

FOURTH OF JULY SONG.

Gotten up expressly for those who have an appreciative mind.

Enthroned in obloquy, Abe Lincoln sits,
And with his weighty axe, a rail he splits;
But sets at naught all rights and laws,
By the mere opening of his catfish jaws.*

Near him sits Chase, that vile old reprobate,
Who calls for blood, and whom, but blood will sate.

Next Cameron, the Monarch's pet arch-fiend;
Who coolly on JEFF's shoulder, once had leaned.

Then Blair, the ravening, raging, wolf-like Blair,
With looks demonical, and with frenzied air;
Degenerate son of Maryland sits scowling there!

But see old Granny Bates' weak face,
Which surely warrants not the A. G.'s place.

There's Wells, a petifogger in his trade;
Of whom a Secretary has been made,
To rule the waters, through the ships;
Which Unele Abe, 'gainst the Southron slips.
A man as justly fitted to the station,
As Abe, to rule the Southern nation!

Now come we to Interior Smith, but why not Jones?
'Twould rhyme much better with the awful groans
Which since this Black Administration,
Have spread like wildfire, through the nation.

But who comes now? what ghastly image
Is this, which imitates the foul hyæna's grinning rage?
Astonished, horrified, disgusted, soon away we turn,
And from a smiling *contraband* we learn
That this is Wildcat Seward, of New York the pride,
Whose crimes no perjury can ever hide.

Enough of these, we'll let them slide,
Tho' o'er our rights they now do boldly ride;
Our pen full weary is, but must not stop,
'Till we these *patriots* (?) force to shut up shop!

*Look at his portrait: great resemblance.