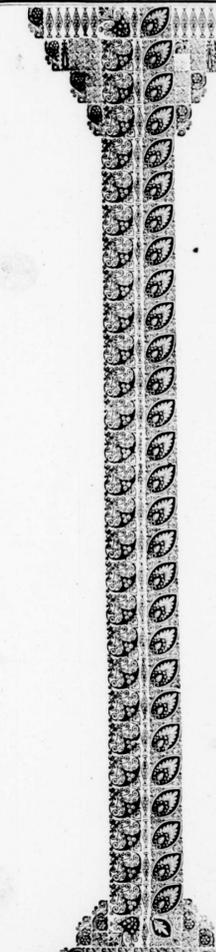




TO THE PATRONS OF THE
LONDON TIMES,



GREETING.



Friends, patrons, readers, good and kind,
Attend to me, I pray,
While I announce in these few lines
The whole I have to say,
Till I repeat in music rhyme
Without much affectation,
The news I weekly gave to you
And spread throughout the nation.
Yes, list' to me! and you shall hear
My recapitulation,
Of all that happened through the year,
In every rank and station.
From east and west, from north and south,
My store of news I bring;
Then who will dare gainsay my verse,
Or doubt the tales I sing?
The year is closed; 'erevantal year,
The noted fifty-two;
The tidings told to you,
In which have happened, far and near,
Yes, told you in my weekly *Times*,
In language plain and clear,
In accents bold, in pithy lines,
Without much read or fear.
The Duke; alas! the Duke is gone,
The famed of Waterloo;
The glorious old Wellington,
Who made the French a foe;
To rue the day that Bonaparte
Their mother did excite,
And urged him to challenge
The British Boys to fight;
But though the Duke's demise
Has caused a nation's gloom,
The country where his body lies
Repines o'er his tomb—
Repines o'er his great career,
And deeds of glory done;
Then let him take his long last sleep,
The noble Wellington,
Lord Hardinge, that man of might
And great and grand renown,
Survives the lost hero
To guard the British Crown;
Long may he live, and may his life
Be like the mighty dead,
Who made the French to tremble
At every word he said.
The Whigs' little lad,
And all the pampered Creeps
Have been completely ousted
And may now sit at their ease,
For the great Earl Derby
Has been pronounced the man
To guide the British Cabinet,
And cancel every plan
Concocted by the Radicals;
To rule the church and nation;
To pull down all existing things
And raise themselves to station,
Lord Elgin will henceforth
No treason makers pay,
His rule is nearly ended,
He'll shortly go away,
And when he does, I'm sure
That gladders will reason
From Sandwich into Gaspe,
O'er all Canadian ground,
His scheming cunning crew,
Who devastate the land
Will be dispersed in great dismay
Like every plundering band,
From Hincks that great fogle man,
Down to the our McQueen;
They all must give leg bail,
As shortly will be seen
Before I'll have the honor
To meet you this next year.
The Egmonts and the Railcars
Will be buzzing in your ears;
And then our splendid country
Will be opened upright though
To exemplify its beauty
And its vast importance too.
For fear I should forget,
Let me tell you all I can,
Of the famous fish dispute
Near the Banks of Newfoundland;
The Yankees fish'd for cod,
For mackerel and pike,

The Britishers of course,
Their intrusion did dislike
And told them to clear off
Or they'd seize them by the core,
And kick them into boot.
As they often did before,
The Yankees for a while
Continued for to hoist,
But John Bull without much trouble
Made them soon clear from the coast.
Dan Webster, their great orator
Wrote a most furious letter,
But Derby, very soon,
Taught him a little better;
Now Webster is no more
And the fishes there, remain,
In the keeping of the English guns,
And the Yankees may complain.
The Yankees may talk loud
And tell us all they'd do
But when the English gunners roar,
They never can say but
Napoleon the perjuror,
Usurps the French Crown,
He manages by artifice
But he will soon come down;
The British Empire is so strong
To stand his sway much longer;
His uncle they had humbled
When the Gallic power was at its height,
The boasted General Sedgwick,
Who said he was the man
To check the British power
Was told by uncle Sam,
That his bragging would not do,
For that *France* was gone away
In the war of Mexico,
Is far fitter for to sway
With sound judgement and fine plans,
All the blacklegs and the shaves
Than this great boniface man,
Who of valour, said I saw,
The fame of California;
No longer will record;
Australia lends it hollow
With treasures in the ground,
Now having noticed truly
The events of the year,
Permit me to recall a mind
What is occurring here;
Yes, here in our own London,
So far from all scene,
It certainly would no do
To leave it all behind.
The Wellington new market
Is opened on the street,
The butchers there ten day to day
Scarce sell a pound of meat.
The Post Office is called
In the place it should be,
And those who have opposed it
Now see their vanity.
There was no use fighting
So furious and so sour
When all could be settled
In a peaceful quiet hour.
Now, patrons, pray excuse me,
My themes are quite too long
To edify or please you
In indicated song;
But in case I can next year
To visit you as now,
Perhaps I will be able
To learn better now.
Until that time comes round,
May you and I enjoy
The pleasures of our life,
Without dull car's alloy,
And may your friendship show to me
And may your socks be too,
That you are ever ready
To give the *DTM* his due,
So wishing you sincerely
A happy, good, new year,
With every thing that's wanted
To gladden you so cheer,
The carrier boy now closes
His rick, unjoined lines
And wishes you'd remember him
In honor of the "TIMES."

1853.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

1853.

