

Select Poetry.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865.

[From the London Punch.]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's

head, you who with mocking pencil went to

trace, broad for the self-complacent British seer,

His length of shamboling limb, his fur-

rowed face,

His gait, gauged hands, his unkempt, bris-

ling hair,

His gait unsmooth, his bearing ill at ease,

His list of all we prize as debonair,

Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's

laugh,

Judging each step, as though the way were

plain;

Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,

Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding

sheet

The stars and stripes he lived to rear

his name,

Between the murderer at his head and foot

lay, scurrilous jester, in broad room for you!

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my

name,

To lame my pencil, and confute my pen-

to make me own this kind of princes peer,

This tall-spillier a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to trust,

Noting how to occasion's light or rose,

How his quaint wit made home truth seem

more true,

How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;

How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;

Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,

Trusting far more, nor fearing for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few

Ever had laid on such head and heart and

hand—

As one who knows, where there's a task to do,

Man's honest will must Heaven's good

grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden

God makes instruments to work his

will,

If but that will we can arrive to know,

Nor temper with the weights of good and

ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side

That he felt clear was Liberty's and

Right's;

As in his pleasant boy-hood he had piled

His warfare with rude nature's thwarting

might—

The unbroken forest, the unbroken soil,

The iron bark that turns the lumberer's

ax

The rapid cut, the carver's beam's toll,

The prairie, hiding the matted wanderer's

tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling

beast—

Such were the needs that helped his youth

to train;

Hungry culture—but such trees large fruit

may bear,

If but their stocks be of right girth and

grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,

And lived to do it: four long-suffering

years,

Ill-fate, ill-felling, ill-report lived through,

And then he heard the knees changed to

cheers,

The tattle to tribute, the abuse to praise,

And took both with the same unwavering

mood;

Till, as he came on light, from darkling

days,

And seemed to touch the goal from where

he stood,

A fallen hand between the goal and him,

Reached from behind his back, a trigger

press—

And those perplexed and patient eyes were

dim,

Those gaunt, long-labored limbs were laid

to rest.

Wit and Humor.

Fifteen Mormon girls have threatened

to sue Artemus Ward for breach of promise

of marriage. They say the excuse he offers

that he has already one wife, is ridiculous;

some of their suitors, they plead, have

been twenty to thirty wives, and are still

courting.

"My boy, might I inquire where

Crossman & Co's drug store is?"—Urchin

(very respectfully)—"Certainly, sir."—Oh

gent, (after waiting awhile)—"Well, sir,

where is it?"—Urchin—"Heaven's the slight-

est idea, honor."

Bachelors are entirely lost to the re-

membrance of sentiment, for the following toast

was given by one of them at a public dinner

—The ladies, sweet briars in the garden of

life."

Harry Turn married a cousin of the

same name. When interrogated as to why

he did so, he replied, "that it had always

been a maxim of his, that one good turn

deserves another."

An artist in this city painted a dog so

natural, that the animal had the hydropho-

bic during the hot weather. He's the same

man who painted a copy of a beer bottle with

such skill, that the cork flew out, just as he

was finishing it.

In the midst of a stormy discussion, a

gentleman rose to settle the dispute. Wav-

ing his hands majestically over the excited

disputants, he began, "Gentlemen, all I

want is common sense—"Exactly, that is

precisely what you do want!" said Jerrold.

The discussion was lost in a burst of laugh-

ter.

Mr. Nease "Makes a Delegation of His- self" and Visits the President.

SAID'S REST, (Which is in the state of New Jersey,) May 16, 1865.

All the states to the North, and the left

of them recently subjected, all the Socie-

ties, Associations and Churches that ever I

heard of, have sent delegations for the pur-

pose of volunteering, I elected myself a

delegation, borrowed a clean shirt, and

traveled to Washington. I was accompa-

nied by a delegation from New Jersey, and

was to witness the 22nd of the present.

"Where is the delegation?" ejaculated

the President; "I hurry me up, for I have

nothing more to receive this afternoon."

"Andrew Johnson," said I, impressively, "I

represent New Jersey, a state that has just

been restored to the Union."

"I see," returned he; "which state honor

you bring with you?"

"I represent the Union, with scorn.

Especially of the murder of the President

run the popular heart up New Jersey, let

me say, that the President is a martyr.

"No," said he, "the President is a martyr

because he was killed for the people, and

not because he was killed for the people."

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RAILROADS AND MARKETS.

Railroad Time Table.

FOR CINCINNATI:

Night Express, 1:16 A.M.

Columbus Accommodation, 8:23 A.M.

Mail and Accommodation, 12:24 P.M.

Cincinnati Express, 4:40 P.M.

FOR COLUMBUS:

Night Express, 1:04 A.M.

Mail and Accommodation, 8:23 A.M.

Columbus Accommodation, 12:24 P.M.

Cincinnati Express, 4:40 P.M.

FOR DAYTON & RICHMOND:

Night Express, 7:15 A.M.

Second Train, 10:10 A.M.

Day Express, 4:40 P.M.

FOR SPRINGFIELD:

First Train, 8:30 A.M.

Second Train, 7:20 P.M.

For Cincinnati, at 4:50 A.M., 8:05 A.M., 3 P.M.,

and 6:40 P.M.

For Springfield and Sandusky, at 8:40 A.M. and

8:10 P.M.

Trains Arrive at Dayton

From Cincinnati, at 9:50 A.M., 5 P.M., 7:45 P.M.,

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