

ADDRESS OF THE CARRIERS
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FOR THE YEAR 1845.

Hark, wanderers in the path of time!

Another year has passed away,
How dream-like all its changes shine,
In retrospection's faint survey.

A point, its toilsome days and hours
Seem to the memory's pensive glance
Which casts a shade; but mocks the powers
That trace the fleeting form's advance.

The sudden thrill of transient joys,
The bliss of love, the pang of woe,
The writhing throb of severed ties,
The tomb-shrined friend, the painful throe,

Earth's fondest hopes, truth's purest bliss,
Religion's sweet celestial balm,
Life's brief and fickle happiness,
Sin's awful storm, faith's beauteous calm

Have through the year's eventful scenes,
With varied pace successive passed,
And spread a dull and pensive mien,
A melancholy sadness cast.

Those extacies that light the heart,
Like moon-beams glaucæ upon the wave,
When brightest, flit with sudden start,
And sink beneath the darksome grave.

Thus life, that brief and fleeting hour,
Merged quickly in the wave of time,
Leaves us to wail death's reckless power
And mourn for friends before his shrine.

They smiled—it seems as scarce a day,
Since on the joy-lit face we gazed:
They talked—their voice scarce died away,
When from the earth their form was rased.

Thus woe-beset, we plod along,
Mere passing pilgrims of a day,
Midst joys and woes,—a motley throng;
Till called from hence, we pass away.

Nor has the little CARRIER BOY
From Life's vicissitudes been clear
Whilst with alternate woe and joy
He laboured through the former year.

From Tories' frowns, from GUY'S fists,
From L. P. S.'s murderous clubs,
From placemen's scowls, and traitor's hiss
His heart has felt misfortunes rubs.

Through wintry storms, and piercing cold,
Neath summer's sun's o'erwhelming rays,
In drenching rain or thunders bold
He kept his unremitted way.

Still, as the rolling stream of time
Poured with the gush of mortals' lot,
The People's Cabinet's decline,
The patriot's joy, the Despot's plot,

His welcome visits told the tale—
With punctual diligence he sped;
Kind patrons, hear a brief detail
Of what his well-plied labours spread.

Britannia's proud realm—our protectress—our friend—
Has a Sovereign beloved in the hearts of her sons;
Admired by the noble, her mild virtues blend,
And a halo of honour and purity comes.
But advised by the Tory her counsels have riven
The Church of old SCOTIA, the pride of that land,

And to bondage and chains ERIN'S hero has driven;
In her Courts, truth and justice no longer may stand.
Hope hung down her head, and in sorrow and sighs—
She mourned her O'CONNELL with glistening eyes.

But hark! what joyous sounds afar!
Like victor's shout, or rage of war,
Of rushing throngs, with fiery zeal,
Of burning hearts;—REPEAL! REPEAL!

Hear, Ireland, hear thy people's joys,
O'Connell's free! the nation cries.
REPEAL or death! aloud resounds—
REPEAL or death! re-echoes round.
See, see from the prison O'CONNELL has sped,
The spies and informers in horror have fled.
Bright Liberty's blaze o'er old ERIN shall shine,
And spread forth her splendour to every clime.

Rejoice! rejoice!
O'CONNELL'S free!
Stern slavery in her blood-stained tracks,
With palsied arm
Shall bend the knee
And drop her chains and rending racks.
No more the feudal bondsman's form
Shall bow before his tyrant lord;
No more the Baron's frown or scorn
Abuse of sacred rights record;
But brave, intelligent and free
Fair Erin's sons shall ever be.

Wide o'er this new-born Western world
Bright Freedom has her flag unfurled,
And marked "COLUMBIA, happy land,"
The country of her choicest band.
Say, is there in the graphic page
Of annals, stretched through every age,
A picture so sublimely grand?
A cradled nation's infant hand,
Just placed among the powers of Earth,
Scarce half a century since her birth
Scattering such gifts her sons to bless,
So rich a sum of happiness,
Thence all may look with gladdened eyes
And learn sweet Liberty to prize.
The nations of the Earth have gazed,
Her vast increase, her wealth, have praised,
And from her Institutions drawn
A model to improve their own.

Turn we to "HOME," sweet, cheering name,
Though many by adoption's claim
To CANADA the term apply,
And to their native Country turn
Whilst all their fondest feelings yearn,
And sadly heave the pensive sigh.
Our teemful Metcalfe, Stanley's pride,
Just in the time by nature fixed,
Produced a Council bald and pied,
Apostates, Loose-fish, Compact, mixed.
Devoid of talent, strength or tact,
Tools of the great Sir Allan's tail,
Just by the small half dozen backed,
To stop the mongrel's funeral wail.
Droop not reformers; lift your hearts,
Your Country's FATE has joys in store.
Truth shall display her potent arts,
And Tyranny shall be no more.

RE-ENTER.—Carrier Boy.

Oh pray Sir, pray Sir, did you hear!
Our great Sir Charles is made a peer.
And what a title! who would guess—
He's Marquis of the L. P. S.