

Dutch, Germans, Swifs, and men of Gaul,  
In Revolution what they fought ?  
For what they wrote ? For what they fought ?

THE  
NEWS-CARRIER'S  
ADDRESS,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

With the COMPLIMENTS of the Day,

To the PATRONS of the

ROYAL GAZETTE.

By the Public's Humble Servant,

At all Times and in all Weathers,

1st. January, 1805.

THE CARRIER.

ONCE more, my Patrons, kindly hear  
Your CARRIER'S Song for the New-Year,  
Though not achiev'd in Lauriate numbers,  
Adapted to the Royal Humbers ;  
Though not perform'd in chorus grand,  
By the Majestic Courtly band ;  
For which, with heart so light and merry,  
The Poet bears the butt of Sherry,  
Whilst I, quite destitute of Sack,  
For Rhymes my hard board brains must rack,  
Draw from the fountains of the nine,  
Unmixt with wit-creating Wine.  
These lays an *Anateur* has, yet,  
To notes harmonic deign'd to set  
Quoth he, with solemn founds they'll suit ;  
*Organ no longer shall be mute :*  
This *Hymn* shall make the bellows blow,  
The pipes to fill, the keys to go  
Nor longer shall the donor's merit,  
Display our poverty of spirit.

Oft-times our wit'll plans are crost ;  
And what can stand before this frost ?  
Fierce Boreas comes, and in a trice,  
The luscious notes are fix'd in ice.  
In Winter, ('tis in vain to mutter)  
The princely gift no founds will utter.  
In vain, in Summer too, you linger,  
'Tis Cash the instrument must finger.  
And cease, proud Citizens, this vaunting,  
Your Organ's master Key is wanting.  
Some consolation we have still,  
One good extracted from this ill.  
Our prudent Velt'ry having found  
This dire effect of Cold on found,  
And justly fearing lest the Bell  
No more perform th' accusom'd Knell,  
Nor limmon to their Prayers the People,  
Have plac'd two Stoves within the Steeple.

Was this the great end of that blest Re-  
volution lately in the Velt'ry ?  
But alk the visionaries all,  
Dutch, Germans, Swifs, and men of Gaul,  
In Revolution what they fought ?  
For what they wrote ? for what they fought ?  
Alk those too on this side th' Atlantic,  
The object of their measures frantic ?  
What will you find to Sense more pleasing,  
To gnawing Conscience more appealing,  
Or to the People of less cost,  
Than guarding found against the Frost ?  
For me I'll seek, in all my range,  
None, but what men of trade call *change*.  
On this, Heaven grant, you all may fumble,  
*Do your own business, cease to grumble !*  
*God save the King and bless the Land,*  
*In plenty joy and Peace,*  
*And grant, henceforth, that soul debate*  
*'Tisnt FISHERMEN may cease !*

OVER SIZE

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