

NEW YEAR'S VERSES
OF
THE PRINTER'S BOY

THAT CARRIES

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Troly, though vainly, is it writ
Poeta nascitur non fit,
For I am yearly doom'd "in spite
Of nature and my stars to write,"
Though rarely Pegasus I mount,
And scarce taste the Castalian fount;
Nor in Apollo put my trust,
Nor for those jades, the Muses, lust:
The New Year comes, and I must chime;
And, in sad doggerel, bring forth rhyme,
The path, though beaten o'er and o'er,
'Tis not do to say what's said before.
What, to a rhimester, then remains,
But, as he can, to spin his brains,
How thick or gummy be his skull,
And drag forth something bright or dull;
Doom'd, for his sins, friends to bespatter,
For, if he write, it must be satire;
With one's neighbours to make free,
Averts dull insipidity;
Besides, so restful are my lays,
I cannot break them in to praise;
Though for glad friends and patrons meant,
They are too sturdy to be bent;
Besides, *Le Sage* has taught the trick,
That devils must be satiric.

But 'gainst what vanity or evil,
Can I point my gall-charg'd swivel,
In a new world, where fools of fashion
Have no great choice of ground to dash on;
Where insect loungers scarce are known,
Such as all usefulness disown;
And in but this one creed agree
Lounging's the sole gentility;
And that not more than one in ten
Yclep'd esquires are gentlemen,
Because, forsooth, instead of play,
They get bread in an honest way,
And, party grown, turn heel, perchance,
On light-pur's'd insignificance.

This is to wander far, I fear,
From the fit subject, a New Year,
That kissing season, when the weather
Lips freezes very near together;
But woe to him who leaves warm lip,
And, thoughtless, dares cold iron sip,
Deplors he must lost blood and skin,
While boozers at the cockney grin!

But happy she who, in a *turn-out*,
When zigzag *Tandems* whirl about,
Shews but her—ankle, when laid low,
In a soft bed of fleecy snow;
And, o'er all rumples are made straight,
Of her partner, feels but the weight.
Hark, the bugle sounds—stand clear—
Ye gods! on which side must I steer?
Right, left, cross over, set, a prance,
Oh, the joys of a *Tandem* dance!

In a clime, where oft the nose
Can scarce be shown but it is froze,
Nymphs, half naked, lead the dance,
(A fashion brought from graceless France)
That to mix where they appear,
Is the heat of hell to share;
Pleasure hence, I tell no story,
Is, at least, a Purgatory.

Strange as it is, who will believe?
But none I mean here to deceive,
Among the crows one is found white,
Of flesh and blood, and not a sprite;
When of new wonders will tales cease?
A lawyer moves to lessen fees!

But hark! I hear a stifled growl,
Utter'd from *Cesar's* muzzled jowl;
Who, though no Radical nor shark,
Dard'd to be born, the cur, to bark.
So erst condemn'd was to that hell,
Inquisitor's terrific cell,
The wretch, who there had to deplore
His father made him Jew or Moor;
As Africans their freedom lack,
Because dame Nature made them black.

Thus, as afore, has been my use,
I pay my devils in abuse,
As sturdy mendicants oft beg,
By brandishing their wooden leg;
And levy on you half a crown,
By menaces to knock you down.

But yet I wish you hearty cheer,
Through this and many a future year;
And hope in part you'll not take evil
The badinage of a sad *Davie*.