



HAPPY NEW YEAR



THE



Carrier's Poem

DEDICATED TO

THE PATRONS

OF

The Ottawa Citizen,

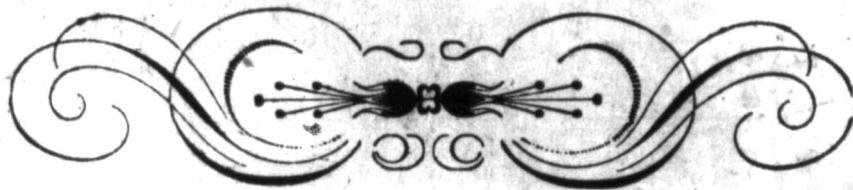
NEW YEAR'S DAY, JANUARY 1<sup>st</sup>

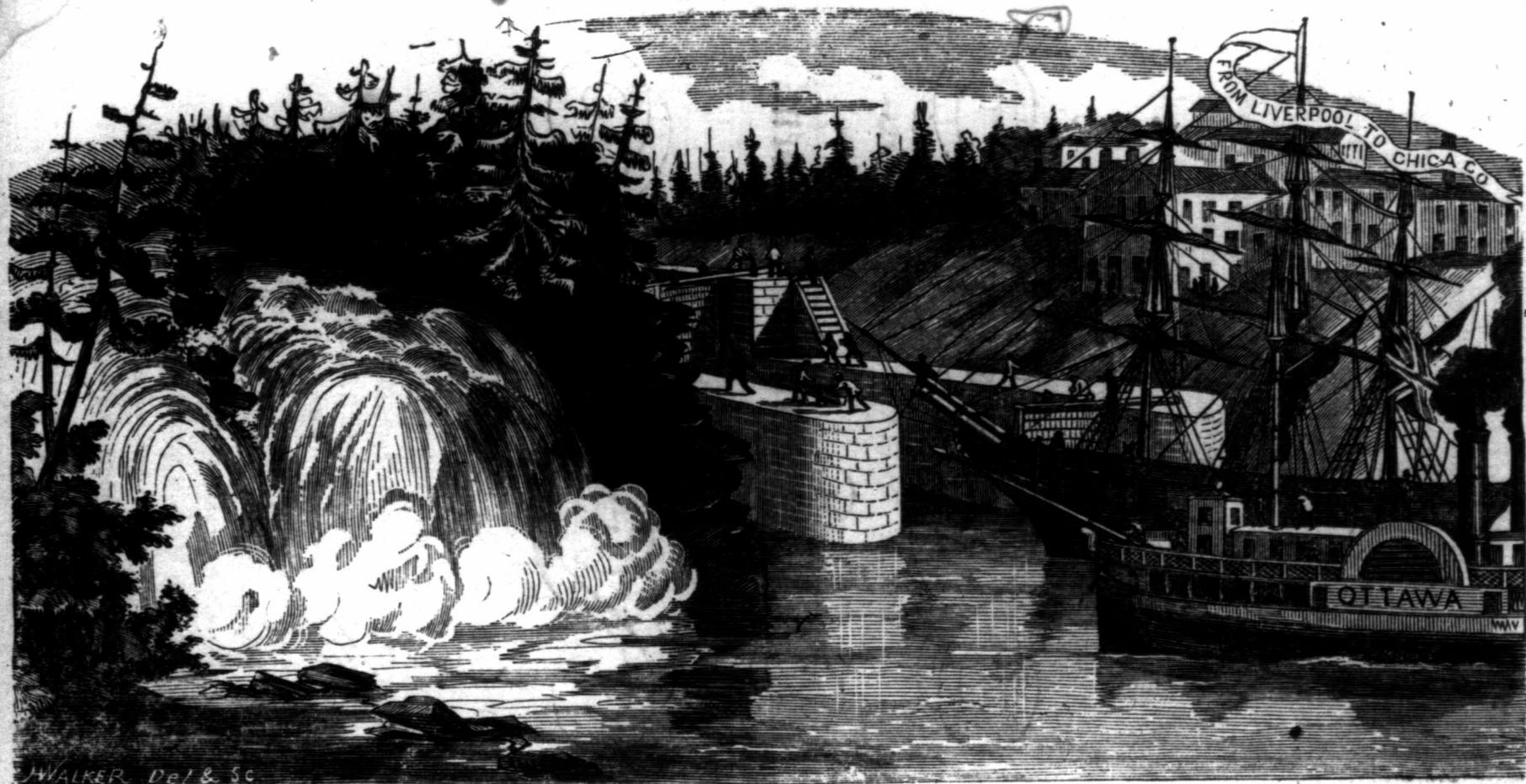
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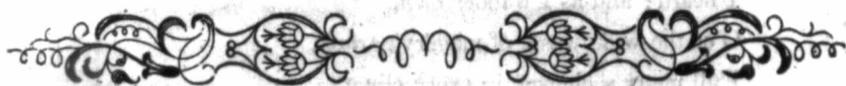


The Carrier's Poem.

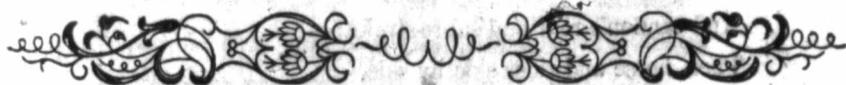




View of the Horse-Shoe Falls, and the Entrance to the projected Canal at the Chats, Ottawa river. — (Combined.)



## The Carrier's Paem



I come not to sadden your hour of mirth,  
I come not to darken the social hearth,  
With records of bloodshed, of horror, and crime,  
Which have dimmed our horizon time after time ;  
I come not your moments of joy to beguile  
With falsehood, close-veiled by a hypocrite smile ;  
I come not to scatter from slander's vile tongue  
Dissension and discord kind neighbours among.

On, on, forever on, with silent tread,  
Through the dim mansions of the lonely dead—  
Along each crowded way—in every view—  
Where rolls the wave—where looms the distant blue—  
Deep 'mong those vaulted depths where darkness reigns—  
Wide o'er the bosom of earth's sunny plains—  
Through space unbounded—e'en to every spot  
Where life and being are and where they're not,  
Oh ! Time, thou movest fearless on thy way,  
With naught thy giant, viewless power to stay.

Within thy mighty grasp revolving years,  
 Each burdened with a load of smiles and tears,  
 In spectre form appear ; but soon return,  
 To rest forever in oblivion's urn.

E'en now, while as I am, a requiem sound  
 Breaks the deep stillness of the night around :  
 Hark ! 'tis a solemn sound—a lonely knell ;  
 It echoes back in truth that word—" FAREWELL."

Old year ! it was *thy* last farewell  
 Which thus with gentle, trembling swell,  
 I heard ; and as I wander back  
 O'er the wide waste of mem'ry's track,  
 Full many a change, in every clime,  
 I see since thou wert in thy prime.  
 Ah, yes ;—when in thy cradle-bed  
 The hosts of war to battle led,  
 Rush'd furious on through dust and smoke  
 And cannon's roar and sabre-stroke ;—  
 Then, horse and rider side by side,  
 Their lances deep with crimson dyed,  
 Stag'ring and reeling on the plain,  
 Fell lifeless, ne'er to rise again ;  
 While ever and anon on high  
 Uprose the screaming buzzard's cry.

That scene is changed—the glittering blade  
 In its deep scabbard fold is laid ;  
 The champing steed on slumber's breast  
 Sinks to his evening's quiet rest ;  
 The aged warrior now once more  
 Sits by his ancient cabin door,  
 To tell of deeds by valor won,  
 Since first his labours were begun.  
 Thank God ! o'er Briton's sea gift Isle,  
 Triumphant Peace, with Heavenly smile,  
 Extends her reign ; while through each glade  
 Floats, free from either stain or shade,  
 A flag which has, and e'er will be,  
 The champion of true Liberty.

Home of the Cæsars! glorious once in arms;  
 Nursling of science! where are now the charms  
 Which crowned thy hills—which graced thy sunny yales—  
 Which decked thy shores, and breathed among thy gales?  
 Sad thought! the glory of thy name is past—  
 A tyrant's fetters now are o'er thee cast.  
 The laureate wreaths which erst thy fathers bore  
 In *Freedom's* cause, now twine for thee no more—  
 Thy polished steel has crumbled in its rust—  
 Thy once proud eagle now is chained to dust;  
 No more thy war-horse paws the battle plain—  
 Fall'n is each temple, prostrate every fane—  
 No more thy daughters sing of conquests won,  
 Nor tell the mighty deeds their fathers done:  
 But still there slumbers in Italia's breast  
 A fire which yet shall heave her bosom's crest,  
 Those flames shall kindle up her mould'ring dust,  
 And from her earth-bound steel shall purge the rust,  
 Whose dazzling light shall gleam o'er burnish'd blades,  
 And through each pass lead on heroic shades.

Woe to the tyrant *then*.

Yes, Austria boast! but a voice o'er the sea  
 Speaks in trumpet toned accents, thou Satrap, to thee!  
 Inspired is that voice, like the heavenly lyre,  
 On which prophets of old poured their language of fire;  
 And it says, "that the mighty in the dust shall be laid,  
 And shall fall in the snare they for others have made;  
 The crush'd heart shall rise from the depths of despair—  
 The arrows of death rouse the beast from his lair;  
 On the wings of the storm, over mountain and sea,  
 Shall float the glad tidings—*Italia is free.*"

Land of the "Stars and Stripes," I fain would leave  
 Thy tale for nobler, worthier pens, than mine;  
 A kindred feeling makes my spirit grieve  
 When called upon to say *such deeds are thine.*

It cannot be that thou art void of light—  
 Those same effulgences in Heaven smile  
 Upon thy landscape, to dispel the night  
 Of error, as look down on Britain's Isle.

Yet she has thrown the manacles aside,  
Which bound a fellow creature in their thrall;  
The gates of freedom she has opened wide,  
And paved the way to Liberty for all.

Then why not thou?—far brighter stars, I ween,  
Are centered in thy bosom's inmost core  
Than on thy banner's floating folds are seen,  
Or could be found among thy jewell'd ore.

Strike down, Columbia! strike thy motto down—  
Disgrace the name of "Liberty" no more;  
Dispel the nation's world-wide bitter frown—  
Let Freedom reign, *in truth*, from shore to shore.

Our Native land! with heart and hand,  
We strike a chord for thee,  
Whose every note shall wildly float,  
And *tell* that we are free.

We'll sound it wide o'er land and tide,  
From Freedom's broad domain  
To Europe's thrones, where crumbled bones  
Speak out that tyrants reign;

From the deep sea-beds of the icy realm,  
O'er many a fertile plain,  
'Mong the wavy tops of the ash and elm,  
To where ships are steered by a veering helm  
Through lakes in a mighty chain;

From the trackless bourn of that distant world,  
Where the sun's bright rays decline,  
To where morning light by the waves is curled,  
And St. Lawrence onward is swiftly whirled  
To the ocean's rolling brine,—

Is the Land we love,—'tis the land of Peace!  
Tho' never at duty's call  
Did her heart's allegiance to honour cease,  
Or her rights to a foeman e'er release,  
Or yield to a stranger's thrall.

It is Freedom's Land! on her sacred soil  
 The foot of slave ne'er trod!  
 From the galling chain of oppression's toil  
 Would her free-born spirit *at once* recoil,  
 And sweep it from her sod.

'Tis a Land of Bibles! the treasured ore  
 Of many thousand Kings  
 Would avail as naught, from her bosom's core  
 To erase that current of deathless lore  
 Which flows from Heav'nly springs.

'Tis a Land of Laws! whose eternal source  
 Is found in Wisdom's way;  
 Which dispense to all with impartial force,  
 But with strength and power, the surest course  
 Their troubles to allay.

'Tis a Land of Science! the worlds of space,  
 To each remotest bound,  
 With the mighty truths which they embrace,  
 Of what sort they are, or where'er their place,  
 With her are truly found.

'Tis a Land of Arts! in her iron grasp  
 The rocky bars give way,  
 And the mountain depths their gates unhasp,  
 And their treasured coffers of wealth unclasp,  
 To meet the rising day.

'Tis a Land of Schools! to dispel that night  
 Which long in chains has bound  
 The immortal mind, is her chief delight,  
 And her strength goes forth with redoubled might  
 Each year that circles 'round.

Stranger! whate'er thy name or race,  
 Where'er may be thy dwelling place,—  
 Whether on Europe's classic soil,  
 Doomed by indignant fate to toil;  
 Or nursed on splendour's downy bed,  
 With countless minions round thee spread;

Or if, perchance, where zephyr's bland,  
With balmy breath o'er Asia's land,  
Float softly 'neath cereulian skies,  
'Mong gems and flowers and soft blue eyes,—  
Come here! come o'er the dark blue sea :  
This happy land has charms for thee.  
Rich fields now spread their verdure round,  
While far and wide is heard the sound  
Of bleating flocks and lowing herds,  
And mellow notes of chirping birds.  
A mighty forest yet remains,  
Wide spreading o'er her fertile plains,  
Whose wavy top awaits that breeze  
Which over many distant seas  
Shall waft it from its native soil,  
A rich reward for Labor's toil.  
A thousand fertile vales expand  
Their deep luxuriance o'er the land,  
Where yet shall gleam from shore to shore  
The gifts of Autumn's golden store.  
Broad rivers through her valleys roam,  
To meet their far-off ocean home,  
And bear to every distant zone  
The products of her clime alone.  
Within her bosom's rocky core,  
E'en to its surface, scattered o'er,  
Lie slumbering in their beds untold  
Rich mines of iron, lead and gold.  
The rolling Car, with light'ning force,  
Now whirls along its iron course,  
Beside her banks, through hill and vale,  
Where once the red man led the trail.  
Vast Lakes, Canals and Rivers wide,  
Where mighty crafts at peace may ride,  
Extend along her broad domains,  
An endless length, in endless chains ;  
While trampling hoofs and pond'rous loads  
Meet on her great Macadam'd roads,—

That solid base, which sure must be  
 Her passport to prosperity :  
 Where flow her Rivers and her Rills,—  
 Extend her Factories and her Mills,  
 Whose constant dash and humming roar,  
 Resounded, roll from shore to shore ;  
 While ever on,—by night—by day,  
 O'er hills and plains and streams away,  
 The Lightning, from its fastness torn,  
 Chained to the wire, of venom shorn,  
 A herald is, the thoughts of man,  
 His fortunes and his fate to scan.  
 Yes, Stranger, come ! but leave behind  
 The errors of a prostrate mind,—  
 The relics of that ancient time,  
 When wrong was just, and right a crime.  
 Leave thou !—we ask no heart to rear  
 Our columns through the heaven's high air  
 Which in its core may tinctured be  
 With mark or stain of Bigotry.

Thus of the past. Turn now with me,  
 And in the future let us see  
 What yet remains : no paltry line  
 Our rightful limits can define.  
 Think not, Canadians ! think no more  
 As you have always thought before,  
 Those narrow bounds, from Georgian Bay  
 To where St. Lawrence rolls away,  
 Your lines are set. No, no,—that space  
 Contains within its small embrace,  
 Including lakes and streams and isles,  
 About three hundred thousand miles  
 In square extent : but those are not  
 Our bounds *alone* ; not e'en a jot  
 Of such as fill our rightful claim,  
 And which should bear our Nation's name :

Four million miles, square measure, yet  
Are our's, and which we're bound to get!  
From Hudson's Bay, through beds of ore,  
To wild Pacific's ocean-shore,  
A region vast, with shady bowers,  
And prairie plains, and blooming flowers,  
And streams whose sparkling sands unfold  
Her countless mines of purest gold;  
Where, unalloyed, in solid blocks,  
Is copper chisell'd from the rocks,  
And coal in mighty beds is found  
Protruding e'en above the ground,  
And min'ral tar, and ivory too,  
And gems of every shade and hue.  
Unmeasured yet those wide domains,—  
Unbroken Nature still remains  
Indulgent there, at our command,  
To yield in truth this mighty land.  
Rise then from slumber's downy bed,  
Canadians! ye who at our head  
Are placed, to guide through future time  
Our stately bark to realms sublime.  
Behold! deep through our forest's shade  
That great highway which God has made,—  
The OTTAWA!—whose basin wide  
Embraces worlds on either side,—  
Whose waters roll from sea to sea,  
One vast, unchecked immensity!  
Gaze for a moment on that plan  
Which Heaven, propitious, made for man,  
To elevate from Nature's birth  
Our Land, to be the first of Earth!  
Mark well, four million miles and o'er  
Are ours, as I have said before,  
While to the vast Atlantic main  
Directly through this treasured plain,  
With mighty sweep and depth profound,  
The Ottawa's proud waves are bound;  
Designed by Heaven, without a doubt,  
To be the only high-way route  
By which her fruits and golden ore  
Shall float to every distant shore.  
Would you behold vast cities rise  
High peering through the azure skies;  
Or gaze upon a waving store  
Of golden grain, like which before

The world ne'er saw?—would you delight  
In guarding well our sacred right?  
Then open out from rocky thrall  
By one continued SHIP CANAL  
Our noble stream, from Georgian Bay  
Down through her shoals and sands away  
To where our City stretches wide  
Her giant arms on every side.  
Nay more, to guard from winter's grasp,  
When keels are bound in icy clasp,  
And nature sleeps in still repose  
Imbedded deep by drifting snows,  
Make *that* which has and e'er will be  
The herald of prosperity:  
Yes, e'en from Huron's rolling shore  
To where the Chaudiere's thund'ring roar  
Resounds, erect with high-born pride,  
A RAILROAD, by our River's side.  
Ah! *then* the forest's nodding brow  
To man's strong arm would quickly bow;  
Each valley then with herbage green,  
And Autumn-fruits of golden sheen,  
Would sweetly bloom from side to side  
In all the glow of beauty's pride;—  
Where *now* the ivy clothes the ground,  
With Nature's wilderness around,  
Vast Cities then would rise to view  
Far in the distant azure blue.  
No longer then would Britons roam  
Through savage lands to find a home,  
But gathered here from distant isles,  
And scattered through four million miles,  
O'er which would float from sea to sea  
That spotless banner of the free,  
Which over every land and wave  
Has dared the tyrant's threat to brave,—  
Might cherish then that cherish'd zeal  
Which they have e'er been won't to feel  
For Gospel Law and Gospel Truth  
E'en from the earliest hours of youth.  
Our City then would claim her right  
Not by the partial rule of Might,  
But by that Law, which, crush'd to earth  
Will rise again, in brighter birth,  
To be in every conflict's van  
The champion and the friend of man.

Gaze on her noble River! ye  
 Who claim the shield of *Right* to be,—  
 Gaze on her mighty frowning steeps  
 Which rise to heaven like castle-keeps,  
 And which amid the battle cry  
 Could all the powers of *earth* defy,—  
 Gaze on her *iron chariots* bound  
 With lightning speed along the ground,—  
 Behold her site, by Wisdom laid,  
 The centre of our Nation's trade,  
 And say, without a blush of shame,  
 Who e'er thou art or what thy name,  
 That OTTAWA was not designed,  
 By every thing in Reason's mind,  
 To be that happy haven blest  
 Where Parliament at last shall rest  
 For ever and for ever more  
 From wand'ring on a hostile shore.

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May Peace, throughout the boundless years of time,  
 Triumphant reign in every land and clime;  
 May high-born Truth and righteous Law prevail  
 O'er all the world: May naught *our* bark assail,  
 To blast its progress, to revile its name,  
 Or stay its progress to the shores of fame.

Our Friends! our Patrons! ye, the tried and true,  
 To whom a higher meed than ours is due,  
 For whom these numbers, feeble in each line,  
 With no pretension to the *Heavenly nine*,  
 Are now essayed,—through many a rolling year,  
 Without a grief, a shadow, or a tear,  
 May you survive, and may your every plan  
 Be for the welfare and the peace of man;  
 May healthful joy attend you all the while,  
 And Fortune greet you ever with her smile.

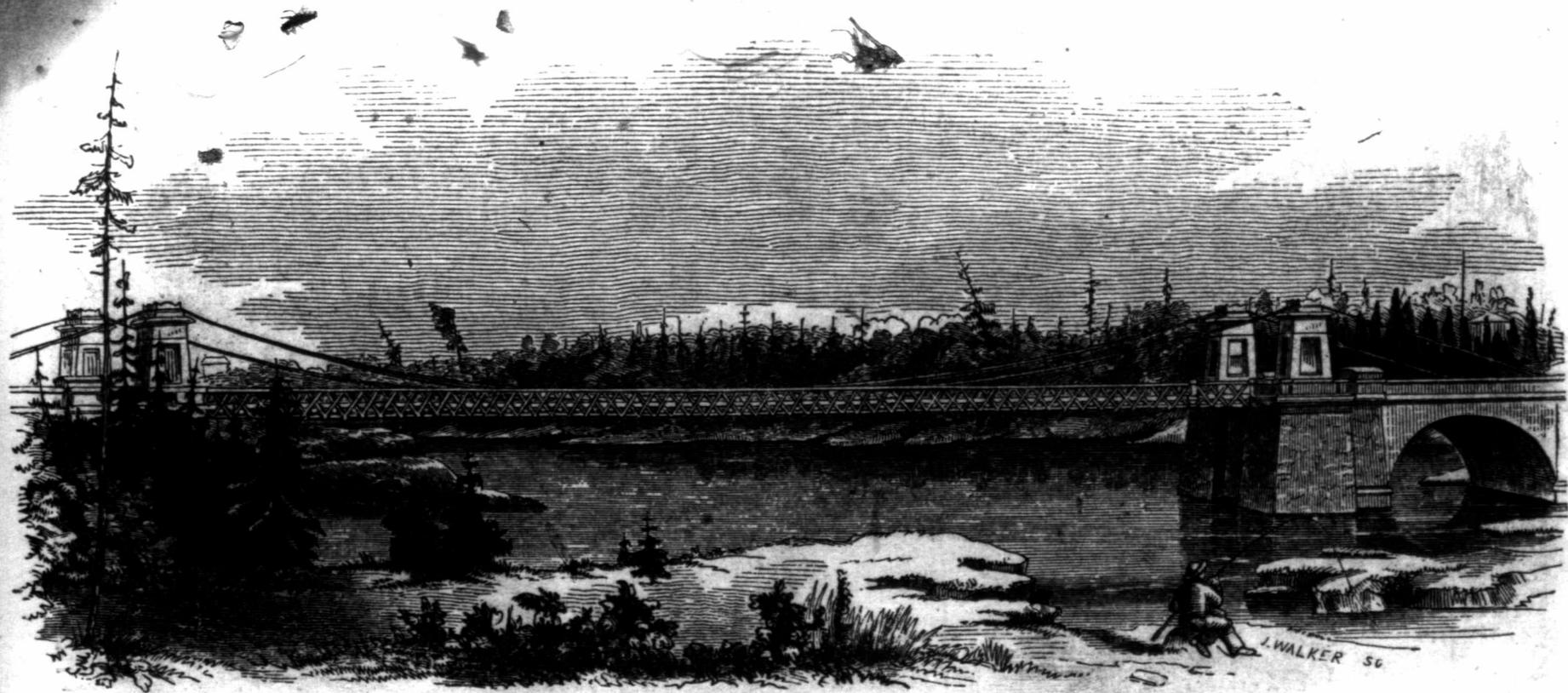




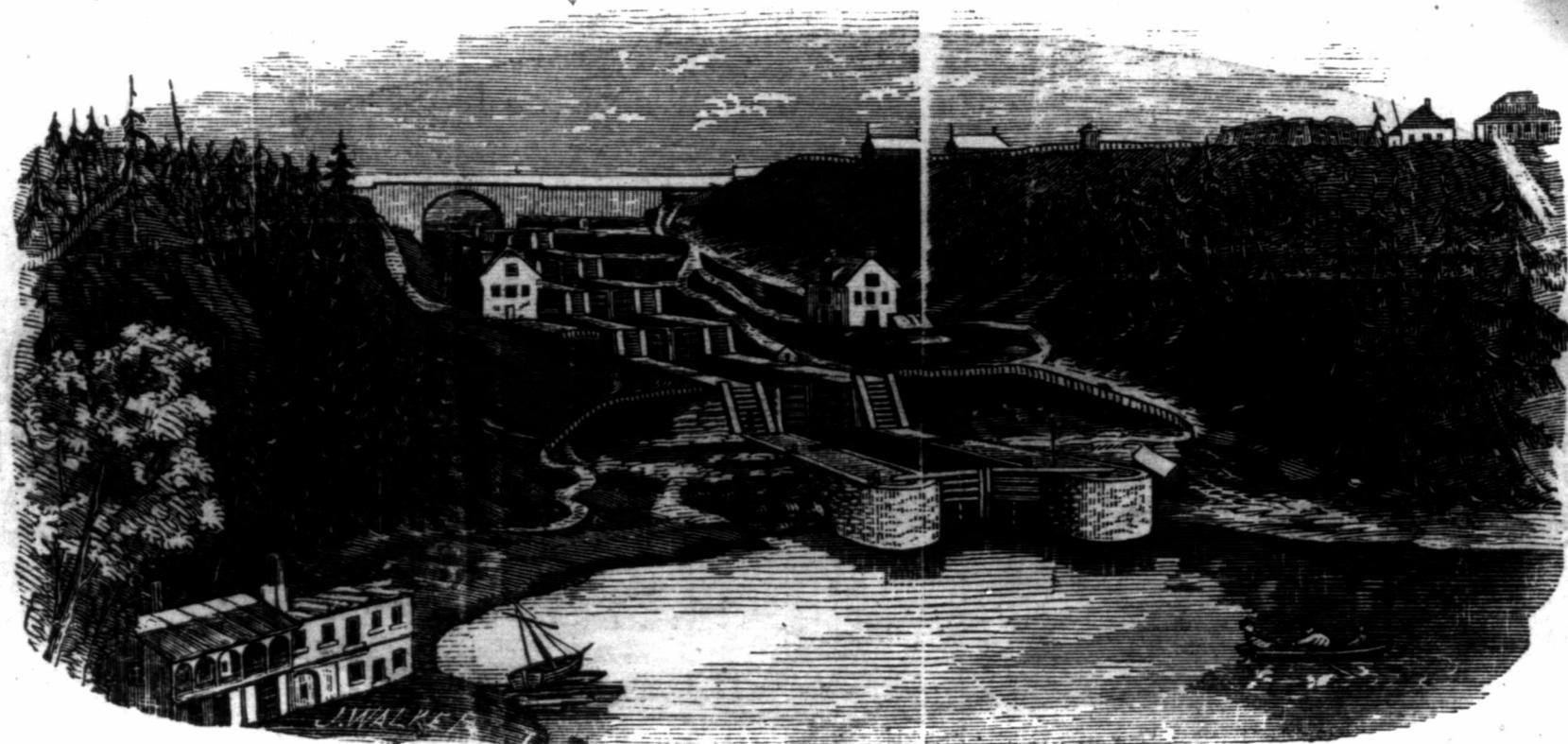
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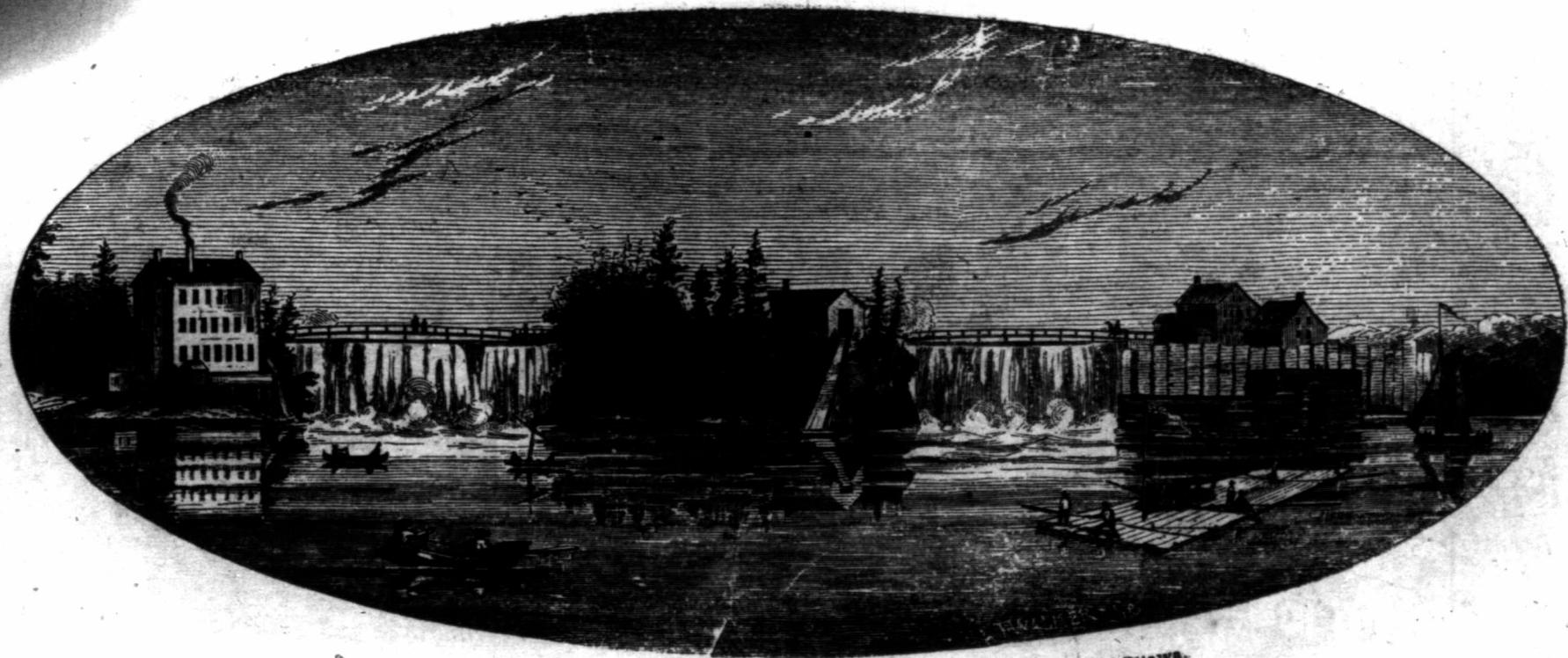
View of Deep River (part of the Ottawa) taken from Colto's island, near the foot of the Des Joachim Falls.



View of the Union Suspension Bridge over the Ottawa river below the Chaudiere Falls, near the City of Ottawa.



View of the Locks of the Rideau Canal at its junction with the Ottawa river, at the City of Ottawa.



View of the Falls of the Rideau River at New Edinburgh, near the City of Ottawa.



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