

ADDRESS
TO THE
CUSTOMERS
OF THE
ROYAL GAZETTE.

ONCE more my kind Praises the Season's return'd,
So famous for bringing good abridg'd,
And Graces, as is usual, with vendors of News,
Again wishes a Happy *NEW YEAR*.

The comforts last Season your bounty procured,
Are uppermost still in my mind,
And I trust, (if too sanguine I hope you'll excuse,)
This Year the same bounty I'll find:

The troubles of Life are but hard to be borne,
Unless Hope the dark prospect should gild,
Thus my Pockets,—which time has depriv'd of their Store,
Hope tells me will shortly be fill'd.

For judging the future by that which is past,
Not a doubt can I e'er entertain,
But that those who last Season rewarded my toils,
This Year will reward them again.

The pleasure of giving, it oft has been said
No pleasure can ever exceed,
Yet if greater than that which I find to receive,
It must be a pleasure indeed.

Taking this for a fact, (and experience no doubt,
The Maxim to us handed down,)
When I pocket your Cash, I pleasure confer,
—And I love to give pleasure I owe.

And now my good wishes are all I have left,
Not a sorrow or care may you know,
Amidst War and Disease that still punish the World,
But those which from sympathy flow.

O Power smiling Goddess, ah! quickly descend,
To the World thy blest influence impart,
May Mankind all become to each other a Friend,
And may this be the wish of each Heart.

SAINT JOHN, *New-Brunswick*, January 1st, 1808.