



HON. JASPER WYMAN OF MILLBRIDGE.

'T WAS down in Millbridge, by the coast, I sat one summer's day
And listened to the birds and brooks to hear what they might say;
The smoke of Wyman's factories great, streamed forth on summer gales
And little fish came to the shore and told their simple tales.

"Watch out my dear," said Mrs. Fish, a swimming in the stream,
"Beware, my child or else you'll be a little French sardine,
I've taught you water-colors, dear—an unavailing toil,
If after all my faithful work, you're to go in for oil,
Keep clear of Senator Wyman's folk: Beware of Fisherman
Or else he'll take you in a net and can you in a can."

Deep down within his lowly bed, the clam said to his mate,
"Where are the children, Mrs. Clam, why are they home so late?"
"I do not know," the mother said, as she began to cry,
"I told them not to leave the yard and to keep their stockings dry;
I do not hear their gentle call: wherever have they gone?
I fear! I fear! They have been dug for Wyman's Clam Bouillon.

The trees! Well lots of things beside told me of things that be
Down there in Millbridge busy town, in Millbridge by the sea!
For lumber; clams and sardines, too, and business push and go
We introduce the man above—a man you ought to know.