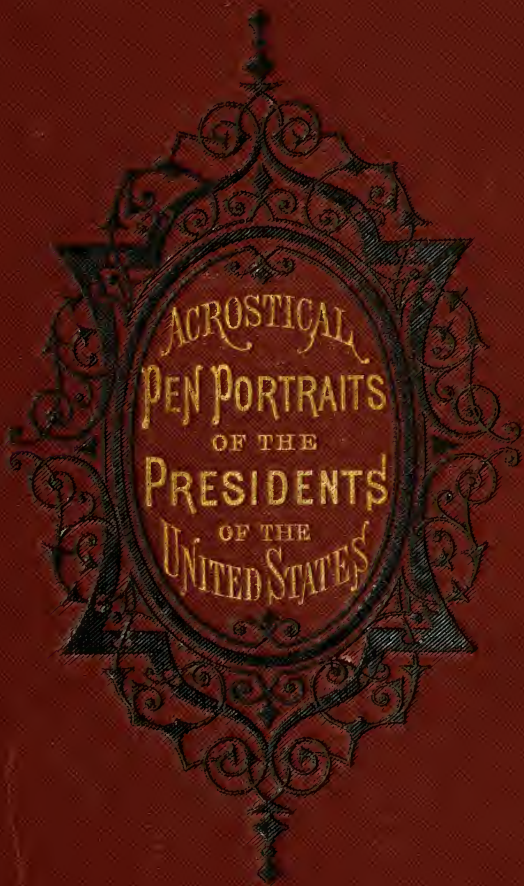


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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





ACROSTICAL
PEN PORTRAITS

OF THE
EIGHTEEN

Presidents of the United States,

BY
D. F. LOCKERBY.

Biographical, Historical, Descriptive and Eulogistic.

Intended for the general Reader, Schools, Academies, Colleges, Public and Private Libraries. Preëminently suitable for Declamation on the Stage, Lyceum, Young Men's Literary Societies, Clubs, Literary and Social Entertainments, and for the Home.

Philadelphia.

J. L. SIBOLE, PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER,

No. 727 SANSOM STREET.

1876.



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Copyright, 1876, by J. L. SIBOLE.

Dedication.

THE WRITER RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATES THIS

VOLUME TO

ALEXANDER WHILLDIN, ESQ.,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

P R E F A C E .

The preparation of these sketches was first undertaken solely for pastime and mental recreation, without any view to their publication. After a number of the acrostics had been written, it was my pleasure to read them, on various occasions, to several literary friends for mutual amusement; each, in turn, suggested their publication. After repeated and urgent solicitations on their part, I determined to submit them to the test of impartial, and in all other respects qualified criticism, thinking that the result of this course would preclude their publication. On the contrary, however, the opposite course was recommended, and, accordingly, I now humbly offer them to the public for their perusal. If I shall succeed in instructing a single person, or of interesting any in the history of their country, much more, of pleasing any considerable portion of the world of readers, I shall be more than gratified.

I am indebted to the following authors, whose pages I consulted in selecting material in the preparing of these sketches: **PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EMINENT MEN OF THE UNITED STATES, GUERNSEY'S UNITED STATES, BARTLETT'S LIFE OF LINCOLN, HEADLEY'S LIFE OF GRANT, BARRET'S LIFE OF LINCOLN.**

It is not all poetry that is found in books, nor is all the poetry found in books all the poetry extant: far from it. There is a poetry of life, a poetry of art, a poetry of nature. Hoping that the reader may find some poetry at least, in the **PEN PORTRAITS**, and more of nature and less of art, I respectfully invite your attention to the Introduction.

AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

It is the author's aim in these brief sketches to provide for the reader a bird's-eye view of the life of each President, and of the times in which they severally moved on the stage of human action, amid the mighty activities of a great uprising nation—a view of the century in the most thoroughly condensed form. It is attempted to give a summary of the leading features which characterize the life of each of the Presidents, and notice the momentous events which occurred during the administration of each. To take in, by a single sweep of the horizon with our little lens, the first century of our national existence; its wonderful progress, and the changes which mark and make it ever memorable. Conspicuous among these are the stupendous acts of the Revolution, the war of 1812, and the late "Great Rebellion," out of which have been evolved the results which have formed a great and mighty nation. My perusal of the life of each President has proved both interesting and profitable, and if this volume shall induce any young man, who has not already done so, thoroughly to peruse the lives of our Presidents, it will accomplish a most important end. They are to be found in every public library and book-store in the land, and the time spent in their perusal is time well spent. The history of our race can furnish no grander illustrations of how men may rise out of the deepest poverty and obscurity, contending successfully against the most formidable difficulties, to the loftiest height of human attainment. In other words, how men by indomitable energy, untiring industry, and indefatigable perseverance, may rise to immortal fame and wield the widest influence, illustrating Sir Isaac Newton's idea of genius.

Of our eighteen Presidents, eight enjoyed the advantages of early culture and of comparative affluence. Of the remaining ten, six were born of penury, four medium. Five were college graduates. Eleven were professional lawyers, five from military life, two rose mainly through a political career. Fifteen were elected, and three succeeded from the Vice-Presidency to the Presidential chair.

Seven were born in Virginia.

Two in North Carolina.

Two in Massachusetts.

One in South Carolina.

Two in New York.

One in New Hampshire.

One in Pennsylvania.

One in Kentucky.

One in Ohio.

Throughout I have aimed to be strictly impartial and candid in the presentment of each. The reason why some of the sketches are longer than others is obvious, because there are more events of great moment crowded into the life of some than of others. It must be confessed that Washington, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant stand out more conspicuously on the face of our national history than any of the others. They were, by the nature of circumstances and exigencies of the times, when summoned to the front, when every moment was crowded by great events, made to occupy, emphatically, periods to be called crises in the national life—to guide the ship of State in the midst of events which affected her most vital interests, if not in each instance, the perpetuity of the nation herself. Hoping that these sketches may be acceptable to the reader, and this attempt to do honor to the memory of our distinguished Presidents, and to provide a fitting memorial of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Independence of the United States of America, may not be in vain; and that the PEN PORTRAITS may become a favorite gift-book by all

who love our free and glorious country—which fathers and mothers will delight to bestow on their sons as the birthday or holiday present, inspiring in their young breasts the same glorious spirit of Washington, determining them to preserve forever that freedom which he and the fathers of our country have bequeathed us ; and that emulating their example, they may be induced to imitate their virtues, and, like them, rise to positions of distinction and honor, is the earnest desire of the

AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, September 1st, 1876.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Bridge's Creek, Potomac, Westmoreland County, Virginia. Father of his Country. The great Military Champion of American Independence. First President of the United States. The First in War, and First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of the People, always.

BORN, FEB. 22, 1732. DIED, DEC. 14, 1799.

Great, consecrated and immortal name,
Emblem of glory, honor, truth and fame,
O'er all his fellows—see! he grandly towers,
Rising amid the great—excels their powers.
Great his designs in time of war or peace,
Enlisted wholly, solely, for the Land's increase.

Within his own great and prophetic heart,
A nation is equipped in every part.
See! when the hour to strike for Freedom comes,
He draws his sword; and first among the sons,
Immortal sons of glory, takes his place.
Nations admire, kings rush to his embrace.
Greatest of all the nations forth is brought,
The new-born nation Washington had sought.
O'er the broad continent he casts his eye,
Now free forever—he is free to die.

B orn of old English stock of noble fame,
R anks high his family and ancestral name.
I n early years his father dies, and he
D epends on mother, what his life shall be.
G reatest of blessings is a mother good,
E arly to feed the soul with wholesome food :
S he as a mother without equal stood.

C areful, she taught him every wise behest ;
R eligious precepts—the purest and the best.
E arly to school she sent her son, 'tis true—
E ach school day course, her course did far out-do.
K ind-hearted youth—yet wore a front of iron

P uts not away the lovely, witching siren,
O f rules for conduct had a hundred fold
T o guide, to fashion, every thought to mould.
O f books, the Bible and Sir Matthew Hale
M ade his first study ; these o'er all prevail.
A n expert was in mathematics, too,
C lassical colleges he never knew.

W hen sixteen years of age, his school days end,
E arly in life to business must attend.
S o trained in virtue, famed for love of truth,
'T is his to form the model son and youth.
M odest and mighty, he grew up a man
O f noblest purpose, both to act and plan,
R ich in the noblest feelings of a manly heart,
E ver he acts a great and noble part.

L ike Joseph, David, Daniel, who of old
A re seen to shine like stars of purest gold.
N or can we rank less worthy him to-day,
D eep in whose heart the same high motives sway.

C areful that saintly mother taught her son :
O f all her work this wast most carefully done.
U nconsciously she trained a leader great,
N or dreams she that a President he'll make ;
T o her great joy, she lives to see the day
Y oung George, her son, this honor bore away.

V irginia's hills and vales surveyed, and solved
I ntricate problems which estates involved.
R emiss to duty—he was never charged,
G enial to all, his heart and mind enlarged.
I n unity, he with his brother dwelt,
N o discord marred the joy these brothers felt.
I nduced was he to seek a naval fame,
A s oft his brother had advised the same.

F ortune decided otherwise, for he
A mother's counsel heeded, as we see
T he British navy lost a good recruit,
H alf of a continent this from Britain took.
E 'en now the seed is cast within the field,
R ising in glory will a nation yield.

O'er mountain heights, through valleys, and o'er plains,
Fairfax, his friend, with George delights to range.

Hark! in the West the din of war we hear,
Indians with French 'gainst Britain's power appear.
Selected by Dinwiddie to convey

Cross mountain wilds, o'er pathless miles away,
One single message to the French commander,
Unaw'd he undertakes this toil of grandeur,
Nor goes in vain—selects the best location
To rear his future forts, by observation.
Raised for the frontier are three hundred men,
Young George, Lieutenant Colonel, over them.

The brave young colonel, with but part his troops,
Has gone to see how frontier service looks.
Ere his arrival hostile French again

Great Britain's power would scornfully disdain.
Ready for action under Jummonville,
Enlisted for a fight, he sets his will.
A skirmish, that is all, he routs the foe,
To flight they're put; their leader lying low.

Midst these fatigues, the first commander dies
In Washington, command-in-chief relies.
Lacking no part that makes a chieftain true.

I ncreased his army with fresh troops we view,
'T is his to march his force to Fort Duquesne,
A nd there attack the strong French garrison.
R etreat from this, he finds his only course,
Y ields he to numbers, in far superior force.

C omes back and halts at Fort Necessity,
H is gallantry displays and bravery.
A ttacked by French and Indian forces strong,
M atches his far inferior numbers long,
P lants himself in the front line of the fight,
I n action fearless leads, with dauntless might.
O 'ercome by numbers superior to his own,
N ow yields the fort; in bravery yields to none.

O ld England now her bravest general sends,
F rench troops to banish from her soil intends.

A grand display—Virginia's rangers come,
M arshalled with regulars; Braddock and Washington
E agerly take the field for Fort Duquesne.
R anked next to Braddock, Washington is seen.
I ndifferent to the crafty Indian's guile,
C areless is Braddock, thinking of no wile,
A n Indian ambuscade he feareth not,
N or will he learn, by Washington though taught.

I ndians behind the trees now lie in wait,
N or will he know till they have sealed his fate.

Dashing forward, his men he leads in pride,
E ntering the forest—now from every side
P ouring volley on volley, Braddock he falls dead.
E ach tree an Indian hides; the woods run red.
N othing is left for them that now survive,
D efeated thus by such a dire surprise,
E xcept retreat—the best that they can do;
N o other course for them is left in view.
C rafty the Indian tried, and tried in vain,
E ach deadly shot for Washington took aim.

A t his brave heart leveled each musket shot,
N ow, e'en his coat these bullets entered not.
D etermined now, the French troops they must **rou**t

F orbes, Brigadier General, is sent out;
I nstructed, goes to capture Fort Duquesne.
R eturn they did not, Forbes and Washington,
S weeping before them every barrier down,
T ill no French fort in all the West is found.

P lace Washington, of heroes, first among;
R eared thus a warrior, when the pressure comes,
E xacting taxes from Columbia's sons—
S ad error, which by Parliament was made,
I nduced the colonies a war to wage.

Deep in the heart of Washington there grew
Eternal principles of justice true.
Now Patrick Henry by his heart appeals
This heart can pierce, which quivering feels,
One, quick the other, flies each fiery shaft
Fast through the heart, where leaden shot ne'er pass'd.

"To arms!" the cry resounds all o'er the land,
Hear soon the clash of arms on every hand.
E'en now at Boston and at Lexington,

Unwilling warfare has ere this begun.
Now all convened in solemn conclave met,
In awful firm resolve each man is set.
The conscript fathers, there did dare to rise,
E'en though darkness deep should lower the skies,
Determined they, for Independence swore,

Signed, sealed, proclaimed their purpose evermore.
To Washington, the Congress wisely gave
A place, the highest, and the country save.
To bring his country quick and sure relief,
Exalted is to the command-in-chief,
Saves the whole nation, and defeats her foes.

Firmly upon his purpose bent he goes
In rapid marches to Boston, makes his way
Ready, all things prepares, as best he may.
Severely taxed, amid such vast confusion,
'Tis his to rid the place of Howe's intrusion.

I ncessant toil, all through the hours of night,
N ow Dorchester, he fortifies her heights ;

W hen suddenly the British troops embark
A ll trace of whom is gone before 'tis dark.
R edoubled force the British bring to bear

A round New York ; they're bound to triumph there.
N ow poorly clad, his army bare and small,
D ares Washington, with new recruits and all,

F orward to march, this stronghold to defend,
I n face of all that Britain Great may send.
R egardless of her war ships, soldiers brave
S ee Washington intent New York to save.
T hey land their troops, the ships command the shore.

I mpending ruin for raw recruits in store,
N ot able to contend, he bears defeat.

P laces his men, wise course, in full retreat ;
E mbarks his troops 'neath cover of the night
A rrives in New York safe, the foe in sight.
C ross o'er he must, and in New Jersey come,
E ach moment counts, as flying soldiers run.

A series of disasters and defeat
N ow mark his course—his only hope retreat ;
D epressed and starving soldiers now desert,

F ears and distress bear down on every heart.
I n no respect is Washington dismayed,
R esolute, sends to Congress for fresh aid ;
S ecures, for soldiers, rations and fair pay,
T asks his brave heart by night as well by day.

I n winter storms, harassed upon the rear,
N ights cold and stormy and no shelter near.

T o Trenton comes, but dare not spend the night,
H e must continue still his pressing flight.
E mbarks his troops at night. The Delaware

H igh, rapid, full of ice floes now must bear
E ach almost naked soldier on her breast ;
A bloody foe is in the rear—no rest
R emains this side, the dark and turgid stream,
'T is life or death for them to choose between.
S tay here and die—go o'er the stream and live.

O f choice, the latter they prefer ; and give,
F earless of danger in the darkling night,

T hemselves to grapple with the water's might.
H eaven smiles o'er them ; and God's angels keep
E ach soldier safe—borne o'er the swelling deep—

P ure angel bands these vigils ever keep.
E nforcements now from Philadelphia come
O f noblest men—the father and the son.

P leasing to see, New Jersey sends her share,
 L ifting from Washington a load of care.
 E re morn will dawn, the tide of war will turn,

A nd Lord Cornwallis will in anger burn.
 L et George alone—no greater general born ;
 W ith dextrous move Cornwallis will be shorn,
 A nd haughty British troops will yet retreat,
 Y ielding before our troops will bear defeat.
 S oon they will break and run on “flying feet.”

—:o:—

E ager to turn the tide of fortune, makes resolve
 T he river to recross, the question solve
 W hether for him there's better things in store,
 O r whether he's doomed and Freedom evermore.
 T hese were the problems now pressed on his soul,
 H is every thought and action to control.

—:o:—

WASHINGTON'S SOLILOQUY.

T he night had grown dark as Washington wondered,
 T he wind shrieked aloud, while it lightened and thundered,
 T he sky was o'ercast with a terrible gloom,
 D eath haunted his soul, and a terrible doom.
 H e thought of his soldiers by the foe far outnumbered,
 O f his country in bondage, beleaguered and plundered,

He thought of his chains forged heavy and strong,
Of his country's contempt, injustice and wrong.
He resolves, all his might, in one single blow,
To summon and level the merciless foe.
To God he appeals, and his soldiers so brave,
His arm now to strengthen, his country to save.

—:o:—

WASHINGTON RE-CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

BATTLE OF WHITE PLAINS, TRENTON, N. J.

'Twas a dark, chilly night, in the month of December,
This scene was enacted, with pride we remember.
On the Delaware shore, at the dusk of the day,
George Washington stood clad in battle array.
Saddled and bridled, his war-horse near by,
His own stately form you can scarcely descry
Through the shadows of night which have gathered around,
While dark, angry clouds in the heavens have frowned.
The rumbling of wagons, the trampling of feet,
Orders given in haste as the officers meet,
The dark sullen torrent which swiftly rolls by,
'Neath the thick gathering gloom of a dark, angry sky,
Gusts of wind sweeping over the hard, frozen ground,
All conspired to produce a strange, confused sound.

See! how silent he stands, like a watchman on guard:
His countenance solemn he speaks scarce a word.
Inexpressible majesty steals over his face,

In his heart a great purpose, on his features you trace.
Ere the sunlight of morn shall in splendor appear,
The fate of his soldiers, now quivering in fear,
Shall forever be fixed, and the sun shall look down
On a nation made free, or forever undone ;
Sunk deeper in ruin or saved from its power,
All crowded the moments of this night's solemn hour.

But hark ! it is Washington. What does he cry?
"Launch the boats once again—storm and darkness defy."
Mid the darkness and ice floes far out in the stream,
Now struggling and toiling his boatsmen are seen.
'Bove the roar of the waters, the ice crashing by,
Hear the word of command by the winds borne on high.
The boats are now driven and riven apart,
But steadfast and firm is the great chieftain's heart.

Forced forward and backward, mid the terrible gloom,
'Twould seem they were nearing a terrible doom ;
But listen ! Hark ! there is heard from the opposite shore,
A voice. Is it friendly ? yes. It is Knox evermore.
What means he ? thro' the darkness, say why does he shout
With stentorian voice ? To remove every doubt
From our men steering now through the darkness of night.
This is the reason why he shouts in his might.

But still on the shore the chieftain stands calm ;
All night long he waits there, these waters to scan,
Now so troubled and dark—his men urging on,
Both famished and weary, as the night rolls along.

The chieftain and soldiers have all gained the shore,
Ere the dawning of day—the river's passed o'er.
The columns have formed and are moving in line
To Trenton they're bound—who the end will divine?
By two separate ways to the city they come,
A storm beating down, ere the onset's begun.
The chieftain in front, where the musketry pour
Their volleys of death, mid noise and uproar.
Our columns advance, strike with terror the foe,
Who to rally their forces now rush to and fro.
They're surprised and confounded—astounded to see
Our men dashing forward, victorious to be.
As our columns advance, they face a mad storm
Of hail beating down on each soldier's brave form.
Clothes soaked with wet; guns unfit for use—
What is to be done? “Advance!” “Charge!” onward
they push.

Now nearing the picket—“Be unlimbered the guns!”
“Advance to the charge!” See, the picket guard runs.
The storm beating madly the chieftain heeds not,
His countenance is firm, amid hail, fire and shot.
His great purpose of soul, unalterably made,
He'll execute now, or in death he'll be laid.
The cannon's loud thunder through the storm is now heard,
Sullivan fires, and now Stark with the advance guard,
Dashing forward, already have gained the street,
Flying Hessians, divided, they everywhere meet.

Around Washington's stately, magnificent form,
Curls artillery smoke, like a robe to adorn,
While he calmly directs where his men shall attack,
Leads on his brave troops as the Hessians fall back.

Now direct in the front of Washington's column
They have wheeled in the street two thundering cannon.
But two dauntless young captains, one is Monroe
Charge—up to the very muzzle of the guns they go.
With their men they charge—and take them in time
Ere their volume of death has swept down the line.
As the match now descends they dash it away,
And the chieftain's brave column know not even delay.
The chieftain in danger is safe once again ;
Each moment discloses some advantage they gain.
Mid direful confusion—apalling the sound
Their officers, soldiers, are everywhere found
Flying in haste and o'erwhelmed with fear,
As our soldiers triumphant, on all sides appear.
What trampling of horsemen—what cries rend the air,
The cause of Cornwallis is now in despair.

At the voice of the chieftain the troops sweep along,
His command still is given "Forward! press on."
Strikes the foe with dismay ; who, secure in their pride,
Are routed and flying ; pressed on every side.
Our men still advance, bearing down every foe,
Swift to glory and victory, onward they go.

The foe being routed, their flags they have struck.
At a gallop comes Washington dashing up,
Exclaiming in pride, as his war-horse leaps past,
While his heart bounds for Liberty high and fast :
“ This is for our country a glorious day,”
While victory and glory he now bears away.

——:O:——

'Twas Liberty he saw within the balance laid ;
For Liberty he watched, and fought, and prayed.
This was the spell that held him in the darkest hour,
That nerved him with resistless, deathless power.
This was the beacon-light to which he steered through storm,
When tossed on troublous seas—'mid angry billows borne,
This was the hope which, like an anchor firm and sure,
Fast held him at his post—want and fatigue endure ;
This was the ray which fell across his darkling way,
And told him of a coming glorious day,
When the heavens without a cloud in view,
The sun of Liberty would shine in splendor true ;
This Liberty he did secure, and he a nation made
Ere he his sword withdrew, or once the conflict staid.
He bore his country's banner safely through the storm
Of many a bloody battle—rent and torn ;
Till, proudly streaming, he lifts it to the skies,
And foreign rule and power triumphantly defies.
Surrender comes at last—Great Britain yields the day,

The chieftain of America has borne the palm away.
Rejoicing millions shout, the air is rent with joy,
No longer wasting war our noblest sons destroy.
The stars and stripes now proudly wave on high,
O'er Washington who looks with grateful glistening eye.
A grateful nation rally round the conqueror's feet,
And proudly bear him to the Presidential seat ;
He sheathes his sword—the art of peace pursues,
His share of toil he will not now refuse
A great Republic to construct, to mould and form,
Which, like himself, will history's page adorn.

This glorious work well done, his end draws near,
Calm and composed meets death without a fear,
He says to those around him, " I am soon to die,
" I'm not afraid, for well prepared am I."
His peace was made with God, and angel bands draw nigh,
His heart has ceased to beat, his soul has soared on high,
These angel spirits came, a glorious happy band,
And safe conveyed his soul to freedom's happy land,
Where liberty, with glorious and effulgent ray,
Is theirs who fight the fight of faith and win the day.

JOHN ADAMS.

Second President. The Champion Orator of the First Continental Congress.

BORN, OCT. 30, 1735. DIED, JULY 4, 1826

J ustice forbids that moral man should claim
O f power sufficient to portray this name ;
H e was the scholar, speaker, writer most profound,
N or as a reasoner was his rival found.

A God-like dignity with manly grace,
D etermined energy in time find place ;
A genius of the highest type had he,
M ade bright by us, as polished steel could be.
S ee, at the bar first youthful Adams stands,

Q uick as the lightning every will commands.
U ncommon eloquence, resistless power,
I n rapid strides gains fame's highest tower ;
N ext, see him in the Legislative Hall,
C an he refuse the people's urgent call ?
Y earning to serve and save his country ; lo !

Mark well, what noble deeds his records show,
A Continental Congress now convenes ;
Such men compose it, and amid such scenes
Scarce mighty men and conscript fathers came,
And formed a congress for "immortal" fame.
Claiming the right superior merit gives,
He takes the front rank place and congress lives.
Unawed by fear, when boldest spirits cower,
See Adams rise, and as by magic power,
Eloquence bursting from his soul, revives
Their sinking hearts, and in their might they rise ;
The noble stand, the glorious oath each swore,
Signed, sealed and damned oppression evermore.

—:o:—

With honor to himself, in blessing to the land
Four years John Adams wisely did command
The ship of state ; and on towards the goal
Of fame and glory did her cause control.
He lived for many years with pride to see
The vast achievements of the brave and free.
July the Fourth—the nation's natal day
In eighteen twenty six he passed away.
This champion son of glory died in peace,
Grateful to God for all the vast increase
Of the young nation he helped so well to place
Upon the list of powers whose history grace

The annals of the past ; her future how to trace
In lines of light and beauty as you gaze
Into the untried path and unknown maze
Of glorious achievement and of fame,
Which cluster now around the rising name
Of this Republic upon her voyage now
Of Liberty ; who, dashing from her noble prow,
The foaming but defeated waves, still glides
Cutting her pathway ; and from her lofty sides,
Bids calm defiance to her vanquished foes,
And smiles serene composure, as she goes
Steadily forward upon her glorious course,
Relying upon her own inherent force.
And on Jehovah, who victory gave her arms
Whoever will and now all foes disarms
Who strike at Liberty the death blow, and who fight
Against the cause of Justice, Freedom, Right.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Third President. Author of the Declaration of Independence.

BORN APRIL 2, 1743. DIED JULY 4, 1826.

To thee, the tribute of great learning must be paid.
 High is thy path 'mid ranks of sages made.
 Of all, among the writers of thy day,
 More brilliant pen than thine, none e'er could sway.
 Accomplished and refined, imbued with grace
 Statesman by nature—for the highest place.

Jefferson when he would the mind persuade,
 Employed the Grecian grace of Grecian sage.
 Firm as the rocks of adamant or steel
 For liberty and for his country's weal.
 Emerging quick from walks of student life,
 Rising for Liberty, joins the Revolution's strife.
 Strikes hands with Adams and the future scans
 Of present needs and future wisely plans.
 Now when the eventful hour for Freedom comes,

So full of honor for Columbia's sons,
 He frames the charter of the people's rights
 And pen in hand he walks immortal heights.
 Distinguished at the bar, in Congress wields a power

Which saves the country in her travail hour,
 Excelled by none he as a writer strove,
 Leaving for dead, who'd dare his pen oppose;
 Lifting away the load of fear and shame ;
 Versing the people who would freedom claim,
 In all the mysteries of Great Principles,
 Re-making men made them invincibles.
 Girding around him his robe of peace or war,
 Intent for freedom, east and west afar,
 Ne'er falter'd, but the Declaration framed,
 In which forever, the nation's fame or shame
 All centred, Jefferson won this proud fame.

—:o:—

Twice President this nobleman of nature stood
 The honored champion, for the nation's good,
 Directing with accustomed wisdom, he
 Eight years presided o'er the young Republic free
 Laying a sure foundation, broad and grand,
 On which, forever, these commonwealths should stand.
 And like his compeer, Adams, so is he
 Privileged to live, the nations growth to see,
 From out of childhood into strength and power,
 Till, giant-like, these States' united tower.
 Through many years, like Adams, draws his age
 The champion patriot—venerable sage,
 And in his own Virginian home away,
 Retired from mortal conflicts many a day,

He laid him down in peace and gently died
The country's glory, ornament and pride.
With Adams side by side for Liberty he fought,
At first together, then apart, each sought
Not their own good, but for their country's, they
Endeavored each the palm to bear away.
And strange coincidence, the self-same hour and day,
From earth to heaven, these champions passed away
From mortal life, to reunite again.
The nation's loss, their own eternal gain.
Forever to join hands amid the hosts made free,
Who pluck and eat the fruit of life immortal's tree.
What tranquil happiness must his have been
Ere he had closed his eyes upon this earthly scene,
To see a nation raised—a country trained
Beneath that charter which his own great wisdom framed
To look abroad when tested well by time
And see this instrument inscribed, as though divine,
The nation's bulwark still their boast and pride ;
The Declaration, which was the star to guide
The noble sons of freedom through the storm
Which burst and spent its fury, ere the morn
Of liberty and national glory dawned
And hushed the wild and angry deep that yawned
To swallow up, and 'neath its darkling wave
For liberty to find a deep and dreadful grave.

JAMES MADISON.

The Fourth President, the Champion of the War of 1812, and the
National Architect.

BORN MARCH 16, 1751. DIED JUNE 28, 1836.

J ust at a time when prudent toil the nation needs—
A time which, like a crucible, men's souls did try,
M adison, from Princeton College, like an arrow speeds,
E ager to aid the young Republic to defy
S imple or complex forces, invisible or seen,

M aking no more the problem of the national life
A question of doubt or fear, forever puts between
D ear blood-bought liberty and death an end of strife.
I nstructed well he leaves his Alma Mater,
S chooled by the patriot scholar, Witherspoon.
O f modest mien, but with a genius bright,
N o orator, but like the full orb'd sun at noon,

P our'd forth his quiet but grand and powerful light.
O n every plain of public service hard he toiled,
R anking by merit first among the foremost minds
T o counsel wisely, since tyrants have been foiled,

R edeems the country which in party chaos finds.
O ft treaties made, in all great wisdom he displayed ;
Y ielding a noble service to construct and build
A government, though free, can never be decayed.
L et history tell with valor how his soul was filled.

V aliantly through the war of eighteen twelve he led,
I nspiring with confidence the public mind,
R outed the foe, and freedom's sons no longer bled.
G enial and great in all that makes a gentleman,
I n manners polished, and in conversation shone,
N ever aside from virtue formed a single plan,
I nclined to tread an onward, upward path the same,
A path that leads to glory and immortal fame.

Two terms elected filled the Presidential chair,
The model both of honest toil and prudent care.
Lived to old age—and now the vast machine
Of a new national code is smoothly seen
To run in harmony each part with part
Which to achieve—the one great purpose of his heart—
He planned and toiled, and watched and prayed,
And realized ere cold in death was laid.
Arranged in order, 'neath his wise control
Was every part in one harmonious whole,
Of the fabric vast of a Republic free,
So massive, solid, destroyed can never be.

He was the architect who reared that fabric high,
 A national temple towering to the sky.
 His work on earth well done, he passed away
 To God's great temple and eternal day.

—:o:—

JAMES MONROE.

The Fifth President and the Great Diplomatist.
 BORN APRIL 2, 1759. DIED JULY 4, 1831.

Judgment was thine above the common lot of man,
 A s soldier, barrister, to act, advise or plan,
 M id legislative strife or international brawls,
 E ast, north and south, in councils or in congress halls,
 S howed a capacious mind wherever duty calls.

M onroe among diplomatists may claim to be
 O f all of them, for forethought, rare 'mong men to see,
 N e'er turning from the ardent purpose of his soul,
 R educes Spain, and France, and Britain to control.
 O f all men none could better, abler plead the cause
 E spous'd by him, his nation and his country's laws.

W ithholding not himself, his fortune and his all,
 E ver was ready to obey his country's call.
 S ent to the courts of kings to grapple foreign power,
 T his statesman won the brightest laurels of the hour.

Made President, he labors for the country's growth,
 Opens the way for progress, no premium puts on sloth.
 Rivets the ties of mutual love among the states,
 Every discordant element away he takes.
 Leavens the nation o'er with harmony and peace,
 And sees on every hand prosperity increase.
 N e'er fails his approbation to bestow on all
 Determined well for liberty to rise or fall.

Versed well in diplomatic arts and arts of war,
 In acts of peace his motto was "Excelsior."
 Ripe for his rest in glory lays his burdens down,
 Going from earth to God to wear a golden crown.
 In all things he the path of duty and of virtue trod.
 No other path can lead to glory and to God.
 In social scenes was blessed—domestic strifes had none,
 An angel wife was she whose heart Monroe had won.

—:O:—

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The Sixth President and the National Brilliant.
 BORN, JULY 11, 1767. DIED, FEBRUARY 23, 1848.

Justly may friends of learning, literature and state
 Of thee be proud, accomplished, eloquent and great,
 He never lead a boyhood life, but born a man—
 Noblest manhood in him shaped her mighty plan.

Quickened by early culture and the times,
 Unrivaled his great intellect all glowing shines.
 Incessant application knowledge added more—
 None may but marvel at its rich and varied store.
 Clothing himself in glory, flashing out the light,
 Yea, like an eagle soaring, wings his lofty flight.

Admiration he commands whene'er, wherever seen,
 Darting the light of thought like Sol's meridian beam
 Athwart the zenith, though lit with many a star,
 Makes the whole canopy from east and west afar
 Sunlit—out-dazzling all that shone, as lesser lights,

Bears off the palm, brilliant o'er all, 'mid starry heights.
 Reliant, independent, bold, courageous, free,
 A master spirit, "*Sans mens in sano corpore;*"
 In public offices of almost every grade
 Nobly he served and well; prosperous his country made.
 To Britain and to continental Europe he
 Repaired when young, their cities, colleges to see.
 Eager to store his mind with learning most profound,
 Each avenue of thought his active spirit found.

Moulded and fashioned thus, he President became,
 And none e'er better graced the Presidential name.
 Serene in temper, and religion in his soul,
 Self-love and avarice his heart did ne'er control.
 Advanced to old age, the brilliant meteor dies—

C an blaze no longer ; this the lamp of life denies.
 H is mighty spirit's gone, and let him now be laid
 U nder a cypress tree, Demosthenes beside.
 S udden his brilliant course was ended, and he said,
 E re he expired and rested among sainted dead,
 "T his is the last of earth, and I'm content to die."
 T he lofty spirit free, ascends its native sky,
 S till brighter to shine on in brighter realms on high.

—:O:—

ANDREW JACKSON.

The Seventh President, and the Hero of the whole war period, and
 the connecting link between the old and new phases
 of our political life.

BORN MARCH 15, 1767. DIED JUNE 8, 1845.

A rude pioneer from the wilderness seè,
 N o pretensions of birth—born a hero is he.
 D escended from parents of good Irish stock,
 R iches they had none, scant the store they brought.
 E re his advent on earth his father has died,
 W ith a mother alone, for his wants to provide.

J aded by toiling, by scant poverty worn,
 A life of hard labor, she toils on a farm :
 C aring more for her son than all else beside,
 K ept him ever before her, her joy and her pride ;

S ent him to school, such an one as was there,
O nly hoping some day better things he might share.
N ow this good mother hoped that a preacher might she

W ithout any doubt have young hopeful to be ;
A thing very like, had not war intervened,
'X cluding forever what so probable seemed.
H e heard how Prevost was destroying the land,
A nd how South Carolina by invasion was dam'd,
W hen Charleston had fallen, when Waxhaw had bled,

S treaming with blood, the whole country ran red ;
E ven up to the home of young Jackson they came,
T urning to death man and woman the same,
T ill they came to the place of our young hero's home,
L etting no one escape, these invaders did roam.
E ager to roll back the tide wave of war,
M arching troops he now followed from near and afar ;
E ven goes to the front, to Sumter's attack,
N or fails to enlist—he a soldier comes back.
T ory and Whig in the Carolinas fought,

T o ruin each other both parties now sought ;
W ith invaders without and bloodshed within,
E ager for country he boldly goes in.
L ad, though he was, like young David was brave,
V alor as great to this hero God gave.
E ntrapped by the foe and captured was he,

Most nobly from cowardice showed himself free.
 Insolent, haughty British officer said
 "Little Jack black my boots"—but Jackson replied
 "Entitled to rights as a prisoner of war I

Cannot and will not and do not comply."
 Raising his sword he dealt him a blow
 Enjoining the youth how far he might go.
 Entombed as it were in a grave of a prison,
 Kept hungry and cold, almost frantic is driven.

Contagion is near him, no physic or care—
 And wounded severely in Camden lies there,
 Taken out of the dungeon, his brother and he,
 A mother to meet them, how melting to see,
 Weary with travel—her two boys once more,
 Bare-footed she came to the prison house door—
 Around them to throw a fond mother's care,

Unwilling they longer prison walls should share,
 Now horrified she at the harrowing sight,
 Instantly home with her boys takes her flight.
 On horseback for forty long desert miles moves,
 Now Andrew walk'd without hat, jacket or shoes.

C hilly, merciless, drenching rain storm descends
O n their ill fated heads whom courage defends.
U nable this mother to rest at her home,
N ow to Charleston with help for prisoners is gone,
T oiling for others, as a martyr she dies ;
Y oung Andrew the orphan on a sick bed he lies.

N o one could ever this hero assail,
O r any indignity give and prevail ;
R uined in fortune, homeless and lone,
T o shelter and love him, there's not anyone.
H e teaches a school, with authority, he

C an make the young urchins attentive to be.
A t the age of eighteen a student of law
R anks our young hero, tall, thin, lank and raw ;
O nce a lawyer, then he's a merchant in trade,
L eaves practice of law, he's a constable made.
I n due time again over young Tennessee,
N ow he's called by the state her attorney to be.
A journey to Nashville, both perilous and long,

T his bold fearless lawyer sets forth hale and strong,
H e succeeded in business, won an estate,
E nters now on the duties of Nation and State.

H e marries a charming young lady at sight,
E ngaging to marry, though a duel must fight.
R epresentative first to Congress he comes,
O f the State Tennessee—when a state she becomes.

O f resolute, fiery and dominant will,
F or two terms a senator's chair did fill.

T hen chosen a judge by the state Legislature,
H e fills it six years with wondrous good nature.
E xerting an influence peculiar, his own,

R end'ring justice to all, who their sins must atone.
E ngaged in many a duel and feud,
V anquished was never by learned or rude.
O ur frontiers from Indian butchery saved,
Loyal to Union, fierce invaders outbraved.
U nequaled in valor—a hero renowned,
T his general immortal with glory was crowned.
I ntent to see Union, opposed party strife,
O f a Southern war foretold would be rife,
N o President led such a wondrous life.

P assed through a life of activity great,
E vening shadows now fall—Heaven's messengers wait,
R etiring from scenes of conflict and toil,
I n retirement seeks peace from public turmoil.
O ld age now upon him, at seventy eight—
D eath calls him, he peacefully yields to his fate.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Eighth President. The Sagacious Moulder, and Leader of Discordant Party Elements.

BORN DEC. 5, 1782. DIED DEC. 27, 1862.

'M id party strife which fiercely burns,
 A nd times when fortune sudden turns,
 R eversing fortune quick as thought,
 T he man succeeds who best can plot.
 I ntelligent, for law he's fit,
 N or lacking judgment force and wit.

V ersatile and calm of mind, he
 A party leader's sure to be.
 N ot favored with a college course,

B ut with a native mental force,
 U nites good talents and sound sense,
 R ather this than showy school pretense ;
 E lse learning's but a showy dress,
 N or e'er can hide mind nakedness.

K eeping an eye to business, he
 I n a justice court engaged we see.
 N ow enters into Politics,

D oes parties fashion, form and fix.
 E nters conventions very young,
 R eturns with many a friend among.
 H is friend in chief is Aaron Burr,
 O f whose sagacity to stir
 O r fuse a party: who'll demur?
 K eep, he was able; organized,

C arry, he could; popularized
 O ne great and solid party mass;
 L earned this so well—none could surpass.
 U nable though to shun all trouble,
 M ust bear the brunt of party muddle.
 B ecomes the object of all scorn,
 I n person, mind, of glory shorn.
 A gain the party currents turn,

C hange is at hand; no more they spurn.
 O f county he's the surrogate,
 U ntil he's senator he'll wait.
 N ow made Attorney General, he,
 'T is his to fill a Regency.
 Y et higher to the Senate; he,

N ow Governor is made to be.
 E ngaged as Secretary of State,
 W e send him next to Britain, Great.

Y et more—Vice-President he's made,
 O ffices held of every grade.
 R ises at last our President,
 K ind, gen'rous man, benevolent.

—:O:—

He lived till four score years of age,
 And then from off life's mortal stage
 Death bid him cross o'er Jordan's stream,
 Whose surging waters lie between
 This world of care, this world of strife,
 To join the ranks of endless life.

—:O:—

WM. HENRY HARRISON.

—————
 Ninth President.

BORN FEB. 9, 1773. DIED APRIL 4, 1841.
 —————

When the sound of the bugle was heard in the land,
 I ndependence the watchword on every hand,
 L iberty they called for all over the land, and
 L iberty forever these patriots demanded.
 I nstructed from youth, gets a sound education,
 A nd elected by friends for a doctor's vocation.
 M eantime, bereft of his father, who dies,

H e elects for himself, on no other relies.
E nrolling his name as a soldier we see ;
N ow, as ensign, he's aided by General Lee.
R eady for action—a war is at hand,
Y oung America's pressed all over the land.

H ast'ning his course to Fort Washington goes—
A ctive service awaits him, he knows no repose.
R uthless hordes of the savage our frontiers harass,
R elentless and cruel—no foe can surpass.
I ntent to subdue them, unites with St. Clair,
S avage hordes are repulsed, their cause in despair.
O'er all the vast region of western soil,
N ow safe from the scalping knife, settlers may toil.

B eing brave in his heart, is heroic in deeds,
E ndeared to the West, soon high honor succeeds.
R anked now as lieutenant, o'er a regiment he
K indled with ardor his army we see.
E very man is a hero, and onward they go,
L aying before them every enemy low.
E re long, as we see, a brave leader he makes,
Y oung though he be, rank of captain he takes.

J oining the army, in years but a boy,
A s brave as the bravest, every foe to destroy.
M aking for peace, battle's din heard no more ;
E ngages, he marries, when the conflict is o'er.
S eeks the calling so noble of tilling the soil,

R eposing his spirit from wonted turmoil.
 I n vain thus to plan—the country's in need,
 V ery soon to high honor he indeed shall succeed ;
 E lected by President Adams to be
 R anked secretary o'er all the west we see.

C hosen as soon as the state's organized
 H er first representative—none need be surprised.
 A s a member of Congress distinguished became,
 R end'ring services truly worthy his name.
 L eaving his seat as a congressman he
 E nroll'd has his name as a governor to be.
 S elected for gov'nor o'er broad Indiana,

C omprising ten times more than all Alabama.
 I ncluding which now comprise three largest states,
 T o guard and defend he the task undertakes.
 Y ielding to no one, the palm he has won,

C lothed with more power, among governors none ;
 O f powers as a judge and legislative function,
 U ndoubtedly he must have very great gumption ;
 N o municipal office, but for which he'll select,
 T o military too, save gen'ral, we except ;
 Y ea, of militia too he's made chief commander,

V erily to rogues, though he never did pander.
 I n everything he showed a true, honest heart,
 R oyally played he a most hon'orable part.

G iving to him that which was his due,
 I n time see him raised into national view.
 N orth, South, East and West, alike for him declare,
 I nstalled into office, one month lives to share
 A ll the honors attached to the President's chair.

—:O:—

JOHN TYLER.

The Tenth President.

BORN MARCH 20, 1790. DIED JAN. 17, 1862.

J ohn Tyler was raised a gentlemen's son,
 O f Virginian youth—none more privileged among.
 H e enters the college indeed very young,
 N or fails to win honor; his work is well done.

T o the study of law, his mind devotes he
 Y oung for a lawyer at nineteen we see,
 L aw now has an advocate boy at the bar,
 E nters life on the eve of a terrible war.
 R ises successfully at twenty-one; he

C hosen a delegate of Virginia to be,
 H earing how war clouds are gathering around,
 A s a topic for speakers, no better is found,
 R epairs to the platform and rouses the mass,
 L etting no one in zeal for his country surpass.
 E ven raises a corps of militia to fight
 S outhern soldiers of spirit, daring and might.

Continues for five years a delegate he,
In Executive council is next raised to be.
Twice is given a representative seat,
You see him with honor his countrymen greet.

Conservative strict, a constructional career
Of states' rights the champion does always appear.
Unbiased by motives of self or of gain,
Never violates honor his cause to maintain,
To his farm and the practice of law now he goes,
Yielding to sickness, must needs seek repose.

Very soon in the legislature again,
In behalf of his state, her cause to maintain.
Raised to the post of her governor is he ;
Goes next to the Senate—yet higher to be.
In the midst of exciting and perilous times,
Now Vice-President made—so his fortune designs.
In a month the new President suddenly dies,
And Tyler is President ; perforce, he complies.

JAMES KNOX POLK.

Eleventh President.

BORN NOV. 2, 1795. DIED JUNE 15, 1849.

J ustly may North Carolina feel proud
A s she looks back to thee, o'er whose fame not a cloud.
M idst mountain scenes nurtured, independent and brave,
E ver true to his friends; to his country he gave
S terling proof of his worth in peace or in war,

K eeping virtue before him his one leading star.
N urtured 'mong trees and reared on a farm,
O ut west the whole family go, fearless of harm,
'X tending the frontier of far Tennessee,

P ut the axe with a will to the wild forest tree.
O f health, not robust, the forest in view,
L et the man that is stalwart the forest subdue.
K eeping back from this task to a storekeeper goes,

M ind and taste alike now this vocation oppose.
E ighteen years of age his studies begun,
C ared for, encouraged, by the learned Henderson.
K indled now are the fires of thought in his soul,

L ets Murfreesborough school a new pupil enroll.
E nters a student the sophomore class,
N orth C.'s University, through he shall pass ;
B earing off her first honors, salutatory,
E arnest and punctual, tell the whole history.
R eturning from college the law is his choice ;
G oes forward, we soon at the bar hear his voice.

N ow in less than a year possessed of great fame,
O n political seas we herald his name ;
R eturned to the state legislature is he,
T wo years representing his wild Tennessee.
H elped Andrew Jackson to go to the Senate.

C ongressman he, of Constructionist tenet.
A ttending this body for fourteen long years,
R etires voluntarily, for a time disappears.
O f Tennessee, governor, he's agreed to be made.
L ost twice re-election, but out from this shade
I n calm, solid grandeur see him arise,
N ever sun has more nobly ascended the skies,
A nd he's President made, whom none can despise.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Twelfth President.

BORN NOV. 24, 1790. DIED JULY 9, 1850.

Zealous soldier, true patriot, modest and pure,
 Achieving a fame that shall ever endure ;
 Claim we the highest renown for thee,
 History fails to present one more worthy than thee.
 As lieutenant he enters the army to serve,
 Rout the western Indians with courage and nerve ;
 Yields neither to savages, hunger nor fire,

To accomplish his purpose, his only desire.
 A command of the army, the southwest division,
 You see to this brave fighting hero is given ;
 Leaving Florida, now to Fort Jessup he goes,
 O'erlooking the Mexican, fierce Texan foes.
 Rearing his quarters at Corpus Christi,

Observation at first, occupation by and by.
 Remained several months, next to Rio Grande goes,
 Arrives after seventeen days' marching close ;
 Now Matamoras opposite raises his flag,
 Grand music is pealing, Yankee Doodle's no drag.
 Encamped in the sight and range of the foe,

Calmly he waits for Ampudia to show
 Of which he'll make choice, Peace or War in his mind,
 Until a true boundary both the governments find.
 Not willing to wait, the Mexicans pour
 To this side of the stream, to our side of the shore ;
 You now see their General Arista in haste

Viewing our troops, whom he thinks to lay waste.
 In the meantime, when ready, our general says " Fire !"
 Red gory the field, beaten foes soon retire.
 Grim with the smoke of Pal' Alto's burnt plain,
 In confusion, 'mid fire, they rally again ;
 Now pressed by our troops—not a moment's delay—
 In glory our arms win the fight of the day,
 A victory brilliant by Taylor is won,

He follows the foe, in disorder who've run.
 Early next morning, the foe for defense,
 Resaco la Palma is the place they intrench.
 Out of this natural fortress they're driven,

On every side pressed, their army is riven.
 Forced to surrender, Matamoras yields,

'T is his to press forward to new gory fields.
 He next attacks Monterey looming up in the west.
 Environed by batt'ries, yet he dares to invest.

M ore brilliant a victory soldier ne'er won,
E ncountering such odds—Balaklava's outdone.
'X celling e'en this, Buena Vista is fought,
I n which, with a few raw recruits lately got,
C ompassed now round about twenty thousand and more,
A note to "surrender," Santa Anna sends o'er.
"N ot so," replies Taylor; the battle fires flash,

W ith confidence bold, on the Mexicans dash.
A nd by masterly strategy, skill, and fine tact,
R uin'd and beaten, the foes driven back.

"A little more grape, Captain Bagg,"—wins the day,

'T is Taylor's to chase them in utter dismay.
R outed, beaten and stricken, Santa Anna retreats,
U nequal for Taylor, who knows no defeats.
E ndeared to the nation; when peace is secured,

M odest hero, great general, to hardships inured,
A call now receives to the President's chair.
N oble in peace,—was as dauntless in war.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Thirteenth President.BORN, MAY 7, 1800, DIED, MARCH 8, 1874,

M ore unlikely for President none could be,
I n means, his poor father—scarce any had he.
L ittle chance to get knowledge for him did appear,
L earning a luxury, and books they were dear.
A t the age of fifteen had scarce read a book ;
R eady for college—the poor youth ne'er did look.
D uly counseled by parents, to a clothier's trade

F illmore is sent to learn how garments are made.
I n the town of Sempronius he first gets a chance,
L ibrary free, every mind may advance.
L ike a wayfaring man who is hungry for food,
M illard sought out each book, read all that was good.
O n every occasion he read when he could,
R eading and studying as not many would.
E very leisure hour spent in storing his mind.

S toring up knowledge he was wholly inclined.
U nbroken, four years he spent in this way,
M eets in with Judge Wood—oh most fortunate day !
M ore esteem'd than the Judge was not to be found,
E steem'd by all classes the country around.
R ough in exterior the apprentice boy seem'd,

Hiding under this roughness what this gentleman deem'd
Intellectual resources, which only to shine,
Like the diamond, or jasper, or ore from the mine,
Laid on them, requir'd but the artisan's hand,

Creating him polished, forever to stand.
A hint was sufficient—the youth was advised—
Young Fillmore to study, his talents devised.
Untiringly bends to the study of law,
Gives teaching a trial, at surveying, no daw.
Admitted at length to the bar he succeeds,

Carries the state, and soon he proceeds
On to the State House—signalizes his name,
Unlocks prison doors for poor debtors in shame.
Next to Congress elected, fills a term of two years,
Then to Buffalo returns, as a lawyer appears.
Yet again twice elected to Congress to go,

Next Governor made, for New York decides so.
Elected Comptroller, directs business and trade,
Within less than a year Vice-President made.

You may search all the pages of History o'er,
Of one you can't read, your regard merits more.
Rising from nothing, reaches higher his fame,
Keeping on till he won the President's name.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Fourteenth President.

BORN, NOV. 23, 1804. DIED, OCT. 8, 1869.

F ortunate man, from his boyhood how favored,
 R arely one against fewer drawbacks has labored.
 A cad'mies of Hancock, Francestown near,
 N ow offer him culture ;—well adapted appear.
 K indness and favor of all round him he won,
 L ove flow'd from his heart, like warmth from the sun.
 I n Bowdoin College with praise graduates,
 N ow the legal profession he next undertakes.

P ractioner in law he begins right at home,
 I n his first case he fails, leaves court with a groan.
 E ffort alone, steady, constant, and he
 R anks good his position, as a lawyer to be,
 C omes he to engage in the contests of state,
 E nters now on the stream of political fate.

H e is sent to the State Legislature three years,
 I n the chair as the speaker thrice he appears.
 L ast of this term, for the Congress he's chosen,
 L engthy, eloquent speeches against him can't be proven.
 S hrewd and vigilant he as committee man is,

B usiness and details of labor are his.
O ffered often to him were positions of State,
R etirement preferred, no high honors would take.
O ffered himself for one cause, that was all,
U nhappily for soldiers, should the Nation e'er call;
G ive up he would, then, ties of kindred and home,
H is life and his all, for his country alone.

N or did he refuse when the exigency came,
E nrolls he as private goes forth to the plain;
W ith Brigadier-General attached to his name,

H e starts for the field and wins a proud fame.
A march to Puebla, his troops in good cheer,
M idst guerrillas and vomito, who would not fear?
P uts the foe to the rout, at San Juan where first,
S uccess he achieves as the war clouds burst,
H as a second engagement—the National Bridge
I s now sharply contested; his guns on a ridge.
R outes the Mexican foe, and an escopette ball
E nters only his hat, the rim, that was all.

H aving swept all before him, onward he goes,
E ager to follow and capture his foes.
R eaches Plan-Del-Rio; the bridges destroyed,
O ver a chasm that yawns deep and wide.

O n with the work a bridge is soon made,
F or a Yankee can anything make, the word said.

C heering to General Scott, he arrives,
 O n to the Valley of Mexico drives.
 N ow yonder the heights of Contreras are seen,
 T ruly terrible forts with ramparts between.
 R ushing over the heights the breastworks are taken,
 E very batt'ry is silenced, the guns are forsaken.
 R ushing after the foe 'mong rocks wild and rough,
 A n accident happens Gen'ral Pierce, bad enough.
 S lipping, his war horse falls, crushing the rider,
 M aimed, mounts him again, as quick as a spider.
 E ngaged, fought again at Molina-del-Rey :
 'X tends help to Worth, and carries the fray.
 I n due time war ended, to his home he returns,
 C oncord now full of enthusiasm burns,
 O n him now for President, the Nation's eye turns.

—:O:—

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Fifteenth President.

BORN, APRIL 23, 1791. DIED, JUNE 1, 1868.

J ames Buchanan of Scotch-Irish stock is born,
 A father provides that his mind he adorn.
 'M id scenes that are pleasant his young days are spent,
 E nters college quite young, is to Dickinson sent.
 S eventeen years of age comes forth with much credit,

Begins his law studies, proceeds with great merit.
 U niting his fortune with the State when chose,
 C alled by the people, to the State House he goes.
 H is patriotism proved what he's willing to be—
 A ccoutred a private—mustered in is he.
 N ow for ten years by re-election he's made,
 A Representative man—to his honor be't said.
 N ext head of committee Judiciary,

S its down honored by all o'er the Nation we see.
 T o Russia as Envoy Extraordinary goes,
 O n to St. Petersburg Plenipotentiary chose.
 N or goes he in vain, he good treaties ensures,
 Y ielding gain that is rich to our commerce secures.

B ack comes to his country—is a Senator made,
 A nxious the nation's integrity to save.
 T remendous forces are fast setting in,
 T errific throes shake the nation within.
 E ast, West, North and South, everywhere seems to be
 R ising a war-cloud, appalling to see

“F air Sunny South,” loud for slavery contends.
 R ivet chains on her slaves still tighter intends.
 A gain into office as Secretary of State
 N ow he's summoned to duties of importance great.
 K eeps territorial boundaries right,

L eaves no room for a future boundary fight.
I n retirement again he seeks for repose,
N ow appointed, to England as Minister goes.

C entral American questions discussed,
O f Cuban and Spanish he tried to adjust.
U nited in conference Spain, England and France
N ow at Ostend they meet, these questions advance.
T o Aix la Chapelle this Protocol goes
Y ielding fruit that is good—so the record shows.

P atiently toiling, his country served well
E ver seeking her good, his records all tell.
N ow although he has done for peace all he can
N ow a terrible war has almost began.
S lavery or Freedom in the balance is placed
Y ou look o'er the South—everywhere see it traced
“L et the slave question be, or by God we'll secede.”
V ainly, Buchanan may now intercede.
A s President scarcely he's taken his place
N ow the war-cloud has risen—who'll bear the disgrace?
I n the terrible crises which now intervene
A s ex-President he disappears from the scene.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Sixteenth President.

BORN FEB. 12, 1809. DIED APRIL 15, 1865.

A ugust, revered and most hon'rab!e name,
 B right with glory thy record—resplendent thy fame.
 R ises out of obscurity—ascending the skies,
 A great orb of glory behold him arise.
 H ow proudly we gaze on the glorious ascent
 A nation is saved by his timely advent—
 M illions of freemen and millions of slaves—

L incoln comes to the rescue, these millions he saves.
 I ron shackles he strikes from those that are bound,
 'N eath the “star-spangled banner” not a slave can be found.
 C ries aloud on the millions of freemen to arm,
 O ppression, secession, forever disarm,
 L ike the legions of Cyrus in numbers untold
 'N eath the banner of freedom our sons were enroll'd ;

L ike the sand on the sea-shore in myriads they came,
 A n army more vast, no nation can claim.
 R isen up to stamp out rebellion run mad,
 U nion to save, they're in uniform clad,
 E nroll'd to march forward, and die on the field.

Caring only for Liberty—the Union to shield.
O'er all the bright sky of our land blest with peace,
Unut'erable gloom for long days did increase.
Now shoots out the thunderbolts pent in the cloud,
The flash of forked lightning with thunder peal loud.
Youth and age, rich and poor, are appalled at the sight;

Kindled in warfare, in fierce frenzied might,
Earth's very best sons—all brethren—how sad!
North, South, East and West in mourning be clad.
'T is just as this black, fiery war-cloud must burst
Under God a Republican President first
Comes up to the White House and executive power.
Kentucky's the honor to bequeath us this dower.
Young Abraham Lincoln is born in Larue.

To the West look in pride—admire as we view
Her soil so high honored, this statesman to claim
Earth's noblest son in the annals of fame.

Go, reader, far out o'er the prairie and plain,
Ride on till the deep gloom of forest you gain;
Erected, discover a cabin so plain,
A home owned by Thomas and Nancy his wife,
Two bold pioneers of a wilderness life.

Here the father of Abr'am through childhood had passed,
'Mid poverty deep is an orphan boy cast,
And a poor widow'd mother unable to keep,
Now sends forth her boy like a poor wandering sheep.

C an read nor can write, save only his name,
 I s literally void of all learning and fame.
 P assed most of his life till fully man grown
 A s a humble hired servant, without any home.
 T ill weary of wandering returns to Larue,
 I n his twenty-eighth year, a poor man, but true.
 O ffers to marry a fair south'rn maid,
 N ancy Hanks, of Virginia, his partner is made.
 I n their sentiments one, as we well understand,
 S lavery to them is distasteful ; to land
 T o secure a good title is hard to command.

O n the road they set forth, Indiana in view,
 F rom Kentucky remove, and their home at Larue.

A t length their long journey has drawn to an end,
 'M id the forests of Spencer their life think to spend.
 E ight summers and winters o'er Abr'am have rolled,
 R ifle and axe his young hands now must hold.
 I n the midst of the forest the cabin is reared,
 C an we do less than wonder that e'er he appeared
 A man of first rank in the foreground of fame,
 N ow soaring aloft, heights immortal to gain,

S tatesman, Barrister, President, adorned by his name.
 L ike a Moses, that he out of bondage should lead
 A host numbering millions, whom first he had freed.

V aliant, victorious, honored by all,
 E verywhere o'er the land by high, great and small.
 S afely guide the whole nation, her champion of law,

S eated first in the nation—his voice to o'er-awe
 A ll the foes of the Union, the champion of right,
 V ain seems such a thought ; yet he did—marvelous sight.
 I n eighteen hundred and eighteen his mother has died,
 O 'ercome by hard toil, she has dropped from his side.
 U nder ten years of age, no more her kind hand
 R ests on him, at her side accustomed to stand.

O ften called by his mother the dutiful boy,
 F orgetting no duty her peace to destroy.

H is father made choice again of a wife,
 I n kindness and care who watched o'er his young life,
 S aw to his wants as a mother did she,

C aring for Abe—and for her so did he.
 O nly sent now and then, to an A B C school,
 U ntaught was young Lincoln ; scarce a year full,
 N ot more if were counted together the days,
 T o school-going given—such were rude western ways.
 R emarkable boy—remarkable man !
 Y oung Lincoln “ picks up ” all the learning he can.

A fter licensed a lawyer he for the first time
 N ow visits a college, where brilliantly shine
 D octors of law—long dubbed LL. D.

M atriculate students of every degree.
 A lthough to no college Abr'am Lincoln did go,
 R ansacked he his grammar—much pains did bestow
 T o master the rules of the language, nor failed
 Y ielding not to the task till o'er all he prevailed.
 R emarkable man. his studies ne'er ceased,

 O nward he pushed, his knowledge increased;
 F or after he entered a Congressman's chair,

 L incoln studied and mastered—a thing oh! how rare,
 I n all, the first six books of Euclid so well,
 B id him solve you a problem, the number just tell,
 E re the word has escaped you, proceeds with the task,
 R ight on from the first, straight through to the last;
 T o the end of the problem without a mistake,
 Y oung students or old, who'll this task undertake?

—:o:—

LINCOLN'S FIRST TRIP TO NEW ORLEANS.

N ineteen years of age on a flat boat he hires,
 H is first trip he now takes, from the forest retires,
 T o New Orleans bound, down the river he glides,
 A nd stops by the way to traffic besides.
 H is companion and he were attacked one night
 B y pilfering negroes who thought might was right;
 B ut Abe, who for prowess and strength was renowned,

Drove off the whole band, not a black man was found
On board of his boat in fifteen short minutes,
And the boat, crew and captain still safe were all in it.
His friend was the captain and Abe was the crew,
The cargo was goods which from forests he drew.

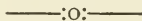
—:o:—

THE LINCOLNS REMOVE TO ILLINOIS,

MARCH 21ST, 1830.

As Abraham reached his twenty-first year,
His father and family leave their cabin so dear,
Which their own hands in West Indiana had reared,
And their course o'er the prairies to Illinois steered;
The father and family, sons and daughters-in-law,
All on board of the wagons which their ox-teams must draw
In safety arrived at their new destination,
And settled again where civilization
Is visible only far divided apart,
By cabins of logs in the rudest of art.
In the county of Macon they tarried a time,
Then settled where forest and prairie combine,
On the verge of the prairie lying boundless and wide,
While the timber land stretched on the opposite side.
Here they reared them a cabin of logs rough and plain,
Ten acres of prairie fenced in with the same;

All hands went to work, not one of them fails,
Abe doing his part—the splitting of rails.
Now if any one asks the true explanation
Why Lincoln, the late glorious chief of the nation,
Is familiarly termed the “rail splitter” man,
This event tells the story as brief as we can.
But long before this remember it’s true
That to Abr’am rail splitting was something not new.
In the Autumn new sources of trouble appear
To the family of Lincoln in their new home out here :
With fever and ague they are greatly distressed,
And find that they cannot much longer here rest ;
They determine, however, the winter to pass,
And brave every trial which their lot may harass.



This was the winter so famous for snow,
So deep that all things on earth here below
Seemed buried forever (all over the west),
No winding sheet purer, ’neath which mortal could rest.
Such a winter as this had never been known,
None worse ever seen in the north frigid zone.
Pioneers of old standing and Indians and all
No knowledge possessed of a greater snow-fall.
Knee deep was the deepest they ever had seen,
But this was neck deep—the frost, ah ! how keen.

O'er the face of the country, snow six feet all over,
On the level had fallen, the whole earth to cover ;
On its surface a crust so hard as to bear
The weight of a horse on its breast everywhere.
And not a warm sun once shone till the spring,
But piercing and cold rigid winter did cling.
'Mid starvation and cold, many perished outright,
And many a home disclosed a sad sight :
Their cattle were frozen, or pined in the stall,
While for clothing and food, little children did call.
Now where is our hero amid all this snow ?
Look! there' you can see him, night and day does he go
With a bag of provisions strapped on his back,
One might think him a pedlar with yard-stick and pack.
Ah! no. Staff in hand he goes to supply,
The wants of poor families ready to die,
With food and with clothing—he asks no reward,
But noble and kind, “ Walks de erf like de Lord.”
Humane was his life, and brave was his heart,
True manhood pervades him, throughout every part.
'Mong the settlers when trials and troubles did frown,
Thick and fast coming on them Abe Lincoln was found
To be first in their councils, the wisest to plan,
And stamped himself, early, nature's true nobleman.
When fully matured, he reached manhood's estate,
He was famed for his strength and swiftness so great ;

As a jumper, or wrestler, or runner, o'er all
He stood first 'mong his fellows, both stalwart and tall.
Was pronounced the stoutest man in the state,
When first he grew up to manhood's estate ;
But in mind, and in heart, was a giant beside,
Gives Lincoln a place which we look on with pride.
His body though large had not outgrown his mind,
As is often the case among mankind we find.
Without going far I am sure I can find
Not a few of my race if I felt so inclined,
Whose physical power has far left behind
The powers of their heart and the powers of their mind.
Not rail splitters either, but men of profession
And some who have Reverend within their possession.
Not slothful in business, our hero once more
Engages again to handle the oar.
To one Offult of Springfield, he hires as a hand,
A flat boat to take, under Offult's command.
To New Orleans down the Sangamon River,
When the snow and the ice shall have melted forever.
To Springfield he goes, the best he can do,
From Macon to Springfield within a canoe.
The country with water is flooded all o'er,
Such a deluge as never was witnessed before.
A flat boat to hire vainly Offult did seek,
So Lincoln he hired at twelve dollars per week

With others to cut down the trees, and then
Build a boat for the purpose the current to stem.
The contract was filled, the journey was made,
And such was the liking by Offult displayed
Toward Lincoln, who now by this boat enterprise,
His acquaintance had made; and so firm he relies
On his honesty, wisdom, energy, skill,
He puts him in charge of his store and his mill.
Soon hosts of acquaintance the young clerk has made,
And numerous friends while with Offult he staid.
But failure ensued and Lincoln again,
Is compelled to look elsewhere his lot to maintain.
His family ere this have all moved away,
While Abra'm determines in New Salem to stay;
The war of the Black Hawk sprang up at this time,
And Lincoln enlists and falls into line;
Of a volunteer company he captain is made,
For the first time as soldier, we see him arrayed.
He passed through the campaign, in no battle engaged,
For peace was concluded, the war was assuaged.
In three months he returns, and without any means,
For the first time he enters political scenes,
As a candidate runs for the State Legislature,
And bears his defeat with manly good nature,
Although a defeat, 'twas a victory too,
For in his own precinct, where all Lincoln well knew,

All the votes that were cast, save only but seven,
Out of nearly three hundred to Lincoln were given.
He still is resolved to stay 'mong his friends,
Thinks first of a trade, then to law books he tends.
A farmer he almost determines to be,
But the law is his choice if learning had he.
He rashly determines store-keeping to try,
Accepts an assortment on credit to buy,
A stock of old goods, enough to begin
All his plans to defeat—swift ruin to bring.
Time soon disclosed he'd mistaken his trade,
For a failure more perfect no man ever made.
He ran deeper and deeper in debt every day,
At the end of the year had nothing to pay.
Next postmaster he of New Salem is made,
And the store soon "winked out," as he afterwards said.
Though the office he holds is a small one indeed,
'Tis here the rail splitter begins to succeed ;
Right here in this office he lays the foundation,
Upon which he will stand at the head of the nation.
To the study of law, his one great intention,
He directs all his powers, spare time and attention,
Leaves tippling, card playing, night parties alone,
Which to many a youth have proved rot in the bone.
In the evening he borrowed from a friend near by,
Some law books to read ; and learns to rely

On his own native talent, energy, skill,
To master the law which these close pages fill.
In this way he labors—the rudiments gained,
Which laid the foundation, on which he stands famed
As a lawyer distinguished, successful, renowned,
To excel him the lawyer is yet to be found.
For a short time we see him with compass and chain,
As surveyor engaged, his living to gain.
Flint and Gibson he studied and learned to survey,
Till needed to serve in some other way;
He does not wait long—in eighteen thirty-four,
An election occurs; and no one has more
(Either candidates old or candidates new)
Of votes to return them; this much Lincoln can do.
Thrice legislator, by the people he's made,
Nor his studies of law, once aside are they laid.
In eighteen thirty-six a license obtains
For the practice of law;—and rapidly gains
A name and distinction to others unknown,
By tact and by methods distinctly his own.
One rare gift he possessed to illustrate his case,
A story well told just in the right place,
And so apposite, copious the stock kept on hand,
That no one the secret could well understand,
How he could remember so vast an array
Of story, so powerful a jury to sway;—

So humorous, so pointed and so apropos,
When Lincoln determined to vanquish the foe.
This power was a gift, and a famous one too,
And the speaker who has it is hard to outdo.
He reasoned with power and debated with skill,
To his fellowmen bore a genuine good will.
All over the west as a lawyer was famed,
Till an influence mighty he everywhere gained.
Intending henceforth no more to contend
For political honor, declined, to this end,
To serve as a candidate though greatly desired,
And for legal pursuits from the field he retired.
This retirement however, did not last very long,
For a time was at hand for an advocate strong,
To come to the rescue, and stand for the right,
With manly intent and truth, which is might.
Remarkable power as an advocate showed,
With logic red hot his arguments glowed.
No tawdry forensic, artificially refined,
But dominant everywhere a strong grasping mind.
His efforts are stamped by the standard so true,
Common sense that is massive and masculine too.
His success at the bar did not interfere
To prevent his political, grander career.
Of the Whig party Lincoln for many a year
As their champion bold never fails to appear.

On electoral tickets was frequently placed,
And to stump a whole state was quite to his taste.
Presidential campaigns were quite to his mind,
For, contests like these he never declined.
He could travel all night, and could speak a whole day
For weeks at a time for his friend Henry Clay.
We see him confronting Calhoun of the West
At the head of his party, their debater the best.
But for logical power and arguments keen
Calhoun is no match soon plainly is seen.
In contests like these Lincoln bears off the palm
With reasoning profound yet simple to scan.
Though Clay was defeated, Lincoln's is not the blame ;
The reason is elsewhere, we pause not to name.
The question of slavery—its chains and its groans,
In congress is felt like a fire in the bones ;
To keep it in check the Whig party desires,
To extend it still wider all southdom requires.
Slavery's the centre round which everything turns,
The spot where political fever now burns.
All other questions of state underlies
The tariff and labor, and hourly supplies
New problems to solve, new troubles to meet,
Placing thorns in the down of each Congressman's seat.
The political worm at the root of the tree,
Which great mischief will do, before it can be

Unearthed and dragged forth to the light of the day,
And forever destroyed and swept clean away.
'Tis the troublesome cancer that threatens the life
Of the nation herself, amid terrible strife
That doubtless must come, ere removed it can be,
With its roots deeply sunk, in the breast of the free.
All through his career in political life,
Lincoln slav'ry opposed, though fierce grew the strife,
Though the waters were troubled, the heavens were dark,
Lincoln everywhere, always reached forth to the mark,
For the prize of his calling, so noble and high,
Though mountains might shake and dark be the sky.
Let mountains be moved, and cast into the sea,
His heart throbbed the same for the land of the free.
His position to slavery may thus be defined,
A just illustration of his candor of mind :
Slavery, he held, was abhorrent and wrong,
Yet deemed it not just to the South, where so long
Had existed this evil and sad institution,
To give his assent to one resolution
That went to make war on its soil and dethrone
Its right to continue in its own southern home ;
Where already 'twas planted he was willing that there
It might still so continue, but no other where
Was he willing that slavery should farther extend,
And for this everywhere he did nobly contend.

It was not its extinction he sought to obtain,
Its extension he sought and was bound to restrain.
When new states were enrolled, determined was he
That the "star-spangled banner" should wave o'er the free.
Let slavery alone where already it's found,
But crush and destroy it when it treads on new ground.
If the men of the South had with this been content,
Not a dollar for war would e'er have been spent ;
Not a cartridge ignited—no blood had been spilt,
Not a dagger drawn back, red with blood to the hilt.
Not a battle been fought, not a cannon have thundered,
While the nations looked on, and trembled and wondered.
Not a city or home in the land rent with sorrow,
Which in beauty to-day, was in ruins to-morrow.
So also it's true, slaves, who're freemen to-day,
Still slaves would have been, in the old-fashioned way ;
But their masters designing this cause to extend,
The sword taking up, brought it all to an end.
To the colored race here a word may be said :
For your liberty—oh ! the price that's been paid—
Billions of dollars and millions of lives ;
Then value your freedom—your liberty prize.
Be grateful and thankful, oft call it to mind
What a terrible ransom, your chains to unbind,
It has cost the whole country—all over the land—
And now since you're free, true to liberty stand.

On the issue of Slavery, two great parties evolved,
Which absorbed in their growth, or in some way involved
All other distinctive political factions,
Which blended, in view of these pending transactions.
One party, for slavery—its right of extension,
The other—suppression—its peaceful prevention.
One cries “ suppress,”—the other, “ extend,”
While God means to bring the whole thing to an end.
The Democrats long had carried the sway,
But Republicans now, marching up the high way,
Shall in turn plant their standard to wave o’er the field,
Which to them, for the first, Democrats must soon yield.
Abolitionists now, of the north lose no time,
Republicans everywhere fall into line.
East and West, North and South—all over the land—
On one side or other, every man takes his stand.
From political life Abra’m Lincoln withdrew,
His practice of law alone to pursue.
At Springfield he sought and procured him a home,
Where he brought his young bride—where his children
were grown.
In eighteen hundred and forty this retirement took place,
And for four years he runs no political race.
In eighteen forty-two he married his wife,
To cheer and adorn all his subsequent life.
Though besought by his friends, re-election declined,
For he, voluntarily, for his home felt inclined ;

His home he made happy, and their friends loved to call,
As a husband he stands an exemplar for all.
In eighteen forty-six to congress he goes,
The pride of his friends and the dread of his foes.
'Tis the thirtieth congress—the men who are there,
For talent and culture will grandly compare
With any passed congress assembled before,
Since the days of the Fathers or congress of yore ;
And never a congress before was convened,
More perturbed and excited—which every hour seemed.
All through the scenes which this congress revealed,
Lincoln proved what vast influence and power he could
wield ;
Was faithful to duty, though young, it is true,
Yet *first* as a congressman rises in view.
As a statesman he proved himself one of the best,
Standing first as the champion son of the West.
At the close of this congress, so brilliant and great,
Once more he retires from the business of State.
For five years he follows professional life
As a lawyer of fame—shuns political strife.

But roused once again, his country betrayed,
He enters the contest—the country is saved.
In eighteen fifty-four takes the stump once again,
And travels the country o'er mountain and plain.
Judge Douglas confronts, for the mastery competes,
On all great issues pending, this champion defeats.

Is nominee senator in eighteen fifty-eight,
And has gained, by his speeches, popularity great.
His great field campaign has made him renown'd,
At the head of his party, republican, found.
All over the land vast assemblies addressed,
Their champion comes, is their leader the best,
To show to the people, north, west, south and east,
Exactly how stand troubles greatest and least.
In his contest with Douglas, as with Calhoun before,
Victorious he is—and Judge Douglas no more.

A republican party has now been evolved
Of giant proportions—with numbers untold.
Round the ramparts of truth the millions now gather,
Which Lincoln has taught them to stand by together.
In eighteen fifty-six it was first organized,
The Republican party which Lincoln devised.
At Bloomington met, where in conclave convened
Every man a plain duty now readily deemed
To declare against slavery extending its sway
Into new territorial parts that outlay,
To the limits assigned it: where the Democrats swore
They were willing to leave it a few years before.
But eager their prestige of party to keep,
They struck out to sea—and once more to the deep
Of political war, they committed their case
Which roused the whole land, the slave question to face

Nebraska and Kansas slave states shall be made,
Was the aim of the Democrats, so sorely dismayed,
That if this were not so, their chances were gone,
To continue in power as they had done so long.

All past understandings were now swept away,
And Judge Douglas, with others, did their country betray.
Nay, further, they claimed constitutional right
To hold in the grasp of their slave-holding might
Every state in the Union, from Nebraska to Maine,
And boldly this purpose they sought to maintain.

This kindled the fires, which fiercely did burn,
And to ashes reduced, in its own southern urn,
The whole institution of slavery full grown
To the size of a giant, in its undisturbed home.
The contest grew stronger and fiercer each hour,
To keep back the monster—to curb in his power.
'Mong leaders of party none nobler stood forth,
As Liberty's champion in the West or the North,
Than Lincoln, whom millions did gather to hear,
On the platform or rostrum, whene'er he'd appear.
He was sent for to travel the East everywhere,
His position define—his views to declare.
Was everywhere greeted with wonderous applause,
As the Champion of right and Defender of laws.

He is virtually now Republican leader,
For their ranks cannot furnish so powerful a pleader.
At the close of this campaign the crisis draws near,
Secession is threatened—the country's in fear;—
In dread that amid such appalling dark gloom,
That the nation is nearing a terrible doom.

To listen to reason—the South—they disdain,
All hope of their yielding in peace is in vain,
Nay! War is now threatened before they will yield
For Republican standards to wave o'er the field.

Secession is mooted, Disunion the cry,
Which is heard o'er the South and ascends to the sky,
An election is pending—who shall be the man
To succeed to the chair? Since James Buchanan
Is not likely again to receive nomination
By either great party dividing the nation.

Two conventions assemble to make nomination
Of the man who shall President be of the nation.
The Republicans meet in their "wigwam" so large,
The privilege of freemen they come to discharge.
In Chicago they meet, the "Queen" of the West,
While union and liberty fires every breast.
In Charleston, "down South," the Democrats meet,
Eager, still, the Republican hosts to defeat.
But after two weeks spent in angry debate,

Adjourn, and no candidate can nominate.
Judge Douglas wont do, and they cannot agree,
Their cause in despair, they hopelessly see.

Not so the Republicans—in less than two days
Their choice is determined. The wigwam ablaze
With the fires of delight and the frenzy of joy,
Abra'm Lincoln's the man, the rail splitter's boy.
The thousands within, the thousands without,
Now rend the blue heavens with many a shout.
When announced that 'tis Lincoln who's chosen to be,
By this mighty convention of brave men and free,
To preside as our chief at the head of the nation,
'Mid times so portentous of wide desolation,
Cheer upon cheer burst forth on the air,
By the thousands of voices which all mingled there,
Till the sound of acclaim became deaf'ning to hear;
While many a face was moist with the tear,
As o'er the vast host, like a wave o'er the sea,
Emotions of joy swelled the hearts of the free.
The whole living mass of the thousands met there,
Their voices commingled like one voice on the air.
It was flashed o'er the country, and everywhere joy,
Every class, tongue and pen did employ.
Every hamlet and village, every city and town,
All, save the South, ere the sun had gone down,

Was filled with uproarious joy and acclaim
To Lincoln! to Lincoln! At the sound of his name
All over the land the bonfires did blaze,
And the atmosphere filled with the wildest huzzas.
Hurrah! for Abe Lincoln, the splitter of rails,
Whose coming the nation with gratitude hails.

We pause not to tell of the canvass that followed,
Nor speak of the millions, so majestic and solid,
Who formed rank and file, the Republican host,
And marched to the polls, proud of Lincoln to boast,
And there, by their suffrage, decided that he
Should, of these States United, the President be.

On the fourth day of March, eighteen sixty-one,
At the Capitol, now down in Washington,
Mr. Lincoln appears, into office is sworn ;
That office, who'll doubt he will fail to adorn ?

But what are the issues which our President first
Is called to attend to ? And, what is the worst,
The most painful and dreadful that ever before
Were known of or heard of, for Lincoln in store ?

Revolt had been plotted, revolt was matured,
No Republican rule by the South is endured.
A conspiracy vast had been laid to secede,
If to power the Republicans once should succeed.

A Republican President placed in the chair,
That moment they meant the Flag down to tear—
The flag of the Union—oh! terrible hour!
From every ship mast, every fortress and tower.
This seems more than can happen; for how can it be,
That the flag which has waved o'er the land of the free
Should ever give place for another to wave?
Save only when freedom has found her a grave.
Can a hand be uplifted this flag to tear down?
The star-spangled banner, the flag of renown,
In all our broad land, under any pretense?
Incredible seems, and admits no defense.

The men of the South have made a mistake,
And South Carolina does first undertake
To dismantle the Union, the flag to molest,
Then six other states in this business invest.

After Lincoln's election four months intervene,
And no time is delayed. Complotters are seen,
Everything to arrange and for war to prepare,
If Lincoln's new regime their plans fail to share.
Their right to secede is the ground they have taken,
And all other ground, save this, they've forsaken.
This they intend, and this they will do,
They in public declare, this hold up to view.

Buchanan bears witness that this is not right,
But to stop it, he deems, it is out of his might.

His cabinet officers just do as they please,
And on shipping and treasury, and everything seize.
They plunder the White House of all that they can,
In event of a struggle to make good their plan.
The advantage to have, at least, in the start,
They take all they can ere they all must depart
From the halls of the cabinet chamber, where soon
A Republican cabinet will stand in their room.
While in South Carolina, awaiting decision,
Was an ord'nance which gave in their adhesion :
That they, as a state, had the right to secede.
Buchanan this act could not supersede
By any authority vested in him
(So he said to their leaders); yet said it's a sin
To make an attempt so unconstitutional,
But which cannot, I think (?), be unabsolutional,
As there is no provision in our constitution
To hinder or punish this sort of intrusion.
By a veteran head of the army advised,
At an earlier day the warning despised,
"To take the precaution to hold in possession
All the Southern forts, in view of secession."
Not a finger he moved, no response did he make,
Though warned in good time this precaution to take.

So, forward the work of secession went on,
And rapidly, too, everything moved along.

In December, eighteen sixty, the twentieth day,
South Carolina, without further delay,
The ordinance passed and dared to secede,
Notwithstanding Buchanan did earnestly plead.
The anniversary week, when Washington clave
With his boats, in the night, the Delaware's wave,
Saved the nation from ruin, by recrossing the flood
Of that dark swollen river, and shedding the blood
Of the Hessians and British, who never again
Should the mastery of him and his army regain.
On the twenty-eighth day Fort Moultrie was taken,
And loyalty to union was formally forsaken.
And the Palmetto flag in Charleston was raised
Over government property, in treason, it waved.
(On the Battle of Trenton's anniversary day,
When Cornwallis, pierced to the heart with dismay,
Witnessed his troops in disorder retreat,
While Washington's army his troops did defeat.)

Next, Governor Brown does the same at Savannah,
And close on his heels, the next, Alabama ;
Forts Pulaski and Jackson, both of Savannah,
And Fort Morgan of Mobile in old Alabama,
Give proof of their treason in rapid succession,
By hoisting the flag of revolt and secession.

While all this is doing, Buchanan supine
Does nothing at all more than simper and whine,

Nay, winks at it all—fresh treason invites
By a marvelous devotion (?) to constitutional rights.

True, a gunboat is sent—"The Star of the West,"
Instructed Fort Sumpter with troops to invest,
Now held by a garrison, by no means efficient,
For adequate service by no means sufficient.
She's fired at by rebels, her flag is shot down!
From the batteries of Moultrie, whose battlements frown,
All bristling with cannon, that flag to defy,
For whose honor they all should be willing to die.
Then Florida, Georgia, join in the fray,
Lou-ise-i-ana and Texas array
Their names and their all on the side of secession,
And proclaim themselves part of this stately procession
Of states in rebellion, who've already proclaimed
No more in the Union shall they ever be claimed.

Unwilling to rush into warfare and blood,
And deluge the earth with war's fiery flood,
Lincoln paused ere the fiat of death should go forth,
And invited the South to make peace with the North.

His inaugural address with wisdom imbued,
Most wisely advised the whole South for their good;
And by every endeavor, war, he tried to avert—
A thing—how abhorrent to his kind noble heart.

But all was in vain—the decree had to speed
On the wings of the lightning—let war supersede.
For all plans to secure a peaceful solution,
Of adjusting their rights by the old constitution,
Of redressing their wrongs and continuing in peace,
Their fortunes and glory hand in hand to increase,
All signally failed; one alternative now,
Will the case now admit—will the crisis allow?
It is war, cruel war, fierce fratricide war,
Which the national glory forever must mar;
Which shall cover the hills and valleys with woe
Ere the arms of rebellion shall in ruin lie low.
Ere the problem of slavery solved forever shall be,
And its stain blotted out from the land of the free.
Ere the flag shall be honored at home and abroad,
And the nation be humbled, in dust, before God;
For slavery, with pride, is the national sin,
For which God, the whole nation, to judgment will bring.
The time has now come for the “woe” to succeed,
For “offenses” have come and the nation must bleed.
“Offenses must come, but woe unto him
“By whom offense cometh”—a curse it must bring.

Here we pause not to tell of the carnage that followed
Throughout the long years of this war so unhallowed.
Defeat at the first and victory at last,
For four years through horrible slaughter we passed.

All over the land how the legions did gather,
To stamp out rebellion and treason forever,
The flag to protect, the Union to save,
And treason to bury deep down in its grave.

As the conflict advanced, the season rolled round,
When slavery, at last, must be hurl'd to the ground.
This was not to be done save as the last remedy,
The Union to save from the power of the enemy.

In the year of our Lord, eighteen sixty and two,
On September the twenty-second we view
The President proclaiming emancipation,
For the slaves of the South—in those parts of the nation
Now in armed rebellion, as a war measure he,
Has determined at last the slave to make free.
All the lovers of freedom in the nation rejoice,
And their hearts lift to God with true thankful voice ;
And the people of Europe take up the cry,
And with confidence now on our cause they rely.

On January first, eighteen sixty and three,
Five millions of slaves in a moment are free,
Their shackles are broken—they fall to the ground,
No longer a slave in the land can be found,
For this was the day the great proclamation
Came into force since its first promulgation.

The jubilee's come, the great jubilee !
Five millions in bondage forever are free.
The nations admire the glorious sight,
And Lincoln seems clothed in a panoply bright
Of glory refulgent; and high rose his fame,
When he wrote out that article signed by his name,
Which shattered their chains, never, never to be,
Five millions of slaves in the home of the free.

This war measure doubtless accomplished its end,
The Union in danger it helped to defend.
And hastened a speedier close of the war,
Whose anguish extended from near and from far.

In eighteen sixty-four, re-elected again,
Lincoln, President still, is called to remain :
This makes plain to the South that the war is sustained,
The cause of the North shall and must be maintained.
The slave shall be freed, the rebellion put down,
And victory the cause of the freemen shall crown.

His inaugural address, let the reader peruse,
And when on these words of wisdom you muse,
There witness his greatness and grandeur of soul,
The candor and truth which his feelings control.
'Twas Lincoln's to have, of angels or men,
The tongue that was eloquent, while powerful his pen.

He was ready his goods to give to the poor,
And meekly was ready all things to endure.
His body he'd give to be burnt in the flame,
For the good of his country, her honor and name ;
Which if love was not there would all be in vain.
This was Lincoln's to have ; in his heart love did reign.
How that charity found its home in his heart
Which to no man on earth bears an envious part,
Which harbors no malice—no revenge to his foes,
Not a thought that is selfish to anyone knows ;
Which itself vaunteth not, nor envies nor boasts,
Nor exalteth itself 'mong inferior hosts,
And ne'er is puffed up, nor unseemly behaves,
Nor acteth unjust, nor assumes crooked ways ;
Which all things endures and all things believes,
And never turns traitor, nor never deceives ;
Which hopeth, endureth, and faileth—no ! never,
Which lives and abides the same now and forever.

“ With malice to none, charity for all,”
Are the words from his lips in beauty which fall.
“ With firmness in right as God gives to see,”
In all that is right let us more earnest be,
Let us finish the work now given to do,
Let us bind up the wounds of the nation—and view,
With pity and kindness, the mother and child
Left widow'd and orphan'd as the flames so wild

Of warfare sweep over the land ; and blood
Flows down in torrents—a dark gory flood.
Once again 'mongst ourselves, let our people possess
Peace and enjoyment with none to oppress ;
In peace with the nations God grant we may live,
To the achievement of which our hearts let us give.

These are the feelings which weighed in his soul,
Love towards mankind his heart did control.
With hope and with joy begins he to see
The close of the war both on land and on sea,
Looks into the future, and with hope he relies
On the goodness of God, whose boundless supplies
Of goodness and grace once more he'll bestow
On the land now so filled with mourning and woe.

In this terrible chapter distinctly he read,
The footprints of God so marvelous and dread.
He saw how the nation stood sorely rebuked,
(The North and the South), as calmly he looked
On the scenes of disaster—the price that was paid
By the North and the South ere the conflict was stayed.
How that God had determined the slave to go free,
And punish the nation that permitted to be
On their soil a great system of injustice and wrong,
To flourish and spread, unmolested so long.

On the third day of April all with Richmond is o'er,
The rebel headquarters with them are no more.
April the Ninth, eighteen sixty and five,
Comes the end of the war, all hearts to revive.
To General Grant the surrender of Lee
Puts an end to the war—how pleasing to see!
All the nation rejoices—both the South and the North
That our brave sons no more to the field need go forth.
That no more effusion of blood shall be made,
Since the fierce, bloody conflict and carnage are stayed.
Lincoln visited Richmond on April the Fourth—
To see him, in friendship, the people came forth,
White men and colored—all were happy to see,
But the latter especially, whom Lincoln did free ;
With wondrous emotion they surged round his feet,
With frenzied delight their Moses they meet.
On the Fifth he returned back to City Point,
And the two following days, by his lady joined,
Passed over the battle-field's desolate scene,
Where armies were led—where carnage had been.
'Mong the sick in the hospital much time he spent,
And to them Lincoln seemed like an angel sent ;
Like a father he spake to the wounded and dying,
And lightened the load of their suffering and sighing.

He returned to the White House all safely again
From Richmond so battered, and prisons of pain,

Expecting each hour the surrender of Lee,
And then no more of war should anyone see.
On the Ninth it occurred, and the country all round
Was filled full of joy—mirth and gladness abound.
The streets of the cities with mirth overflow
As jubilant millions now rush to and fro.
Cannons are booming all over the land,
And millions their feelings cannot command.
Millions of flags to the winds wave on high
As anthems of praises go up to the sky.
Before the White House a vast throng unnumbered
Gathered together as the cannonade thundered,
While music was playing, and the bass-drum resounded.
For Lincoln they clamored, who came forth confounded
By the terrible din of the joy that now sounded,
Demonstrations of which were almost unbounded.
-After speaking the word of grateful emotion,
That swelled in his heart like a wave on the ocean.
He asked them to play the favorite air "Dixie,"
Which so often resounded since the year eighteen-sixty.
Then he joined with the concourse in three stirring cheers
For Grant and the navy in all future years.
On April the Eleventh a grand serenade,
Our President's speech—the last that he made—
Is one that is packed with religion and sense,
Coming forth from his heart, free from sinful pretense.

DEATH OF LINCOLN.

The morning has dawned so longed for and prayed,
When the clangor and tumult of war shall be stayed;
Rebellion and treason and bloodshed no more—
The dark lurid torrents of battle are o'er,
The long weary years now draw to a close,
And the nation from warfare once more shall repose.
The country is saved—though fearfully rent
Ere the tempest and whirlwind of treason were spent.
And no one more happy than Lincoln is seen,
As he watches the broodings of peace o'er the scene.
He now seems to enter a term of repose,
How thankful to God that war is to close.
The first step he's taken the army to place
On a footing of peace; in fair lines to trace
On his banner the beautiful image of peace,
And afford unto all from their fears a release.

He inaugurates first, without any delay,
For States in rebellion a bright gladsome day.
A government loyal takes steps to secure
For each State of the South, their rights to ensure,
Forbearance and clemency, charity, he
Declared to the South extended should be.
To Lincoln this task was lighter, by far,
Than the terrible duties pertaining to war.

His face seems already all glowing with joy,
His heart full of love without any alloy.
His humor so gladsome, its place now resumes,
While treason and war in their grave he entombs.

And now see him picture the future so fair,
The seasons of rest and of happiness rare
As he thinks of the years in the future to come
Like rivers of Eden his thoughts sweetly run,
Ah! little he dreams that so soon he shall lie
By a murderous hand struck down, he shall die.

His wife by his side he drives forth to enjoy
The beauty of sunset—no foe to annoy,
His heart seems with rapture filled up to the brim,
Light filling his soul, which nothing can dim.

But hark! to his wife—what forebodings of fear
Now well in her heart—from her eye falls a tear,
She says to her husband “ ’twas with you thus before
When our dear Willie sickened, and soon all was o’er.”
’Twas true this sad sorrow a shadow had cast
O’er the pathway of Lincoln from that hour in the past
Which shall carry its length to the last hour of life
Amid darkness or sun-light, friendship or strife.
But quickly recovering, he made this reply
“ There’s in store for us joy, all fear we defy.”

Ere the words had escaped him and died on the air
His murder's determined, and no one aware.
No one suspects—save assassins—no one knows
How soon he shall die at the hands of his foes.
Many friends have been coming and going to-night,
Ne'er dreaming of Lincoln they took their last sight
Till in death they should see him, pulseless and cold,
No longer for country the champion bold.

With General Grant he engages to spend
An hour at the drama, his mind to unbend
So burdened with care and duties of state
He thinks in this way friends and self to elate.
But engagements forbid that the general attend
So Lincoln and lady with Miss Harris, a friend,
And Rathbone go thither, as the clock has struck nine
They enter the building—'mid the glare and the shine
And shouts of applause as the multitudes greet
The President's party, who there take their seat.

As the drama proceeds, intent on the play
The moments and minutes are speeding away,
When, sudden! the crack of a pistol is heard;
With emotions intense the audience is stirred,
From the President's box a column of smoke,
The cries of a woman, God's mercy invokes.

When the minds of all present were absorbed in the play,
Like a tiger intent to spring on the prey,
The stealthy assassin entered and fired,
And Lincoln that night breathed his last and expired.

Ah! why did he do it?—no mortal can tell,
And how he could do it?—defies Heaven and Hell.
Ah! how could he kill one so generous and kind,
So noble by nature, with so lofty a mind?

The nation in joy was o'erwhelmed in sorrow,
As the tidings flew forth with the dawn of the morrow,
No demon in hell could better have planned
How to wound the most hearts throughout all the land,
Than that by which Lincoln was swept to the grave,
Who, as father and friend, this great nation did save.

Many a fireside and many a home
Was made doubly dreary and doubly lone.
Sadness unmixed has seized upon all
Throughout all the land both on great and on small,
From the pomp of rejoicing, intensified gloom
Covers all hearts as when clouds at high noon
Like a pall round the sun, obscuring each ray,
Shut out all the light and glory of day.
Men ceased from their business and workmen turned home
And merchants and bankers their trade let alone.

Bells sadly tolled in all parts of the land
And silent with grief mourning multitudes stand.
And drapery of mourning is everywhere seen
Enshrouding the halls where have recently been
The peal of glad music and joyous acclaim
Sounding high on the air at Lincoln's great name.
Scarce a house in the capital but wears the attire
Of mourning for Lincoln—doomed thus to expire,
Just at a time, when all over the land
Every true loyal heart he in love did command.
The press and the platform—every altar of prayer
Joined in the cry of the land's deep despair.

Farewell! Abra'm Lincoln, we bid thee Farewell!
We know thou art gone with the ransomed to dwell.
The loss is to us—the gain is all yours,
Your unbroken repose it forever secures.
You are gone from the scenes of this world's fiery strife
To rejoice 'mid the scenes of an endless life.
If you planned for a respite from care here below
A greater, God gave you from sorrow and woe
By making your spirit a guest of that home,
Which Christ has prepared for those who're his own.
From the National Capitol, your earthly abode,
You've ascended the pathway by millions bestrode,
Who have fought a good fight and finished their course,
And are ready to take at its boundless resource,

The glory eternal of life evermore,
 In the mansions of glory on Canaan's bright shore.
 If stealthy assassin, ruthless and cruel,
 From his pedestal struck one whose orbit was full
 Of the glory and honor which on earth can be won,
 The angels of God, all alert looking on,
 Quicker than light flashes down from the sun,
 Abra'm Lincoln received when the murder was done.
 They bore his great spirit to glory away
 From the darkness of night to the realms of day,
 And Jesus received him with the plaudit "well done,"
 And placed on his brow a pure golden crown.
 For sure if at all can be said of a man,
 "Thou'st been faithful and true"—of Lincoln it can:
 He was true to his country, and true to his God,
 And meekly as Moses "passed under the rod."

—:O:—

ANDREW JOHNSON.

Seventeenth President. The man of the People and Southern Unionist throughout the Great Rebellion.

BORN DEC. 29th, 1808. DIED JULY 30th, 1875.

Andrew Johnson, like Jackson, when young is bereft,
 Not five years of age, is an orphan boy left.
 Death, sudden, draws near—his father is drowned—
 Relief for the mother in labor is found.
 Earn her bread, by hard toil, for herself and her son,
 With motherly instinct at once she begun.

J u s t s c a r c e l y a t a l l d i d h e e ' e r g o t o s c h o o l ,
O f r e a d i n g a n d p a r s i n g h e n e ' e r l e a r n t a r u l e .
H e k n e w n o t a l e t t e r a t t e n y e a r s o f a g e ,
N o w a p p r e n t i c e d a t a i l o r , s e t s f o r t h o n l i f e ' s s t a g e .
S e e i n g d a i l y h i s i g n o r a n c e , w i t h s m a r t o f k e e n s h a m e ,
O f s o a b j e c t a p l a c e , f o r h i s s t a t i o n a n d n a m e ,
N o w r e s o l v e d t o g a i n k n o w l e d g e , w h a t e v e r t h e c o s t ,

R e s o l v e d h e i n e a r n e s t — n o t a m o m e n t h e l o s t .
A g e n t l e m a n c a m e , t o t h e w o r k m e n t o r e a d ,
L i g h t e n i n g t h e h o u r s o f h a r d t o i l d i d s u c c e e d .
E a g e r l y A n d r e w , h i s e a r s d i d b e s t o w —
I n t e n t t o h e a r a l l — h e a d a n d h e a r t a l l a g l o w .
G r e a t s p e e c h e s o f s t a t e m e n o f h i s t o r i c f a m e —
H e h e a r d ; a n d r e s o l v e d t h a t t o r e a d h e ' d a t t a i n .

N o w m a s t e r i n g t h e a l p h a b e t , n e x t l e a r n s t o s p e l l ,
O f b o o k s s e a l e d t o h i m , n o w n o l o n g e r w e t e l l .
R e m a i n s a n a p p r e n t i c e t i l l h i s t e r m h a s e x p i r e d ,
T o L a w r e n c e h e g o e s — i s a j o u r n e y m a n h i r e d .
H e t o R a l e i g h r e t u r n s , t h e n t o G r e e n v i l l e h e g o e s ,

C o m m a n d s s t e a d y w o r k i n m a k i n g m e n ' s c l o t h e s .
A b e a u t i f u l m a i d e n , a c c o m p l i s h e d a n d t r u e ,
R e j o i c e s t h e f o r t u n e s o f A n d r e w t o w o o .
O n t h e w o r k - b e n c h , t h e n e e d l e h e p l i e s w i t h g o o d s p e e d ,

L istening each day while his wife sits to read ;
I n the evenings he learns to figure and write—
N o man e'er possessed more invincible might.
A s first fruits of her teaching, with workmen he grows

T o popular favor—as one might suppose.
H is mind-power was vast, now so well improved
E nergy his, self-reliance unmoved.

'M id his high aspirations, towered high like a steeple
“A government of, by and for the whole people.”
N ever shrank to oppose aristocracy's sway.

O n every occasion held on his proud way.
F irm to the interests of labor stands he.—

T o an alderman's post is chosen to be,
H e's next a trustee of a learned institution,
E nsures Tennessee a new constitution.

P lacing himself in the front rank position,
E ndeavoring to raise the workman's condition.
O f this large worthy class, the champion is he
P ledged to his support every man seems to be,
L inked heart and hand with the people we see
E lected as their representative he.

To hear him at first, his voice seemed to whine;
 He warms with his subject, round your heart to entwine
 Each sentence and word, every letter and sound,

Till in ecstasy held, you're a listener spell-bound.
 As presidential elector, he canvassed his state,
 Yielding good service, returns his candidate.
 Legislator he was—no political hackney;
 Ornate he was not, for the right, gained the acme.
 Returned to the senate from Hawkins and Greene,

A denouncer he was of what wrong to him seemed.
 Next to congress, this champion of Liberty goes,
 Determined all wrongs in the land to oppose.

Sits senator he for successive ten years,
 Till chosen for Gov'nor Andrew Johnson appears.
 As United States Senator for six years we see,
 Till made milit'ry gov'nor o'er all Tennessee.
 Ere this, he belonged to the State—but no more.
 Statesman,—he's claimed by the country all o'er.
 Modestly assumes and appreciates well
 All positions of trust—to his honor we tell.
 Never flinches to face the proud and the arrogant,
 Or lets pass unrebuked any disparagement
 Frowning with scorn on the honest mechanic,—

A ll snobs, rank and file, are repulsed in a panic.
 'M id the terrible throes of Rebellion he stood
 E ver firm by the nation—her honor and good,
 R ebellion denounced—" Hang traitors," he cried
 I ntent that no treason the land should divide.
 C radled 'mid slavery, 'mong slaves his career—
 A declaimer, for African rights, does appear.

A cting under conviction, leaps to the front
 N or staggers to meet foul treason's fell brunt.
 D etermined for Union to stand or to fall

U tilizes his forces, his fortunes, his all.
 N or fears he in eloquent words to proclaim
 " I ndivisible, and one, let the nation remain;"
 " O ur Union it must and shall be preserved,"
 " N o right for a state to secede is reserved."
 I n every particular, throughout all the war
 S afety for country—his one guiding star.
 T riumphantly he is Vice-President made,

I ntent Abraham Lincoln wholly to aid
 N ear the close of the war this office he takes.

W ith feelings of pride, sees the war fires abate,
 A ll Rebeldom yields—Abraham Lincoln is shot
 R anks Johnson the President—'twill ne'er be forgot.

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

Eighteenth President and Military Champion of the Great Rebellion
of 1860 and 1864.

BORN APRIL 27th, 1822.

Unlike most men, Grant by the force of action speaks,
Lets force of words in "silent majesty" alone,
You, who the world would save by noise and bunkum
freaks,

S trive hard, and sure defeat, your folly will atone.
S uch method, ne'er the flag, the Union would have saved
E ncountering rebel hate, and rebels' ruthless power,
S uccess was won, the Union and the country saved ;

S aved, how? by thought in action suited to the hour.
I n firmness, daring, courage, dauntless, deathless, bold,
'M ong Greek or Roman soldiers none may better boast,
P ushing his legions on, what valor we behold ;
S uch ardor, calm, determined, never faced embattled host.
O bstacles he trampled in the dust ; and onward,
N othing could stay his march, or turn him from his course.

"Go on to Richmond," and the legions pour "forward,"
R each Richmond, and the country is forever saved ;
A nd o'er every hill and valley south and northward
N o treason flag did dare to wave, where treason raved,
T o tell of shame of slave, or stamp us northern coward.

May Twenty-Seventh, eighteen twenty and two,
 T his champion was born whom we here bring to view.

P oor, but honest, his parents toiled to subsist,
 L ike millions besides, 'twas a fight to exist,
 E ager to be independent, they sought
 A nd hard, day by day, these poor peasants wrought.
 S cotch, by descent, they were honest and brave,
 A nd firmly resolved every hardship to brave.
 N ow Ulysses, their eldest and first born son
 T o work had to go—life, in this way begun.

P ut in charge of a team at eight years of age,
 O n the road, all alone, at ten does engage,
 R eady, starts out—Cincinnati makes he,
 'T is distant from home, forty miles, as we see,
 A nd business transacts for his father while there,
 G ives proof of a spirit, for courage that's rare,
 E vinned, when a boy, perseverance and will,

C ourageously facing every danger and ill.
 O n a pony he's mounted, to try if it can
 U lysses shake off; it tries every plan,
 N o use;—with persistent tenacity he
 T o the pony clings fast—shook off cannot be;
 Y ea! the pony, a monkey is sent to help.

On the back of Ulysses it perches itself,
His hair pulls with venom, the sly, crafty elf!
In spite of them both, the ring master's foiled,
On the lad all eyes rest—on this heroic child.

To figures he's apt—yet can't go to school,
His father's a tanner—of work he is full.
Eager, however, to see his young son

Make progress in learning, to his aid fain would come.
In due time to West Point young Ulysses is sent,
Liking well the idea that his life shall be spent
In the scenes and excitements of milit'ry life,
To which no one more suited when warfare was rife,
A mid bustle and tumult, commotion and strife.
Ranks he a cadet at eighteen years of age,
Young Grant at West Point, at his books does engage.

Closely applying himself he goes through
His course at West Point, which he loves to pursue.
As a horseman distinguished—none more so there,
'Mid the various duties all have to share.
Placed as Second Lieutenant, Fourth Infantry, he
Is in Jefferson Barracks, in Missouri, we see,
On the frontier he's placed o'er Indians keeps guard,
Not much chance for ambition, dull enough, this is hard.

On Mexican soil a war must be fought,
For this campaign young Grant and his soldiers are brought.

T ransferred to the seventh regiment, he goes,
H as distinguished himself ere hostilities close.
E vinced a rare prowess throughout this whole war ;

G rant bore his part " nobly " to do and to dare.
R outed, at length, the Mexicans yield,
E very soldier returns from the grim gory field,
A nd now Grant is married—has nothing to do
T hinks to milit'ry life to bid an adieu.

R eturns to the life of a farmer, then tanner,
E ngagements, than war, considerably calmer ;
B ut impatient of these—when the country's once more
E mbroiled in fierce strife—the nation all o'er ;
L ike a soldier and patriot Grant's seen once more,
L ion-like standing firm at the head of his corps,
I n his heart there's a lesson for treason in store ;
O ver barriers small, over barriers great,
N ow till he'll be victorious not long we shall wait.

A ssisted by Governor Yates he sets out,
O rganizes his troops with a heart brave and stout,
T o Springfield he goes and colonel is made
S erves under McClellan—firm general and staid.
M ade Brigadier General—Cairo headquarters makes,
A t the battle of Belmont his first laurels takes.
F ort Donelson next he captures in pride,
A nd to hold it secure, strong defenses provides,

Thus forward from victory to victory he goes
Desolation and ruin to bring to his foes ;
Of malice and envy he the victim is made
By num'rous aspirants—but Grant's undismayed ;
Defeats their attempts to blacken his name,
And bedim the bright lustre of his glory and fame.
And at last o'er them all see him proudly arise
Like an orb full of glory ascending the skies.
By Congress for him a medal is struck
And soon he is sent for, to Washington up ;
And covered with laurels with pride we now see
Grant commissioned Lieutenant General to be.
He corrects the erroneous plans of the war
A new system adopts which is better by far
To crush out rebellion and draw to a close
This horrible war with its terrible woes.
Both Nashville and Vicksburg he forced to surrender,
For Grant like Napoleon has led on in splendor
The glorious legions of the noblest of freemen
Who follow their leader—how wond'rous to see them,
Through valleys of death and o'er hills sweeping over
With tempests of hail storms of bullets and powder,
Beauregard feels in danger, and General Lee
Now at last seems the true situation to see.
Grant's campaign arranged—he scans the whole field
Which ere long will the glory of victory yield.

The Grand Army Potomac is ready to go
And soon it will move o'er the plains spread below.
The Rapidan crossed—the slaughter began
In history unparalleled since time began.
This army so vast through the wilderness moves
The slaughter of men, to tell, we refuse.
As legions of men on both sides were slain
As these legions marched forth and died on the plain.
The army of Lee was numerous and brave,
And many a legion found a wilderness grave.
Blood flowed like rivers and no one could tell
Whether Grant would succeed or be driven to hell.
The thought is appalling—we shudder to think,
From the fields of this carnage in horror we shrink.
Sherman and Sheridan do their part well
And Grant by their aid soon the story will tell.
“Forward to Richmond” the general cries,
Torpedoes and ramparts and Lee he defies.
Richmond is taken, the rebels run mad,
While the lovers of nation and freedom are glad.
Treason is spent—surrender must Lee,
Once more there is peace for the “Land of the Free.”

The general and army now homeward in peace,
From the battle-field come—a happy release—
To be welcomed and honored by all in the land,
Who, their country to save had taken their stand

Shoulder to shoulder, 'mid battle and storm,
Who their lives and their all for their country had sworn.

As a fitting reward for his bravery and skill,
For his service to country—the sovereign will
Of this Mighty Republic, this Great General have placed
Two terms in the President's chair—with good taste.

Thus briefly our President's lives we have traced,
The principal features of all have embraced.
And of whom and of what their successors shall be
We must patiently wait in the future to see.

To Americans all, man, woman and child,
Statesmen, merchants, mechanics, and maidens so mild,
Stand by your country, her flag and her all,
And swear by your altars she never shall fall.

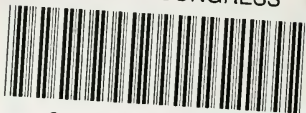
Our motto "still higher" "Excelsior" be—
For ours is the Land of the Brave and the Free.

FINIS.





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