

THE
NEWS-BOYS' ADDRESS,

RESPECTFULLY PRESENTED TO THE PATRONS OF

The Chronicle.

Once more upon my friends I wait,
Well pleas'd that I can now repeat
My annual visit;
To offer them a New-Year's treat,
And now what is it!

Mine is no scanty "Bill of Fare,"
But costly, luscious, rich and rare,
Dear-bought and various;
I sing of things that were and are,
Quite multifarious.

Old Tattler-Six had scarcely pass'd,
And I had just serv'd up my last
Poetic ditty,
Than in a wild destructive blast,
Fire swept our City!

That night I scarcely can forget,
And you may recollect it yet,—
What dread confusion!
How painful!—and 'tis with regret
I make th' allusion.

'Tis pass'd—and with it should be pass'd
All sorrow—grief should never last
Above a day;
From trouble's withering touch run fast,
Aye, that's the way.

But let us ne'er forget the good,
The generous Cassinell—he who stood
The sufferers' friend;
May every bliss across the flood,
His steps attend.

Each Patriot cheer'd him at the time,
When Cassinell left this chilly clime
Of war political;
And now he's free'd from slanderous slime,
And hypocritical.

He's gone—but from each manly heart
His memory shall ne'er depart;
"He was a man!"
May he escape life's every smart;
Long live his clan!

And now of *Victory* I sing;
The Victors made the welkin ring;
Heav'n's how they shouted;
"As soon as we could see the King,
Our foes were routed."

The *Civil List*—'tis won,—'tis won!
A mighty business has been done;
So let's be civil;
Or we may visit very soon
The Prince of Evil.

But stop—the *grievances* were stated,
Of course they were not over-rated,
So said by some;
Nor merely by the *bravia* created,
That's all a hum.

'Twas something great the patriots wanted,
And so the grand request was granted;
Perhaps 'twas best
Their hearts, which once so sorely panted,
Are now at rest!

Some yelping dogs to pacify,
A *bone* you've thrown, and so have I;
'Tis not unwise;
We stop their mouths, and still their cry,
Their hideous noise.

Oh, *Brunswick*, Oh, my native land;
On what a weak foundation stand
Affairs integral;
May'st thou ne'er be at the command
Of powers infernal.

Thy sisters too, (their parent's pride),
To thee how nearly they're allied,
And share with thee
The ills which each of you betide
Thro' my Lord G.

Lord of the Glen! imbecile See—
We pray thee for some potent check
To plots political;
Give up the helm or fear a wreck—
The times are critical.

ENGLAND, in sable garb array'd
Thy WILLIAM, much belov'd, hath paid
The last great debt;
Thy tears his sepulchre have made—
His sun hath set!

That sun which spread a genial ray,
Affording thee a brilliant day
Of peace and rest;
A milder sceptre none can sway,
By all confess'd.

Lo on the Throne a Virgin Queen,
Victoria, youthful maid is seen;
The nation's pride,—
Great is her dignity, I ween—
Her Empire wide.

Say, England, Sovereign Lady, say,
What gems, in thy eventful day,
Shall deck thy Crown!
Shall fortune smile upon thy way,
Or shall she frown!

But who can ope the Book of Fate,
Closed from us in this mortal state!
We wish thee joy;
But blessings ne'er on Monarch's wait,
Without alloy.

We'll leave Great Britain's throne awhile,
And young Victoria, with a smile
Of loyal gladness;
And muse upon yon *ruin'd pile*,
In heartfelt sadness.

The *Bridge*, (almost a Bridge)—no more
Its giant arms from shore to shore
Is now extending;
Ill-fated project! but 'tis o'er
And past all mending.

But the projectors! what of them!
None do we censure—none condemn,
For that were folly;
The sufferers! when we think of them,
'Tis melancholy!

Now blow thy trumpet, News-boy, blow;
And sound forth mighty PAPINEAU—
The vaunting elf;
Who every desp'rate die would throw,
To take himself.

Rebellion stalks throughout the land;
The malecontents have made a stand;
And fiercely threaten;
But by a loyal patriot band
They have been beaten.

Yet still the rebel spirits live;
And secretly perchance they thrive,
But then forsooth,
Among their hordes will soon arrive
The gallant Boorn.

And MAUNSELL, with the "dogs of War"
Belching forth thunder from afar,
To crush the "crew";
Thy plots satanic they will mar—
Proud Papineau.

Spirit of WOLFE, inspire each heart
Which duty summons to depart
At this cold season;
To make the miscreant rebels smart
For their vile treason.

A passing word of praise is due
New-Brunswick's loyal troops to you,
For proffer'd aid;
To your sires' motto still be true
"Never afraid."

While *Gosron* "shivers in the wind,"
May *Papineau's* adherents find
To their dismay,
That you will never be behind
To check his sway.

Now let us look around Saint John,
And see how things are getting on;
In this fine City;
New stores, new houses, and so on;
But what a pity

That yonder growing pile of stone
Should fill the space we walk upon
Dear me 'tis vexing;
The poor old *Market Square* is gone!
Oh how perplexing.

But what still more perplexes me
Is to behold the scarcity
Of beef and mutton;
It grieves me such a dearth to see,
Altho' no glutton.

'Twere well, since we cannot supply
Our shambles, to send up a "cry,"
To those in power,
To suffer Jonathan, hard by,
At this scarce hour

To hand us in his pork and beef,
I'm sure 'twould be a great relief,
And quite in season;
Let's to our *Rulers* state our grief,
'Twould be no treason.

From Beef 'n' Basses I turn my eye,
A subject getting rather dry—
That "markets dull";
But *Hope* foretells that by and bye
'Twill be quite full.

That Banks will discount without groans,
And Bank Directors' palsied bones
Won't shake with dread,
Lest some unpaid air-bubbled loans
Burst o'er their head.

When they shall issue without sighs;
Without such wrinkles round their eyes,
And awful scowls;
Looking, for all the world, as wise
As cannie owls.

For soon, no more shall Notes and Banks,
Just like "bad pebbles" from the Banks,
Return by dozens;
A sight as welcome to one's thanks,
As country cousins.

Nor printed letters come in herds,
Like carrion crows, ill-omen'd birds,
Boding arrest,—
Commencing with these awful words:
"I do protest."

Nor duns come pouring in anew,
And unpaid Bills in stacks accrue,
While friends are seen
"Like Angels" in their "visits few"
And far between."

Haste, happy day; and drive suspense,
And cashless melancholy hence;
Our wants are great;
Withdraw our *fruits* and give us *peace*,
Through *Timothy Egan*.

I close my unpoetic thyme,
Ungifted in the "art sublime"
Of poetry;
So simply (to make good the chime)
Exclaim "good bye."

ST. JOHN, 1st January, 1838.