Poetry, &c.

THE NEWS BOY'S ANNUAL ADDRESS

THE ORSERVER. January 1, 1849.

Good Friends, receive a gentle hint, (I almost wish it were not printed,) I've scarcely words in all my mint To-tell you how my purse is stinted: If all these, or but one expression Should touch your breast with gen'rous prin

Accept once more, my gen'rous friends, The News-Boy's treat to-day, A hotch potch mess of odds and ends, A medley New-Year's lay.

Hard times—hard times—is all the cry!
We all know this is true;
Poor men know best the reason why,
Who have no work to do.

Some ask where all the Cash is gone, Which freely pass'd about? Let work revice, and hands bend on, They soon will draw it out.

Though prison'd in the strongest cell, Or sleeping in a chest, Man's labour is the potent spell. Will break it's chains and rest.

A man well read in wisdom's lore, Has very segoly said, That gold, like dung-heaps at a door, Will yield no fruit till spread.

But then, should men at Banks apply, As mendicants, for money, "Twould be as if the bees should fly To hives at first for honey.

Main-spring and spur of all our toil,
Gold-silver-copper-paperTo all the wheels of trade sweet oil,

And study's midnight taper. Yes Money, 'twas for thy dear sake, Not fame's, I sat composing These simple verses, wide awake, When other boys were dezing.

I hop'd, tho' times be very hard, And prospects drear and murky, You'd save a pittance after lard, Plum-pudding, goose and turkey.

Cash, like Pat B******'s wondrous quill, Is strong in operation,
It splits the rock and moves a hill,
And breaks a Corporation!

Yes, borrow'd money does all these, And then the lucky lender May seize the CITY when he please, And by her Bond may vend her!

Gold never made a humble mind, It never did, nor can Make one a gen'rous, just, a kind, A proper gentle-man.

Away base money from my verse, With thee, 'tis mean and creeping; Yet come good money to my purse, The place of proper keeping.

Now turn to something else my muse, Lest money discompose us, To subjects new, if not the News, Should Solomon oppose us.

One thing at least we have in view, That's novel to a wonder, Th' ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH is new, Which makes the Proverb blunder.

Knaves mark those wires before you fly
To Boston for protection,
They'll paint you while you wink your eye,
Height, dress, and full complexion.

No, when you wish to shun the jails, Do'nt hope to hide in Boston, Transport yourself to New South Wales, Or China, or Hindostan.

That we may see a RAILWAY soon, Some means have been provided, The Royal Railroad to the Moon Is not yet quite decided!

But joke and satire both spart; We wish to have a Railroad-

No spite to carter, nor to cart)
For trav'ling coach and mail-road. Methinks I see these roads complete— Cars starting and arriving— The crowded wharf—the bustling street— Saint John alive and thriving.

Some dolts expect both cash and corn From our new Gownor's measures, As if our Head had Ceres' horn, Or held a gold mine's treasures.

SIR EDMUND is both well dispos'd,

And has the best intention;
But he and we shall be oppos'd
By stubborn intervention.

A Governor is but a name,
His power is little better—
The sov'reign rule th' Assembly claim,
Who hold him in a fetter.

Some members of corruption's blood, (I am but rarely punny.) Maim ev'ry limb of public good, And spill its life-blood—money. To see stout rusticks, and our best

Artificers a flying.

To Goshen's fields to make their nest,
Is very hard and trying.

Thank Heaven, no dearth is in our land, Nor yet the bloody sabre, Yet have we many a willing hand, That pines for want of labour.

Still we are in a happy case
To that of wretched Paris,
Or that of many another place
Where anarchy or war is.

Oh what a wretched, horrid thing. Their boasted revolution,

A lawless mass—an exil'd King—
War, murder, theft, polution.

The virtue of a Lamartine,
With all his elecution,
Could scarcely check the gullotine,
Athirst for execution.

Young BONAPARTE proclaimeth peace Unto the nation Gallic; But hope the Presidential race Will give them a CAVIGNAC!

Then giance at Italy and Rome, Vienna, Venice, Prussia; One wretch has yet a peaceful home-The bond-slave serf of Russia.

How happy yonder Rocky Isle,

BRITANNIA, with her anchor cast, Lays firm, secure and steady, With Royal Ensign at her mast, And guns and seamen ready.

Some Mids, with others at their back, Have jeer'd the First Lieutenant, Have tried to rend the Union Jack, And lower down the pennant.

The motiny is fairly quelt'd, Whilst some of its abetters Have been transported or expell'd; The leaders he in fetters.

Is still in sad condition, And, (passing strange) has yet to learn, Her ruin is sedition,

Now to the West we hasten on, My Peg' has pass'd the steamer We now behold great Jonathan, The calculating schemer.

Still as his wont, he "goes ahead," In arms as well labou., Let us approach with cautious treed Near such a hotspor neighbor.

He's won the palm from Mexico, With land exceeding measure, As well as gain'd "for weal or we," Exhaustless golden treasure.

Base Cortez found such gain a loss, A canker to his nation, More worthless than the vilest dross To ey'ry generation.

The hero in this Mex affair, So fand in crimson story, Now mounts the Presidental chair, To crown his mertial glory.

As there is wisdom in a wig, And in a well of water, There may be wisdom in a Whig, Since he has left off slaughter. Hu.zi! Old Zack, you've beaten Cass,

The boasting democration, Your valour now will make you class With Julius and Vespasian! Great shade of Washington! descend On Taylor, the ascendent, Be his grand prototype and friend, His counsellor-attendant.

Directed by a mind like thine, Renown'd in histry's pages, Columbia's States may rise and shine, A Paragon for ages.

Employ the precious leisure In digging out of richest mines, Good moral, mental treasure.

May adverse circumstances tend To thorough reformation, First in ourselves, and then extend Beyond all limitation.

Let us be thankful to the Lord, Whom we have long offended, That earthquake, plagne, and dearth and sword Have not to us extended.

Farewell my Friends!—I drop my pen And almost drop a tear— Yet hope to see you well again To sing the Fiftherm Year

A Remonstrance from Cuffey, the Chartist.

A Remonstrance from Cuffey, the Chartis [From Punch.]
What do you mean, my Lord John Russell, To do with me and Mr. Pussell?
You put us down without a tussle—
We only hooster'd;
Whereas you see that Smith O'Brien,
The Queen's aurhority defyin',
Agin the Unicorn and Lion
Rebellion muster'd.

Well, you've convicted him of treason; It seems that clemency's in season, For he, no doubt, for some good reason, Ain't to be martyred; Oh no! you mean to spare his wizen, The traitor's doom will not be his'n, Draggd on a hurdle from his prison, Hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd.

Now, if he isn't executed,
Why ain't my sentence, too, commuted?
Your justice will be, sure, disputed
By all the nation.
If, of a smaller crime convicted,
I'm to have mine in full inflicted,
Served out, with rigour unrestricted,
With transportation.

Fall and Winter Goods.

Service Colors of Ports and State of Colors of Color

per ships "Queen, and Themis," from Liverpool.

Just received by the Subscriber per the above ships, viz:

BLOT and Beaver CLOTHS, in all Colors, do.
Black Cassimeres and Decisions,
A large and eplendid association of Trouserings.
Withey BLANKITS in all widths,
Point Makimaw do do,
Horse Blarkets, do do,
White FLANNILS, do do,
Red and Bioc do, do do.
Regatta SHIRTINGS,
Bed TICKS,
Patent CANVAS,
Cotton Sheets and Sheetings,
Grey Flectory Cottons,
White do do.
Ladies' Arrens SHAWIS

Ladies' Aprons, SHAWLS,

Hosiery, Shirts, Plain and shaded Wool Cravats, Printed Bandana Silk Handkerchiefs, Black do co.
Black Brussels do.
Brush Corabs
Osnaburghs, Jeans, Apron Checks,
Scotch Ginghams, Jacconets, Braces,
Black and Brown Hollands,
Marinos, Statens, Casban Shalloons,
Coat Facings,
White and Color'd Counterpanes and Matseill
Onder

CLOTH CAPS,
An immense variety of Printed COTTONS,
And a large assortment of other staple GOODS,
much too namerous to be particularised.
Also received, two cases "Decile?" Patent BED
WARMERS.

GEORGE BEATTIE.

Wholesale Warehouse, Johnston's Wharf, Sopt. 26, 1848.

N.B. A further supply of staple Goods to arrive per "Columbus."

(M. News.)

New and Cheap

WHOLESALE & RETAIL WAREHOUSE,
Prince William Street.

J. & J. HEGA:

Have received per 'Bethel,' 'Kent,' and 'Columbus,' an assortment of Fell and Winter Goods, which together with their Stock on hand they offer at IFERY REDUCED PRICES FOR CABL. The following are a few of the leading articles—

I. LANNELS, Blackets, Plaidings, and Druggets,
Ticks, Sinceting Counterpanes and Quilts,
Carpeting, Hearth Rugs and Washing Cletts,
Pilot and Beaver CLOTHS in all colours,
Broad Cloths, Trowserings and Vestings,
Scatch and English Twerres,
Moleskin and other Cotton Trowserings,
White, Grey and Printed COPTONS,
Stripes, Checks and Hemespans,

Broad Cloths, Trowserings,
White, Grey and Printed COPTONS,
Stripes, Checks and Hemespans,

Broad Cloths, Trowserings,
White, Grey and Printed COPTONS,
Stripes, Checks and Hemespans,

Selling off for Cash only. WHOLESALS & RETAIL WAREHOUSE, BOOKS AND STATIONERY. at very REDUCED PRICES!!!

Res. of the last content of the cont

Astonishing Efficacy HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

EAST TO A TOTAL SECTA AND SECTA A TOTAL SECTA SECTION SECTA SECTA SECTION SECTA SECTION SECTA SECTION SECTION SECTA SECTION SECT