



FRANK B. MILLIKEN OF PORTLAND.

I f old Diogenes were leaving the comforts of his tub,
 And up to Maine were coming for a visit to the Hub,
 With his lantern lit and burning, on the watch for trusted men,
 All Portland would advise him: "Go and find Frank Milliken."
 The grocers' guild is ancient: it is older than the Port;
 And the man, who has its confidences, must be a decent sort:
 You may scoff at casual honors; but they signify a bit,
 When they're all along of business and the honor's good and fit.
 So you'll find him always busy, where the wholesale traffic moves;
 Or you'll find him quite as busy, for the city that he loves;
 He's up behind her pushing, when there's pushing to be done
 And they can push a bit in Portland, when they're pushing all as one.
 But I'm not cataloging merits—it's a task I won't assume—
 And modest men may well object to being set to tune;
 I but introduce the subject—in language, ill-expressed
 And refer you to the picture—let the artist do the rest.