



ADDRESS.

OF THE KINGSTON SPECTATOR,  
TO HIS PATRONS.

1839.

TUESDAY MORNING, 1st JANUARY, 1839.

act like giddy carting crew,  
ed they fly devoid of grace,  
ing sacred animals at a race,  
they are to join this fray,  
ngi their duty is to pray,  
on earth looks up and smiles,  
a man rushing to his wife,  
les and grins and shouts with glee,  
open GREAT GOD the warbling note,  
only just to turn my eye,  
As I look I find a price,  
at whippers, I behold,  
tributes they prize as gold,  
to others just and true,  
'd have others be to you,  
the golden rule we find,  
a sildom occupies the mind.

now a different tale to tell,  
about the many leaders,  
sure they play their part so well,  
and truly they are grinders,  
of traders Bankers call'd,  
who deal in paper money,  
and 'd to hit upon a plan,  
which was on very faint,  
so very just and serious men,  
if true to number one,  
most contrived upon a plan,  
he public for to hum,  
or flooding all the country,  
with promises to pay,  
what a mighty clever thing,  
could they prolong the day,  
ry were not long about it,  
he Legislators all,  
ng nothing interested,  
less listened to their call,  
plan in them was exposed,  
they all began to sing,  
th all our might we'll knock down right,  
and cry God save the King,  
or some party squabbling,  
these worthy men agreed,  
laws should be suspended,  
ed certain Bankers freed,  
on all their undertakings,  
which honest men should prize,  
d from such artful doings,  
they wish to shut our eyes.

erice they clamour for blood to the hair,  
uch brutal scenes they always are rit,  
me so if nature had planted it so,  
ndred to claim with the carrier crew,  
and they assume, in word and deed,  
they uphold a mischievous creed,  
h if carried out, to it's fullest extent,  
ine all the evils old Nick ever sent,  
call them rapacious covetous slaves,  
effer are easy except to themselves,  
weet men's earwings they can put a paw,  
his they pronounce to be justice and law,  
his is pretended, such men can be found,  
ffered to flourish on trees British ground,  
noted for freedom, valor and skill,  
h if you believe many rascals would fill,  
in this illu Province, the word of the kind,  
vies Arrogance and craft we find,  
're grasping and craving to gather up pelf,  
et comes Old Nick and takes them himself  
stale expression they have quite in vogue,

When any offend them they cry out you rogue,  
They say "the Assassins" approve of our plea,  
To contain the unruly passions of man,  
One thing indeed, appears wond'rous strange,  
Why providence gives to such men a long range,  
God's gracious attributes are mercy and peace,  
But they more resemble the ravenous bear,  
The picture thus drawn I truly believe,  
'Tis not my motive, or wish to deceive,  
Although I'm aware it's a true Tory plan,  
Deception to smelter wherever they can,  
By a tribe of locusts who eat and contrive,  
To gull and delude by which means they thrive,  
Fretting that all things are done for the best,  
Though little they do comes up to that test,  
To farther their ends they're a rallying cry,  
A cant word much in use call'd loyalty,  
But this may be seen through all their fow,  
To be a stalking horse to fill their parox,  
Toronto toris graceless crew,  
With all their bellish glee,  
Lords Melbourne, Glenelg, Brougham all,  
They burst in effigie,  
Round the city in procession,  
Like tigers did these tigers roar,  
Then to show their graceless capers,  
Halt at pretty Carist's door,  
This functionary ingrate like,  
Did appear with tory glee,  
Like a well fed monkey grinning,  
From the window you might see,  
At the vile insults thus offered,  
Usto those who give him heed,  
In decency the vilest ingrate,  
Sorely would have turned his head,  
These miscreants were well attended,  
Things were suited to the deed,  
Their patron, Satan he attended,  
Mounted on a prancing steed,  
The ceremony being ended,  
Satan told them full of glee,  
When the time comes for your exit,  
All would richly grace a tree,  
Year Eighteen hundred thirty eight,  
Eternity is now thy fate,  
Thy days are also every one,  
Vanish'd and fled, their race is run,  
With their evil and with the good,  
As all the years before the flood,  
With all thy weeks thy months and hours,  
Thy times and seasons fruits and flowers,  
Summer, winter, Autumn and spring,  
Have with their blessings taken wing,  
For Eighteen hundred thirty eight,  
We have a great account to make,  
Either with pleasure or with pain,  
Our hours will be review'd again,  
What we have done we must repeat,  
Before a righteous judgment seat,  
All that our reckless hands have wrought,  
All that our foolish hearts have thought,  
With all the idle words we've spoke,  
Are writ in God's eternal Book,  
Will many then with joy appear,  
When they review the parted year,  
Conscience speak out thy right assent,  
To warn us of our coming doom,  
In Eighteen hundred thirty eight,  
O, what waste, vanity and hate,  
Will in thy dustiest day appear,  
Thou injured but Departed year,  
Repentance now is all in vain,  
Thou never will return again.

