



COLONEL FREDERICK HALE OF PORTLAND.

THERE were lots of busy rooters, in last winter's State-house scrap;
 Old Portland sent a fighting-guard, all bound to change the map;
 All hot-foot for Augusta, the old Dome to move away
 From the banks of the bosky river, to the shores of Casco Bay.
 I remind me of the contest; for I saw a round or two;
 'Twas a corker, while it lasted and I want to say to you
 That, among all the busy boosters, in this game of push and shove,
 Portland had no better fighter, than the gentleman above.
 He's been lucky, in his birthright; for he bears distinguished name,
 That has stood in honored places, for the citizens of Maine;
 But I tell you this much, certain, that if he came from ranks unknown,
 With his zeal and his ambitions, he would make his way alone.
 And up here in Androscoggin, we've special basis for such claim,
 Since the Hales all came from Turner—which assures any man of Fame.