



E. L. JONES, Chairman Democratic State Committee.

**I**F General Andrew Jackson, for relaxation, should decide  
 To come and walk the Earth again, as tho he'd never died,  
 Or the Sage of Monticello, Thomas Jefferson, likewise  
 His astral-self projecting, should come earthward thru the skies,  
 You would hear these ancient democrats come shouting from the woods  
 "We want to find a Democrat! Come on! Produce the goods!  
 We've heard of cliques and bolters; they're a burden to the land,  
 The democrat we're looking for must wear a different brand—  
 An old-fashioned Jeffersonian, who's never met his match  
 Who never fears a licking and who always toes the scratch;  
 "Where is this rugged democrat?" they shout in thund'rous tones  
 And the hills of Maine re-echo "Go and hunt up Doctor Jones."  
 Need we introduce him further: Go up to Waterville;  
 He's been mayor of the City—just a token of good will;  
 He's a hustling fellow citizen, a dentist of renown  
 And he's working every minute for the welfare of his town.  
 And he's not the ONLY DEMOCRAT, as he'll hasten to explain;  
 For he's working up a party, fit to run the State of Maine.