



THE
NEWS-CARRIER'S ADDRESS
TO THE CUSTOMERS OF THE
ROYAL GAZETTE.

TO ALL CHRISTIAN-FOLK, of the Church or the Meeting,
I CHARLES, THE CARRIER, send *New-Year's* greeting:
From the cradle, *great News, bloody News*, taught to cry,
And the fiercenels of tempests, and frosts to defy,
I have weekly your keen curiosities fed,
Brought reliefs for the heart, and recruits for the head.
To the Statesman how bountiful are my supplies!
Revolutions, their causes—all guesses and lies.
And a mystical phrase, that's sheer nonsense, or prate,
To the sapient *Quid-Nunc* shows secrets of state.
At Elections, what office so useful as mine?
How else would the Candidate work his design?
True, the Printer can give his *pretence* an impression,
An indelible mark to each slippery profession;
Yet his offer of service, but for me to transfer it,
Had remain'd as unknown as his parts, or his merit.
Then with *New-Brunswick* politics always replete,
With *Atticus, Creon, Amicus*, I treat;
The *Citizen, Customer, Job, Phil' Agric;*
Friend, Truc-Friend, and *Freeholder*, just in the nick:
Nor are *Quid-Nunc*, and *Alfred*, or *Sappho* rejected,
Altho' most men lament a chaste muse thus infected;
Of their relative worth, all agree, the right test
Is number and length—and the smallest the best.
In private life also, my aid's of great price,
Of bargains and sales I give early advice.
Into most of the Shops, in my round, take a peep,
See whose Goods are freshest and whose are most cheap.
Try the *wigs, bonnets, dresses*, from London imported;
Know who were last married, and who are now courted.
And with News like the last, or the birth of a son,
The Maidens salute me with "*Charles, you run.*"
But, with wings to my feet, if I fly, with a tale
Of a beauty cast off, or of virtue too frail,
'Tis always "*why, Charles, you move like a snail.*" }
Then again, to suit men of all sorts and conditions,
I come charg'd with *Auctions*, and *Sales on Commissions*;
With *arrivals*, and *entries*, with *freights* a farrago,
Unadulterate *wines*, choicest *rum* of *Tobago*:
Romances and *bibles*, *books* of palm'stry and prayer,
And *powders* will serve for the *teeth, face*, and *hair*.
For lechers lewd *poems*, select *hymns* for Saints,
Plumes, pearl-pins, pomatums, perfumes, plasters, paints,
Teas, calicoes, brandy, gin, snuff, and tobacco,
From the makers at Musquash, Manowagnish, Quacco.
Bon Mots, from JOE MILLER, and *Anecdotes* follow,
And for Masters and Misses, *the Court of Apollo*.
For these, and more blessings, conferr'd on the town,
I *Charles, News-carrier*, claim the renown.
What, tho' now, to myself I this monument raise!
Next season, I'll sing of your bounty and praise.
That my office is useful, I think, must appear,
To my conduct, my patrons will not prove severe, }
And accept my best pray'rs for a happy New-Year.

St. JOHN, (*New-Brunswick*.) 1st. January, 1803.