



## THE LAST RACE OF THE RAIL-SPLITTER.

When Zerxes and when Cyrus led;  
 When Bonaparte and Washington,  
 They took the *field*, as it is said,  
 Not so King Lincoln, finds his fun.

Says Old Abram, as is he,  
 Soak'd with whiskey or with rum,  
 In the city safe I'll be,  
 And the bullets, I will shun.

When dying soldiers strew the plain,  
 In Washington he keeps his guard,  
 Far from the peril and the pain,  
 Prepar'd to run from Beauregard.

Says Old Abram, as is he,  
 Soak'd with whiskey, or with rum,  
 In the city safe I'll be,  
 And the bullets, I will shun.

But there's a race he'll likely take,  
 When Southern troops shall press him hard,  
 Some morning, when he early wakes,  
 And hears the guns of Beauregard.

Says Old Abram, at his tea,  
 Soak'd with whiskey, or with rum,  
 "In the city safe I'll be,"  
 In the morning, HE WILL RUN.

In that great race, he'll be the first,  
 And Northward streak his hurried way;  
 When Baltimore he cannot trust,  
 And Washington's too hot to stay.

Says Old Abram, as is he,  
 Soak'd with whiskey, or with rum,  
 Seward, we had better flee,  
 Take a drink and let us run.

Quick—out of bed—no time for pants;  
 Says he, from bullets we must run;  
 The shirts they fly—the linen flaunts—  
 The little dog laughs at the fun.

Says Old Abram, we will be,  
 Soak'd with whiskey, or with rum,  
 Seward, let's the bullets flee,  
 Take a drink and let us run.

As frightened rats, when houses burn,  
 Escape before the ruin falls,  
 So honest Abe, his tail will turn,  
 To save his skin from rifle balls.

Says Old Abram, as is he,  
 Soak'd with whiskey, or with rum,  
 Seward, we had better flee,  
 Take a drink, and let us run.

He was so scar'd that dreary night,\*  
 When hidden like a cask or bail,  
 In railroad cars, from ev'ry sight,  
 He pass'd this city on the rail.

Said Old Abram, as is he,  
 Soak'd with whiskey, or with rum,  
 These city boys, are death to me,  
 'Tis safer hide and from them run.

The night he hid, and sent his wife,  
 Where dead next day she might be found,  
 And lose, on Central Road, her life,  
 Whilst hidden, he went dodging round.

Said Old Abram, as was he,  
 Soak'd with whiskey, or with rum,  
 My wife is very good, you see,  
 To die for me and let me run.

\* It will not be forgotten that Lincoln, after his election, on his way to Washington, heard at Harrisburg, that a plan was laid to run the cars off, and kill him on the Northern Central Road, or in Baltimore; (a mere invention, when not a soul thought of hurting a hair on his head,) and to avoid the imaginary danger to himself, he slipped around in the night, in disguise, by the Philadelphia Road, and sent his wife and son by the cars, which were to be smashed up, to be killed in his place.