New Orleans Daily Crescent.

IMPROMPTU POEM.

(Dedicated to soldier boys, every where.)

CAMP, April 27th, 1861.

MR. CRESCENT—Dear Sir: This evening, about 6 o'clock, we had the pleasure of greeting at this place the several military companies that passed up on route for Richmond, Virginia. You are aware that we are located in such a beautiful place, and of such a nature that we can hardly resist the sight of that gallant band called forth the warmest expressions of admiration and enthusiasm from all here, the ladies particularly. If our entire army is composed of such noble-looking "trainers" as these, Old Abraham will find the task of dispersing the rebels not so light as he expected. The sight of those gallant soldiers has awakened my sleeping muse, and I send you for publication the following

IMPROMPTU POEM.

The fife still there rebels—traitors? there cons of liberty
Let Hessians with blasting hordes to subjugate the free?
O, Liberty never can be conquered, a race free born and brave,
Guard the last true Southern shell deep in Freedom's grave.

We're a legend of a savage race, that dwell in days of yore,
In freedom and prosperity, near Pensacola's shore:
Within their lovely coral fields their wrought in sweet content,
By night in their flowery deep, their leisure hours were spent.

Another evening, we wandered, and looked with evil eye
Upon those rifle of happiness and calm prosperity:
They cast red flash in their careless scenes for pillage and for prey,
And sought to drive them from their fields and hunting grounds away.

Their fate is theirs—the fate of the gallant morale of Freedom's cause;
Let Freedom's banner be raised, to freedom's cause was claim;
Their women and their children, then, south Pensacola's shore,
Preferred to bury all their wrongs in living servile slaves.

Anywhere, as off is more for you, round from our those wild waves
Let Freedom's call to the glorious morale of Freedom's cause;
Let Freedom's call to the glorious morale of Freedom's cause;
Let Freedom's call to the Uncle call—call Sol, have heard be at high,
With firm reserve to guard our rights, to conquer, or to die.

And now those stands upon that shore another race of braves,
Whose valor's boasts they the mind upon blending waves
Take Southern cause dare to send to fights and days ill,
To release with you the glorious Southern soil.

Ye Southern hearts, ye Southern hearts, ye Northern despots chains,