

A D D R E S S
TO THE PATRONS
OF THE
Baltimore Weekly Prices Current,

By the Carrier.

F A I T H F U L my duty to fulfil,
In this I hope, you can't complain ;
I seek a *doccur*—I'm sure you will
Not let your Carrier ask in vain.
The season's hard—my living's small—
The wint'ry times again have come,
On me—my wife, my children all
Depend, to eat of bread the crumb.
Perhaps I have insurance sav'd you,
Perhaps I've help'd your speculations—
Perhaps from care I have reliev'd you—
Perhaps I've banished your vexations.
Bestow the *mite*, you ne'er will miss it,
From your plenteous stores of wealth ;
In return, accept my wishes,
Humbly offer'd, for your health.
Tho' colour'd I may surely offer
—Blessings for you—worthy gent.
May your every bus'ness prosper,
And your gains be *cent per cent*.
Kind patrons of our "*Prices Current*,"
A *New-Year's* greeting 'gain I give you ;
Hoping what your virtues warrant,
Blest or blessing ne'er may leave you.
To help you in the way of trade,
And teach you how to buy and sell ;
"*Prices Current*" first were made—
In this, I trust, I serve you well.
Of Coffee, Cotton, Sugar, Rum,
Whiskey, Porter, Soap and Leather ;
I bring accounts ; and never shun
Your doors, whatever be the weather.
With ships and shooners, brigs and sloops,
Arriving at, or sailing from,
I often gratify your hopes,
By telling whence the vessels come.
At Mocha, Bourbon, Amsterdam,
Batavia, Canton, London, Nantz ;
At Guad'loupe, Cayenne, Surinam,
Or Bordeaux, 'porium of France.
From Maine to Georgia too I clack it,
Telling how, and why and wherefore,
His ships arriv'd—and others lack it,
Who should have been there long before.

January 1st. 1807.