

And more than that, sir, I was told
By Alcohol's own minions,
That all of you were bound to hold
Some mighty strange opinions!

While many boldly did declare
That they would not go near you;
For my own part, I did not care,
I ventured to go hear you.

And I was disappointed quite;
Your politics did charm me;
And by and by I thought it right
To join the rebel army.

And shall I follow in the rear,
My musket on my shoulder?
Or shall I shrink with slavish fear,
To be a gallant soldier?

I've now escaped the tyrant's thrall,
To honor no aspirant;
But let me either stand or fall,
I'll boldly face the tyrant!

And while we must maintain our laws
Sometimes by fierce disputing,
Some other nobles in the cause
Are busily recruiting.

And in our ranks there many are
Throughout its wide dimensions,
That are as useful in this war
As we of loud pretensions!

In all, we are no feeble band
Sprung up into existence;
Our potent foe we may withstand,
And offer some resistance.

And you, sir, highly honored are,
To be our chief commander!
And may you prove in this great war
Another Alexander!

'Tis thine to lead us forward still,
To watch each awkward motion!
'Tis thine to regulate our zeal,
And check each foolish notion!

Our foe's whole strength may not prevail
To quell the insurrection,
But then he may our ranks assail
By some internal faction.

But let us all go hand in hand,
And keep our troops in order;
And surely we may apprehend
Small danger from that quarter.

Nor is it an imbecile power
With which we are contending;
His soldiers are in every tower,
And valiantly defending.

He has a fortress, sir, out here!
But now so much forsaken,
That, if I credit what I hear,
The fort was almost taken.*

And shall we now our march impede,
Or make a peaceful treaty?
Ah no! we forward shall proceed,—
We yet may take the city.

Then let us move in phalanx deep,
And while we chaunt the chorae,
In songs of triumph we shall sweep
The enemy before us!

We shall not stoop to compromise,
Nor terms of mercy tender;
For nothing less shall us suffice
Than free and full surrender!

But do we fight alone? if asked,
The fact, sir, is astounding;
From North to South, from East to West,
Rebellious arms are sounding!

And soon we may united be;
And thereby rendered bolder,
O'er mountain, valley, stream, and sea,
We'll chase the great slaveholder!

But are we rebels, sir, at all?
That is a new suggestion,
And which should be, to great and small,
A most important question.

Do we not serve another King?
Before whose mighty power
The armies Alcohol can bring
Will perish in an hour!

That King whom we profess to serve
Will grant us his protection,
Providing that we do not swerve
From his all-wise direction.

With courage, then, we may proceed,
And take a bold position;
He'll grant us everything we need,
Both arms and ammunition.

We shall not, therefore, cease to fight,
Nor leave the field inglorious,
Until our foes be vanquished quite,
And we shall be victorious!

Chatham Township, C. W.

A TEETOTALER.

* This refers to a tavernkeeper in the neighborhood from whom licence was for a time withheld, but who ultimately succeeded in obtaining it.

It is an interesting sight to see a fresh looking youth just in his teens rolling a huge tobacco quid in his mouth with an air of dignity, and spitting with importance. Not a rare accomplishment, however, for any rowdy loafer has a mouth as nasty. Tobacco muxing and squirting is not an exclusive accomplishment.—*Cayuga Chief.*