



MR. J. H. BARROWS OF BETHEL.

I USED to love the rocking chair, a rocking to and fro;
 A lullaby to slumber, on the edges of the dark.
 I used to have a notion that its oscillating motion
 Was invented by old Noah, in the Ark.
 But I've learned, with satisfaction, that is born of local pride,
 That the rocking-chair was cradled up in Maine;
 For its author's personality, is located with finality,
 'Twas Barrows, as I hasten to explain.

Did I say that he invented the earliest rocking-chair?
 Permit me! Such a thing I'd not suggest,
 For the slumb'rous "to and fro" must have started long ago,
 On its mission for the toiling sons of rest.
 But I want you all to know that for more than fifty years,
 He has made 'em at an undiminished pace,
 And has started up a stock, of the happy chairs that rock,
 For the welfare and the comfort of the race.

Tho he's done a lot of other things that speak for humankind;
 Tho he's labored for the "folks" for many a day;
 Tho he's had a warlike mission as a sergeant, non-commission,
 In the armies of the blue against the gray;
 Tho he's filled the chairs of office in the ancient lodge that's blue;
 Tho he's labored for the church with zeal and care,
 I climax the aggregation of his well-earned reputation—
 "He has built for us the perfect rocking-chair."