

Up on the wave,
Boaux, nor Russia Boors
Boards.

of amity, uncurl'd
around a tranquil world;
n flag is closely furld,
And horrid war,
consent is hurl'd
From out his car.

d markets long have made
nce a stagnant trade,
e Earth so long array'd
In doleful black,
y put the rich brocade
Upon her back.

will put the looms in play—
e famish'd weaver's pay—
y'ry channel find its way,
And set in motion,
ses that now decay
On Earth or Ocean.

er trade will yet revive—
NEW-BRUNSWICK yet may thrive—
usy humming hive
Our City throng;
ot forget to drive
The Plough along.

by purblind folly led,
Lumber trade instead,
casual piece of bread,
Yet when that fails,
d their golden visions fled,
And bite their nails.

e loiterers that stand,
wharves, a shiv'ring band,
you starve while there is land
Enough around?
wood-axe in your hand,
And clear the ground.

is eighteen pence per day,
ng Rocky Hills away?
few can get such pay;
The paltry hire,
t of half you'd burn I say
In country fire.

And let us wish them all success,
For peace and quiet.

The harder times, the harder laws
Our Council with its clause on clause,
Still on our sinking purses draws,
And if they fail,
Some Marshall with his lantern jaws,
Points to the Jail.

The road tax is the worst of all
Whene'er the Street Surveyors call,
You must take pickaxe, spade, or maul,
Or if you budge,
Must pay a sum what'er befall
High as a Judge.

To you Back-shore's men would I say,
Whose Streets are foul, yet always pay,
When'er you come Prince William's way,
New Brunswick's treasure,
Face there like Paddy all the day,
The walk's a pleasure,

If you who pay your yearly mite,
To keep the Watch and trim the Light,
Should drop in some nocturnal flight
Where these are near you,
I'd have you tarry all the night,
They both will cheer you.

I do not blame our worthy Mayor,
He fills his office and the chair,
With honour and judicious care,
An taks gudt tent,
That ev'ry plack there is to spare,
Is not misspent !!

Now let me pay our PRESIDENT,
A News-Boy's highest compliment,
That BLACK, power, peace and true content,
May in one tether
While he our King shall represent,
Be bound together.

And now good friends I wish you all,
Both Rich and Poor, both great and small,
Both thick and thin, both low and tall,
The best of cheer,
Honey without a taste of gall,
A good NEW YEAR.