



HON. ALBERT H. SHAW, BATH, MAINE.

**"T**HE time has come," the Walrus said  
 "To talk of many things;  
 Of mills and banks and millionaires  
 And congressmen and kings.  
 Now listen carefully, my dears  
 To what the Walrus sings.

A shooting camp that's not too damp;  
 Is what we chiefly need.  
 A city house or two beside  
 Are very good indeed.  
 A state committee job, perhaps,  
 That has not gone to seed.

A group of mills, a world of trees  
 And woodsmen, strong and stout;  
 Ten thousand men, at my command  
 To come! Whene'er I shout—  
 These little minor worldly things  
 Would help my feelings out.

"The time has come," the Walrus said  
 "To talk about friend Shaw;  
 And how to be a Governor  
 And how to make the law;  
 But every time I mention that,  
 He simply murmurs "Pshaw."