

Spurning the call which duty makes
On all who seek their country's weal,
The gilded bribe their averice wakes,
Offered by those who make and deal.

These cry, "Our nature is to drink;
Why hinder then our nature's bent?
Our Author's will is, as we think,
For this his creatures first were lent."

But vain, mistaken man is blind
To truths all nature loud proclaims,
That God is ever true and kind,
And works man's weal in all his aims.

The things man as his creatures names
Are man's own instruments of ill,
Adulterate both in facts and aims,
And like himself perverse in will.

The days of sophistry are past;
Stern facts are now our only trust;
Such paltry jargon cannot last,
But to our reason bow it must.

Your bright, well temper'd piercing
sword,
Of heavenly manufacture scen,
Has pierced the fenceless paper word,
And opened wide the rents between.

The *Herald* and *Gazette* may frown,
And dip their pens in gall and fire:
Our facts *their* sophistry disown,
And quench in Truth their useless ire.

Their syren song may lure the gay,
And dupe the thoughtless and the
proud;
But noble reason spurns their sway,
And speaks the warning voice aloud.

Each day new proofs of ruin wide,
O'er cur fair country sadly spread,
Increase the force of error's tide,
And swift to desolation lead.

With closed eyes the gods appear,
And still on champagne suppers bent,
To Reason's voice refuse an ear,
By mean fanatics only lent.

The men who still the Press supply
With matter, news or narrative:
Must to the glass betimes apply
By its poisoned sting to live.

With these intrenchments guarded well,
This Malakhoff to-day appears;
With pride and drink its features swell,
And yet its haughty head appears.

You who the day of feeble things have
seen,
Know well the importance it holds,
Also, the firm and persevering mien
Truth from its records still unfolds.

Our country's firm, determined, bent,
To conquer in the siege or die;
The tyrant's mystery has rent, [fly.
Her children's taught, they must not

Clad in our panoply divine,
Of pure and heaven-born faithful love,
Let us again in virtue shine,
And soon our certain victory prove.

The Malakhoff appears on high,
Impregnable and truly bold;
But our approaches now draw nigh,
And the assault will soon be told.

Where are the men to mount the breach?
Where all the staunch teetotalers?
where?

The parapets we now can reach,
And plant our glorious colors there.

Come on, ye valient sober Sons!
The Maine Law we must gain;
Despite the Russian jeers and puns,
Our rights and liberties obtain.

Our country suffers still the foe
His despot havoc yet to spread;
Her miseries fill our hearts with woe;
Her liberties our steps have sped.

We rally now the foe to meet;
Our chosen chiefs to battle cry,
Nor will we learn the word "retreat!"
But lift our banners to the sky.

May God our heart and conduct bless!
Equip us for the glorious strife;
And soon in love our foes caress,
Saved by our aims to endless life!

[Circumstances having prevented the author's attendance at the soiree, the above lines, although written expressly for the occasion, were not delivered, and are now for the first time published.—Ed. I. B.]

NOTICES.

THE YOUTH'S CASKET; an Illustrated Magazine for the Young.

THE November number of this interesting little magazine has been received. As usual, it contains most excellent reading for the young. We heartily recommend it to our readers.

The story of "The Little Peddler," to which the editor refers in "Our Chat,"