

THE DELIVERERS'
NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS
TO THE READERS OF
THE NORTH BRITISH ADVERTISER.

WHILE many a Journal spreads through every clime
The tidings of the "spirit-stirring time,"
When loudly rings the tocsin of Reform,
And party strife is heard above the storm,
Moving the tongues and pens of fools and sages—
Such boisterous themes are foreign to our pages;
Yet has it ever been our highest pride
To do the office of a faithful guide,
And shew where all good things beneath the sky
May be obtain'd—provided you can buy.

The wishes and the wants of all mankind
An ample mirror in our page will find,
Where every rank, profession, or degree,
Something congenial to the taste may see.

Long has it been our Journal's task to tell
Of Country Seats to let, and Lands to sell—
Where fertile Farms and Pastures rich are found,
And heath-clad Moors, where grouse and hares abound;—
Long has it shewn where Loans could be procur'd,
Investments safely made, or Lives insur'd;—
What Shops are fam'd for Spices, Teas and Wines,
Broad Cloths, Merinos, Silks, and Pelerines;
Splendid Attire, or Jewels rich and rare,
To deck the Dandy, or adorn the Fair;
Silken Umbrellas, graced with Ivory handles;
Newcastle Wallsend Coal, and Moulded Candles—
Dunlop and Cheshire Cheese—Pickles in jars,
Valentia Raisins,—Sugars, and Cigars;
Butter from Aberdeen or Peterhead,
and (let me not forget it) Yorkshire Bread!!—
In short, all things for ornament or use,
That nature, industry, or art produce.

To dissipate the gloom of Winter's reign,
The silent wheels of Time have once again
Brought round the joyous days when social mirth
Reigns at the festive board and blazing hearth,—
Whilst I, in rhyme (though homely, yet sincere),
Salute my Readers with "A GOOD NEW YEAR."
Through many a stormy day, and miry road,
My weekly charge I've borne to your abode;
And should you think my diligence and speed
Have merited your Bounty, then indeed
Your boon w'll leave no reason to complain
That HANDSEL-MONDAY comes for me in vain.

EDINBURGH, DECEMBER 1831

