

THE CARRIER BOY'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE MONTREAL TRANSCRIPT.

JANUARY 1, 1853.

SCENE I.

Transcript Office.

CARRIER BOY LOQUITOR:—They say the custom of Carrier Boys' New Year's Addresses is going out of fashion. Confound their new notions! They will abolish New Year itself next. Where's the use of being so plaguy genteel! Do away with the "quarters" and the verses, and who will answer for Christmas itself? What, if the poetry isn't always very good, the "quarters" are. Besides, the verses are, generally, beautiful. Many a "mute, inglorious Milton," has flushed his virgin stanza in the Carrier Boy's cause. Any how, the Editors ought to be poetical—once a year at least. "It'll never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown," and, as I saw Mr. — go into the *sanctum* just now, I'll make bold to ask him to tune up, melodiously, for 1853. *Exit.*

Scene shifts to Editor's room.

Editor seated at his table, before a large pile of newspapers just arrived by Post, which he is opening, and having given a hurried glance at their contents, casts down, impatiently, on the floor.—(Speaking).—"Toronto—Kingston—Hamilton—Belleville—all as dull as ditch-water. No murders—no political excitement—hardly any abuse! What the deuce is the country coming to? Railroads and prosperity will be the death of us. Prosperity!—no mistake about that! What a change from '49. What splendid croaking there was then. Nothing but ruin and—something else. Now, all smiles and congratulations. Well, the little *Transcript* did its duty at that time. As firm as a rock, and no mistake! That's something pleasant to look back to, at all events. And we've had our share, too, of the general increase. Not a bad year—Advertisers increasing; Subscription List growing larger. Well, we must try to show ourselves worthy of this confidence, and we will—please the frogs. But, who's there; come in quick, will you?"

[Door opens, and Carrier Boy makes his appearance, with his hat in his hand, and bowing very reverentially.]

EDITOR, impatiently.—"Well, Sir,—what do you want?"

Boy grins: "New Year Day's coming, Sir."

EDITOR.—"Well, I know that: what have I got to do with it's coming or going?"

Boy (grinning more decidedly than before).—"Them's poetical times, Sir."

Editor starting up in an intense state of excitement.—"No, I'll be — if I do. I know what you mean, you vagabond. You want me to write some of that cursed doggrel about

"Again another year's come round;"

or

"The car of Time with steady pace;"

or

"Now the earth's revolving race;"

or something equally figurative and beautiful. But I won't, Sir—I won't humble my talents to any thing of the kind: I won't be made a

poetical screw-driver to suit your mercenary purposes. Apply to Mr. Francis Hincks, Sir,—he can do anything—or write to Barnum—or get up a petition to His Honor the Mayor—but don't bother me. Make New Year's verses—may I be tee-totally confounded if I do!"

CARRIER BOY (persuasively).—"Just a little bit, Sir!"

EDITOR.—"No, Sir, not a bit."

Boy.—"A taste for the readers, Sir; oh do!"

EDITOR.—"Not the shadowy outline of the most remote stanza. Do it yourself, Sir. Go and swallow a rhyming dictionary, and drink Plantagenet Water till you feel the fit coming on you. You won't have to wait long."

Boy.—"How much Plantagenet, Sir?"

EDITOR.—"Sixteen glasses; put it before the fire, and take it with the chill off. I never knew it fail yet."

Boy.—"Well, I'll try; but I ain't poetic. I never learnt any poetry, except—

"Remember, remember, the fifth of November," And that ain't appropriate. Are you quite sure you won't make a little effort, Sir?"

EDITOR.—(opening the door, and raising his right leg in a menacing attitude).—"Now, Sir."

Carrier Boy makes a rush at the aperture, and disappears, uttering a loud "Oh!"

SCENE II.

Residence of the Carrier Boy, Griffintown.

That interesting youth himself is discovered fast asleep on the floor before the stove: around are a number of Plantagenet Water bottles.—At first, all is silent, barring the snoring; but, as the candle dwindles down in its socket, the sublimated essence of poetry begins to escape from the bottles all over the room, and finally settles itself in a thick cloud over the couch of the sleeper, occasioning him first to sneeze profoundly, and then to start up.

Boy; rubbing his eyes, and looking around him.—"Halloo, what's all this? Who's been singing songs here:

"Toozle, tuzzle; fuzzle, fizzle,

Some gets meat and some gets grizzle!"

Who's the author of those verses? Why, I do believe I dreamt 'em, or else they came out of the Plantagenet Water bottles. Oh, I recollect now—sixteen glasses with the chill off: that's what's done it. Suppose I try again. Here goes—

"Leave off ploughing—leave off baking,
Now's the time for money-making!"

Oh, that's not sentimental enough. Let's have another bottle to catch the pathetic."

(Having drank another bottle, the Carrier boy turns up his eyes to the stove pipe, and commences chaunting in a very deadly lively strain, the following

ADDRESS TO THE NEW YEAR.

Coming year—sweet as honey
Give, oh give us, lots of money,—
Let thy gales—like gales of spices
Bring our farmers first-rate prices—

Let their hearts with pleasure flutter
At the selling rate of butter,
And to make their joys complete
Add a shilling more to wheat;
Crown their toils with dollar notes—
Bless their turnips—bless their oats—
Make each stock auriferous fold,
Silver sheep and pigs of gold;
Hens whose eggs are famous picking,
Ruby ducks and diamond chicken;
No more grumbling, no repining,
Cloudless skies and faces shining,
Roasted pigs on every tree
With knives and forks—in fifty-three!

Coming year!—sweet as honey,
To the trader be thou sunny;
To increase his soul's content,
On his goods place five per cent;
Let his jolly soul not fret
At the unpaid bill or debt,
Or his spirit know the canker
Of begging discounts of a banker;
Let his life be pure molasses—
Rice is riz and so is ashes;
Stocks decreasing—money free,
Jolly times in fifty-three!

Coming year—from Time's old College,
To our statesmen bring thou knowledge;
Let much wisdom quick be sent
To instruct our Parliament!—
Hover over Mr. Hincks,
Stir up Drummond when he winks—
Let great Malcolm's vocal tune
Wake the soul of every "coon."
Let Rolph, along with Mr. Chabot,
Perform a sober kind of gavot,
Whilst Richards, warmed by Scotland's fiddle,
Leads chaste Chanveau down the middle;
Or if Mackenzie's phiz appears,
Reward him with some more "arrears;"
Or Turcotte brave, who asked a flood
(To warm his toes) of English blood,
Let him receive the sum to-day
That stern Lafontaine would not pay!
Or should another theme prevail,
Let's sing the glories of the "rail,"
The "rail" which, spite of all distraction,
Will soon be built by Mr. Jackson,—
Not such a road as certain sages
Built from Antioch to Jazes—
But something Prudence self adventures,
And pays for too in good debentures,
A road which all would wish to see,
If wisely made, in fifty-three!

And once again, oh year of honey,
Give the printers lots of money;
Let the *Transcript's* "good behaviour"
Merit still the public favor;
Hard his lot and ill at ease
Who the public has to please,
And suit the thousand whims and vapours
Of those who read and scold the papers,
Who never praise, but much annoy,
And quite forget the Carrier Boy,—
Forget a duty plain and clear,
To give him (just what you please Sir) once
a year!

At the end of this last couplet, the Carrier Boy holds out his hand in a very interesting manner, and putting an imaginary HALF-A-DOLLAR in his pocket, says—

"Thank you, Sir, may joy your portion be,
And health and happiness in fifty-three."