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**Historical Poem, to be Read at the Dedication of the Soldiers'
monument, in Westminster, Mass., July 4th, 1868**

Peckham Robert

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HISTORICAL POEM,

TO BE READ AT THE


DEDICATION

OF THE

Soldiers' Monument,

WESTMINSTER, MASS.,

July 4th, 1868.



HISTORICAL POEM,

TO BE READ AT THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

Soldiers' Monument,

IN WESTMINSTER, MASS.,

July 4th, 1868.

BY ROBERT PECKHAM, AGED 83 YEARS.

This Poem is founded on the history of the country from the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, in 1620, to the present time.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

PRICE, 20 CENTS.

*Dedicated to the Friends of the fallen Soldiers in the late war,
by one who lost a son.*

FITCHBURG:
PRINTED AT THE FITCHBURG SENTINEL OFFICE.
1868.

EXORDIUM.

This Anniversary of our National life,
Which was gained by seven years most bloody strife;
We have met to celebrate as the day of our birth,
Our achievement of freedom here to set forth.
Though when we had broken that hard foreign yoke,
And cast off its bands with a determined stroke,
A foe in our midst did destroy our fair hope,
Which proved more tyrannic than the hard British yoke:
This foe like a serpent coiled around the State,
And instead of freedom brought malice and hate.
To destroy this monster was a struggle for years,
Which kept the country together by the ears.
At length its friends with design to save its life,
Had a four years war of cruel, bitter strife.
The means they had taken to preserve this foul beast,
Proved its dissolution and the Country's release.
Those who were slain who went from this town,
Have their names placed on this chaste granite stone,
To dedicate which is the design of this meeting.
Then to all here present we tender our greeting.
Feeling grieved when we think how many were slain,
But rejoicing their valor our cause did maintain.
What comes, a synopsis of our National past,
From its first dawn, down to Andrew the last.

POEM FOR DEDICATION.

From eastern shores our fathers came,
To settle this our wide domain ;
They left their homes that they might be
In conscience and in mind more free ;
From oppressive laws too hard to bear,
Which were made and executed there :
Laws that were based upon the plan
To disannul the rights of man ;
The right to serve their Saviour God,
As they received His holy word.
They left all worldly things behind,
For this most precious joy to find.
On Plymouth rock they all were landed,
In holiest, firmest compact banded,
To form a State, the rule should be,
That all in conscience should be free ;
The God and Saviour they adored,
Should be their loved and sovereign Lord ;
They would obey and seek His care,
Assured that God does answer prayer.
Now this small band, about five score,
Thus landed on this bleak cold shore,
Took root and spread to such extent,
That they've o'erspread the continent.
They had grown rich and high in state,
And had the name of a great nation.

Now another band from the same shore,
 Had gone more south some time before,
 And settled—their aim was to get gold ;
 For this Humanity was bought and sold.
 This traffic gained a wide domain,
 Until a Revolution came.
 The Father-land thought they had right
 To make all slaves, both black and white.
 This did arouse the country's mettle,
 'Till they in arms the cause did settle.
 Then did the Puritan and Cavalier,
 Become good friends, as it will appear,
 To fight the power of old John Bull,
 Whose tyrannic way was at its full.
 The Cavaliers had in England borne sway,
 Since Oliver Cromwell's puritan day ;
 For he had conquered proud Charles the First,
 With the loss of whose head their power was crushed.
 Cromwell reigned twelve years as Lord Protector,
 His feeble son, too, of greatness no reflector.
 The Nobles were fearful the Plebeian race,
 Might rise, and fill some honorable place ;
 To crush out their hopes, and keep the poor down,
 They decided to bring back King Charles' son ;
 He being seated on the throne of his father,
 There was soon persecution, murder and slaughter.
 The best blood of England was made now to flow,
 Tyranny was rampant, the people brought low.
 Thus did the Cavaliers gain back their power,
 And by oppression have held to this hour.
 Here may be a reason for their aiding the South,
 And trying so hard to break down the North.
 'Twas their dear friends Cavaliers, born to command,
 Whom they did esteem as the elite of the land.

'Twas the ruling powers that were our foes,
 Most of the people did espouse our cause.

Let us now turn back to that most solemn hour
 When our feeble States had to fight a great power.
 But they trusted in God, whose power and might,
 Would be their succor in the unequal fight.
 To help their cause in the sight of just heaven,
 They declared to all their rights should be given,
 All men, under God, had right to be free,
 And they now proclaimed that so it should be ;
 Such views at the North were deemed a power,
 And all were made free from that glad hour.
 The South still clinging to their former plan,
 Most wickedly enslaved their fellow-man.
 In this they were greatly helped from the North,
 By persons in league with the shameless South.
 So all men who ruled o'er this western nation,
 Were chosen to aid this wicked relation.
 Those who sought office had never a chance,
 Unless their views were known in advance,
 That man had a right to the unpaid toil,
 Of all he wish'd to work on his soil.
 Laws were oft made to help the oppressor,
 Whilst the down-trodden slave had no redressor ;
 Yet there were a few of the plebeian race,
 Who taught that Slavery was a wicked disgrace ;
 These were derided by high and by low,
 Were often scourg'd and imprisoned too.
 But though they were hated, yet it was plain
 That their doctrine had a continual gain.
 The North became chang'd in political aim,
 Broke old party ties, took Republican name ;
 A name which imported that all should be free,
 Enjoying alike their true liberty.

For their choice of President, Fremont was selected,
 But imbecile Buchanan was elected.
 He gave the South their wish'd for preparation,
 By an official stealing of arms from the nation.
 So that, if by chance the Republican succeed
 In the next choice, they'll be ready to secede.
 Having stolen arms as they thought enough,
 To whip all this cowardly puritan stuff,
 They deem'd themselves strong and in a high station,
 And would either rule or break down the nation,
 So that, if the North did not to them accede,
 They were determined at once to secede.
 Now at the next Presidential choice,
 In which the States all had a voice,
 Abraham Lincoln was fairly elected.
 This brought the South to the course they'd selected,
 For he was no friend to Slavery's cause
 Nor would he give aid in maintaining its laws.
 It might remain where it was in its glory,
 But not spread farther in new territory.
 These fiery men scorn'd this degradation,
 So carried out their league to destroy the nation.
 Then rashly, Fort Sumpter they fired upon,
 And thus the Rebellion was fairly begun.
 The North, unprepared, were forc'd to the strife,
 As all were at stake, even National life.
 The Rebs were elated and proudly did boast,
 That few of their number could scatter our hosts.
 Those at the North became more united,
 Pledging their all till each wrong should be righted.
 They were ready to march at the word of command,
 To rescue our nation from treason's foul hand.
 Our own brave State was foremost to go,
 And at word of command, strike the first blow.

In Westminster, all hearts beat for the right;
And our brave boys started quick for the fight.
They had a desire to give their best aid,
And to meet the foe they were never afraid;
Yet many of our boys have lost their life,
In facing this wicked, rebellious strife.
This Stone is raised to tell the story
Of those who fell; and to speak their glory.
Some were shot down in heat of battle,
In the smoke and roar of cannon's rattle;
Where shells were flying and bursting around,
While horses and men were strewing the ground.
Heart-rending indeed must be the sad sight,
To see such dead heaps at every fight,
Not only the dead, but wounded ones too,
Promiscuously lying, brought to our view.
Thus our sons and our brothers were scattered around
Whilst their blood was flowing to fatten the ground.
Some that were maim'd have returned to their home,
With the loss of an arm or perhaps an arm bone.
Such limb, made useless, hangs dangling around;
No remedy for it, as yet, has been found.
Some took disease from the foul prison air,
And some from the food of which they did share,
Once more coming home in hopes to amend,
Have sunk swiftly down 'till life had an end.
Some dying in hospitals, of sickness or wounds,
Have been brought home to lie in our grounds.
But there was a class, whose deplorable state
Fills me with grief, their cause to relate.
These were the prisoners taken in battle,
And put into pens like herds of cattle;
There without shelter from a burning sun,
Whose scorching rays they could not shun;

At night the dewy ground their bed,
 With swine's food in small pittance fed.
 At Andersonville in Georgia State,
 Thirteen thousand met their cruel fate.
 These brave young men who fear'd no foe
 In open fight, were thus brought low,
 By acts of cruelty and starvation,
 Disgraceful to a *barbarous* nation.
 Those acts of outrage and of spite,
 To those who did our battles fight,
 But who, by chance, fell in their hands,
 No doubt came thus by Jeff's commands.
 He, of all, was the great arch-traitor,
 And was the poor man's freedom hater ;
 Whom the Rebs had made their highest chief,
 Knowing his feelings and belief ;
 That he was a Cataline at heart,
 And would to all such views impart,
 They sought for this his elevation,
 That he might thus destroy the nation ;
 He would break down with his own hand,
 The Magna Charta of the land !
 Like Haman had a wrathful brow,
 For all who would not to him bow ;
 And if no gallows he could see,
 Would have them hung on branch or tree.
 Those of the South who lov'd the nation,
 Generally had this elevation ;
 And all our men that he had taken,
 Were treated as if God-forsaken ;
 Their scanty food so mean and coarse,
 It was not fit for swine or horse.
 Thus in this pen they all must lie,
 And by starvation most would die ;

They boasting they could take more life
 In this way, than by deadly strife.
 They barbarous followed in the wake
 Of Indian, scalping those they take.
 Such treatment to those in their hands,
 With mean cowardice truly it brands ;
 For the brave will not be cruel to those,
 Whom they have taken captive from their foes ;
 They'll use them kindly with bread and meat,
 And give them quite enough to eat.
 If they are sick the Doctor is there
 To heal them by his constant care.
 At all the prisons in each rebel State,
 Hunger prov'd to be the prisoners' fate.
 But at Andersonville most did die,
 And in their trenches now do lie.
 Amongst the names upon this stone,
 Is one who died there, the writer's son ;
 His name with others can now be read,
 As one amongst the starved dead.
 With pain and grief I must relate it,
 But as a specimen I would state it ;
 For the great number who died there,
 Did like my son, starvation share.
 It was here John Howe did meet his fate,
 As this memorial stone does relate.
 Now all such treatment will turn out,
 To injure those who brought it about ;
 For all kindness shown to a captive foe,
 Heaven's blessings will to the actor flow.
 Now when the prophet Elijah had led
 The Syrian host to his king,
 He commanded that they should be fed,
 As being the most noble thing.

This had the desired effect
 Upon Israel's enemies' hosts,
 For Syria did no more collect
 A force to invade Israel's coasts.
 Thus the brave in their kindness succeed,
 For God grants his blessing on those ;
 But the cowardly cruel in deed,
 Will be trampled down by their foes.
 Many felt that our blows were too tender,
 To succeed when the Slave helped the foe,
 The only way to make them surrender,
 Was with the sword to cut Slavery in two.
 For slavery was felt the only reason
 Of all this vast rebellious treason ;
 To kill the monster, then, outright,
 Would be the means to stop the fight.
 This many persons well did see
 That every slave should be set free ;
 Not for their benefit alone,
 But that the Rebels be o'erthrown,
 Charles Sumner us'd his powerful aid,
 With President Lincoln, to invade
 With Proclamation this foul stain,
 That our country might be one again.
 That we from strife be set quite free,
 And all enjoy their liberty.
 This proclamation most did receive
 With joy, as it would fully relieve
 The down-trodden and the oppressed ;
 With faith our cause would now be blest.
 This prov'd the case, since from that time,
 The Rebel cause did much decline.
 Our Generals changed from bad to good,
 In high elevation our armies stood ;

They fought more earnest as they could see
Their aim was to make all men free.
The effect of this kind demonstration,
Was deeply felt o'er all the nation ;
And to all who lov'd a righteous deed,
They felt as from a cancer freed.
The South still had more bitter spite,
And felt more zealous the North to fight ;
To hold their slaves with a firmer hand ;
But they their rights began to understand.
They would seek our armies to protect this right,
And then for the Union were willing to fight.
The Slaves thus enlisted on our side,
For to fight in our cause they had a pride,
For it would raise them from their degradation,
And make them men in a higher station.
Then no man living they could reckon,
So good a friend as Master Lincoln ;
Who in their cause did interpose,
And free them from their bitterest foes.
This blow now struck at their corner-stone,
Would cause the structure to fall down.
But for outward props they sought an alliance
With foreign powers as a great reliance ;
To give them aid that they might well defend,
The wicked cause of slavery to the bitter end.
Thus they invoked John Bull's most willing power,
To aid them on the North their spite to shower.
The Queen to start with, declared a neutrality,
Putting the Rebels and Patriots on equality ;
The wish no doubt was father to the aim,
In helping to divide our wide domain.
The Throne of England had a jealous fear,
Of our increasing power from year to year,

And if by chance the Rebels should succeed,
 It would be to John a most welcome deed.
 The Subjects thus well knew the Royal feeling,
 And then with Rebels open'd shop for dealing;
 They dealt out to them coin without any stint,
 As though the Subject was owner of the mint.
 They took their Bonds for money or for cotton,
 Which they may keep until they are forgotten.
 Mason, of Virginia was sent an Envoy there,
 And he had just the talent such business to prepare.
 Warlike ships were built for Rebel use,
 With British sailors on our ships to cruise.
 The Alabama, for Captain Semmes was made,
 That he upon our commerce might invade ;
 With this ship did roam the ocean o'er,
 Destroying our craft by the many score.
 Our war vessels had long been in search
 Of the Alabama with its piratical wretch ;
 At length Captain Winslow found him in port,
 On the French coast, where he had kind resort,
 Offered him battle with his noble ship.
 Semmes did accept, sure Winslow he could whip.
 When Semmes came out a British craft did follow,
 To give him aid if he should come to sorrow.
 The Alabama sunk in this wild commotion ;
 Semmes and his crew were floating in the ocean.
 Winslow was active his lawful spoils to save,
 From their going down into a watery grave.
 The British craft would aid to save the crew,
 Having picked up Semmes and others, then withdrew
 Then sailing straight to his home-bound rest,
 They cherished Semmes as their most noble guest.
 It is said that fortune follows the brave ;
 Then the reverse will be the lot of the knave.

Thus it prov'd true to John Bull and others,
 For they lost their aim on these seaward robbers.
 Had they been brave and done what was right,
 They would have been clear in aiding this fight.
 But while they were zealous in driving the wedge,
 To divide our country with their great Banker's sledge
 It has turned out to be at their own cost,
 For their money, character and all they've lost.
 On the other side the Channel, at the Frenchman's home
 They were anxious in our trouble to get a bone.
 Bonaparte thought to him it was a chance,
 In our trouble, his dominions to advance ;
 He looked across the ocean for a place to strike the blow,
 He saw the vacillating power of feeble Mexico ;
 This country he would conquer, put a king upon its
 throne,

Who to him would be a vassal and his mighty pow'r own.
 This divided country thus fell into his hands,
 Maximilian on the throne, he then withdrew his bands.
 A hostile power was left which gained day by day,
 This did o'erthrow the king and take his power away.
 He was tried and shot, thus ended his toil,
 And all French power on American soil.
 It is one thing for Bonaparte to uphold the Pope,
 Where tyranny, with ignorance, have a full scope ;
 But to meddle where freedom and intelligence dwell,
 Has taught him a lesson that may last him a spell.
 The Monroe doctrine, all can comprehend,
 Is to keep Foreign powers from American land.

Let us now turn back, and look once more
 Over the ground we've gone before ;
 For there is much that is left behind,
 And see what will be brought to mind.

General Scott first had the command

Over all the armies in our land.
He had been brave, faithful and true
To what the country wished him to do ;
But his great age had so enfeebled his mind,
That from his high station he soon resigned.
Then did McClellan have his high post,
Who it was thought would equal a host.
He was esteemed to be great to command ;
Would soon beat the Rebels all over the land ;
He would soon show in his military art,
That he was'nt second to old Bonaparte.
The country felt the place was well filled,
For his great army was nobly drilled.
But when he had orders to march to the fight,
He would give in reply that something want right.
His men must be clothed, or they could not go,
Or his army too small to conquer the foe ;
He would magnify the rebs a great host,
When his own army was truly the most.
Thus he did linger in striking a blow,
'Till the foe could collect and fortify too.
When he was urged and began to fight,
The Rebs were prepared, and put him to flight.
He in is battles quite often had defeat,
Showing his skill was greatest in retreat.
Now, when the President took up his case,
And from his position gave him release,
Then Pope and Burnside had the same place,
And fighting Joe Hooker each run his race.
But in the struggle of all these three,
None were able to grapple with Lee.
Old Abe look'd around, and feeling a want,
To fill the high place, took General Grant.
Grant took his army close to the foe,

And like a Bull dog held on them so,
 His men the foe did almost entwine,
 Whilst he declar'd he'd fight on that line.
 Richmond was the place of the great resort,
 Where Jeff. and associates held their high court,
 It was this place Grant was determined to take
 And thus the rebellion terribly shake.
 Lee kept his ground while he could stay,
 And then with his men they all ran away;
 Grant follow'd hard and in a fair fight,
 He conquered the foe to the country's delight.
 Now when Jeff. found all was defeat,
 Himself was in danger, beat a retreat;
 But that he might be exposed the less,
 He abandon'd his own and took his wife's dress.
 Thus in female attire with his wife and friends
 He flies from his place, and his power thus ends.
 But the country wish'd not to forsake him,
 And so a bounty was offer'd to take him;
 He was found with his petticoats on,
 Thus he was taken and hurried along.
 They placed him in old Fortress Monroe,
 And thus Jeff. Davis was brought very low.
 Yet though in our prison his diet was good,
 He having a plenty of excellent food.
 Make a contrast of our noble young men,
 When they were coop'd in his foul prison pen;
 Where they had doled out the meanest of fodder,
 To sacrifice them by his cowardly order.
 Has not justice call'd but call'd in vain,
 That he should be dealt with for these slain?
 By such cruel agonies of starvation,
 That makes one shudder at the relation.
 Say not he's a great man and held a high station,

And so must be honor'd by all of the nation ;
 He must not be dealt with like one in low place,
 For that would his honorable greatness deface.
 O! shame on such mean thoughts looking on men,
 Because of the trappings that may surround them.
 It is not the station, the wealth or the power,
 That has a claim on our hearts, or incense to shower,
 In God's Word we are told how the rich and the great,
 Are often fill'd with malice, envy and hate.
 'Twas Herod the Great that made mothers to weep,
 By slaying their infant sons like flocks of sheep.
 For his jealousy pointed to a rival there,
 Who he fear'd would seek his throne to share.
 What his fears thus pictur'd malice would defeat,
 Though the blood of innocence should fill the street.
 Man may have improv'd in the outward life,
 So that in society there is less strife.
 Yet the natural heart is alike in all,
 And so it has been ever since the fall ;
 For "as in water face answereth face,
 So the heart of man to man" in his place.
 But here clos'd a long and tedious strife,
 Which cost the country much treasure and life.
 For all the Rebel Generals had submitted to be
 In the same category with General Lee,
 Then the fierce battles, the clank of war was not,
 And in our land the Temple of Janus shut.
 All look'd as though a peaceful calm would be,
 As the South were humble, and all men made free.
 But alas! our hopes were scattered into air,
 By a whirlwind that made the world to stare ;
 Thus a great calamity I must here relate,
 That fill'd with mourning ev'ry free state ;
 It came like a thunder-clap from a clear sky,

Or the whirlwind that caus'd all Job's sons to die.
 This was no less than the assassination
 Of our President, the head of the nation ;
 That noble man, our good Mr. Lincoln,
 Of whom all Patriots delighted to think on.
 There was a plot to strike a foul blow,
 To lay all the heads of government low ;
 For each member a vile foe was appointed,
 But in this plot they fail'd to be united.
 To bring Mr. Lincoln within their base plan,
 He must go to the play, and Booth was the man
 To fire the bullet right through his head,
 That he might be sure to leave him quite dead.
 When this gross act he had brought about,
 The villain had got to make his was out.
 To do it most speedy, he had to jump down ;
 His spur caught a curtain and broke a leg bone.
 Thus justice at once began to effect him,
 Which proved the means soon to detect him.
 Tho' he escap'd for a while in horrid despair,
 He was trac'd to a barn, and he was shot there.
 Thus it is often prov'd God's wrath is not slow
 To strike down the villain who strikes a vile blow.
 For Lincoln they mourn, as the noble and brave,
 A second Washington, his country did save.
 He carried us through this terrible strife,
 And then at its close, he lost his own life.
 In the whole course of his Administration,
 It required a great effort to save the Nation.
 His mind it was thought, was often too slow,
 But when it was fixed, would never let go.
 He scanned all his measures, and took the best way,
 As results dearly prove, up to this day.
 He was brave, conscientious, noble and kind,

Trusting in God, he had a calm mind.
 It was in the Saviour he had found peace,
 And from the dread of the future had a release.
 His love to his God made his heart tender,
 And for man and his country a noble defender.
 Though strictly just, was mild and gentle,
 To friend and foe always seem'd parental.
 As has been said of some great man,
 "We shall hardly look on his like again."
 His death to the nation is not only a loss,
 But has proved to be a terrible cross,
 For it brought Johnson, next in command,
 To be the President over the land.
 When he for this office had taken the oath
 It appeared he was a good friend of the North ;
 For to all that call'd on him, and many there was,
 He declar'd he'd sustain the country's cause—
 That he would be active and in good season,
 To punish the leaders in this vile treason ;
 He would make them feel how bitter their cause
 To be such traitors to National laws ;
 They should feel the effect of his strong hand,
 In the confiscation of their land ;
 Dividing up each great plantation
 To give the poor a good home station.
 Thus he gave utterance to each and to all,
 Who to learn his views did on him call :
 But alas, his word has proved but naught,
 For in a short time he turned about,
 Showing he was false to all his professions,
 And giving the lie to these noble expressions,
 For instead of punishing these vile men,
 Has granted pardons to the worst of them.
 This he has done for all that did apply,

Without requiring a good reason why.
He adopted a policy he called his own,
To restore to citizenship each mother's son ;
He would ask from them no repentance or aim ;
But all might this prerogative claim.
What made such a change in Johnson's mind ?
At first so patriotic, so wise and refined ;
Was it not a gilding from his predecessor,
That soon wore off and left the old transgressor ?
Jeff Davis was kept at Fortress Monroe,
But now they have let this arch-traitor go.
They took a bond of ten men to pay
One hundred thousand if he ran away.
But now they've released these men from their bond,
So they'll get nothing if he should abscond.
Thus every promise to punish vile treason,
Has flown to the winds without any reason.
On Congress alone we have had to depend,
To save the nation, its rights to defend,
Against wild schism in this darkest hour,
The one man policy and the veto power,
Which Johnson often used on the laws they made,
But they as often passed them over his head ;
So that his policy has no solid foundation,
For his power is check-mated for to save the nation.
It was expected Congress would impeach him
When they met, as soon as they could reach him,
For the committee that did on his case preside,
Reported he ought to be set aside.
But Congress decided it would hardly pay
To try him, as he had but a year for to stay.
So they let him go on to fill up his race,
Whilst they hold the reins to keep him in place.

I hope this will teach conventions a lesson,
 That they may in selection use more discretion.
 Johnson now felt that HE was a POWER
 Which did make Congress and others to cower,
 Now he could go on with his tyrannic sway,
 And rule o'er the country in his own way.
 For Congress had shown such fear of his station,
 Lest impeachment should embroil the nation;
 Then the party that had given him the seat,
 Might be broken up with a sad defeat.
 Thus feeling he took an obstinate stand,
 Not to execute all laws of the land.
 For Congress was only a rump in position,
 Their acts did not bind him in that condition,
 Being chosen when the land was in twain,
 All their proceedings in law was in vain.
 He did not reflect upon his own case,
 That he was elected the same to his place.
 Only less legal to agree with his view,
 For his home is amongst the secession crew.
 Ungrateful for favors on him conferred,
 His whole demeanor has been most absurd.
 Now Congress is firm to stop his rash course,
 For he has been daily growing much worse.
 The Secretary of War he ordered to leave,
 For to General Thomas his place he would give.
 Stanton had rights by the Senate conferred,
 Which made Johnson's act wrong and absurd.
 The House for impeachment then did decide,
 And before the Senate his case will be tried.
 The Clerk called him then for to draw near,
 To answer for what then did appear,
 As acts unlawful and contumacious,

And words which seemed to be audacious.
 To all this he replies in a very long yarn,
 To them or the country he'd never done harm,
 He had done nothing bad or unlawful,
 Or used words which were deemed so awful.
 He had only used the right of each citizen,
 Toward Congress, to use his just criticism.
 He asked for more time forty days and nights,
 That he might defend his Presidential rights.
 Law made him the head of the National arms,
 But his wheels were so blocked he felt some alarm.
 Against all his views an opposition led,
 And all his vetoes were passed o'er his head.
 He was sure he meant to do right in all cases,
 But he would not draw in Congressional traces.
 Thus they accused him of the gravest of sin,
 And trying their best to decapitate him.
 Chief Justice Chase is the one to preside
 Over the Court while Johnson is tried.
 He was formerly a Republican Senator,
 But has now become a Judicial Mentor.
 He deemed that the right to him did attain,
 What facts to admit and law to explain.
 The triers alone had power to prevent,
 But the prosecutors no right to dissent.
 Thus formed, this tribunal slowly moves on,
 We hope with design not to cover up wrong.
 General Butler did well open this case,
 Comparing each item with Johnson's vile race.
 The witnesses proved each specification true,
 In his unlawful acts, and vile speeches too.
 Towards this great trial the country does turn,
 With anxious feelings its result for to learn ;

With trembling hope that the final decision
 Will put Johnson back to a humble condition.
 For his course in this highest political place,
 Was to elevate traitors to the nation's disgrace.
 Should he be acquitted the country will mourn,
 And those who should do it be held up to scorn.
 Thus feeling, being near we hope to the end,
 Our hopes and fears do alternately blend,
 Should our hope be fruition we then should rejoice,
 And in grateful emotion praise God with glad voice,
 We should hope He had mercies still in store,
 Though our ingratitude for favors heretofore,
 Our sins as a people have reached up to God,
 And in this Rebellion smarted from his rod.
 When our arms were victorious we hoped for relief,
 Then Lincoln was shot and brought us to grief.
 To fill up the gap, Johnson took his high place,
 But was an antipode to Lincoln's mild grace.
 Instead of seeking the good of the nation,
 He was trying to build up his own elevation.
 He has found sycophants in Cabinet places,
 Who were ready to aid and work in his traces.
 Stanton alone would not work in his yoke.
 For this he would take off his head with a stroke.
 O! Horrible! Horrible! what can I say?
 For Johnson is cleared is the news of the day.
 The country will grieve at such a report,
 Almost as much as when Lincoln was shot.
 For all who loved our Republican nation,
 Have felt he disgraced us in this high station,
 When we think how this trial has turned out,
 That men we have honored have brought it about;
 Men thought honorable, noble debaters,

None could have feared to good government, traitors.
 It has been told that a million of money,
 Has been offered for votes as a stimulant bounty;
 Some may give heed till it swells in their eyes.
 Their consciences stretch and they grasp at the prize,
 But let it be noted if such ones there be,
 That those thus made rich can't from treachorship flee.
 Their country's decision, as Arnold's of old,
 Will stamp them as traitors to be bought and sold.
 We will make out a schedule of what is known
 Of those in the army who died from this town;
 In making our list there will be found, some
 Went from some other place when this was their home.
 They having had their residences here,
 So on this stone their names do appear.
 Albert Brooks in Charles river was drowned,
 He was brought home, for his body was found.
 George F. Benjamin, the next to relate,
 Was lost at Ball's Bluff, no one knew his fate.
 George W. Findall was killed outright,
 On the fifteenth of May, at Laurel Hill fight.
 Walter Sawtelle was wounded in May,
 And died at Portsmouth, while on his way.
 George W. Miller had a sickness so sore,
 That he died in a hospital at Baltimore.
 Farwell Sawin, who was a son of James S.,
 Died of small-pox in grievous distress.
 Wallace W. Butterfield, Mrs. Hill's Son,
 Died at a hospital in Washington.
 Marcus M. Coolidge had left his own State,
 Enlisted from Missouri and there met his fate.
 Charles W. Hartwell died at Fortress Monroe,
 At the most tender age at which he could go.

Horace S. Woodward of wounds did expire,
 But there is no record to tell us just where.
 Edward O. Young of Massachusetts Volunteers,
 Died at Fredericksburg aged twenty years.
 Amos H. Partridge, though no bird of prey,
 Was caged in Virginia, his life taken away.
 Josiah Foster was shot, as it appears,
 Near Petersburg, aged forty-one years.
 Harrison P. Sawin was sick unto death,
 And in Virginia hospital gave up his breath.
 Cyrus K. Miller with fever did die,
 Enlisted from Illinois—near Vicksburg doth lie.
 His brother Charles A., who was a Corporal,
 Died of wounds at Hampton, Va. hospital.
 Henry Cutting, leaving children and wife,
 At Knoxville, with sickness lost his life.
 James E. Puffer, killed at the bloody fray,
 When the Rebels invaded Pennsylvania.
 Nelson Z. Bathrick, as it now appears,
 Wounded and died aged thirty-one years.
 George H. Page, as some had done before,
 Died of severe wounds at Baltimore.
 Marcus J. Hagar, while taking a trip,
 To Louisiana died on board the ship.
 Joseph P. Rice was killed outright,
 Being Junior Colonel at Chantilla fight.
 Charles Cummings who led a veteran band,
 Of Vermont Volunteers which he did command,
 Was shot and killed at Poplar Spring Church,
 In front of Petersburg while on their march.
 Israel his brother from Fitchburg did go,
 Of wounds he at Knoxville died also.
 Up to '63 but few of these were lost,

But in '64 the number was far the most.
The town was patriotic, and ready to send,
Their whole quota the country to defend.
Paying a bounty one hundred twenty-five,
All that the statute allowed them to give.
Those who had sons of right age to enlist,
But very few fathers were found to resist.
Some sent their all from one up to four,
Many ones lost their lives and returned no more.
In the case of the four, two of them did fall,
The third had an arm spoilt by a musket ball.
Of those who had Commissions there were five,
Of whom but two have returned home alive.
One a Captain in the military line,
The other where a martyr's face did shine,
There is one young man, native of this town,
Who from his exploits has a great renown.
Nelson A. Miles, once a boy of our schools,
Where he us'd to play truant and disobey rules,
While learning to read, to spell and to write,
And in his boyhood was learning to fight ;
At length he went to Boston and entered a store,
To fill up his head with mercantile lore ;
When this war broke out, and just began,
To be ready to go he was the man.
That he might be fitted to act well his part,
He took lessons in the military art.
Then did accept a Lieutenant's position,
In the Twenty-second, commanded by Wilson.
But he did not stay long in this humble post,
For in a short time he commanded a host.
His brav'ry and skill made him rise very fast,
Becoming a Major General at last.

Though youngest General our armies afford,
 To him skill and brav'ry the records accord.
 Let young men who would wish to rise,
 Have a good standard before their eyes.
 In whatever business be your aim,
 Don't set your hearts on future fame.
 Seek to do right, do all things thorough,
 Then true fame will be sure to follow.
 "Honor and shame from no conditions rise,
 Act well your part there all the honor lies."
 Recurring again to what now is done,
 In raising up this memorial stone,
 Those names upon it tell us their end,
 How each has sacrificed some dearest friend.
 They left us in health no more to return,
 Whilst we their absence are left to mourn.
 May we not hope they've gone to their rest,
 In the regions of light amongst the blest :
 They shall there be free from sorrow and pain,
 Let us all then prepare to meet them again.
 To the Town be all honor for what they have done,
 In cheerfully raising this chaste granite stone.
 Though at great cost, they were willing to do it,
 Let all give them praise who take pleasure to view it.
 To the friends of the dead when their names they do
 find,
 'Twill be soothing, yet sorrowfully bring the lost to
 their mind.
 But in their grief they may have the consolation
 To think this sacrifice was for the saving the nation.