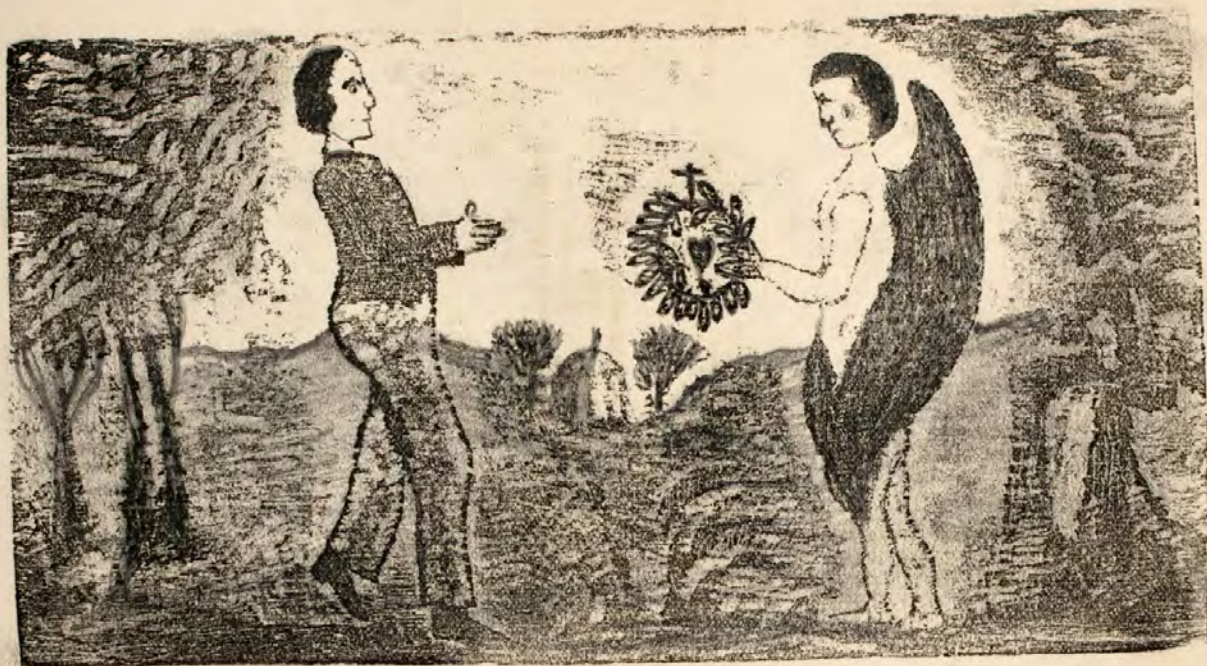


THE EUDROMIA

EUDROMIA means **GOOD RUNNING**,
THE **ANGEL** in the illustration presents
to **EUDROMIAS** or **GOOD RUNNER**
his mero or life-portion.

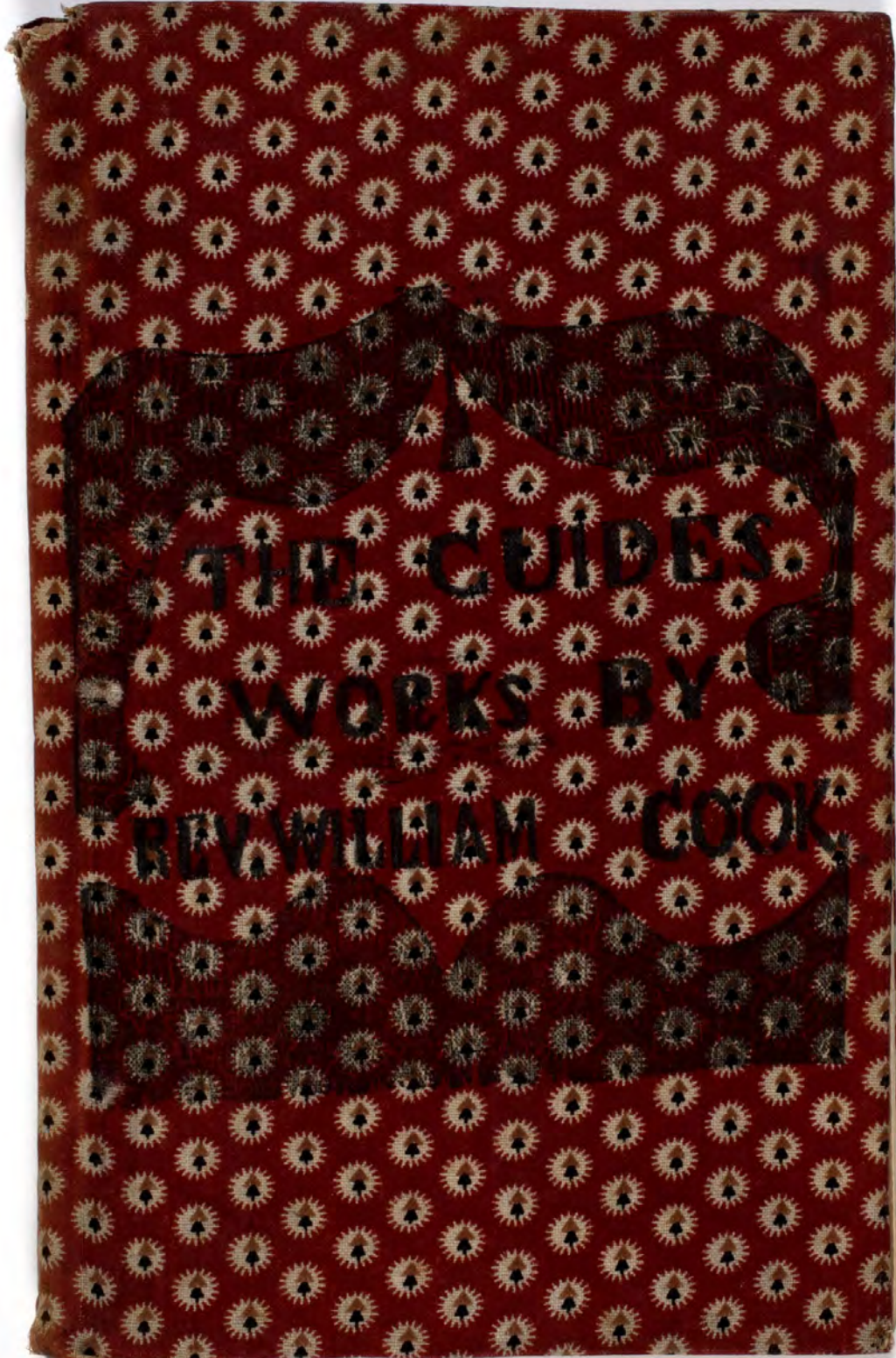






FREMONT,
A FORM.
COMPOSED, ILLUSTRATED
& PUBLISHED SOLELY
BY REV. WILLIAM COOK, A. B.
AUTHOR OF
THE TELEGRAPH
OR STAR-BANNER-SONG,
THE PLOUGHBOY,
OLIVE GROVE ETC.
SALEM, OCTOBER,
1856 & 68





THE GUIDES
TO THE WORKS BY
REV. WILLIAM
COOK

THE GUIDES.
WORKS BY
REV. WILLIAM COOK







**THE MARTIAL WREATH
TWINED RESPECTFULLY FOR
THE SALEM INDEPENDENT CADETS.
BY REV. WILLIAM COOK, AUTHOR
OF THE PLOUGHBOY.**

Cadets, true through years seventy,
Good volunteers, firm chevaliers,
Soldiers that await your duty,
As thy well drilled corps appears,
Equiped for soldier-like array,
Huzza, huzza for thee we say.

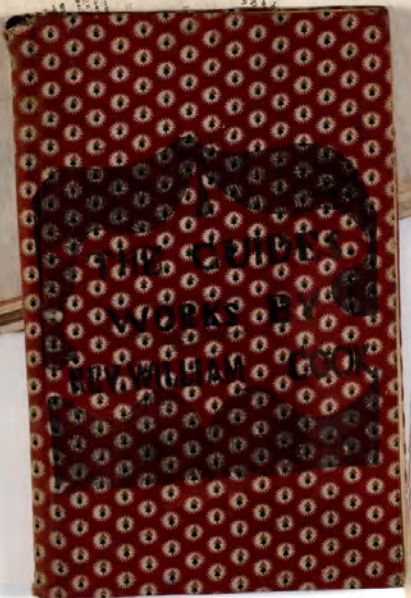
The oldest corps among the old,
For service thy country may need,
Thou dauntless would her ramparts hold,
Ready for our homesteads to bleed,
Never in fiercest strife to quail,
Though foes, rank on ranks, assail.

Like men at dreary Valleyforge,
Prudent in weal, patient in woe,
The wrong to stem, the right to urge,
May we thee wreathed in virtues know;
While with the faithful lady-love
Heaven smiles on thee from above.

Mindful of his heroic words
The good Chieftain of Lundy's Lane,
For bliss or woe, that earth affords
Try each glorious cause to gain.
Though frowning be the walls you scale
May not your righteous valor fail.

If at duties holy behest
You in battle's strife ever fast,
Then rest you among the blest,
And angels wreath your coronet;
While men prosperity may know
That God through your death will bestow.

But not only midst battle's din
Do we need the valiant Cadet;
He has a noble prize to win,
Christian gems on his brow to set.
When Washington had sheathed his sword,
He heavenly aids did afford.



FREMONT
A POEM
COMPOSED, ILLUSTRATED
& PUBLISHED SOLELY
BY REV. WILLIAM COOK, A. M.
AUTHOR OF
"THE TILGHAM"
OR "HARRISBURG"
"THE FIGHTING BOY"
"OLIVE GROVE, ETC."
SALISBURY, OCTOBER,
1864 & C.





THE MARIAL WREATH
 TWINED RESPECTFULLY FOR
 THE BARKS INDEPENDENT CADET'S
 BY REV. WILLIAM COOK, AUTHOR
 OF "THE FLOUCHBOY."

Odele, thro' your years seventy,
 Good substance, firm character,
 Holds that sweet year duty,
 As thy next droll's corps appear,
 Equipped for soldier-like array,
 Blows, horns for this or any.
 The droll's corps among the aid,
 For service the country may need,
 Their discipline would her company lead,
 Ready for our homesteads to bleed,
 Never a corpse ends to end,
 Though loss, rank on rank, would.
 Life was at drossy Valley's edge,
 Present in war, patient to war,
 May we then wounded in names know,
 With the hissed lady-boys
 Heaven smiles on the firm above.
 Minded of his heroic words
 The great Christian of Lord's Lane,
 For him or war, that earth's end,
 Try each opportunity to pain,
 Though drossing to the whole you made
 If not your righteous value fall
 If at drossy hole when
 You in battle's strain ever fall,
 Then rest you under the hat,
 And angels watch your counsel,
 While men prosper your counsel,
 That God through your death will follow.
 But not only might battle's die
 In we need the sainted cadet,
 He has a noble price to win,
 Christ's price on his love to end
 When Washington led shrank his sword,
 He bravely said he end.

FROM THE
 REV. WILLIAM COOK, A. M.
 AUTHOR OF
 "THE TILGHAM"
 "HARRISBURG"
 "THE FIGHTING BOY"
 "OLIVE GROVE, ETC."
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