For the Daily Bulletin.

One Song More.

I am no favorite of the Muse,
And seldom seek in song to soar,
Yet still I hope you'll print my rhymes,
Tho' public taste revolts at More.

You wield yourself a caustic quill,
And once you scourged a rascal sore,
But giving him not half his due,
I think I'll lash the rascal More.

The man I mean is often seen
Like Satan on the Senate floor,
Distilling falsehood from his tongue,
'Till vice becomes ashamed of More.

Insensible to guilt and shame,
His heart all rotten to the core,
His very breath is virtue's bane;—
I loath his name—his nature More—

Go hide thyself, thou Pharisee!
Detested wretch, thy race is o'er;
Thou hast both God and man betrayed
So long, that none can trust the More.

Austin—
December 1st 1841

Faddle.