

THE  
CARRIERS'  
ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

American,

AND

Commercial Daily Advertiser.

For the Year 1807.

SINCE the old year has swiftly past,  
(Which we near thought could fly too fast)  
And no more can appear—  
We hope our PATRONS will excuse  
The heart-felt wish of our poor Muse—  
"To all a bless'd NEW YEAR!"

And as the custom's old as Time,  
On *New-Year-Morn*, with jingling rhyme,  
Each Patron to salute—  
Should we, who bring the daily sheet,  
'Midst heat or cold, through rain and sleet,  
On this kind morn be mute?

Our humble Muse bids us disdain  
To say that trouble, toil or pain  
Springs from our pleasing task—  
Instructs our genius to aspire,  
Then bids us name our hearts' desire,  
And for your favors ask.

Why need we name the various things  
That have transpir'd 'twixt States and Kings?  
Or to our Patrons tell,  
What daily in our print they read,  
For well they know our paper's creed—  
"Republicans act well."

You've read how wiley Bonaparte,  
Of mighty Prussia got the start,  
And sullied all her fame.  
How he pursu'd the flying queen,  
(Sure such a thing was never seen)  
You'll own it was a shame.

Tho' Bonaparte and Aaron Burr,  
In diff'rent climes make so much stir,  
For neither need we care—  
Dare they disturb our sacred laws?  
Who can divide our common cause?  
No hostile power we fear!

Rebellion's standard rais'd on high,  
May for a time our laws defy,  
But mark its early fate—  
Should it raise up its Hydra form,  
We'll quick disperse the gath'ring storm,  
And quell fell Faction's heat.

Whilst JEFFERSON, our nation's choice,  
Doth well deserve our grateful voice,  
For him we'll daily pray—  
If any hate our government,  
They have his free and full consent  
To take themselves away.

Columbia's free-born sons will flock  
Around the base of that firm rock  
Which doth our cause support—  
In vain may party-spirit raise  
Its fiend-like and unhallow'd blaze,  
With their weak threats we'll sport.

Since God's been pleased to restore  
Our matchless sage to us once more,  
Our statesman just and great!  
Let us our nation's *Chieftain* praise,  
And wish him health and length of days,  
To guide our helm of state.

To tell of Pitt and *Fox's* death,  
Or when *Cornwallis* drew last breath,  
Were useless, you'll allow—  
Your files (for surely files you've kept)  
Record the time those statesmen slept,  
Then we'll not name it now.

To treat of all our sheet contains,  
Or tell the unremitting pains  
Our Master takes to please—  
To shew his annual vast expence,  
Or name your tenfold recompence,  
Were subjects for our lays.

Our press with *Extras* often groans,  
And *extra* duty you will own,  
We Carriers oft perform—  
Then oh! be lib'ral on *this* day,  
Enable us for you to pray,  
And brave each chilling storm.

Whilst prosp'rous *Commerce* high doth crown  
Our *City*, (once an infant town)  
*Industry's* toil to cheer—  
Our PRINT must flourish like our State,  
Supported by the just and great,  
And we be bless'd each year.

Now, ere we bid a long adieu,  
We'll just remark, kind friends, to you,  
For there's no cause to hint—  
That on this day, as doth appear,  
Our paper, (always full and fair)  
Displays a new-cast print.

Our hearts elate with hope, we bow,  
Assur'd our Patrons will allow,  
The long-accustom'd mite:  
That we like them may truly say,  
We've spent a cheerful New-Year-Day,  
And kept it up 'til night.

Baltimore, January 1, 1807.