

**BIRCHER BOY'S  
YEAR'S ADDRESS  
TO PATRONS OF  
GARA MAIL.**

Ah never before,  
From the love and the pride,  
That thy heart's innermost core,  
The Old Duke, till he died!

Eagles of France,  
Summed their wings for a flight,  
Towards of Bonaparte glance,  
Of Britain and right!

On's lessons remain,  
The Cross once more be unfurled,  
Of Britain again  
A peace for the world!

Near Canada, lo!  
The improvements and schools,  
The happiest people below,  
That sweet region of fools.

HINCKS—he's the man,  
The dog o'er a stile,  
With his glorious plan,  
The cauldron to boil.

Offs, and steamers, to ply  
And over the sea;  
Ways to make the folks spry,  
The right fellow for me.

Am sorry to say,  
The hearty and pert,  
The French too much their way,  
To brag him in Three Rivers dirt,

Of Reform's getting dull,  
In vows it went out at all,  
When Merritt went pull,  
In a canoe!

For Reform and the Queen!  
The constitution, and laws,  
Who's out or who's in  
Who prospers and grows!

Near in Jonathan's land,  
The trumpet for liberty blew,  
The ranks of Jews did expand,  
The ranks of Austrians slew!

In fancy that is—for you know,  
As Kossuth found out to his fill,  
When Jonathan draws a long bow,  
It is warranted never to kill.

How could he go on the mad length,  
Of helping Hungary to rise,  
When the first blaze of freedom and strength,  
Would flash the light back in his eyes!

His millions of bondmen at home,  
Might claim a release from his hand,  
Goods and chattels might masterless roam,  
And freedom invade his own land.

So Kossuth was ricted no more,  
His cause would not pay in hard cash,  
But Cuba with slaves running o'er  
Made Jonathan's ogles to flash.

There was "Liberty's area" to spread,  
There was beauty and booty for knaves,  
And Spaniards to knock on the head,  
And sugar-plantations and slaves!

The Queen of Antilles! what a prize!  
For "busters" that hadn't a dime!  
Oh Kossuth! you darken my eyes!  
How the doubloons and dollars do chime!

But the Cubans were loyal and true,  
To their Queen as they ever should be,  
And to give filibusters their due,  
Hung halters on every tree.

And now honest Patrons I stop,  
May we all see another new Year,  
But to night I'm engaged to a hop  
With a sweet little gossiping dear!

May each girl that wants, get a beau,  
And every true beau get a belle,  
And after they're married still grow  
More in love with each other as well!

May this glorious Canada thrive,  
Ever loyal and happy and free,  
Filled with honey just like a bee hive,  
With the Old Flag a top of the tree!

H K