



HON. THOMAS G. LIBBY OF VINALHAVEN.

A SOLDIER he was in '64; heard the cannon's hungry roar
 Down in the pit of that bitter fray when Petersburg held the North at bay—
 Right hand ripped by a solid shot: calmly accepting the soldier's lot—
 Trenches or hospital, all the same: stayed to the finish and always game.

Home! at length, to fight his way—down by the shores of Penobscot Bay
 Fought the fight as he had before—with the sea, instead of the cannon's roar:
 And his fleet goes forth or homeward fares, fish, the burden of its wares:
 And, far and near, the word's the same—stays to the finish—always game.

Governor's Council, as you see—one of the Libbys; Thomas G.
 Serving the State as he'd serve his own—a zeal to serve and serve alone;
 Doing for Maine as he's done of yore: best that he has, he can do no more;
 Honest and frank, hearty and free; all that a councillor ought to be.