

NEW YEAR'S VERSES
Of the Printer's Boy that carries

THE
QUEBEC MERCURY,

MOST RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

QUEBEC, JANUARY 1st. 1815.

THE annual Muse her wings once more
Flutters near Earth, too weak to soar,
Her patrons to felicitate,
As usual, on a change of date ;
And bid, in couplets, reappear
Th' occurrences of the past year,
Blessing her stars that she survives
The direful waste of blood, and lives,
With which wild War has stain'd the earth,
Ambition's mad and monstrous birth ;
Her dogs the Corsican unchain'd,
And in the scent of blood new train'd ;
For years they gorg'd on human prey,
A world was drain'd their thirst to allay.

Britannia long to stay their course
Oppos'd, by sea and land, her force ;
Tho' arduous her task, she stood
An Atlas midst both fire and flood ;
Whilst on the shoulders of her son,
The deathless hero, Wellington,
Were safely borne, from war and thrall,
Iberia and Portugal :
True 'tis, at last the Corsican
A tilt against the Russian ran,
And rous'd the noble Autocrat,
Though Moscow lay in ashes flat,
To make th' invader feel, to his cost,
What war is in a land of frost.
To warm his toes the mighty man,
Like burnt-tail cur, homeward fast ran,
Whilst on his heels fierce Cossacs press,
He flies gun-money-army-less.

Rested and reinforce'd, at length,
Napoleon tries again his strength ;
But, alas ! man's hope how frail !
When fickle Fortune once turns tail,
With Fortune, friends go right about,
And, as a torch, put glory out :
No wonder then Napoleon,
Who, in full blaze, so long had shone,
When he encounter'd a mishap,
And Moscow left with fallen chap,
By Prussia, Sweden, Austria, left,
And of all other aid bereft,
To save his carcase, all alone,
Happy to scape with a whole bone,
Beneath his Rib's wide petticoat,
Rather than in air to float,—
To this asylum then he flies,
And from his wife for quarter cries ;

And if permitted but his life,
Will, for the world, renounce all strife,
Contented to transport his stock
And self, for life, to Elba's rock :
Another Cincinnatus, there
Abandon, for the plough, the spear ;
And, though entitled *Imperator*,
For goats and sheep, as shepherd, cater ;
And leave to Frederick, Alexander,
Francis, and England's great commander,
And all the heroes of Leipsic,
Where new dynasties were made sick,
The fame of triumphs and ovations,
For exiles raising to old stations.

O'er Europe with much glee I roam,
And with reluctance turn towards home,
Where, true it is we safety boast—
But can we say no fame is lost ?
Is it enough the past campaign
Has left entire our old domain ?
Was it for only this, to hope
We sanguine gave unbounded scope,
When from vanquish'd Gallia came,
Great Wellington's comrades in fame ?

But I forbear—'tis not for me
Beyond my nose tactics to see,
Nor smell out, if 'tis right to vanquish,
Or to encounter grief and anguish :
Yet 'tis for me—wishing no ill—
For my fond country's fame to feel,
When 'midst our very enemies,
We have two strong auxiliaries,
Division and gaunt Poverty,
The sword puissant to put by ;
Or else to raise it 'gainst each other,
And brother war make against brother.

Now sirs that I've spun out my brains,
'Tis yours to make me count my gains,
And next new-year, you may rely,
I'll sing of peace or victory.

But soft, methinks I see the dove,
The eastern horizon above,
Bringing from Batavian climes,
Tydings glad of Halcyon times,
When each beneath his vine shall rest,
And to his beverage give a zest,
While, by the warrior is reveal'd
Past accidents of flood and field.