

THE NEWS-BOY'S ADDRESS
TO THE PATRONS OF THE
CATTARAUGUS UNION.

January 1, 1866.

Back to the past with the ages agone ;
Ne'er to return to earth's dwellers again ;
Bearing its burdens and sorrows along ;
Crowned with its joys and its mercies to men :
Blessed by the happy for pleasures it brought ;
Mourned by the sad for the treasures it bore,
Thus like a waif o'er the waters of Time,
Drifted th' old year to Eternity's shore.

Blithe be the greetings that rise on the ear !
Happy the hearts that echo them o'er !
Joyful the advent as comes the New Year,
Fraught with the comforts and blessings of peace !
Pallas has turned from the red path of war,
Lending her wisdom to labors of love ;
While the war-god, worn and weary of strife,
Sends Columbia the peace-bearing dove.

What! tho' the strife that has ravaged our land,
Now with its horrors has passed from our sight!
Still, in our greetings, we miss from our band
Many a dear one who greeted us light,
When the Old year in its cycle began ;
And memory, yet, wanders back to the day,
Hopeful and bright, when we saw them depart
Under the banners that led to the fray.

Long shall we wait for their welcome return—
Dark fall the shadows on hearthstone and heart;
For on the day when the banners came home,
Thinned were th' ranks we saw proudly depart.
Then let us hope when life's labors are done,
Each we may meet, in the sweet vesper chime
Borne at life's eve from the portals of light,—
Waiting our backs from the heavens of Time.

Turning our thoughts to a happier strain,
Let us rejoice o'er a Union preserved ;
Saved from the treason that sullied its fame—
Saved by brave patriots and Freemen unswerved!
Over the oceans, the beacon still streams
Bright from the watch towers of Liberty's home,
Chasing th' oppressed of all nations and
tongues,
Guiding them here where no tyrant is known.

Then, from the hillsides, from valley and glen,
Let the glad anthems to Heaven arise,
Praising our God who hath brought us again
Forth from the conflict to Liberty's skies.
Love for the Union, its Charter, and Laws,
Stands the true safe guard to hurl back the tide
Treason may bring or fierce despots prepare
Against our young nation,—“Columbia's pride.”

Patriots all, in the fulness of joy,
Join in the tribute that merit has won ;
Firmly we'll stand for the man, who, to-day,
Stands for the Union our fathers began !
Long may the ark of our freedom be borne
On by the one, who dares follow its light,
For, with the Union, does ANDY with care
Guard and preserve to the States every right !

'Tis said there lived, “once on a time,”
A wondrous wise and pious body
Whose noisy words and love of self,
Attained for him the title, “Shoddy.”
He did not march to war himself,
Although he seemed quite willing ;
But felt his duty lay at home
Where he might, “turn an honest shilling.”

Said “Shoddy” was a “Union man ;”
But being, of a modern school, sir,
His union, like his stock in trade,
'Tis said was *badly* mixed with wool, sir.
To sermons, oft, he turned his tack
To prove that gains would still be bigger
By fell defeat to “Little Mac.,”
And later vict'ry free the “nigger,”

Said “Shoddy” wrote a novel book
In place of Webster's Dictionary ;
And deep research and pains he took
Lest words should fail or meanings vary.
There “Copper head,” “Secesh,” and “knave,”
By him were all translated neighbor ;
While Union, ‘Country,’ ‘Courts and Laws,’
Meant “shoddy,” by his cunning labor.

He thought the war a glorious thing
(For his fat contracts and taxation ;)
And said its *permanence* would bring
The best of times throughout the nation,
“I wish” said he to neighbor B,
Whose acres broad must pay the taxes
“That, ‘Save these bonds, you were like me’
Who aid (himself) when Gov't ‘axes’ !”

Well, war is o'er and peace has come,
And “Shoddy's” older trades are ended ;
Yet, one pet scheme he's still in store
Before he'll think the Union mended.—

But long he'll rant his doleful note,
Before he'll find Law-making body
Give all the niggers power to vote
And stuff the ballot-box with “shoddy !”

But strongly our Muse from the Helicon mount,
Inspires us to write of those leaders and men,
Whose valor and truth have prevailed in the
strife,

And in the fierce contest won freedom again,
There's SHERMAN with GRANT, and McCLELLAN
and COOK ;

And SLOCUM, our leader, all true men and brave ;
While DALGREN, and PORTER, and Commodore
FOOT,
Bore nobly our flag on the foam crested wave.

And here let us write of our own honored JONES
As courteous at home as he's brave on his steed:
Still brighter his star ! is the wish of our heart,
And God bless the heroes who followed his
lead !—

But now ; 'mid the mention of brave men at
home—

Another home circle the Old year has found
Bereft of a member, for GREGORY sleeps,
When battles are o'er 'neath the church-yard
mound.

How little we thought that a brave manly
heart,

While greetings were borne on the Old-Year's
first breath,

'Mid strangers and foes, on a low prison cot,
Lay sinking to rest in the stillness of death !
Though gone from our band and the heart-ties
of home,

Yet oft will we think, as our social joys come,
Of one ever welcome, ever generous and kind,
And cherish for ANDREWS, the friendship he
won !

Their cordon of friends can but pardon her
flight,

If past the Old-Year, bold Calliope stray,
And weave in her epic fond mention of those,
Whose loss, felt so deeply, seems the loss of
to-day ;

Though years may be gone, and life's night-time
may come,

ALANSON and WALTER will live in the heart !
Oh ! brave were their hearts ! and we know the
fond hopes

That bore up their souls when we saw them
depart !

We think you all can not forget,
The crowd, last fall, that gathered round
The party crib, whose “loyal” pap
But ill could feed the host there found !
The Spring-time past and harvest come,
An “empty” mouth a crumb enjoyed,
While guardian Plunder watched her child,
And for her Ward a Lamb destroyed !

We can but mark those greater minds,
Whose modest hearts would deign to wait ;
And leave to others office, now,
(I'll they could *higher* serve the State !)
See ! Session's waves awhile mount up !
And seems to fall their union dear ;
But “wire,” and “pipe,” and promise sweet,
The cure-all are, “till one more year !”

Then 'mong the schemes of “party hacks,”
Must suffer now our County Seat !
And one more “folly” rear its head
In Little Valley's snug retreat !
But public sense has squelched this scheme,
In stealth proposed when public weal
Absorbed the minds of those, who now
Place on its tomb the public seal !

The age of wonders is not past,
Nor would strong reason now recoil,
If we should see our townsmen go
Sail home upon a sea of oil !
From Smith's deep shaft on Bartlett's farm
To Pitohole's wealth invested dells,
What fortunes flow ! what golden dreams
Are born amid these wondrous wells !

But Cupid, now, must record make
Of how he passed the golden hours ;
And of the Thankful maid he bore
With right good Will to Hymen's bowers !
Of how he caught a Rider fleet,
Who braved the shafts of war's dread art
To fall a prize at Aona's feet,
By skillful Amor's love-tipped dart !

And now, kind friends, don't chide the Muse ;
But kindly give the Newsboy's cheer,
Whose humble wish is, for you all,
A happy, bright, and glad, NEW YEAR !