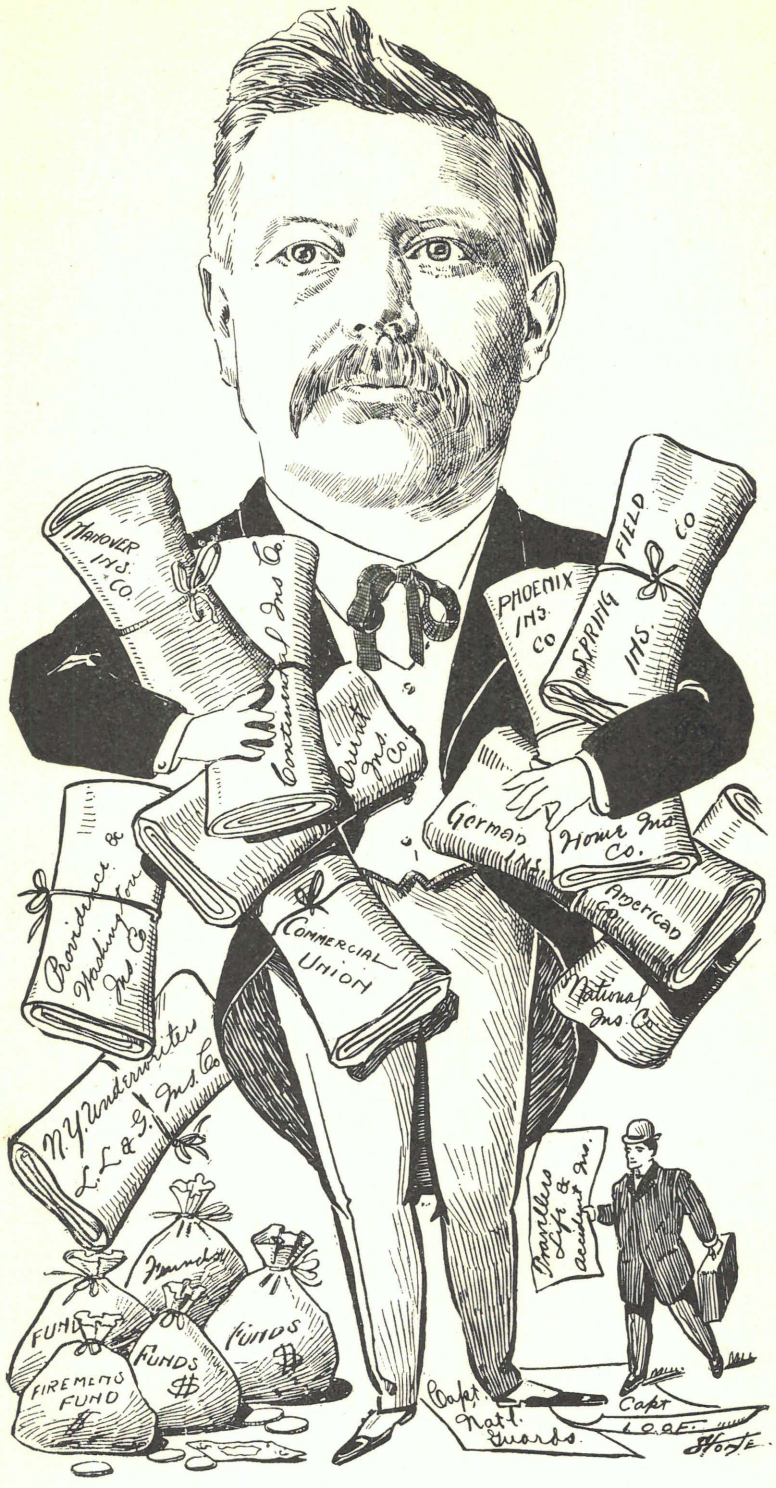

MR. F. A. PEABODY, First Selectman of Houlton.

MY verse is like a stream that runs, with rapid change, from rocks to roses;
'Twill skip from politics to puns or pass from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws that keep, the planets in their radiant courses,
And ending in some precept deep, for dressing eels or shoeing horses.

Thus, Praed did sing, in jolly rhyme, his tales of knights and dragons dire,
Relating how—in two-four time—the fearsome dragons belched their fire;
They had no straight-insurance then; the doughty knights, for reimbursing;
So dainty maids picked up their men, by systematic arts of nursing.

I'm edging toward my subject now, which you observe is up in Houlton.
My flight is tardy—I'll allow—Alas! my song bird's moultin'
But when at last to Earth he'll strike, in flowery lands of high desire
Why! Over to Peabody's he will hike—"A policy for Fire."

He'll meet a man of honest zeal, of earnest faith and high endeavor,
Who labors for the common weal and spares his efforts never;
A Selectman who does his work and faithful is to every duty
Which gives my rhyme a pleasant quirk—its chief and only beauty.