



GEORGE W. BOYNTON, AUGUSTA.

IF you're ever in Augusta, at any time of year,
 And you seek the tavern's comfort—the acme of good cheer,
 Go find the "North" and Boynton and you'll never want to roam,
 But will settle down contented, just as tho you were at home.
 If the North could tell the story of the things it's seen and heard,
 Of the secrets and the compacts that its ancient airs have stirred,
 It would make a lively chapter and the politicians wroth—
 For the watchword of the session is "Meet me at the North."
 Its landlord! You should know him; he labors for his town,
 And a lot of worthy offices he holds with honor down;
 In business life an honored place—for Sport he's never loth
 But first and last and all the time he's "landlord of the North."