

1863.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS OF THE CARRIER BOY  
OF THE  
LONDON PROTOTYPE.

The Devil\* sat in a high-backed chair,  
With distracted mein and ruffled hair;  
He cursed his lot and bewailed his fate,  
And he wished the world was out of date,  
And prayed that chaos might come once  
more,  
And resolve this world to primitive ore—  
For custom, for which there was no redress,  
Had doomed him to write a New Year's Ad-  
dress.

Of poetry never the art he knew,  
To him English rhyme was Irish stew;  
A stranger he to Mount Parnassus,  
Which he mistook for bloody Manassas;  
'Twas no wonder, then, that he tore his hair,  
And savagely kicked both table and chair;  
The muses to him were disgustingly dumb,  
And poetry never a bit would come.

In vain he called upon the Nine—  
In vain he tried to turn a rhyme,  
His pent up feelings to express—  
Each effort just ended in a mess.

He had heard that metre was the thing  
In which the Gods of old did sing,  
And that of late a clerical fluke  
Had measured the Holy Pentateuch  
With a common rule, twelve inches long,  
By which he cut up Moses' song.  
So mounting on a lofty stool,  
The Devil took down a three-foot rule;  
And tried with the help of the rule of three,  
To charm the genius of minstrelsy;  
But he shared the fate of Bishop Colenzo,  
And failed to get up an Address *in extenso*.

Then this Devil paused in deep despair,  
And viciously tugged once more at his hair—  
When in came a spirit, who began to indite,  
And told our poor Devil what he must write.

\*Our Devil—not the public's devil.

The war in the States he was to deplore,  
The tax upon beer to condemn o'er and o'er,  
Politics he was to handle with care,  
And maucilage altogether forswear,  
The Hon. 'Lige should be man and brother  
The Hon. John worthy son of his mother,  
No Grit should be called horrible fellar—  
Not e'en noisy Archy McKellar.

Of the Volunteers he in raptures should sing  
And pronounce them decidedly just the thing.  
The officers must be well up to the mark,  
And the men ever ready to fight or to lark.  
Odious comparisons should not be made  
Of Majors pompously styled Brigade.  
In irreverent mood he must not scoff at  
The "complete letter-writer" of Major Moffat.

Colonel Light was to be "sound on the  
goose"  
And not addicted to "fast and loose"  
In fact the Devil should tune his lay,  
And say the little he had to say,  
To please all the people in the town,  
From the bell man, up to the man of the  
gown.  
To Rads and Totes, rich and poor,  
On bringing the *Prototype* to their door,  
A Happy New Year he was to wish,  
With plenty of joy, and heaps of bliss.

The address was written in a trice,  
And the sprite vanished in the shape of a  
mice,  
So the Devil got down from his high-backed  
chair,  
And rubbed his hands and smoothed his  
hair,  
And started on his New Year's tour,—  
And lo! now he's standing at your door.

He wishes you all a Happy New Year,  
Troops of friends and untaxed beer,—  
And when he comes back in sixty-four,  
He'll wish you kindly twice as much more.