that swims; I let it remain about five minutes, | ject, and many affirmed that if it were put into operation, it would drag "its lazy length along" a year or so, and | during the ensuing year. There appears by the Account current of the Secretary, now exhibited to you, to be a | Married, By the Rev. L. C. Jenkins, on Tuesday, the 31st

THE NEWS CARRIER'S ADDRESS

To the Patrons of the Colonial Herald

FOR THE YEAR

1840.

AGAIN, beneath old Winter's tread,
We've seen the bright year fall;
And on the cold and dead earth shed
Its fairest foliage all.

But not in Winter's sternest mood
Was the departed slain:
An *euthanasia* 'twas; and would
Such deaths *we* might obtain.

Nor yet a surly welcome, hath
The new-born year received;
For, rough though be its early path,
From storm it is relieved.

But well for many had it been,
Of men, now cast abroad,
If they, in early life, had seen
And trod, a rougher road.

O fatal, oft, to after years
It is, when we attain
To manhood's growth, untried by tears,
And uninur'd to pain!

And now, (my passing moral run,)
As erst, so now again,
To thanks and gratulations, turn
I this, my *New Year's strain.*

To *thanks*, abundantly your due,
For favours freely given;
And unto gratulations too,
For more benignant Heaven.—

Our part we've play'd, as others play,
To please our friends *approv'd*;
And you, well liking, freely pay
For what you've, *bias'd*, lov'd.

Between us both, it thus appears,
Our *Ledger* balanced stands!
You freely pay for current years;
We gladly take commands.

But yet, suppose not we admit
Ourselves for *party tools;*
Or that we *basely* sell our wit,
As *John* himself befools.

No: still our columns open stand
To him of manly mind;
And censure *chaste*, with ready hand,
Shall ne'er exclusion find.

But now, like egotists we run,
And quite o'erlook our aim:
Heav'n grant us still *that* vice to shun!
Heav'n grant our *friends* the same!

For gratulations, too, I've said,
We've most abundant scope:
But who his thanks has duly paid
To HIM, our GOD, our HOPE?

O, erring men, how lavishly
Our brother men we thank;
And yet to HIM, all Sun-like, free,
Our hearts how cold, how dank!

"All bounteous Heaven its part hath done,"
In early Spring and Autumn's fall;
On all alike his Sun hath shone;
His bounty been alikh to all.

A harvest rich hath swell'd your stores
With all that culture yields;
No lowing beeves have vex'd your doors,
But graz'd, 'till now, the fields.

December's breath, a sprightly breeze,
Hath *bellied* but the sail,
And Commerce still doth ride our seas,
Before the fav'ring gale.

Charlottetown, 1st Jan. 1840.

These for the past:—now turn our eyes
To what's so nearly done—
A scheme which, of *colossal* size,
Shall join two worlds in one.

Cunard will *bridge* the mighty sea,
Contract its boundless swell;
Make Time and Distance doubted be,
As if were toll'd their knell.

The British Isles shall hither send
Their now *ennui'd* wealth;
Some, hoping knowledge to extend;
Some, wooing change or health.

Like *burgomasters*, quickly shall
Our growing merchants swell;
And pound for pound, our farmers all,
With all their landlords tell.—

Now let us not our lovely QUEEN
And BRITAIN overlook:
Hold we them still in halo sheen
In mem'ry's dearest book.

To one, the husband of her choice,
We wish, if wise and good,
And therewith join the people's voice,
Which may not be withstood.

To BRITAIN, still supremacy,
Where'er her sway extends;
And ever may she rule the seas
Till earthly empire ends.—

The prophet lacketh honour not,
Save where from birth he's known;
Nor is the bounteous hand forgot,
Save where its gifts are thrown.

From this reproach, in some degree,
Were that power in my lay,
I would our little Island free,
And grateful homage pay.

The good deeds, free and manifold,
Of them who aid distress,
Should not remain unsung, untold,
As priz'd at nothingness.

No: LADY MARY'S deeds of love,
Of those her lovely aids,
Who, with sweet *Virtue*, silent move,
Whom *Mis'ry* ne'er upbraids;

With those of her, our NOBLE GUEST,
Should with such fire be sung,
They'd start the tear, they'd warm the breast,
And loose the grateful tongue.—

Like some free courser, over-run,
That stumbles near the goal,
So I, (my *ditty* almost done,)
In ending, mar the whole.

My *gipsy* Muse the road has ta'en,
Like wanton runaway;
And I am left in mental pain,
And know not what to say.

Yet something more, and from my heart,
(Howe'er from verse astray,)
Ere I shall think I've done my part,
Determin'd I'm to say.

Be this NEW-YEAR the happiest year,
Good friends, you yet have seen;
Your fortunes fair, your bosoms clear,
Your hands, as *Samuel's*, clean.

But should both life and fortune fly,
The rest I wish, maintain'd,
In blessed peace and hope you'll die,
And Heav'n by Death be gain'd!