

Our Martyred President.

A wail from wild Atlantic's East to far Pacific's shore,
Is heard above the battle din, for one all hearts deplore;
The pilot of our Ship of State, the patriot good and just,
Was by a foul assassin, hand been stucken to the dust.

And while with hearts by sorrow bowed, above thy tomb we bend,
We realize the Union, 'tis of its most steadfast friend;
We feel that Truth and Liberty - that Justice, Mercy, Love
Were all implanted in thy heart, by the good God above.

The annals of the world can show no purer name than thine
A name which through the coming years, runs brightly as a shining
Bright Freedom's Champion, friend of all down trodden and oppressed,
Thy memory throughout the earth shall be forever blessed.

The vile assassin little thought when his foul, murderous hand,
Took Abraham Lincoln's cherish'd life, and fill'd it with our shame,
That the same bullet which assigned the martyr to the tomb,
Requested his virtues to all time, clothed in immortal bloom.

Thy grave is consecrated ground, and pilgrims shall repair
From earth's remotest boundaries, to weep in sadness there;
In sadness, that such fate should be reserved for such a man,
In joy, that thou wert spared to us to work out Freedom's plan.

God's noblest work - "an honest man" - essentially was he
Who to the scourged and tortured slave proclaimed "Henceforth be free!"
Thrust his glorious epitaph, inscribed upon his tomb -
And that the sacred memory to soften all our gloom.

Thom. Whiting.

Dorsey, Ill. April ^{30th} 1865.

My dear Mr. Saltin,

The Hawk-Eye, containing your
excellent remarks on the death of our beloved President
came duly to hand. Your sermon and the sad event have
suggested the above lines, which, unworthy as they are, I
beg leave to dedicate to you. I am hard at work, ploughing
and planting, but in good health. My wife joins me in kind
regards to all.

Truly Yours
Thom. Whiting.