

INTRODUCTION.

THE following poem on the death of the beloved and lamented President was the product of the author, on receiving the telegraphic dispatch of his assassination in Ford's theatre, and the feelings were, therefore, the spontaneous emotion of the author's mind, without being at all acquainted with the feeling of the world at large. The author at the time was prostrated under a severe fit of sickness; still, so deeply was he affected by the demon act, that he poured the feelings of his heart in song, and it was not until his wife, seeing his dangerous state, that he could be induced to relinquish the pen, which was, by a superior discretion, wrenched from his hand, and the inspiration left the mind. This was in consequence of the high regard in which the author held the President.

There was something peculiarly lovely and interesting to the mind of a poet in the spirit and character of Abraham Lincoln. It would, therefore, have been easy to write a volume on one loved so well, whose qualities of heart and head won the respect and admiration of the whole world. His amiable disposition—the simplicity of his soul—the natural purity of his heart—his characteristic frankness, and his unflinching firmness in adversity, are subjects that angels may admire, and furnish a theme for the poet and historian of more than ordinary interest, and become a lustrous example to youth through all coming time.