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The New-Year Boy's Address TO THE PATRONS OF

The Orange City.

FRANK FERRIS.

Expectant Patrons here I am once more
Plumed, and all ready for poetic flight;
How are you all? ah! yes, that little score
I'd half forgotten, 'twould be my delight
To taste your generous favors as of yore
Custom has given me this little right—
I'm bold, in this military age,
CASH IN ADVANCE, with printers is the
rage.

Altho' no laurel may entwine my brow—
Altho' my efforts meet not with applause,
Yet shall my verse expand, my number flow;
And should the critic grasp them in his
claws,
And punish them with many a vigorous blow:
Why let him feast upon their many flaws—
What then? 'twill never put me to the rout,
By Jupiter! I'll have my frolic out.

I've paid my annual visit to the muse,
I'll sing my ditty, and I'll make my bow,
And so polite I'll be you can't refuse
The just demand I make upon you now;
Reward to me will be like joyful news,
'Twill make my weekly tramp through frost
and snow—
A pleasing task; so now good Patrons all
Prepare the ready for my New Year's call.

True to my colors, I will never bend.
Straight on thro' good and ill I'm bound to
go, and I'll be true to the end.

How mighty are the changes of the past—
The great events which mark the year that's
gone—

The Russian Bear has shown his teeth; at last
And snuffs roast Turkey from the banks of
Don,

Mahomet's sons to arms are gathering fast—
The Turks and far of Mountaineers are one
In fierce determination to retain
Their independence, or in strife be slain!

Woe is the Despot's passion, let it come,
Freedom from reeking laughter will arise:
The cannon's roar, the trumpet and the drum—
The charge of adverse hosts—the pealing
cries

Of victory at last will overcome
Each ancient deep stain beneath the skies,
Yet peace is glorious, when freedom reigns
And equal rights feel neither lash nor
chains.

I sing of England, the Ocean Queen!
Whose meteor flag o'er her horizon millions
waves!

The land of liberty which e'er has been
The home of freemen, and the hope of slaves:
Her olive branch of peace, eternal green
Be found, while war's commotion raves;
May honor only call her to the field
Where honor only e'er can make her yield!

Misname no more the land of Washington,
Call not America fair freedom's land:
'Tis but a human hunting ground, on
Which mercenary savages despoil
The rights of man, where Africa's black son
Is doom'd by tyrannous to slavish to
Sold, lash'd, and hunted like a beast of prey
According to law, in this enlightened
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Out on the bastard Freedom, in whose name
Such deeds of dark oppression have been
done,

As would make very heathenish blush for shame
Fierce acts of cruelty which crush and stum
Humanity with horror—Oh! the flame
Of '76 is nearly out—slaves from the altar
run

Where Freedom's spurious incense dabbly
burns,
And Priests the whip and censer wield in
turns

Where true Religion reigns, there freedom too,
Her lawful ally, may smile o'er all the land;
The Bible is the text book of the true,
God's Truth and Liberty go hand in hand!
No serf, herd Priest a substitute can brew
From all the holy water of command—
No old tradition—no false monkish tale
Against the march of Truth can e'er prevail.

Error has shaken Pto Nona's throne,
Protestant Truth makes England's Throne
secure;

The Bible at the Vatican's unknown,
Britain's power rests upon its mandates
pure!

This makes the mighty difference alone,
'Tis this which makes Britannia's flag endure
Triumphant in the battle, and the shock
Of Revolution, firm, unshaken as a Rock.

May peace and generous plenty ever smile
From East to West o'er Britain's wide
domain,

From North to South may faction's fery vile
Essay to crush the nation's faith in vain.
O'er disaffection's efforts to beguile

May loyal hearts to conquest march again;
And Freedom's banner wave o'er the land
at last!

As guardian of the public weal
I'd make each in defactor feel
That public duties must be done—
That off-adding is no fun—
Feat us without ability.

Should make their bow and stand aside,
And with profound humility
Leave honors to the qualified.

With Joseph Chief of Circle Daddies,
And enemy of wick'd Paddies,
I have not much grave fault to find,
Although 'tis said the public mind
Desires much to be enlightened;

For curiosity is heightened
To know the probable amount
Which has been placed to the account
Of Costs and Fines for justice here,
During the lately ended year.

I merely at the thing have hinted
In hope the statement may be printed.
"Chuck," I trust, won't interfere,
And swear "Je t'ing is most uncommon."

To ask his worship to expose
Those public virtues which are human.
Perhaps the worthy City Clerk
Can give the soup for information;
And throw some light upon the dark
Decisions of the Corporation.

Perhaps his intellectual aid,
The pale and classic-looking M—ers
Attends to this part of the trade
And helps to pull the golden wires.

Surely the Constable in Chief
Can give some inkling of the matter,

Or the smart sub of statute brief
Who's eror been on "Sith and batter"
(To use the language of O'Flinn)
Who keeps the Omnibus and Inn.
I'd like to know the reason why
The City Clerks will not be taken
By Tax Collectors—can it be
That our credit is so shak'd
That the Paper of the to ru
By the very Council is erud down?
I hate such kidding; something's brewing
Which leads to such detested Jewing.
To swindling it seems akin,
Tho' by the Council this be doubted;
Yet people say it is a sin
Which should be scorned, hissed and scouted!
By own should have an honest fame
And not a twisting, gauging name!
"Faith I'm a credit to you Boys"
Should put his veto on such smuggling,
The West and East Wards should combine
To cross such deplorable juggling.
The Centre Ward should raise the shout
To put those Councilors to the rout
Who've done so very little good
And such a vast amount of evil
This is Election Day, so now
Go forth and send them to the
Or purgatory, if it please you,
So that their acts no more may tease you.
Then elect men to fill their places,
Who will not leave behind the traces
Of having with a wasteful hand
Scatter'd the hard earned public money,
In building Engine Houses, and
A hundred other things as they say.

My Gentle Patrons now adieu
I've little more to say to you
This first day of the New-born Year,
I bid you all a happy New Year,
And I'll be true to the end.

Lonely, starved, at midnight dreary,
Pugged Katy, faint and weary,
On the sidewalk in our city,
Half sung, half wept, for hours, this ditty.

Hot corn! hot corn! who'll buy my hot corn?
Hot corn, smoking hot corn.

A drunken mother's threat remembering,
If the corn she sold not, trembling
As each one her basket came by,
Katy waged that piteous same cry.

A ruffian drunkard, swearing, staggering,
Towards the trembler bravely swaggering,
"Little wiely, of a she-wolf born,
Give me," he cried, "an ear of hot corn."

Hot corn! hot corn! here's your hot corn;
Hot corn! smoking hot corn.

A rich man, homeward his way wending,
By the lone child his steps bending.
His thoughts on gain, the hour was late, he
Heeded not the prayer of Katy.
Hot corn! hot corn! pray buy my hot corn;
Hot corn! smoking hot corn.

If, to feed a mother's vices,
This fair girl, then, guilt entices,
With shameful wages, to all shame die,
At whose door, pray will the blame lie?
Hot corn! hot corn! do buy my hot corn;
Hot corn! hot corn!

Statesmen, Fathers, Christians, Freemen!
Loving God and country, be men!
Dare the issue! Bless our nation!
Crush this Giant Desolation!
Hot corn! hot corn! who'll buy my hot corn?
Hot corn, smoking hot corn.