

NEWS BOY'S ANNUAL ADDRESS
TO THE
PATRONS OF THE
NEW-BRUNSWICK
ROYAL GAZETTE.

1829.

HAIL to New-Brunswick's favor'd Sons, and Daughters dearest :
HAIL to the News Boy's PATRONS kind—at dawn of this new year :
HAIL to the prospects, opening mild upon our fertile Land ;
With grateful recollections due to PROVIDENCE'S HAND.

May the first Hail propitious be to VIRTUE, and to LOVE :
And the next infer no other grace—*—I say things, above*
The usual bounty of the Fates, the station to aright
The visits of their New's Boy true, in dark or moonlight night.

May the third Hail ev'ning find in every human breast
Within the precincts of our Soil, so prosperous and blest :
While the warm life blood animates each throbbing heart to beat
With loyal zeal to numbers, their gratitude complete.

To PROVIDENCE with reverence all should meekly bend the knee,
And own the MERCIES it bestows, which we so strongly see
Marked in its present course through Time, dispelling every fear,
And entering in, on HOPE'S bright wings, the prospects of this year.

Thus having made my bow in rhyme as well as I could do,
The rest more properly belongs, kind Patrons, unto you :
And if I might presume to judge from what the past has shown,
Reason I can have none to think, you'd *now* my claims disown.

Indeed I've ever found you kind, considerate and fair ;
Then why should I suppose you changed, or altered with the year :—
But True to this, I know my FRIENDS too well to doubt their worth ;
Their JUSTICE—LIBERALITY—which never knew a death.

And so I'll venture to proceed, as custom hath enjoind
At this auspicious period, when Song inspires the mind,
Solemnly or sprightly tuned, to celebrate the Day :—
Brevity to recount the gist, or purport of my lay.

Yet how can I, untaught, presume to steal the glittering hue,
The soft, sweet graces of a Bard—and I unlearned too—
The brilliant splendour of whose thoughts incassant scintilles beam,
To decorate a News Boy's Verse, or this his humble Theme.

The forgery would apparent be, and therefore I forbear ;
At least no crude attempt of mine shall see the present year :
But like a prudent artisan, I'll to my trade be true,
By singing naught but that alone—and leave the rest to you.

And few but know, that, while without our presses and our types,
In some degree in vain would be the Poet's boundless flights :—
Nor types nor presses have such charms as to inspire the mind
Of Poet with a thought for *them*—whose thoughts are so rosin'd.

And what reward might I expect, e'en were I to attempt
To devote from my benton track, and to my thoughts give vent
In strains poetic :—Why that all who now respect my name,
Would then stave only which should be first to denounce my shame.

Nay, tho' Types might e'en "unscrew" themselves, and whizzing
through the air,
As thick as hailstones, tempest-wing'd, reduce me to despair :
And Pages of BROOKS' iron mould, hurl'd with the Devil's force,
Anisagmate both types and me,—and finish *one* of course.

No, no ; I'll not disguise the fact, for Poet I am none :
And were no other reason given, those lines were surely none,—
Enough to prove the honest truth, so evident to all,
That I a simple News Boy am—but poet, none at all.

Yet simple though I seem, and am, and humble though I be ;
A friend my Patrons all may find in one so poor as *we* :
For I can cheer their Winter's hearth ; and ease the fear to flow
O'er lovely Woman's peach-like cheek, for Virtue's melting wo.

And I can fire the PATRIOT'S breast with sentiments so bold,
That nought on earth may fetter them, nor Death their influence hold :
Majestically moving on, through Time, in Virtue's light ;
His COUNTRY'S weal his noblest aim—so to his MAKER'S right,

I, too, can sooth the mind to rest, and tranquillize the heart ;
And dispel the feverish dreams, which bear so great a part
In the affairs of men's short life—full brief enough without
His self-created phantasies, to wound the Soul with doubt.

And I can utter, silently, consoling words to read—
Imparting PEACE and HAPPINESS to all who these may need :
And sometimes I can inculcate the Truths, Divine and blest.
Of man's immortal hopes and joys—*—EMERSON'S* meek behest.

And—*pres'o!*—I can change the scene, and bring before your view
Many an Anecdote of old,—and frequently some new :
At which you're often grasp'd your ribs, and pour'd forth all your
night.

In one far-echoing hearty laugh of rapturous delight.

Again I shift the scene—and lo !—the Armies on the plains,
Fighting in dense and distant clouds, for false or real claims :
Now thundering peals the dreadful note of Battle's crimson wrath ;
Now many a Patriot's gallant firm writes in the pangs of death.

And many other scenes 'tis mine the privilege to show ;
Too tedious to make mention of—*—Scenes* not alone of *wo*,
As I above have verified—But these many now appear,
Sufficient for establishing my modest claim this year.

Then think what pleasures I impart, and look upon me kind !
And deign a TRIBUTE to your true Purveyor for the MIND,—
Which all in this enlightened age should emulate to adore,
Wah KNOWLEDGE that may lead the Soul its MAKER to adore.

'Twill serve more purposes than one—believe me I'm sincere :
I'd not enjoin you by *sleek* words ; though the privilege, I hear
To strain a point admitted is fair play such times as these,
When all but pigs and flying-pans recline in jovial ease.

In parting for the current year, permit me to present
My plain but hearty wishes for your happiness—content—
(The purest happiness below)—prosperity—and health
To crown each bright felicity—of all the richest wealth.

And now as I am quite aware how fruitful is my lay
In errors—ere I close my theme, 'tis needful that I say,
I trust that you will smile upon this labor of our PRESS,
As I scan, with generosity, the faults of my ADDRESS.

Frederickton, January 1.