

The New York *Herald* copies the following from the *La Grange Reporter*, a paper published in the State of Georgia. It is headed:

**THE DEVIL'S VISIT TO "OLD ABE"**

BY J. S. COOPER, JR.

Written on the occasion of Lincoln's proclamation for prayer and fasting after the battle of Manassas.

Old Abe was sitting in his chair of state,  
With one hand on the mantle and one on the grate,  
Smoking his pipe and then scratching his jacket,  
For he had borne some disastrous news of late,  
As fearful death and as cruel as despair,  
In an old earthen jar, lay a scorpion bear,  
Was a gallon of "Old Abe," or "Boho old rye,"  
To save his hopes, which were to die,  
Under whose potent charms old Abe would be able  
To lay all his griefs, like a bill, "on the table,"  
Or, shut up his woes, like a horse, in a stable,  
He sat in his chair,  
Gazing with a mournful air,  
At nothing with a meaningless stare,  
And looked like a wild beast just "skinned" in his  
hair.  
His cheek bones were high and his visage was  
rough,  
Like a hawking of bacon, all wrinkled and tough;  
His nose was long, and an ugly and big;  
As the snout of a half-starved Illinois hog;  
He was long in the legs and took a long stride,  
A long-legged bore, in the long race,  
Yet he ran with grace for a much longer space,  
Till he finished his political wild goose chase,  
Bringing wreck on his country, and endless disgrace—  
On the blockheads who'd placed him in "the very  
wrong place."  
The war had just reached him of route and defeat,  
"Old Abe" broken—of disastrous flight;  
His best men were slain on the field of fight;  
His legions were scattered with panic and flight;  
His treasury was bankrupted, and his stores so small,  
His credit gone, his hills were uncashed;  
His country with terrible foes still begat,  
Was tumbling to ruin like a fabric of dirt;  
"I'm afraid," said Old Abe, "there's somebody  
hot."

Thus sitting and thinking—  
Hot smoking and drinking—  
His head on his bosom was gradually sinking—  
When a sound met his ear—  
So sharp and so clear,  
That he sprang to his feet—standing breathless to  
With his mind full of dread, and his heart full of  
fear,  
"Twas not like the roll of the hurricane's thunder,  
Nor the earthquake that cleaves the tall mountains  
asunder;  
"Twas like the storms which tumultuously  
arose,  
Over the lone bending woods and the dark rolling  
deep;

But a sharp angry crashing,  
Confusion and clashing,  
Like things in general, promiscuously smashing,  
"It's the Devil," thought Abe, in the sort of  
fright,  
Or a rebel "mashed battery" on "Arlington  
Heights,"  
On the wings of the midnight winds it flew,  
And career it came, and louder it grew,  
Till Washington City seemed all in a stow.  
It paused just before—  
The White House door,

And it did roar with an explosive roar,  
"It's the devil," said Lincoln, and sure he's right,  
For just at that moment their gleamed on his sight  
The glare of a horrible sulphurous light,  
Enacting a form so ghastly and grim,  
That his heart ceased to beat and his eyes grew  
dull.

That form stood before him, majestic and dread,  
With large cloven feet and huge horns on his head,  
Mr. Lincoln was set with a terrible quaking,  
And the bones in the skin were rattling and shak-  
ing;

Like the "dry bones" in the "Valley of Vi-  
sion,"

With such a dreadful collision

As threatened to make a "long division"  
Of his body and members, without "legal deci-  
sion";

"How's your honor, Mr. Lincoln?" said Old Nick  
with a grin;

"I have only stepped in  
To renew old acquaintances with your honor ag'in.  
I am a good soul, and Scott and good Mrs. L.—  
I hope all your friends are still hearty and well."

Thus saying, he seated himself in a chair,  
And gazed at old Abe with an impudent stare;

Took a drink of "hot lead" from a flaming sky-

rock,

Which he drew from the depths of his overcoat

pocket.

Consulted his watch with a dandyish grace,

Said he'd make a quick trip thro' the regions of

space,

On a train of a comet, in a journey sublime,

Of millions of miles in a moment of time,

"You, yourself," said the fiend, with a wink of his  
eye,

"Can travel like blazes," when danger is nigh.

Your friends are distinguished for speed,

But you, like the devil, in case of need,

But all this aside—allow me to state;

I have come here on business momentously great,

Which deeply involves your political fate.

What means, Mr. Lincoln, this strange proclama-  
tion?

In truth you're invited the whole Yankee nation

To tasting and prayer, and to humiliation?

It is strange how throning has altered your no-  
tions;

And call into action your pious donations;

It is strange to me, now, a whimsical act;

Ever twisting and turning like an ed in a net,

You flounder and float,

And turn in and turn out,

Till my wits are puzzled to know what you're about,

And all I can do, I must call your attention

To the truth, which at present you'll allow me to  
mention;

You know, in the first place, you owe your election

To the aid and protection

Of a demagogic crew who led you in my direction.

I have your hands and give it to them,

Abstain, and I'll drown, and the great thigh-  
of law;

From the top of this platform so stretching below,

I showed you the kingdom which lay below,

If you'll hold, we'll only agree

To fall down in the ship and homage to me;

Obey my directions, fulfil my commands,

Spiral carnage and dash over all these lands,

Be a terrible warrio, such would win

Success to my cause, and a triumph to the south;

To all the other, to all the rest agreed,

And all the other grounds of political creed,

I gave you my subjects—the bold I have got,

Such as Cameron, and Seward, and "Old Granny  
Scott."

Axel, the Greely, and Bennett, and Wood,

And the whole bunch as Tophet could breed,

To fit up a plan for preserving the Union;

In the hands of a happy fraternal communion,

By a terrible warfare of conquest and blood,

Such as ever was known since the day of the flood,

For such as you may find in the hills,

There'll be no mortal grandeur to swell;

I started up the North with its valiant crew,

And set with burning Yankee do all in a stow,

With its tempests and hissing, and spiritual trappings;

Its flying boughs, and spiritual rampings;

Its flying boughs, and spiritual rampings;

(Hyperbole, paradoxes)

And demagogic speeches,

To martial your host to conquest and fame,

But alas! to your shame,

No victory comes,

But much dash and disgrace on the whole Yankee  
name;

Their arms went forth, but not to the battle—

They went forth to plunder the fields of their cattle;

To steal the young chickens and capture the hens,

Lie William Gome Trumbull-Tor,) and put em  
in prison;

In the pages of history, no better place

Can be charmed for your thieving and cowardly race,

Than to tell they were valiant in stealing a hen,

But ran in confusion from the presence of men,

When at last your Grand Army was forced to a  
night;

They were routed, defeated and driven in flight,  
Overwhelmed with confusion from the plains of Ma-  
nasas,

Like a miserable pack of terrified asses,

With this I labored with vigilant toil,

To sow tares of contention all over your soil—

To build up your party with lying pretensions,

With demagogic and unscrupulous conversations?

If that's the cost of my labor and toil,

I am sure I deserve the remorse that I feel,

For becoming the tool,

Of a shallow brained fool,

With the form of an ape and the head of a calf,

It is saving the whitewind and corrupting the chaff,"

"What say you to this?" cried Old Nick, waxing

hot;

Quoth President Lincoln, "You must ask General

Scott."

"Old Scott's an old ass, and Seward's a boor;

As for you, you're a pitiful brute,

Too mean to let live, and too worthless to shoot,

But to come to the point more directly in hand,

Allow me once more good faith to demand,

The grounds of your political alliance with the Yankees?

For fading the stars of the Yankee nation,

For saving the stars of the Yankee nation,

While you murder, and steal, and violate laws?

Will your prayers be heard when you ask the Eter-  
nal?

For help to accomplish your objects internal?

No; this will not, it is, be gotten in sin,

Or by any other win.

You must now begin

To fight with the spirit of "Seventy-six."

And abandon your pitiful Yankee tricks."

Quoth "Honest Old Abe," "I'm in a very bad

fix; you're right now, for once," said Old Nick with  
a grin;

"But such are the fruits of transgression and sin.

Then where lies the blame? Not with me, I am

sure.

You made the disease; you must seek for the cure.

And now, in conclusion, our attention I call,

To a single fact more—"tis the addid of all."

(As he spoke, the hot tears now flushed to his eyes.)

"The Gospel bids me tell the truth of the state of life."

And here comes the truth. From the very beginning

He has stirred the world in lying and sinning;

But it stirred up my soul with grief and vexation

Overstriking all the while the Yankee nation,

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