

ADDRESS  
OF THE CARRIERS OF THE  
*Salem Gazette,*  
TO ITS PATRONS,  
To whom they wish a Happy New Year.  
1818.

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JANUS once more his temple closes,  
And all the world in peace reposes,  
Save in the South, where Mars appears  
To set some people by the ears;  
And as, above, his fiery flar  
He flows; so there "a speck of war."

Our harvests have been most abundant;  
In many instances redundant;  
So every one can have a treat  
Of vegetables, drink and meat,  
And, with due care, be well supplied  
For comfort, taste and even pride.

Our farmers drive their numerous flocks on,  
Of sheep, with cows and Mammoth oxen;  
Cows, at once milking, which will turn  
Out cream enough to fill a churn;  
While herds of swine salute our eyes,  
Swell'd half way to the oxen's size,  
And harrows, ploughs and hoes are shown,  
That ruin and do their work alone;  
So 'twould the Europeans frighten  
To see our rare shows at Brighton,  
And their stretch'd eyes would be as large,  
As made by Cleopatra's barge.

Our commerce too again revives  
And many a merchant lives and thrives,  
And many a fisherman begins  
To rob the sea of pishareens.

Of the Sea Serpent myth is said,  
That lately here a visit made,  
But still avoided our caresses,  
Occasioning fill many guesses,  
As on what errand he appear'd,  
And to the southward why he steer'd,  
While naturalists their noddles vex,  
Trying to ascertain its sex.

After mature consideration  
And most profound investigation,  
We take the liberty to guess,  
He's from old Neptune sent express,  
And bound to President Monroe,  
His diplomatic skill to show,  
And bring dispatches and opinions,

Respecting the said god's dominions;  
By honest means or by intrigue,  
To form an everlasting league,  
That navigation shall be free,  
In every river, creek and sea.

And here it comes quite apropos,  
To say a word of said Monroe,  
Exalted to the highest station,  
And making tours throughout the nation,  
Striving to set all matters right,  
And all our honest hearts unite.  
Heaven grant he fully may succeed,  
And gain the honest patriot's meed;  
Long live to enjoy the people's love,  
Then rise to endless bliss above.

Here too our muse most grateful looks  
Upon Monroe's compatriot, Brooks,  
Who will to none disgraceful yield,  
Or in the cabinet or field.  
This Hero may kind Heaven long spare,  
With Phillips, in his toils to share;  
And at their deaths may each receive  
That joy, which heaven alone can give.

Humane societies increase,  
Bibles distributing and peace,  
Striving to bless all human kind  
With health of body and of mind.  
Sure pious labours, such as these,  
Must man's Almighty Maker please,  
And hasten on that happy time,  
When war shall cease in every clime,  
Men be no more the slaves of sin,  
And the Millennium bright begin.

When prospects such as these appear,  
Who but will hail the new-born year?  
Who has of wealth a decent share,  
No doubt, will a small pittance spare  
To those, who utmost labours use  
To spread abroad such glorious news.

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P. S. Your patronage (we will not vapour)  
You see has made us cut a caper  
With types anew, and LARGER PAPER!  
January 1/2, 1818.