

From the Carrier of the Visitor to His Patrons.

How shall the newsboy strike a jocund lay
To cheer his patrons on the New Year's Day?
'Tis true, no wishes can be more sincere
Than his, that all should spend a happy year,
But vain are wishes, when with dire alarms
The warring world is clad in hostile arms.
Such were the wishes when the year began,
But few are happy, now the year is done.
When revolutions shake the trembling world
And mighty nations to the tomb are hurld,
When the whole globe from pole to pole
Shall rock,
We too, must feel our portion of the shock.
But what if we beside the cheerful fire,
Enjoy those comforts which our wants require,
And when the storm, with fury howls around,
Feel not the blast, nor hee! the dismal sound,
Yet the poor soldier, in the northern snows,
Hungry and cold, and freezing as he goes,
Feels the chill tempests which around him roar,
Sighs for that home, he'll never visit more.
A heart of sympathy for other's woes
Feels for the sufferer in Canadian snows,
And though, perhaps, he disapproved the cause
Which sends our armies forth to foreign wars;
Yet when our standard on the embattled field
Waves o'er the foe whose hostile banners yield
He feels rejoiced to hear our arms succeed,
Yet sighs for those whom fate has doom'd to bleed,
For those whose blood has stain'd the sanguine plain,
How many mourn a friend, or brother slain.
On William's plains all clad in wintry snows,
Or Queenston hills where Niagara flows;
On Beaver-dam begirt in gloomy woods,
Or Brownstown banks, which bound Detroit's floods,
Or where the Thames his crystal current winds
'Mid hills of beech and swamps of waving pine

It matters little, if the virtuous brave
Find naught but honor in a distant grave.
When fifty years have roll'd their course away

Who knows who fell upon the battle day?
A Pike's or Covington's regretted name
May be inscribed upon the rolls of Fame,
A Lawrence-Burrow's—or an Allen's deeds,

May dress their funeral hearse in splendid weeds.

But he who smil'd around our social board

Who for his country drew his trusty sword,

Who sought no honors,—ask'd for no command

Now lies forgotten in a foreign land,
And those, whom once his social virtues bless'd

Know not the place where now his ashes rest.

His aged mother heard the dismal tale,
Then sunk beneath the willows of the vale;

And she to whom he gave his plighted vows,

Now laughs a maniac, 'mid the drifting snows.

Such are the pleasures which on war awaits

The mournful fortunes of ambitious States.

We hop'd when first the fruitless mock campaign

Had clos'd the scenes on Niagara's plain,
And Smith returned, unenvied whence he came

In wither'd laurels of bombastic fame;
That learning wisdom from our errors past

Success might crown our varying hopes at last.

And when the next campaign its toils should cease

The object gain'd, might bid us hope for peace.

But disappointment drives these hopes afar

And bids us look for long continuing war.
Again our generals quarrel, and again

Our tented army waits the next campaign.

But though the war has spread its evils wide

Our manufactures rise on every side,
And soon will furnish us our commerce

Sufficient sources for our own supplies
That wealth which once lay floating on the seas.

A prey to foreign Orders and Decrees,
Shall find new sources in our native soil,
To bless our country and reward our toil.

Our native mountains, unexplor'd before,
Shall yield a rich supply of useful ore.

And those wet hills, where now the forest grows,
Shall furnish fleece, white as Russian snows.

And then again when peace our land shall bless,

Our native sons in native garb shall dress,
And distant nations, where we used to buy,

Shall seek our shores to find their own supply.

Then prosperous times shall bless our land again

And the pleas'd newsboy find a happier station.

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