

EXTRACT FROM THE  
**DIARY OF THE CARRIER-BOY**

OF THE

**British Colonist.**

NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT.

Toronto, January 1st, 1847.

December 31st, 1846.

Rose at five, this morning—restless—could not sleep—thought of the morrow—reverted for a moment, after waking, to my semi-weekly distributions, and how I should best secure my *pu* or pudding for the coming day, when each one among us conceives he has rid himself of an uncomfortable acquaintance, in having shaken heads for the last time with the departing year.

Six o'clock.—Thought of the address which, whether a printer's boy be a scholar or no,—poet or historian—is expected to be delivered on every New Year's Day, by every printer's boy to every subscriber, to inform him of what, in the midst of his multifarious occupations, he never thought of—that we are one year older, and that during the one which will complete its round to-night, I have travelled through the snow in January, that he might enjoy his chocolate and anchovy toast, the more, by taking with it the mountain dew of the *Colonist*:—and beneath the broiling sun in June, that its articles might add a zest to the cool nectar he sipped at that season.

Seven o'clock. Was startled from my musings by the Cathedral bell—had to hurry to the press—no time to think of the *Address*.

Seven o'clock, P.M. At length I am home again—wearied, tired, dispirited. How little does the lady whose marriage is "set up" for to-morrow think of the trouble I shall have in announcing it to her friends, while each will be looking for the ring in the cake; or the members of the Masonic Body of the annoying task of correcting the faulty proofs of the gentleman who wrote the article, with a long account in Old English about Boar's heads. But such is life! Oh! me miserum! And the *Address* not touched yet. I shall never lay up at the bank, a heap either of the good wishes of my friends, or, of what is of far greater importance to me, the *shillings* which seem to me to be in disrepute.

But I must begin, or I cannot get it "o' press," and the errors corrected for the morning. How, then, shall I commence? Whether is it well to paraphrase Mark Antony's address thus:—

Canadians! countrymen! lend me your purse! or, shall I murder Othello's apology, and commence—

Most potent, kind, and worthy Patrons! Neither will do. Tried another paraphrase—

Brothers, Canadians, and Patrons! hear me for my need,—and be patient that you may hear; believe me for my calling, and have respect to my calling that you may believe: applaud me as I shall deserve, and awake your sympathies that I may the better profit.

No, this savoured too much of plagiarism—of egotism, and what is most revolting to a high-souled boy—a love of money.

Gave up the idea of writing an address for the occasion, but determined to select from my diary short extracts, in relation to the events of the year.

First, *January 12th*.—A Fragment:  
 When a thousand gallants for Penelope sigh'd,  
 And a thousand gallants swore they'd have her  
 their bride.  
 Her true love got rid (happy man) of them all  
 By lopping their heads off, great, middling and  
 small;  
 But how far more blest is Methuselah Pell,  
 Not one rival has he—he's in love with himself.

Thought this would teach a moral to all,—and could not fail in adding another to the many services the press has rendered to society generally.

Leaped from this to MARCH 17th, the anniversary of Erin's patron saint. Visited the dinner given by the sons of the Green Isle, where were gathered the liveliest of Irishmen. Came home, convinced that to grant *Repeal*, would be to give away near all our wit and talent. Delighted with the speeches of the president, I wrote—

Hibernia's sons, a gallant band,  
 Though far from Erin's lovely isle,  
 Look'd fondly back—gave all their hand,  
 A kindly welcome, and a smile.

The verses followed being partially illegible, that I discarded—

June 16th. Obtained permission to be absent from the office a short time: and from the gallery of the Cathedral, witnessed the celebration of two weddings—pondered over it much—returned home and determined to write a few lines, Allegoric and Epigrammatic.

When Vulcan once upon a time did frame,  
 Love's winged darts of steel in Lemnian flame;  
 With sweetest honey Venus smeared them o'er,  
 And love anon did gall upon them four  
 With spear in hand returning from the fight,  
 The War God in his pride denies their might;  
 But Love exclaims "Brave is my little dart—  
 Yes, and thou, too, shalt know how keen the smart,"  
 Then flies the weapon through his breast again,  
 (Venus, the while could scarce her smiles refrain),  
 And the God groans "Ah me! the dart remove—  
 Now, now I own its power." No—keep it, answers  
 Love.

October 2nd. Lord Metcalfe dead! Yes, the noble sufferer is gone. Be every earth-born care and passion calm, while I contemplate a moment the departure of one whose singleness of heart and indelibility of purpose was conspicuous in all his acts. While here, he vowed to live—

For usefulness—not glory; never more  
 To let a fond imagination veil  
 The face of truth, to dull in Fancy's world  
 Forgetful of the duties of the real.

I rose a wiser and a better lad, but yet the mind dwelling on the theme, I seated myself again; this was the result:

The dead! the dead! they neither weep  
 Nor smile, nor suffer woe;  
 There is a stern and silent sleep,  
 Which nought can break below.

Go, deck the grave with this world's bloom,  
 There let it fade to dust;  
 Go, place its trophies round the tomb,  
 There let them idly rust.

The dead! the dead! they slumber on,  
 Nor heed they what befalls—  
 What thrones are lost, what lands are won,  
 Or whom the bond enthral.

I thought of the poet's words—  
 "The world may not applaud thee; some will  
 scorn—  
 Many misunderstand thee."

But he to whom these lines had relation in life, is now lying in the still small spot, that holds the limbs that once the ermine robe entwined, the cuirass shielded, or the sceptre armed.

Friday, December 18th. Went to the Theatre this evening to see King O'Neil and a farce—Heard an amateur (whose timidity detracted much from the composition) deliver an address beginning with the words—

Patrons and Friends, while o'er the giddy world  
 The flaunting flag of Mammon is unfurled,  
 While Pluto's minions sport on gaudy wing,  
 And grasping Avarice, o'er earth is king, &c.

Wondered what could be the drift of this. Fancied that the writer discerned a golden calf. I cared to note no more than the performance, which does credit to the management. T. P. B. proved a good specimen of the "Irish Brigade,"—and the music delightful.

September 28th. Another of my friends in Hymen's silken bonds. Another wedding for our paper to-morrow. Shall I write them? I will—

TO MR. AND MRS. —

I wish you joy, not as the many do—  
 In fashion's or for form's sake wish you joy;  
 Joy that fears not the morrow—heartfelt, true;  
 Joy such as Heaven can give—earth not destroy.  
 Lady! it is not since that we met,  
 But thou hast that within thee, that endears  
 Thee to my soul; truth on thy brow has set  
 Her seal: thy worth needs not the test of years.  
 God's blessings on you both! What more! my strain  
 Lingers to breathe "God bless you!" once again.

December —. Learned to-day that my employers have determined on publishing a daily paper, and of all names have chosen the *Telegraph*. Will my labours be increased? They must be. Should the same countenance be given to it that the *British Colonist* enjoys, we must do well. But ah! poor me! Mine is a bad case. My scrip is low enough. A minion always on the rack. But away with the thought! Franklin never lamented his lot, neither will I. I shall be an Editor some day!

December 31, 9 o'clock, P. M. Will these snatches from my diary suffice? Will the hearts of my patrons be open? I would fain hope they will. But this is too solemn a season to let even this rough manuscript go forth, without recording some of the many feelings we cherish. What a thanksgiving time it should be for all men! How their hearts should rise up to the Great Preserver for his wonderful and ever present care over us!

What a strange dull dreaming year it has been to me, and yet I have been happy. But—

What shadow is yon, that sweeps solemnly by!  
 Its outline scarce seen through the shroud of its  
 gloom!  
 'Tis the year that is vanishing fast from the eye,  
 And seeking the past's all-enveloping tomb.

But why does the form point so earnestly back,  
 And so steadfastly gaze on the path that it leaves?  
 Is there ought to be learnt from its fast-fading track?  
 There is! oh, then, list to the lessons it gives.

It should teach us how fast time is speeding away—  
 That the river of life must soon widen its course—  
 That the soul looks beyond its dull prison of clay,  
 And longs to return to its heavenly source.

Then should not the form that sweeps solemnly by,  
 Have something to teach us, as onward it flies?  
 Oh yes! it should speak like a voice from on high,  
 And bid us peal gratitude up to the skies.

Half-past 9. Carried a transcript of this to the office, and left it with Mr. —

