

YEAR'S

1839.

THE CARRIER OF THE KINGSTON

TO HIS PATRONS.

KINGSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, 1st JANUARY, 1839.

A happy New Year all nature cries,
Throughout the world, beneath the skies !
O ! though Great Author of all good :
May we improve it as we should :
May we as happy be this year
As all nature doth appear.
The smiling lad and merry lass,
Wish a New Year to all they pass.
E'en doth the aged matron greet
The happy elf with wishes sweet.
The Father, Son, the Daughter, Mother,
With happy hearts do greet each other.
Brothers, Sisters, neighbours, friends,
To every age a charm it lends.
The starling cock, at dawn of day,
A happy New Year crowd away !
And all the rest for miles around,
Did stretch their necks, and join the sound.
The gobbler and the noisy goose,
The trusty dog, and purring puss,
With men unite their grateful voice,
And for this blessing do rejoice,
And with the rest, I'll join the chorus,
A happy New Year bring before us.
The earth has circled round the sun,
And to another year we've come !
And the events that have transpired,
At which we've trembled or admired,
In oblivion now do lie,
Only a shadow passing by.
Have we wasted our time, for naught !
Or have we spent it as we ought,
The time which we have lost, will never,
Return to us again for ever.
On this day morn another year
Dances on the busy world appear.
May it be, with blessings laden,
For the old man the youth and maiden
With healing balm for every heart,
Restoring peace, removing smart !
And may it be a year of rest,
To the afflicted and distressed,
No pestilence or sweeping fire,
Thence are my hopes and my desires.
Could I if possible, at one view,
Of men and manners just and true.
A picture draw that we could see,
What gossamering airy things we be.
Constantly opening at our God,
Quite careless of his threatening rod,
His precepts we unfeeling brave
Until we're placed within the grave.
What indignation, rage and strife,
Attend our daily walks in life,
And occupy the mind of men,
Although to life is but a span.
A host of bug-bears did appear,
Within the compass of last year,
Contrived with subtilty and art,
Stated as well has played his part
The clergy lands first on the list,
Gracious men what artful shifts,
To obtain a part or all,
They would devour great and small.
Divine instruction is there placed,
But every scripture can be read,
That all their noisy worldly strife,
Is to procure a pleasant life.
Mercenary motives urge them on,
Striving to make each claim so strong,
Their hearts latent upon the score,

They set like giddy cackling geese.
Onward they fly devoid of grace,
Like long eared animals at a race,
Eager they are to join this fray,
Although their duty is to pray.
Bitten on earth looks up and smiles,
To see men rushing to his wiles,
Chuckles and grins and shouts with glee,
Look down O Satan! on thy warship me.
I've only just to turn my eye,
Where'er I look I find a prize.
Faithful worshippers, I behold,
My attributes they prize as gold.
Be you to others just and true,
As you'd have others be to you,
This is the golden rule we find,
Which seldom occupies the mind.

I've now a different tale to tell,
About the money lenders,
I'm sure they play their part so well,
And truly they are grinders.
A set of traders Bankers call'd,
Who deal in paper money,
Contriv'd to hit upon a plan,
Which was so very shrewd.
These very just and amiable men,
All true to number one,
At last contrived upon a plan,
The public for to hum.
After flooding all the country,
With promises to pay,
O what a mighty clever thing,
Could they prolong the day.
They were not long about it,
The Legislators all,
Being nothing interested,
Soon listened to their call,
The plan to them was opened,
They all began to sing,
With all our might we'll knock down right,
And any God save the King.
After some party squabbling
These worthy men agreed,
The laws should be suspended,
And certain Bankers freed,
From all their undertakings,
Which honest men should prize,
And from each artful design,
They wish to shut our eyes.

The Tories they shudder for blood to the knife,
For such brutal scenes they always are rife,
It seems as if nature had planted it so,
As hindered to claim with the carrier crew.
The land they assume, in word set and deed,
Altho' they uphold a sanguineous creed,
Which if carried out, to its fullest extent,
Contains all the evils old Nick ever sent.
Many call them rapacious covetous slaves,
Who cater are easy except to themselves,
On honest men's earnings they can put a paw,
And this they pronounce to be justice and law.
A doubt is pretended, such men can be found,
Or suffered to flourish on true British ground,
Long noted for freedom, valor and skill,
Which if you believe many volumes would fill,
Within this slim Province, the word of the kind,
Of Tories ferocious and cruel we find,
They're grasping and craving to gather up pelf,
At last comes Old Nick and takes them himself,
Accepting expression they have quite in vogue,