1845

THE NEWS-BOY'S ADDRESS

TO THE

PATRONS OF THE "LOYALIST."

JANUARY 1st, 1845.

Though storms and tempests hurl the white sea-foam,
O'er beetling cliffs that circle wide our home,—
Though rain and snows alternate drench the plain,
And clothe it with its feathery garb again,—
Though *forty-four* its final vengeance fires
In storms, and then convulsively expires,
As 'midst the jars of elemental strife,
Young *forty-five* is ushered into life,
Still does the News Boy tread his dreary round
(That round he *fifty times* has travelled o'er
Since thus last New Year he assailed your door,)
And with a smile, and with a bow profound,
Solicits a small piece of silver—not
As *alms*, for howe'er poor may be his lot,
An alms he'd scorn!—neither as a *reward*,
Although perchance his labours have been hard,
And he has trudged the weary streets along
Knee-deep in mud, or when th' north winds blew strong.
(Nor grudged your ease, but patiently endured,)
To lay the *Loyalist* on your breakfast board!
And he has oft with conscious pleasure glow'd
To see it welcomed to each glad abode—
When one doth seek for *that*, another *this*,—
The News for Mamma, and the Tales for Miss!
Whilst the grave Sires' eyes unwonted fire
Shows that their hearts to lofty deeds aspire,
When they perceive *one* paper in the land
Appreciates the motives of the band
Who made to *Loyalty* a sacrifice—
Whose *Loyalty* first drove them 'neath these skies!
For still the *Loyalist*, faithful to its name,
Warm'd by allegiance true, and patriot's flame,
Dares on the slanderer's head its vengeance pour,
Despite the tyranny of the *thirty four!*
Yea—though by bolts secured, by chains encumbered,
Rings in the traitor's ear "*Thy days are numbered?*"
Ah! long he this unPeaceful one thy streets hee paced
He seeks nor alms nor guerdon—seoth to tell,
He but desires a testimonial,
That you his services appreciate;
And then, assured his zeal will not abate,
He'll leave you to resume your Christmas cheer,
Nerved by your smiles to face another year.

The year of Forty-four has been unmarked
By military exploits; for embarked
In nobler enterprise, to Merchants dear,
The people of the Eastern Hemisphere
Pursue their calm, though not less glorious track,
Nor impiously desire to bring back
The days when, grasping Potentates to please,
Their Navies frightened Commerce from the seas,
And Armies fought till purple torrents ran,
To gratify th' ambitious views of man!—
England has alway "Merry England" been,
She'll have her laugh e'en in the midst of danger;
And *yearly* now—bless'd by a virtuous Queen—
She hails with joy *a little Royal stranger!*
Auld Scotia too starts from her solitude,
Her noble scions stand in marshall'd order,
As smile the ancient Halls of Holyrood.
To welcome Britain's Sovereign "o'er the border!"
And well may England's youthful Queen be proud,
For lofty Potentates have sought her shrine;
And there within the bygone year has bowed
A scion of th' ambitious Catherine—
Inheriting her noble qualities—
The will to dare, the courage to despise
Danger in every shape—the mind to plan
Ambitious schemes t' enslave his fellow-man;
Like iron nerved—impatient of control—
To extend his Empire, though he lose his soul!
(Free from her am'rous faults, and yet possessing
Her temper, which may prove a curse or blessing—
Urbanity to th' Russ, to th' Poles coercion)
Inheriting likewise, a double portion
Of stern inflexibility—a sage,
And yet the greatest tyrant of the age!

There too has bowed the Sovereign of France,
The virtuous offspring of a guilty sire;
A Dukedom's exile once, but now by chance,
Call'd to fulfil a destiny still higher.
Remembers he the day, when, *for his bread,*
He wielded *in terrorem* his ferule!
Or is he happier now, when Arabs dread
His sceptred hand, and *nations* form his school.
Oh! that past lessons may not be in vain—
That while himself and sons o'er France may reign,
Europia's choicest blessings to increase,
They throw their weight into the scale of *Peace.*
And be not Saxony's mild King forgot,
Although less brilliant and far-famed his lot,
He came to see the proudest of his race,
(His lineage he might trace in many a face)
And traversed o'er a portion of the Isle,
His hours with "star-eyed science" to beguile.

But Royal Visits, Science, and blest Peace.
Though Arts and Commerce prosper and increase,
Must not employ *exclusively* my pen,
For moved by bigots and rebellious men,
Erin's dark spirits kindled into flame,
Rebels in practice—heart—all but the *name!*
'Twas then Peel's policy was understood,
That some must suffer for their country's good!
And one bright glimpse afflicted Erin saw,
Of Britain's strength—the potency of Law!
Alas! that glimpse was brief, for British Peers
Their birthright yieldeth up, nor interferes,
While th' sentence is unhappily reversed
By Whiggish Lords, and Ireland now is cursed
With Dan the *Martyr!* stained with Becket's crime,
And like him *sainted*, but before his time;
But though *not dead*, his abject dupes combine,
And pawn their rags to worship at his shrine!
To carol forth thy praise in all our songs,
How thou art famed for Justice sage and sound,
No more with *wigs* let Whiggish men be crowned!

Cross we the Channel now, and take a peep
At Continental Europe; fast asleep
Is Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Prussia,
And Austria too, except when watching Russia;
Brave Bernadotte is dead, and next in line
Oscar his son reigns—now let's cross the Rhine—
That fickle lady, self-styled "La belle France,"
Under pretence of guarding her Algiers,
Has lately taught the Moors the Polka-dance!
And sacrificed some thousands to her fears.
But though she proved a ruthless stern invader,
She did not capture gallant Abd-el-kader.—
Queen Christiana has returned to Spain,
But sad and bloody is her daughter's reign;
And though imprisoned is the tyrant Prim,
That country's cup of woe's filled to the brim,
And many a bitter draught she's doomed to drink,
If neighbouring nations are resolved to wink
At crime and carnage; but a brighter sun
Arises—though the work's not yet begun—
The five great powers of Europe, it is said,
Will lend their mediation, and their aid,
To prevent bloodshed, and establish peace.
In hopeless Spain, and Portugal, and Greece.

The Muscovites Circassia's mountains still
Invest, the Czar's stern mandates to fulfil;
But still they're foiled, and nothing make but martyrs,
And nothing have they caught as yet but—*tartars!*—
The generous Wolffe who volunteered to seek,
For Connolly and Stoddart at Bokhara,
Traversed the sandy plains and mountains bleak,
But might as well have searched the hill of Tara!
In Persian dungeons now the Doctor lies,
To his philanthrophy a sacrifice.—
Wake, Britain! wake from thy repose,
And crush to atoms these thy savage foes.

Enough of the Old world,—th' United States
Claim our attention next, and there the fates
Seem to be plotting for some future strife.
Their King (Quadrennial) married a young wife,
And titilated at his situation
He's breathed of nothing since but *annexation,*—
His married life King Tyler finds so pleasing
He'd lose no time in wooing or in teasing,
And since *Miss Texas* does a wish express
To live a life of single blessedness,
He recommends a seizure to be made—
Immediate—ere her youthful beauties fade—
Regardless how the "wings of *war*" may blow,
And 'spite of jealous, threat'ning Mexico,—
And place her—fragrant with each sunny balm—
In th' Haram of the am'rous Uncle Sam!
—But Tyler's reign is nearly at an end,
Though by the late election it appears
The "Sovereign People" then did choose his friend,
To hold *despotic* rule the next four years.
They danced the *Polk*-a too, though not like France
Taught Moors and Arabs how to step that dance;—
Of course the "cutest folk in all creation,"
Would choose a King for some qualification,
And high in their esteem King Polk-a figures,
Because he owns a *flock* of little "niggers;"
For he who *darkies drive*, scourging each pate,
Is qualified to hold the *reins* of state!

In Canada "Old Squaretoes" took a stand,
Calling on Loyalists throughout the land
To rally round the standard of the Crown,
And frustrate base attempts to pull it down;
And nobly 'twas responded to, and great
His victory, and his foes defeat!
And place and power on loyal shoulders placed,
Gives cause to hope they will not be disgraced
Again, by hands with foul rebellion stained,
But that the victory so hardly gained,
Will nerve each loyal bosom for their task,
Till ev'ry scheme of perfidy they unmask,
And Canada long prove the brightest gem
That graces Queen Victoria's Diadem.

To Nova Scotia next our course we'll steer,
Where Howe with lip curled with contemptuous sneer,
Scours, like the hurricane, the land in wrath,
While strife and desolation marks his path.
Such is the Demagogue, from office driven,
For coveting the *whole* of what is given,
Like Satan banished from his seat above,
Envy and hatred takes the place of love,
And, Satan-like, with his fell poisoned mind,
Strives to inoculate all human kind;
Filling their cup of misery to the brim,
Because the gates of Heaven are shut 'gainst him!

Now having rode this world so nearly o'er
My Pegasus returns to Brunswick's shore;
Here peace and plenty reigns, and trade revives,
Th' industrious artizan and labourer thrives;
Our Steam-mills send their smoke up to the sky,
As from the saws the deals and battens fly;
Our forests tremble at the deafening sound,
When lofty pines come thundering to the ground;
And nought is wanting but good legislation,
To make this little corner of the nation
Bloom like an Eden. Hail then! Patrons dear,
Like me, th' auspicious advent of the year!
And since I strive to bring content to you,
A trifle give to make *me* happy too!
And then we'll pray that *forty-five* may flow,—
Not like this year a century ago,
When British blood besmeared Culloden's hills;
But like sweet rippling brooks, or murm'ring rills,
That speak of happiness, content, and peace;
And may *my* diligence, and your funds increase
Till next New Year you welcome me with joy,
And say "*take this half-dollar merry Loyalist Boy!*"

FREDERICTON, JANUARY 1st, 1845.

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