

THE CARRIERS

OF THE

TRUE WITNESS

TO THEIR PATRONS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1860.

O'er Wintry carpet, far and near, old Boreas tunes his whistle,
Around our noses, ears, and toes, and pierces bone and gristle.
And with his biting breath he makes them smart, and red and blue,
And hastens on the Carrier Boy to greet his Patrons:—You,
Who stand for Freedom rational, order, and holy law;—
Who hate the Souper's rant, and cant, and sanctimonious jaw.
To all who scorn lip-patriots, self-seekers, shufflers, trimmers—
The motley crew,—in whose dull brain faint ray of reason glimmers;
To those who'd on the dawning mind pure principles embue;
Who cherish the True Witness—oft too disagreeably true.
To all his Patrons, soul-refined, auspicious mouths, and dear,
And bright auriferous hours be theirs, throughout this new-born year.
That Peace, Prosperity, and Love—uninterrupted joy—
This year may bring 's the simple wish o' the careful Carrier Boy.

After Twelve Months of toilsome strife, defunct the Old Year lies,
And still Bellona thirsts for blood—more human sacrifice.
"Whole hecatombs march forth!" Cries Mars, "battalions, millions,
billions!"

But who's to pay those millions, Mars? Echo replies—"the millions!"

Italian losels, knife in clutch, their purses would replenish
From good men's stores, and rob the poor, and bid old justice vanish.
While English rogue, and canny Scot, cheer them, and say it's funny,
To rob a reverend gentleman o' his ancient patrimony.
From Anglo-land, from Magyar land, from Faderland, and all
The rabid hungry curs throng in, with one united bawl—
"Tear down the Triple Crown," they howl, "Lord make thy right
arm bare,

And plant an Irish Souper Saint in Peter's crazy chair;
Ignore their eighteen centuries—trample them in the dust,
De novo bring the enlightened reign of liberty, and lust."
Cumming declares, and he knows well, that levelling doomsday's near,
And Spurgeon, and other guns—they know the very year.
In the few years still left us then, the Church and poor we'll rob,
And the world shall eat and drink and sing, when governed by the
mob.

Faith's lamp is quenched; let fools no more in pageant grand extol her,
The only faith worth minding's faith in the Almighty-Dollar.
Should simple souls demur to this, to set their minds at ease,
We'll balance all with ample lots of checks and guarantees;
So on, destroying Angels, on, and furious be your blows,
If, in the end, our gains are small, we haven't much to lose."

Austria was baffled, trusting to a gormandizing sinner,
Who rather chose by far to lose a battle than his dinner.

In India there's now a lull in the terrific storm,
The Sepoys in the Christian ranks no longer cause alarm;
The cartridges are all fired off; and we are free to view,
As friends, the effete Musselman, and effeminate Hindu.

In China dire mishap has sprung from overweening pluck;
Poor soldiers hurried to their graves in water, mud, and muck.
The "big wigs" were too youthful far—too inexperienced chaps;
Had they seen ninety years or so, we'd ne'er have got such raps.

The Tricolor in war, they say, will shortly be unfurled,
In the close-minded Eagle's claw that overlooks the world;
And the British Lion looks across, and lashing still his tail,
With patience nearly quite worn out his *Ally's* ships to hail.
John's "incorruptible electors" sell their votes at summions
Of him "wot" has the biggest purse to sit in House o' Commons.
The Eagle flaps his pinions;—John declares those flaps mere trifles,
But bids his men lay down their tools, and furbish up their rifles;
They grumble at the losing job—it isn't to their liking;
John's operatives are mere machines, like clocks they're always striking.
With increase of war expenses, and increase of Popery too,
And the terror of invasion, John Bull has much to do.

The martial spirit marches on, none view it with contempt—
From share in general turmoil be our Canada exempt!
But Canada has soldiers, too, bold, fervid, shrewd, and sharp,
No michers they—fair field, fair play, and Napier scarce will carp.

No more in Irish "Souper" schools, the Orange rowdies hope,
Shall youthful souls hear Ranters' cant, and vilify the Pope.
The Papists—a contrary set—on "Sawbaths" wont be sad,
Refusing to be stricken, or become "Revival" mad.
"We do the Lord's work," Soupers cry, "the proofs see in detail,
In the newly-wanted Workhouse, and the Mad-house, and the Jail.
But Derby's hounds are yelling, he'll ride the peasants down,
Banish them from the country, and bury them in the town.

In Canada they're trying on the same exciting game,
Of Protestant ascendancy, to keep the Papists tame;
And when the Papist balks their schemes, they, in a holy passion,
Seek to divorce the Provinces—*Divorce* being now the fashion.
But some folks say that a Repeal will scarcely suit for either,
As men and wives do often rue that e'er they broke their tether.
This Canada's the famed resort of countless refugees;
Of restless roving rigmaroles, who fain would snooze in ease,
At simple folk's expense, who yet shall find them Jim Crow wheelers,
Who advocate Repeal, were once apostatised "Repealers."
So glib their speech, so pat their Q's, the dust comes showering down,
From those once snubbed for loving *Green*, now drilled to shout for
Brown.

Papists in name, they search a stream for trout they ne'er shall catch
Their "allies" are too slippery eels—they'll find they've met their match
Howe'er the stream may run, just let them on the surface bob,
N'importe—or Ministerial, or Opposition job.
Their "ally" Brown would separate the parent from the child,
And pitch it in State School to train up bawd, for rowdy wild.
But our TRUE WITNESS watches still the arts of men like these;—
Of men whose souls and principles are pure as—*Ohiniquy's*.
Our own TRUE WITNESS scorns their spite, with all their "jeers and
mocks;"

He tears their cobweb sophistries, and still survives their shocks;—
Oft has he made them eat their words—gulp many a bitter pill,
When dealing with the *Souper-Saints* of the Conventicle.
Your Johnny Knox, and Zion folks, and other worthies sma'—
Purity John, among the rest, the holiest o' them a',
Wha thinks that "ithers may be saved almost as soon's himsel',
Exceptin' beathen Papists wha are hurrying fast to ———
But it's sair wark changing Papists, for they're a stubborn set—
I've done my best for mony a year, and ne'er succeeded yet.
But freens ne'er mind, before men's een on 'Sawbath' days look glum
Snivel ye up a hymn or twa, while watering the rum.
Be active against Popery, therein true virtue lies,
Ne'er passive be to see it march along before your eyes.
Seize every chance against them—exclude them frae the polls,
And gie them nought but Common Schools to poison their young souls."
This sort of legislation the holy howlers pray for—
This sort of legislation they'd have Papists prize, and—pay for.

How poor folks thrive in these rough nights, and manage to keep
warm—

Economy, their monitor, still points to future storm.
High rents, high water-rates, and, mangre all the Mayor can say,
Who for retrenchment calls, and fights their battles, night and day,
With his *confreres* of the Council, who won't let him have his way,
For the lower that our incomes are, the more we have to pay.

But, Friends, in case you're getting tired, as thus the Carrier prates,
He ceases here, and humbly your accustomed *douceur* waits.
The gift received, no mercenary thought shall move him here,
To wish once more your happiness, in this forthcoming year.