reigns,  
Though our Pontiff unmurmuring his burden sustains,  
And Italia's fair landscapes and cities still ring  
With the shouts that proclaim a usurper as King.  
Ah! Victor Emmanuel, false renegade,  
Dost still cling to the impious part thou hast played?  
Off, off with that crown from thy bold daring brow,  
And low at the feet of Christ's Vicar quick bow,  
Discard the rich gauds of thy false, guilty state,  
Or they'll crush thee ere long neath a Nemesis weight.

And now, kind Patrons, ere I close my strain,  
May I gently hint (mind I don't complain)  
That the times are hard and money as rare  
As if we laboured neath a sudden "scare,"  
Goods very high, and wages very low;  
I would not importune my Patrons, no,  
But merely mention carrier boys, poor elves,  
Leaving the inference to your gen'rous selves.