



MR. JAMES MCGREGOR OF RUMFORD FALLS.

WHERE fiery, snorting iron steeds career on glistening rail;
 And witch-cars hurry fiercely by with spluttering broomstick tail;
 Not many fleeting years ago was wilderness untilled,
 And Nature's folk, both bird and beast their primal end fulfilled.
 Then loud the voice of Progress spake, to rouse that slumb'ring land;
 She treads the primrose path where points McGregor's wizard hand.
 His platform's solid and secure—one plank the Board of Trade—
 The others, homely virtues all, by Masons true displayed.
 Strange lands allure, and curious scenes tempt him afar to roam;
 Yet happiest he, mid friendly hearts in Rumford Falls, at home.