



HON. F. C. WHITEHOUSE OF TOPSHAM.

THURU the drowsy, dreamy languor of a summer afternoon,
 As you cross the bridge from Topsham, you may hear a merry tune,
 Of the whirring wheels of business, far above the water's roar
 Or may catch a glimpse of motion, thru the factory's open door.
 Or perchance you're coming farther up the Androscoggin's tide
 Where we'll show you young Pejepscot, along the river's side;
 In the wealth of pulp and paper, in the piles of brick and stone,
 We shall see the force and genius that have made success their own.
 He's pictured by the artist; but the man's another thing
 He's caught the spirit of the times and caught it on the wing.
 Should you meet him—F. C. Whitehouse—you will find a busy man;
 But you'll find him ever ready for any honest plan;
 His service to the people has been early, long and late;
 In the business that he's founded and the Senate of the State—
 So when you cross the bridge from Topsham, on a summer afternoon,
 Think of the man, who did the business—the man of our cartoon.