



W. P. ALLEN, ESQ., OF CARIBOU.

"HE'S practiced law for twenty-seven years"—the terse and modest record thus appears.

But is it all? Do we appreciate the service of a lawyer to the State?

The years and years of study that there are; before he stands—admitted to the bar.

The musty office with the droning flies—the young attorneys early paradise—

The waiting for a client long before, he comes a-knocking at the door.

The trial of the maiden-cause, that tries the lawyer rather than the laws;

His countless struggles in the legal fence, before he gets a real ex-pe-ri-ence.

My homily here ends. I hope 'twill do; and call to mind our friend, in Caribou;

And thus, when Allen's record, terse, appears—"He's practiced law for twenty-seven years"

'Twill also call to mind the larger side, the banks and firms with which he is allied;

His public spirit, which in countless ways: receives the measure of his neighbor's praise;

His avocations with the fish and game, the ways in which he's made a name and fame;

The social duties that he's met with zeal; his cordial purpose and his high appeal

All these fulfill the purpose of our plan; and well round out the measure of the Man.