



W. B. HALL, ESQ., OF CARIBOU.

THE boys of the goat and the mystic rote, in the good old K. of P.
 Don't need, at all, to be told of Hall; or to ask who he may be
 For, as Grand Chancellor; he is the Law—to me as well as to you;
 And we have to bow, if not kotow, to the man from Caribou.
 Did I mention law? You never saw a man from northern Maine,
 Who would ever invoke a bit of Coke or Blackstone would explain,
 Who could be content, his time well spent, in Practice to abide
 Without he'd take—more cash to make—a business on the side.
 Be what it will, a farm or mill, a factory for starch
 Hydraulic stone—each to his own—he's building for the arch
 That makes the man, as best he can, stand forth for his ideal
 And do his best, with all the rest, to help to make it real.
 But one mistake, I make no break, he's in law just the same
 In many a town with much renown and a more than local fame
 And he's served I say in helpful way in the general court of Maine
 And put service thru for Caribou that was not done in vain.