

WM. T. FULTON'S 50TH BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 27,
1885.*

Wm. T. we find to-day with

1. The fiftieth milestone reached and passed
On life's journey ;

Time's Chariot must be rolling fast
Bearing all this peopled mass,
Our brother numbered in the class
Of those o'er fifty.

2. A while ago you were a boy,

A merry lad,
With whip and hatchet for a toy,
Balls and wagons were a joy,
School books were fun without alloy—
The few you had.

3. But you remember more of work
Those days than play.

The stony field you did not shirk,
A chrome bank was no place to lurk,
That blacksmith shop would tire a Turk,
Both night and day.

4. Old Davy Whitcraft brought you out
Of Egypt's land ;

He was the man who was so stout,
Weighed four hundred or thereabout,
He helped you work the iron out
With skillful hand.

* By H. R. Fulton.

5. Since '56 I've often thought
Of your terrible trip
To Wilmington, to pay goods you bought;
The note was due, the grace was naught,
Against protests you'd always fought,
Your credit grip.
6. A winter day, with mercury low,
You started out;
With western blizzards and drifted snow,
The trains at Newark could not go;
You trudged and waded to and fro
The entire route.
7. Old Garret must have been surprised
To welcome you;
The Townsfolk hardly can surmise
A Country Chap has enterprise
To beat a railroad and arrive
E'er trains get through.
8. He planked the cash the day 'twas due—
That pleased the firm,
And fixed his credit the season through,
Convinced them that man's word was true;
They offered goods, and not a few,
On his return.
9. Ill wind it is that blows no good,
If men are true;
And so we thank the winds for food,
Praise all events of life which stood
A guide to lead us through the wood,
When friends were few.

10. And if you're glad you left the shop
And took to school,
Give credit to the day you dropped
The bloody Butteris, red and hot,
Kicked through your hand by—treacherous trot—
Sam Passmore's mule.
11. Such accidents have much to do
With course in life;
They form an impress deep and true
That follow us our journey through,
And oft our lagging powers renew,
To win the strife.
12. As Pedagogue he had success—
Short avocation—
But never gave enough recess;
The stupid lads got in a mess,
While studious pupils all express
Their approbation.
13. Our host was loyal to the core
In Rebellion's day;
The oysters fresh on Eastern shore,
He captured lots and fought for more,
Until they joined another corps
Across the bay.
14. His Purnell Legion border men
Wore best of blue;
They had of Infantry Companies ten,
Cannons and horsemen were welcome then;
All fought so well at Antietam,
The Rebels flew.

15. Of loyal blood he's always been,—
 'Tis nothing new.
Grandfather Fulton's Kith and Kin
His Revolutionary record must not dim,
And so he fought the cause to win,
 And won it too.
16. And now we'll let him practice law,
 He loves his books;
His shingle's up, he's learned to draw
The tedious briefs, to find the flaw,
And at the others' weakness claw,
 To show his crooks.
17. To some the law's a luxury,
 A very sport;
The man who wants to pay the fee
Has right to any Court's decree,
Then Lawyer, Judge and Jury three
 All play the court.
18. At other times the law is sought
 By best of men,
For safety against wrong and fraud,
An aid to peace and wealth well wrought,
The crown of battles bravely fought,
 And due to them.
19. The attorney has an odd career,
 And not o'er pleasant;
He is most trusted and revered,
He's loved and hated too severe,
In usefulness he has no peer,
 The people's servant.

20. And since you love this avocation,
And like the labor,
We wish success on all occasions,
That health and wealth and ample rations,
May bless your every social station,
And bring you honor.

21. And as the years roll swiftly by
Without recall,
Bank not on time which doth so fly,
No mortgage take on reasons why;
Get title deeds to mansions high,
The best of all.