

Whose sons were born to command
The lesser breeds of every land,
Whose love of truth and justice gave
Twenty million to free the slave.
Our ships are found in every sea,
For glory, honor and liberty.

And now farewell to Leslies' Mac,
We give you the bag, but not the sack,
And pray your acceptance of this small token,
That memories here shall ne'er be forgotten,
So as the nearest and dearest must part,
We say, "Farewell" with an aching heart.

Farewell, Mr. Spink,
For whom we all sigh,
Our hearts almost sink,
As our lips say, "Good-bye."

JOHN O'ALSTON.

John Oxendem Alston, why should you be shy,
With the look of good cheer and a light laughing eye;
If looks such as yours led some to suppose,
That benevolent looks might speak a propose.

Then John, dearest John, you possess the gift, rare
But with a mind such as yours it will never ensnare,
The Lilies or Roses, that bloom by the way,
For John Oxendem Alston will ne'er go astray.