



MR. S. W. PHILBRICK OF SKOWHEGAN

WE were sitting round the tables, the other night at Young's;
We had eaten Moosehead square-tails, which had loosened up our
tongues;

And I was telling them a story, of the days at old Moosehead,
When a tall form loomed above me and a voice succinctly said:—

"Don't put it on, too thickly, when you do me in cartoon
For my advices are authentic: you propose to do me, soon.
I am worrying about it, for I really dread the call
Can't you sing a little softly; or, perhaps, not sing at all."

Now, there were sitting at the table several men, I need not name;
But 'twas such a delegation as is recognized in Maine,
And to all of these, as jury, I deferred our friend's request
And herewith transcribe the verdict, they unanimously expressed:—

"Say that Philbrick's the sole pebble, on the beach at Kineo;
Say that Philbrick is the party, that makes the steamers go;
Say that Philbrick stands for Coburn and has numbered all the trees;
Say that Philbrick drives the rivers and drives them as he please;
Say that Philbrick is too modest; and; if any more be said—
Say that Philbrick of Skowhegan is the whole thing, at Moosehead."

But being anxious to conciliate—not offend in anything
I have chloroformed the Muses and have forced them not to sing.