

THE NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE MEN

WHO CARRY THE

SHERBORNE JOURNAL



FOR THE YEAR 1830.

I'll make them hear—hollo! hollo!
Here Betty, Sally, Harry, Joe!
Where's Master?—What, the Household gone!
Will no one come to welcome Tom?

[Female voice from within]:

Dear heart, whatever is the matter,
Who can be making such a clatter?
Why, sure the noise is quite infernal,—
'Tis Trot, who brings the "SHERBORNE JOURNAL."

[Mutual Recognition]:

Come in old Boy, your New Year's tale
Shall claim a quart of prime old Ale;
I'm glad to see that sturdy form
Still braves the pelting of a storm;
But stop—a glass of mountain dew
Will make thy tongue run glibly through
Its annual tale—and when you've done,
We'll pledge in Ale the year begun.

[Trot]—

Thank ye, good Sir, I won't object,
For, 'twould be wanting in respect:
I'll whet my whistle with your gin,
And then my humorous tale begin.

Once more the Sherborne Newsman's come,
To tell of deeds and actions done—
To let us know if Foreign nations,
Approve of all our alterations.
The French admire our "Free Trade System,"
And cail that act of folly—wisdom;
But we have found ourselves mistaken,
And feel the public credit shaken.
For whether Goods are bought or sold,
They must be paid for in good Gold:
Tho' One-Pound Notes are out of fashion,
We have the Sovereign of the Nation,
Which is true worth, and will be found,
Throughout the World, to stand his ground;
He always proved his Country's friend,
And ever would her rights defend.
And now I shall proceed to mention,
An object which has claimed attention,
The Acts of Test and Corporation
Have passed the Parliament's probation;
And may it never cease to bind,
The faith, and welfare of mankind:
'Twas justice ordered, England's care,
Should give of power each Briton's share.
Let us thank Heaven, the days are past
When light by darkness was o'ercast,
And gladly hail our changed condition,
Which heeds, nor fears not, Superstition!
Hush'd is the war—O! joyous hour—
That calm'd the storm of Russia's power,
That gave to Greece its rights again,
And heal'd the wounded Moslem's pain.
I've heard, if we had joined the war,
Against the Turkish scimitar;
The Sultan first would laws have made
Against the Fig and Currant Trade;
Then, oh! what woe—what deep despair,
If at this season of the year
Poor Bull had found, that he at last
Must mourn o'er days of Christmas past,
When on his hospitable board,
Plum-puddings smok'd with sweed accord;

And Mrs. Bull all hail'd that day,
To show her skill in cookery.
They say that Horses soon will be
Remov'd from out our country;
And men will ride (I think they dream),
And walk—nay, even shave—by steam.
Now we will take a view of Trade,
Inquire the price of Meat and Bread:
Coathing has shrunk the Sheep, I fear—
And Smut in Wheat will make it dear.
Yet we must hope to see the day
When all these woes are swept away:
When plenty crowns our peaceful board,
And mirth and happiness accord.
Dejection will but vex the heart,
We therefore will from grief depart,
And hope e'er long such times to meet
As in years past we used to greet.
Although good Barley is not plenty,
The crop of Apples is not scanty;
And Cider now must be the cheer,
To quench our thirst instead of Beer.
And what should more our palates suit
Than juice which comes from native fruit?
Some may drink Brandy, others Gin,
But what is like the Tankard's brim,
Which overflows, when mirth goes round,
And in each draught fresh sweets abound?
The pipes are filled—the fire burns clear,
Again we'll have *old English cheer*.
These are the scenes which I have found,
As I have trudged my weekly round,
And if I do not make too bold,
The truth will out, and must be told.
We all complain, that in these days,
Neither the Farm nor Dairy pays:
And though our Fathers netted rents,
We have hard work to pay the Tenths.
The Church must have her claimed production,
And Landlords do not like reduction:
Therefore, *I'm speaking under favour*,
We must make up our minds to labour.
Attention to our own concerns—
Profit and happiness returns:
And if this task is ne'er neglected,
The heavy rents will be collected.
Men say that Emigration's schemes
Have crazed the nation with its dreams;
The peasant seeks across the sea
A blither land of liberty;
And deems that in a Foreign clime
His eyes will greet a happier time;
And there in fancy fondly rears
His future hopes of after years;
'Tis this that cheers his wandering mind,
And bids him leave his home behind;
And think that when in distant isles
Abundance round his cottage smiles,
A link of love still bends the chain
Back to his native cot again;
And at the silent hour of prayer,
His name is still remember'd there.
Now, to my duty at the last,
I thank you for all favours past:
And wish you, e'er I disappear,
A happy and a prosperous year.