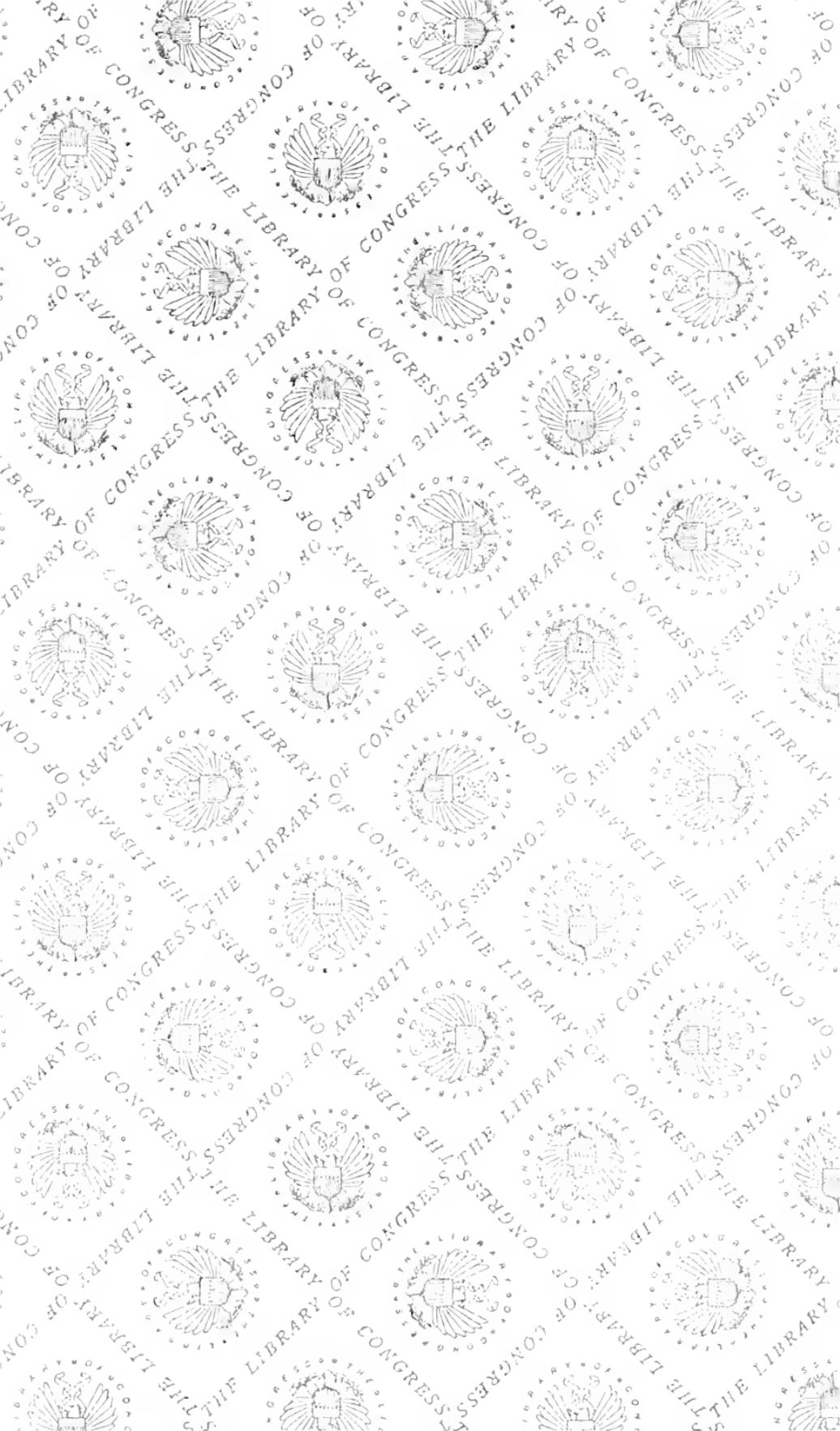


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FESTIVAL
OF THE
FRYEBURG
SEPTUAGENARIANS,

BORN IN 1834:

HELD AT

Fryeburg, Maine,

Aug. 9th, 1904.

FRYEBURG:
A. F. LEWIS, Publisher,
1904.

F 29
F 926

FRYEBURG WEBSTER MEMORIAL, Illustrated;

Containing Webster's Fryeburg Oration, several letters and poems written by Webster while in college and at Fryeburg—poems by Longfellow (on Lovell's Fight), Whittier, Henry Bernard Carpenter, and several other poems specially written for the Memorial. Sent, post paid, 50 cents.

Webster's Fryeburg Oration, post paid, 15 cents.

PROCEEDINGS OF FRYEBURG WEBSTER CENTENNIAL, JAN. 1st, 1902.

A 100 Page Pamphlet, Illustrated.

It contains three Addresses, by Prof. Chas. G. Willard, the Historical Address on Webster, by A. F. Lewis, one of the Trustees of the Academy, and that of Prof. W. A. Robinson, Master of the Boston Latin School upon Webster the Educator, and the History of Webster's Services at Fryeburg Academy, from the Academy Records; the Poem, the Long-Lost, Unpublished Letters of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, written to Preceptor Cook, (supposed to have been burnt in the Academy more than 50 years ago); Letters of Webster; List of Academy Teachers; Distinguished Academy Graduates; Historic Houses of the Village; Persons, Places, Events, and Beautiful Drives in and about the Town. A pleasant Souvenir of Fryeburg and a valuable Brochure for Libraries, as well as individuals, on account of the Local History it contains.

Sent post paid, 50 cts.

FESTIVAL
of the
FRYEBURG SEPTUAGENARIANS
Aug. 9th, 1904.

Containing the Addresses of Hon. Frank B. Sanborn, L. W. Small, Dr. Gordon, Gen. E. C. Farrington, Charlotte Thomas, Prof. W. A. Robinson, E. S. Osgood, Thos. J. Allard and A. F. Lewis—a hundred letters of congratulation, and about 30 poems—together with biographical sketches of the thirteen Septuagenarians and full Press accounts of the joyous jubilee.

The pamphlet has about 200 pages, and contains half-tone pictures of Gen. Farrington, Sam'l and Wm. Gordon, Lewis, Weston, Woodward, Allard, Booth, Towle and Sanborn. Price 50 cts.

A. F. LEWIS, Fryeburg, Maine.



WILLIAM GORDON.
JOHN WESTON.
JASON W. TOWLE.
ABEL F. SANBORN.

GEN. E. C. FARRINGTON.
A. F. LEWIS.

SAMUEL GORDON.
B. B. WOODWARD.
THOMAS J. ALLARD.
GEORGE F. BOOTH.

PREFACE.

In the autumn of 1903 a citizen of Fryeburg thought it would be a capital idea to invite his brother and sister SEPTUAGENARIANS of the town to take note of their passage across the Psalmist's line of "Three Score and Ten". The idea and plan of carrying it out was somewhat novel in Fryeburg, but the more he thought of it the more favorably he was impressed with the idea. Accordingly, the 9th of Aug. was selected for the meeting of the festival, and a printed letter of invitation was sent out to friends far and wide. The prompt and joyous response to the letter showed him at once that he had "made a hit".

Quite a number of friends from Portland and from Mass., and N. Y., some of whose birthdays antedated that of ours, but whose talent in the line of song, of oratory, and entertainment showed them to be in the full zenith of their musical and mental powers, came upon the invitation of the said citizen, and the pleasure they gave us will abide as long as memory lasts.

We cannot refrain from personal mention of our kind friends, and thanking them most heartily for their great generosity in coming to Fryeburg, some from a long distance, and giving to the Septuagenarians and their friends such a choice, charming and delightful entertainment.

They are Hon. Frank B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass., John W. Hutchinson of Lynn, Mrs. Hale Jacobs of Malden, L. W. Small of N. Y., Geo. A. Thomas, Charlotte J. Thomas, Atherton Furlong, Miss Kaloola Loveitt and Edward S. Osgood of Portland.

Great good fortune attended this celebration from its inception to its final close. The weather was perfect—all the promised guests appeared, and each and all were immense in their several roles. All friends were so kind and helpful, and determined to make the Birthday celebration of THE SEPTUAGENARIANS a grand success, and an event that will linger long in the halls of memory.

LETTER OF INVITATION.

1834.

1904.

“Old friend, though many a year hath flown,
 And we have somewhat wiser grown,
 Since you and I first met—
 The love that in our bosoms grew
 When life was rosy, fresh and new
 Is blooming brightly yet.”

My dear friend:—

This is to apprise you not of “The Transit of Apollo,” but of the transit of your friend Lewis across the Psalmist’s line of “three score and ten.” It seems *incredible* and yet in my early home there is an old family Bible that says I made my *entree* upon the stage in 1834, June 23d. At this late day I don’t like to seem *skeptical* and begin to doubt that old Bible record. The years that transfer one from youth and early manhood to old age have stolen along so quietly, so peacefully, and, I may say, so pleasantly, that the time that to ordinary mortals brings old age is at my door, and I am all unconscious of the fact. ’Tis true that I have been playing at old age for many a year with no appreciable intimation of its presence, and it may be that my buoyant health, the wide berth I have given physicians, and my freedom from corroding care and anxiety, due to the fact that I have never been burdened with houses, lands, and worldly goods, have brought me to “NIRVANA” before my arrival at the Great Divide.

I am as yet conscious of but few of the infirmities that accompany old age. True, there is a bouquet of apple-blos-

soms on my chin, and on my head a few silvery hairs scattered among those of the original color, but my eyes still behold and delight in the pretty pictures of which the world is so full, my ears are not deaf or dull to the "concord of sweet sounds" that come from the human voice or that are breathed in the tones of Nature's varied symphony. I sleep well o'nights, my digestion is good, my teeth are *native* and intact, I walk without crutch or cane—in fine, I am quite a young old gentleman. On the evening of August 9th, come and see me and my townspeople of Fryeburg, who were born in '34—and if we don't show you the gayest, liveliest and most jocund set of 70-year-old boys and girls you ever saw, we will treat you to the best the town affords. A most cordial invitation is given you to be present at the anniversary and celebration of our 70th birthday.

There will be a program of songs, recitations, odes, poems, letters and greetings with many brief and breezy addresses from guests from near and far.

Judge Enoch Knight of Los Angeles, Prof. Ebenezer Knowlton and Cora L. Colbroth of San Francisco, Judge A. H. Walker of Bridgton, Gen. E. C. Farrington, Prof. L. C. Bateman, George and Charlotte Thomas, and, with his fiddle, the Old Bard, John W. Hutchinson, the last survivor of the Hutchinson Family which delighted the world with their songs for nearly 50 years, are expected to be present. Artemus Ward, born in our neighboring town, was a '34 boy, and, though he is not expected to be present *in person*, we trust that in "spirit" he will be with us, and with all his accustomed merriment and *bonhomie*, help us to "intoxicate the shunning bowl".

If for any reason you are not able to be present, we shall expect a greeting in prose or poetic form, as best suits your pleasure.

Very cordially,

A. F. LEWIS.

PRESS NOTICES.

Portland Press, Aug. 10th.

SEPTUAGENARIANS.

Fryeburg's Aged Men Celebrate Birthdays.

Unique Occasion In Old Town.

1834 Was a Great Year For Births and Marriages.

Fryeburg, Aug. 9. — This evening a large company gathered at the New Church Hall to attend the far famed celebration of the septuagenarians' birthday. It was one of the most unique affairs ever held in this town.

According to the records of Fryeburg and of the adjoining town of Conway, N. H., 1834 was a noted year on account of the many marriages and births recorded. A number of those children have reached the age of 70 years. Some still live in their native towns, while others have wandered away to find homes in other states. At the suggestion of A. F. Lewis, those who live in the vicinity concluded to select a date that was most convenient for all interested, and have an Old Home evening in Fryeburg village. It was decided to hold the festival on this evening and an interesting program consisting of brief addresses, the reading of letters, poems, music, etc., was arranged. Invitations had been sent to many friends far and near beginning as follows :

1834—1904

“Old friend, though many a year hath flown,
And we have somewhat wiser grown,
Since you and I first met—
The love that in our bosoms grew
When life was rosy, fresh and new
Is blooming brightly yet.”

[Here follow several letters, found elsewhere].

The New Church Hall was decorated for the occasion with

evergreen trees, ferns, golden rod, nasturtium blossoms, branches of ripe cherries and evergreen. These were elaborate and were arranged with artistic taste; the two colors, —green and gold,—beautifully symbolized the memories of the past and the hopes of the future.

The festival was a very interesting occasion and the evening was filled with song and words of congratulation and good cheer.

Portland Press, Aug. 11th.

Conclusion of the Interesting Celebration at Fryeburg.

Tuesday.

Fryeburg, Aug. 10.—On Tuesday evening, Aug. 9, the New Church hall was filled to overflowing with the friends of the 13 septuagenarians, who then celebrated their 70th birthdays.

After an informal reception and a social hour the people were called to order for the purpose of listening to the literary and musical entertainment, by A. F. Lewis, chairman of the executive committee of the Sons and Daughters of 1834. After a brief opening address, he read the letter of invitation that had been sent out and called upon Gen. E. C. Farrington of Augusta to make the address of welcome in behalf of the septuagenarians. Samuel Gordon and Thomas J. Allard, sons of '34, also made brief addresses. The principal address of the evening was delivered by Hon. F. B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass., who spoke about The Langdons of New Hampshire and Maine, with special reference to Paul Langdon, the first preceptor of Fryeburg Academy. Other brief addresses were made by Lauriston W. Small of New York, E. S. Osgood, an old pupil of Mr. Lewis when he taught school many years ago in district No.

2, Fryeburg, Dr. S. C. Gordon, Prof. W. A. Robinson, Miss Charlotte Thomas, John Hutchinson and Mr. Furlong.

The addresses were filled with wit and humor and many reminiscences of other days when we were "young and happy" were given. Poems were read by Mr. Furlong and Mr. Lewis. The one read by the latter was written for this occasion by Ina Coolbrith, the California poetess. Mr. Lewis also read a letter from Ebenezer Knowlton of California, once a teacher in Fryeburg's noted school.

The musical numbers of the entertainment consisted of a duet, *I Would That My Love*, sung by A. F. Lewis and Mrs. Hale Jacobs, which they sang together 15 years ago and which was repeated this evening by request. [In introducing this number of the program, Mr. Lewis said: When Artemus Ward was in London giving his famous lectures upon "The Mormons," "The Babes in the Woods," and "His Seven Grandmothers," with those dignified Lords, John Bright, Sir Robert Lowe, and Gladstone sitting before him he had the coolness and assurance, not to say audacity, to announce to his audience that if they would come to his lectures the next evening two fine songs would be sung—the title of the first would be: *Father Dear Father, Have You Any Fine Cut About You*—the title of the second one was: *Mother, Dear Mother, I've Come Home To Die By Request*.

My good friend, Mrs. Jacobs, has consented for me to stand at her side and pretend to sing. I hope after this number of the program none of you will be so unkind as to say: Mr. Lewis, go home and die by request.] Miss Loveitt sang *When Sylvia Comes Sauntering By*, and *Coming Thro' the Rye*. George A. Thomas sang *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*, to his own accompaniment, and gave a laughing song accompanied by Mrs. Abbott. Atherton Furlong sang two solos entitled, *I love Her So*, and *Talking in My Sleep*.

The musical program closed with singing of the words

written for Geo. Thomas' 84th birthday, to the air of *Baby Mine*, Mr. Furlong singing the solo and the audience joining in at intervals at the refrain, *Uncle George, Uncle George*.

One of the special features of the evening was the presence of the famous singer, John W. Hutchinson of Lynn, Mass., the last survivor of the celebrated Hutchinson family. He gave the well-known song, *We Have Come From the Old Granite State*, and a comic selection, entitled *Calomel*. He played his own accompaniments—to the first song on the piano, and the second on the violin.

Miss Thomas, in a brief address of congratulation, presented to Mr. Lewis a beautiful basket of pinks and roses. His friends of the C. L. S. C. also gave him a fine copy of Tennyson's poems bound in leather. A fine birthday cake was presented to him by Mrs. Newman; a pretty picture of Portland Harbor from his friend James C. Burnham, and a handsome boquet was given him by another friend.

During the evening punch and fancy cakes were served by Misses Mollie Gordon, Mary Woodward, Mary Gordon and Susanna Weston, the younger daughters of the septuagenarians, while Mrs. William Post and Miss Hattie Woodward, the elder daughters, arranged the beautiful floral decorations. Misses Emma and Kate Towle were also connected with the committee of arrangements.

This was a unique entertainment, and it is said to be doubtful if it could be duplicated or even equalled anywhere else in its characteristic musical and literary features. It afforded much pleasure to all present. At the close of the septuagenarian celebration at the New Church hall there was a social at The Argue Not. Messrs. Hutchinson, Geo. A. Thomas, Charlotte Thomas, Atherton Furlong, Miss Loveitt and Miss Varnum of Portland, with Mr. Lewis, and Mrs. Needham of Oneida, N. Y., made things lively and cheery. Stories, recitations, music, merriment and fun

were the order of the day, and indeed, it was one of the liveliest times that Fryeburg has ever seen or heard.

Lunch was served and the sentiment of the evening was "We wont go home 'till morning," which came near being literally fulfilled.

This morning a drive to the battle-ground at Lovewell's pond was given to the Portland guests, accompanied by Mrs. Hale Jacobs of Malden, Mass., and Mr. Hutchinson of Lynn, and the streets of the village and the woods resounded and echoed with the songs of the jolly party.

This afternoon, a musicale was given by the guests of the party at the Oxford.

They were entertained this evening at the residence of Dr. Gordon. Music and recitations were given, and punch and light refreshments were served. The Portland guests of the septuagenarians and other friends were present.

A poem written by John S. Barrows was read by his mother, Mrs. G. S. Barrows.

Eastern Argus, Aug. 10th.

Happy Affair.

The Birthday Celebration of Esteemed Fryeburg Man. A Rare Occasion with Some Unusual Features.

Fryeburg, Me., Aug. 9.—The celebration this evening at the New Church Hall on Main street, opposite the Oxford Hotel, of the 70th birthday anniversary of A. F. Lewis, Esq., and incidentally that of twelve other individuals who were born in 1834 in Fryeburg or vicinity, was a very pleasing occasion. The names of the other septuagenarians, all of whom were present, are William Gordon, Samuel C. Gordon, Gen. E. C. Farrington, Bradley B. Woodward, John Weston, Jason W. Towle, George Booth, Abel F.

Sanborn, Thomas J. Allard, Miss Abbie N. Page, Mrs. Julia Devine Page, Olive J. Swan.

The attendance numbered nearly 400, and quite filled the hall, which had been tastefully decorated with garlands, flowers and potted plants for the occasion. The doors of the hall were thrown open at 7.30 and soon every seat was occupied and extra chairs had to be brought in. The first feature of the program was the serving of choice refreshments, including three large bowls of punch, whose palatable contents were dispensed by a corps of gaily attired and winsome ladies.

At the evening exercises A. F. Lewis presided and made the opening address.

Brief speeches followed from Thomas J. Allard of Conway, N. H., Samuel C. Gordon, Frank B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass., L. W. Small of New York, E. S. Osgood of Portland, Dr. S. C. Gordon, Miss Charlotte Thomas of Portland and others.

Solos were sung by George A. Thomas of Portland and John Hutchinson of the famous family of singers.

Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Hale Jacobs of Malden sang a duet.

Mr. Lewis was presented with a large birthday cake, a basket of beautiful roses by Charlotte J. Thomas, and a fine edition of Tennyson's poems by the Fryeburg Chautauqua Club.

[Several letters follow here which appear elsewhere].

Portland Evening Express, Aug. 9th.

Novel Birthday Party at Fryeburg.

Alonzo F. Lewis is the Leading Spirit.

Thirteen Who Have Attained the Age of Seventy To
Observe the Occasion.

Congratulations Are Received.

Distinguished Persons Extend Good Wishes to "The
Gayest, Liveliest and Most Jocund Set of 70 Year
Old Boys and Girls you Ever Saw", as Mr.
Lewis' Unique Invitation Says.

Fryeburg, Aug. 9th.—In the New Church hall this evening there is to occur one of the most novel birthday parties ever held in this or any other state.

Mr. A. F. Lewis, who attained the age of three score and ten on June 23, 1904, began as the day approached to look about and note how many of his fellow townspeople had reached the "allotted time". There were no less than 13 and it was decided to unite in a birthday party in Old Home Week on the evening of Aug. 9th.

The general committee of arrangements is Mrs. Post, Hattie Woodward, A. F. Lewis, Gen. E. C. Farrington, Wm. Gordon, Susanna Weston, Mary Woodward, Mollie Gordon, and Kate and Emma Towle. Under their supervision the hall has been beautifully decorated and "the best the town affords" will be spread before the guests. A reception will be held, at which greetings are to be exchanged and congratulations presented. As Mr. Lewis in his unique invitation says, they are "the gayest, liveliest, and most jocund set of 70-year-old boys and girls you ever saw." They have assisted in the preparation and are looking forward to the evening with the keenest anticipation of delight

The formal exercises will include addresses by Hon. F. B. Sanborn, Dr. Gordon, John W. Hutchinson, Atherton Furlong, Charlotte J. Thomas, A. F. Lewis and Thos. J. Allard. John W. Hutchinson, Geo. A. Thomas, Mrs. Hale Jacobs, Miss Loveitt and Atherton Furlong will sing. Mrs. A. M. Abbott, accompanist. [Here follow the names from whom other letters and poems have been received.] Mr. Lewis is receiving many congratulations on the clever idea in the carrying out of which he has had the heartiest co-operation of every one of his septuagenarian cotemporaries.

The EXPRESS offers Tiny Tim's toast.

Boston Globe, August 9th.

**Prominent Sons and Daughters of Fryeburg, Me.,
Meet on Invitation of A. F. Lewis to Mark Their
Reaching Three-Score-and-Ten.**

Fryeburg, Me., Aug. 8. Thirteen of the children born in 1834 are to celebrate the attainment of three-score-and-ten by a grand reunion to-morrow in which many distinguished men are to have a part. In June, A. F. Lewis, Fryeburg's widely known son issued an invitation to the interesting function which takes place to-morrow. The invitation was sent to all those friends who have gone out from Fryeburg, and their response has been immediate and enthusiastic. [This number of the Globe printed the letter of invitation, with biographical sketches of each of the Septuagenarians, and had pictures of the ten men, Farrington, Lewis, Woodward, Towle, Booth, Weston, Allard, Sanborn, and Sam'l and Wm. Gordon.]

Boston Globe, Aug. 10th.

**Happy Occasion—Children of 1834 at Fryeburg, Me.
A. F. Lewis presides, and Speeches are Many.
Letters Read from Several Distinguished Men.**

Fryeburg, Aug. 9.—The reunion and celebration of the 13 children who were born in the immediate vicinity of Fryeburg in 1834, held in the New Church hall to-night was one of the most remarkable gatherings ever assembled in Me. It was a joyous, enthusiastic, inspiring company of friends, all bound by a common tie.

A. F. Lewis, for 50 years, a leading citizen of Fryeburg, who, through his untiring efforts made the reunion possible, presided at the meeting. Mr. Lewis is himself one of the "34" boys. He expressed his joy at the good will displayed by the company of friends present, and hoped that they all might meet at the next reunion. He then spoke of the large number of letters, poems and greetings that had come in response to the invitation which he sent out in June. [Here follow extracts from many letters, with interesting incidents of the evening, which appear elsewhere.]

Eastern Argus, Aug. 11.

Jolly Sequel.

What followed the Novel Birthday Party at Fryeburg.

Fryeburg, Me., Aug. 10. After the successful celebration of the Septuagenarians last evening at the New Church Hall the friends from Portland, Geo. A. and Charlotte Thomas, Miss Varnum, Atherton Furlong, Miss Loveitt, John W. Hutchinson, A. F. Lewis and Mrs. Needham of Oneida, N. Y., made things cheerful for two hours at the Argue Not

Hotel. Stories, recitations, music, merriment and fun were the order of the day, and the Birthday celebration was followed by one of the liveliest times Fryeburg has ever seen or heard. Lunch was served and the sentiment of the evening was, "We wont go home till morning", which came near being literally fulfilled. This morning a drive to the Battle Ground was given to the Portland guests, accompanied by Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. Jacobs, Mrs. Needham and A. F. Lewis, and the streets of the village and the woods resounded and echoed with the songs and laughter of the jolly party.

This afternoon a *musicale* was given at The Oxford by the guests of the Septuagenarian birthday party.

This evening the final round of the good times in connection with the Septuagenarians and their friends came off at the summer home of Dr. Gordon, where they received a cordial welcome, and were made to feel that they owned the Doctor, his home and the town as well. There was a delightful entertainment of songs, recitations and a most enjoyable social time. Punch and light refreshments were served.

Oxford Democrat, Aug. 2.

FRYEBURG.

On Tuesday evening, Aug. 9th, in New Church Hall, 13 residents of this vicinity, who were born in 1834, are to have a joint celebration in commemoration of the 70th anniversary of their natal year. The idea of such a celebration was first broached by A. F. Lewis of this town (who, by

the way, was born on June 23d, 1834, in the near-by hamlet of East Conway, N. H.,) and Mr. Lewis has been the leading spirit in preparing the program of exercises for the occasion, though his fellow septuagenarians have taken a deep interest in the celebration and have made many helpful suggestions with a view to insuring its success. The formal part of the program for the celebration will consist of music, of brief addresses from invited guests, and from some of the septuagenarians in commemoration of whose natal years the celebration is to be held, and of the reading of letters from persons unable to be present and of poems specially written for the occasion. Preceding the formal part of the evening's program, there will be an informal hour or more for the exchange of social greetings, for indulgence in reminiscences of occurrences many years ago, and, in general, for a do-as-one-pleases good time.

Among those who have been invited to honor the occasion with their presence are F. B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass., the well known author; Geo. Thomas, Charlotte Thomas, Atherton Furlong and Clara Marcelle Greene of Portland; and, with his fiddle, John W. Hutchinson of Lynn, the last survivor of the famous Hutchinson family of temperance minstrels. If Mr. Sanborn shall be present at the celebration he will give an address upon Rev. Samuel Langdon, who for six years was president of Harvard College, and upon his son, Paul Langdon, who was the first preceptor of our academy.

ADDRESSES.

ADDRESS OF A. F. LEWIS.

Fellow Septuagenarians, Distinguished Guests and Friends :

England is celebrating the centenary of Thackeray : France, of George Sand ; America, of Hawthorne : (and one of the distinguished participants in that celebration from old Concord is one of our honored guests to-night), and *Fryeburg is celebrating the birthday of her Septuagenarians!* Occasionally a year stands out as prolific in the production of prodigies. 1809 was one of those years, when appeared Lincoln, Gladstone, Dr. Holmes, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, Poe, Darwin, Chopin and Mendelssohn. That year almost equalled 1834, when appeared the Fryeburg Septuagenarians. Here's Booth, the man of histrionic talents. Who knows if he had cultivated his natural dramatic ability but that he would have equalled his more celebrated cousin, the great tragedian, Edwin Booth. Here's our General Farrington, representative, senator, lawmaker, counsellor, the Col., *now* the *Gen.*, (promoted for gallant conduct on the field of the *Septuagenarians*),—if he is not “First in *War*, he is First in Peace, and First in the hearts of his Septuagenarian Countrymen”. Here are our two Solons, and lawmakers, Woodward and Allard of N. H. (That N. H. is a great state to be born in ; our friends Sanborn, the author and Historian, Hutchinson, the minstrel, Woodward, Allard, Booth, and one of our bright Pages, and myself were born over there). There's Towle, the teacher in the East and

the West ; and Weston and Sanborn, the farmers and fruit growers. Then we have the famous Gordon Twins. They are celebrated, and they have given fame and distinction to their brother, Dr. Gordon. Samuel is a speaker at town meetings, and sometimes his eloquence is heard on the streets. It takes some great subject to rouse him ; but once roused, he “makes the welkin ring. Then there is the other Twin, William—the all-round man—the man of diversified talents—the farmer—the surveyor of lumber and dealer in the same, the auctioneer, the story-teller, the Postmaster, head officer of the village corporation, chairman board of Selectmen, the Father of the town—in fine, The Lord Mayor of Fryeburg !

We have only three girls—“The Three Graces”. If I might quote a little :

“O was for Osgood, who vanished one morning in mystery,
And P was two Pages, *the brightest in history*” *

We have the two bright Pages. The other, my twin, Olive, used to live down on the Swan-y River, not the Suwanee down in Florida, but on the *Swan-y Saco*, that meanders through the Fryeburg intervalles, near the falls of that name, which day and night sing their soft lullaby.

It was said of that noted wit and *raconteur*, the late Col. Tom Ochiltree of Texas : “To know him was a joy—to meet him was an inspiration—and to be his intimate friend was an education.” We Septuagenarians are none of us orators or university men, or women ; but *we were born and have lived in Fryeburg—and graduated from Daniel Webster’s college*, which stands just below us on the Main street of our village. From this comes our *Coat of Arms*.

To be pelted with roses, bouquets, birthday cakes, greetings, and all the sweet and kind words in the dictionary is just lovely. So we say to you friends, hurry up, and don’t

*From The Alphabet of H. Bernard Carpenter’s “Oat Meal Crusaders”.

delay, be 70 as soon as you can, and come up into the serene heights of the Septuagenarians—be happy with us, and enjoy life. Now my friends we have a long program. I wish we had a half hour, yea an hour, for some of our interesting speakers, but we haven't. We must be brief in order to hear from our many friends. To paraphrase a little :

“Solid men of Fryeburg, make no long orations;
Solid men of Fryeburg, banish strong potatoes”.

At the close of Mr. Lewis' address, Miss Charlotte Thomas presented him a basket of roses.

Friend Lewis,

Accept these flowers from the bachelor girl and brother :—you as President of the Perennial Youth Society—we, as members. You have always gathered the roses of life, (and destroyed the thorns), scattering their fragrance on all near you and afar—filling their path with roseate hues of hope and love. As you inhale to-night the breath of our Portland flowers, from the garden of our hearts, may your future years bring to you

Bright days and happy hours,
Thy pathway strewn with flowers;
Hope's brightest rose without the thorn,
Fill each hour from early dawn;
Gay and happy—not forlorn,
For these good wishes you were born.

G. A. and C. J. Thomas,
Your young Friends of the days
of yore and now.

My dear friends :—Thanks, a thousand, for this wreath of bays and basket of flowers. I am a little dazed—the brilliancy of this company suggests the question ; who am I, where am I, and in what century are we living? Are we in Fryeburg, in the beginning of the 20th century—or are we in the 5th century, B. C., and at the *Academia* in Athens—and

is this the Old Bard, Homer, in his *youth*—and is this maiden, Hypatia of Alexandria? No, they are far better than all that—they are my good friends, George and Charlotte Thomas.

I now have the pleasure of introducing Gen. Farrington, who will speak words of welcome to our friends and guests, and tell us something of the Olden Times.

ADDRESS OF GEN. E. C. FARRINGTON.

Mr. Chairman :

I am reminded that I have from three to five minutes in which to say a word of welcome, to these, our friends. First let me extend my thanks to Mr. Lewis, our associate, who conceived the idea and has brought to fruition, by much hard labor, this pleasant meeting.

To you, our friends, I extend a cordial welcome. To live to the age of three-score-and-ten, is not so uncommon an event that it requires any special observance, though it marks a point in life which has been considered beyond the limit.

Of the thirty-two born in 1834 in Fryeburg, sixteen boys and sixteen girls, seven men and three women of that number remain,—this remnant which has drifted upon the shores of time to linger a little longer, and then drop back, one by one, as the tide ebbs away to that unseen deep.

It seems only a little while since I was a boy, playing upon the banks of the Saco, at Toll Bridge, so called, for I can clearly remember to within three years of my birth, and my mind to-night is crowded with the scenes and experiences of my boyhood life ; the strenuous life of my parents ; the limitations of childhood and youth ; the whirr of the flax and spinning wheel ; the pounding of the loom and the rush of

the shuttle ; the long tedious hours of toil of my faithful and devoted mother ; the open fire place, for no cooking stoves were then used ; the borrowing, at times, of fire from the neighbors, for matches had not then taken the place of punk and flint ; the sealing of letters with wax and peculiarly folded paper, for envelopes had not then appeared ; the long journeys by stage coach of the older ones who went away to distant cities to get work, — for there was not a mile of railroad in Main until 1836, when the Veazie road was built, 12 miles, from Bangor to Oldtown, with its wooden rails and strap iron ; little open coach cars with shackles of leather.

And how well I also remember our little old red school house, with its rows of high back seats, the stern teacher, with his switch and ferule ; our long walks in wind, snow and rain ; the building of fires an hour before school time, for each big boy had to take his turn at this ; of our cold hands and feet and chilled body, for no one was allowed to go and warm by the box stove, until the Testament had been read by the school ; all these things and many more come to my mind as it goes back to the days when I was a boy ; the bare feet from spring 'till fall, the time when the *X*cobler came to mend the old shoes and make cow hide boots for winter wear ; the neighborhood prayer meetings, where our saintly mothers and grave fathers renewed their faith and hopes ; the stated call of the revered minister, somber and forbidding in appearance, in his high neck stock and subdued tone of voice ; the calling in of the family, the long prayer, — warning us of the wrath of God and the fire that could never be quenched ; the long hours of Sunday and its oppressive quiet ; yes, how all these things crowd my memory now, and still I cannot forget the brighter side ; the warmth of the open fire ; the boys and girls of the neighborhood ; the games of 'hi spy', base and barn ball, the huskings, with the coveted red ear of corn, and the reward it brought

to the fender; the apple paring bees; the swinging of the long paring; the baked beans and pumpkin pies,—how good they were,—none like them now: the home-coming of brothers and sisters at thanksgiving time; the spare-rib roasted before the open fire; the mince pies, *and with raisins in them*; the baked Indian puddings from the great brick oven: all these bring the sweeter taste to the mouth, and, notwithstanding the change of to-day, to more liberal thought and greater freedom, I would not, if I could, blot out a single experience of those days, for they were impressive with the stern lessons that went deep into the soul, and taught us that life was a reality and a trust, and that honesty, integrity, manliness, kindness, patience, hope, and reward were the things to be lived for.

Reared with such surroundings, in this beautiful and most picturesque town of Fryeburg, with its smiling valleys, winding rivers and clear lakes, charming hills and grand mountains, the glorious lights and cool shadows, could one but feel thankful that his early life was here begun, and the hope was cherished of being laid away at some time within its borders? In the name of all that is good and great in life, in the name of all that tends to make life an honor, and wishing you a pleasant evening, I again welcome you, and thank you for your presence here this evening.

I am now going to introduce to you the N. Y. End, or Editor, of that old and re-li-able paper, the Eastern Argus, which last year celebrated its centenary. It was never brighter and younger than since it passed its century mark. The wit, the sharp thrusts, the political and gospel truths which come to us in the letters of "L. W. S.", give us our weekly fit of fun and laughter.

ADDRESS OF L. W. SMALL.

Boys and Girls of 70 years and upwards!

A certain man who won enviable fame in the war of 1861, whose name is familiar to you all, but whom I will call Col. Tom, had the bad habit of "going out with boys", and of drinking too much when out. His wife was so greatly opposed to this habit that Col. Tom tried to keep all knowledge of it from her. On one occasion when he was laboriously making his way homeward, and was trying to invent some plan to deceive her, he thought that if he did not speak she would not detect his condition.

Reaching his house and stumbling up stairs, his wife sleepily asked, "Is that you Tom?" There was no reply. Opening wide her eyes she called loudly, "Is that you Tom?" Again no reply. Sitting up in bed in great alarm she cried, "Is that you Tom—why do you not answer me Tom—why don't you speak?"

Tom knew that she was badly frightened. He knew that if he did not speak quickly she would raise the window, raise the neighbors, raise Old Harry, and he thickly responded, "I was always a man of few words and now I am plumb done talking." Fellow boys and fellow girls, I am like Col. Tom, in that I am "plumb done talking"—for I have not made a speech in 40 years.

However on this joyful occasion one cannot refrain from saying a few words about that wild and wayward boy—A. F. Lewis—as he commences his 71st year. In the old Baptist Church of my youth they sang a hymn, one line of which was: "Whom not having seen I adore." I can almost say that of the boy, Lewis. I have seen him once only, but for an entire generation I have esteemed him as a dear friend—have adored him. I have adored him for his appreciation of Daniel Webster. To some of us, he who admires

Webster is bound in bonds stronger than of finest steel. Webster was a man! Webster was a great man! Webster was not made great by party newspapers and party politicians for party purposes, but he was made great by the hands of Jehovah.

Again, I adore the boy Lewis because of his devotion to the Fryeburg Academy. Largely because of his labor, as I understand it, that Academy has become one of the most reputable Educational Institutions on the Continent, to graduate from which is in some sort a certificate of nobility. As I am not one of its boys I can speak with *entire impartiality*.

Col. Tom's wife had a very sharp and long tongue. Once when the boys were taking him home in a worse than usual condition they asked him what he should say to her when he got home. The Col. meditated a bit and then responded with drunken gravity: "I will say good evening Sarah, and she will say all the rest." And she did.

So, boys and girls of 70, I have said "Good evening, Sarah", and these other boys will say all the rest.

ADDRESS BY HON. FRANK B. SANBORN.

Those who have spoken, have dwelt with pride on the fact that they were Septuagenarians,—that they were all born in 1834,—and to you, Mr. Lewis, born June 23 in that year, we all turn with honor and congratulation. But I can perhaps say that I foresaw and celebrated your birthday when it first occurred, for I am two years and a half older. About the time of your advent in Conway, I was playing in my mother's back-chamber, which looks out on the birth-

place of Daniel Webster's grandmother, and on the Parsonage of President Langdon, the father of your Fryeburg scholar, Paul Langdon, and the grandfather of Joseph Chandler. As I sat there alone, playing with sticks, a sudden thunder shower came up, and the chimney near me was struck by lightning. My anxious mother rushed up stairs to see if I was hurt; and was relieved, she told me, by hearing me say "I made that great noise, pounding with my stick". If that were so,—if, like the infant Washington, I could not tell a lie,—why I must have been celebrating the Lewis birthday event, 100 miles north.

Till to-day I could have held with the young lady who was asked if she had seen Niagara Falls,—“I have not,—but have always heard them highly spoken of”,—for I had never seen your lovely village, though long familiar with its name and its Indian fight. It was here, by your Lovewell's Pond, which Dr. Gordon has promised to show me tomorrow by daylight, that a relative of your Founder, Col. Frye, was slain after a rather unclerical performance. Scalping, by ministers of the Gospel, at least, has gone out of fashion yet the old ballad says,—

Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die;
They killed Lieutenant Robbins, and wounded good young Frye,
Who was our English Chaplain; he many Indians slew,—
And some of them he scalped while the bullets round him flew.

I next heard of Fryeburg as the brief abode of my far-away cousin, Webster, who succeeded Paul Langdon as preceptor of your famous Academy, and whose handwriting I have seen today at your county Registry. Him I never saw, though I once answered a letter of his, addressed to the students of an Academy ten years older, at Exeter, N. H. But my great-grandfather, Benjamin Leavitt, a land-surveyor in the New Hampshire forest, used to spend the night occasionally at the house of Daniel's father, and said

that "Mrs. Webster was the worst housekeeper he ever saw". 'Twas ungracious, but perhaps true; for when Webster's father and Paul Langdon's father were persuading New Hampshire to ratify Washington's Constitution, in 1788, housekeeping in Salisbury must have been difficult.

My thoughts have been turned of late towards Fryeburg and Paul Langdon by the fact that I have been writing a short biography of Rev. Dr. Samuel Langdon, Paul's father, who was president of Harvard from 1774 to 1780, and died in my native Hampton Falls, minister of the town, in 1797. I hand you a copy of this, Mr. Lewis, containing the will of President Langdon; showing that he was a landholder here, and set his son Paul up as a farmer here, after Paul had served with courage and credit in the Revolution. He came up to this region in 1780, after his discharge from Capt. Bryant's artillery company, to look after his father's thousand acres in Chatham and Carroll, N. H.—liked Fryeburg and Mary Kimball, daughter of your first town clerk,—married her, June 28, 1781, cultivated his farm, planted apple-trees there which yet bloom and bear, and joined with Parson Fessenden and others in planting your Academy, of which he was for some ten years the accomplished Preceptor. His grandson, Joseph Chandler, long resident here, celebrated his 90 birthday in Pembroke, Mass., Nov. 27, 1899.

On that occasion, President Eliot, Dr. Langdon's successor, wrote to his daughter, Mrs. O. W. Charles, thus:

"The founder of Fryeburg Academy did a very good work for his own and later generations. His father, President Langdon was a convinced adherent of the Patriotic party, and in testimony thereof he stood up, on the evening of June 16, 1775, before the detachment that was going to fortify Bunker Hill, and offered prayer to God for their preservation and success. It was on the doorstep of the house where Dr. Holmes was afterwards born that President Lang-

don stood. The spot is marked by a stone which the city of Cambridge has erected, between the Law School and the Gymnasium”.

Paul Langdon no doubt heard his father's prayer, and the next day fought and was wounded, in the regiment of Col. Reed of New Hampshire. Two years later he enlisted under Col. John Crane, in a Massachusetts regiment, and served till May 14, 1780: was at the battle of Monmouth, and from 1816, when he removed to Wyoming County, N. Y., was a pensioner till his death at Wethersfield, N. Y., in 1834.

Paul Langdon's daughter, Mary, married Dr. Moses Chandler, of whom Mrs. Charles is the granddaughter. His son, Paul Langdon, (born at Fryeburg, Aug., 1797), removed to his aunt's, Mrs. Judge Sewall of York, about 1816, and died there, July 25, 1848. His widow, (Abbie S. Treddick of Portsmouth), married Capt. J. B. Fernald, after Capt. Langdon's death, and survived till 1887: but her daughter, Elizabeth Langdon, died in 1851, at York; Elizabeth Langdon, cousin of Paul of York, died there in 1854; and no descendant of Dr. Langdon now lives either in York or Fryeburg. But Preceptor Paul's posterity are scattered through Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Georgia and California. Should they all return to this quiet abode of their ancestor, you would be surprised at their number and the distance from which they had come.

ADDRESS OF CHARLOTTE J. THOMAS.

The remarks of Miss Charlotte J. Thomas, while they kept the audience in a roar of laughter, were not of a kind that can be reported without losing the personal charm given them by the magnetism of the speaker. Every one knows that it is largely in the way a thing is said that comes in to make a hit. Miss Thomas has the happy faculty of saying things in a way to make a hit every time. She said it was highly appropriate, that she, the perennial bachelor girl, should take part in, and contribute to, a celebration in honor of the bachelor boy, Lewis, he having completed his 70 years.

The presence of women here needs no excuse. Had it not been for a woman, his good mother, our friend Lewis would not be celebrating here to-night. We are glad his mother was a woman, and we are glad he is here, and that he can't help being just as he is. I am reminded, said Miss Thomas, of my experience in City Hall, Portland, many years ago, when Anna Dickinson came to give a lecture. Her first remark, as she appeared upon the stage, and she threw up her arms in a very dramatic manner, was: "What am I here for?" A gamin in the gallery promptly sung out, "I give it up".

But we do know just why we are here to-night. We are here to join in celebrating the 70th birthday of one of the best men on the earth. He is so because he can't help it. He wouldn't have been here, I say again, without he had had a mother. Men owe no small part of their success in life to the pushing and aid given them by the women. She has looked up to him and worshipped him, and either been a slave or a pet to man. We wish to take our brother Lewis by the arm and march to the polls with him before his next birthday as a fitting testimonial to the progress of the cause of woman suffrage, and to the fact that our friend has arrived at the years of discretion.

ADDRESS OF MR. E. S. OSGOOD.

Mr. Osgood said that more than three months ago he had promised to be present at their festive celebration, and was delighted to be able to keep that promise. After extending his congratulations to all the 70-year-old persons present, he spoke more particularly of Mr. Lewis whom he had known all his life, and of whom he was a pupil in the school-house next to the Academy, in the 2d district, Fryeburg village, in the winter of 1858-59. Of the 30 pupils who attended that term of school forty-five years ago, said Mr. Osgood, nine have died, and of the 21 living four are here to-night. Mr. Lewis was a good teacher, continued Mr. Osgood. He impressed upon his pupils the need of being thorough, of understanding perfectly the lessons before going on to others. This point Mr. Osgood illustrated by showing how Mr. Lewis corrected his translation of a sentence in the fable of the "Fox and the Lioness", in Andrews' Latin Reader. Mr. Osgood said it had been his intention to write a poetical tribute to his old friend and teacher, and with that purpose sat down one evening recently to compose, or try to compose, a sonnet. While waiting for the coming of the Muse—who failed to come, after all—his thoughts turned to Longfellow and there came to him the memory of how he had heard the poet read at Brunswick "Morituri Salutamus", the fine poem written for the 50th anniversary of the Class of 1825, Bowdoin College. Feeling certain that a little description of that historic scene would be more acceptable than any verses he could write, Mr. Osgood said he gave up the idea of the sonnet and would give in its place the description. This he did, and closed with quoting from that noble poem the following lines, which he said were full

of encouragement to men and women of all ages.

“But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
 To men grown old, or who are growing old?
 It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
 Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
 Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
 Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and Simonedes
 Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
 When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
 And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
 Had but begun his “*Characters of Men*”.
 Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
 At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales*;
 Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
 Completed *Faust* when eighty years were past.

* * * * *

For age is opportunity no less
 Than youth itself though in another dress,
 And as the evening twilight fades away
 The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.”

ADDRESS OF PROF. W. A. ROBINSON.

Friend Lewis and other Friends:—

This celebration at its inception, and in its progress to this hour, so far as I have been able to observe it, has appeared to me quite different from others having a like purpose, namely, the accentuation and punctuation of a life history which has reached the scriptural limit of threescore years and ten.

Other Septuagenarians have been impressed with the things in store for those whose days are prolonged by reason of strength to fourscore years. They have seen only “their strength, labor and sorrow”.

Longfellow in his poem delivered at the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from Bowdoin College could not select a subject for his poem more hopeful than the cry of the gladiators in the Arena facing death, and the Roman populace. *Moraturi Salutamus, we, about to die, salute you*, was his sentiment, though he recorded many instances of worthies throughout the centuries who, much beyond seventy years of age, had still labored productively.

With our worthies before us, no one will think to lay them on the shelf. Something in the Fryeburg air, the Fryeburg water, the Fryeburg society, the calmness of Fryeburg life, the hopefulness of the situation as regards both the here and the hereafter, has made our elders but recognized philosophers. Who would think of anything but mature philosophy to drop from the lips of Abby or Olive, Sam and Bill, Whitman and Alonzo.

Better than Longfellow's Latin words to meet the mental attitude of our "Seventies" would be "We have looked upon and into life, and have learned how to live, and in that knowledge we now salute you.

Nos, qui vivere cognovimus, vos nunc salutamus.

ADDRESS OF THOS. J. ALLARD.

Brother Lewis' reference to my political faith calls to my mind an incident of my early recollection, in fact, the earliest of my political remembrances. It was during the 1840, or "Old Tip" Campaign. At that time under the existing militia law of N. H., all able bodied citizens of the male persuasion between the age of eighteen and forty-five were required to train, as they then called the militia drills, and

these trainings or drills, took place twice every year, one in May and the other in the fall, in October I think. On this occasion training in the autumn was in my father's field. I being only about six years of age, was much interested and not a little excited by the shining guns, the martial music, and the manœuvres of the company in marching, etc.

The Whigs, I presume, had heard what was to them good news from the fall elections, at any rate some boys larger and older than myself, and some of the men, too, were shouting and hurrahing for Tippecanoe and Tyler too. I think I liked the sound as I took it up with enthusiasm and went home, or to the house, hurrahing for Tippecanoe and Tyler too. My mother said to me, Tommy, when your father comes in say that to him. Pretty soon my father came to the house; and no sooner had he got in there than I saluted him with the refrain for Tip and Tyler. Whereupon my Old Dad gave me a lesson in the lives and public services of those apostles of unadulterated Democracy, Jefferson and Jackson, that I have not yet forgotten. While I am not a son of Fryeburg, or even a native of Maine, I was born in the eventful year of 1834, and shall before the closing of 1904 have passed the line of demarcation noted by the Psalmist as the boundary of human life. And while I have, as I think, had my full share of the griefs, sorrows and disappointments, and have been buffeted by many of the adverse conditions and circumstances incident to earthly existence, I have not yet lost interest in humanity, and still am willing and even desirous to continue the struggle as long as life shall be worth the effort.

Back in the middle fifties I, under the tutelage of Henry H. Smith attended, for a time, at the Academy here, and since then I have ever had a warm place in my heart for my associates and class mates there. I also remember many of the inhabitants of this village prominent in religious, political and business life. The little Methodist Church on north

Main St., (where we are now holding this Festival), with good Father Richmond as its pastor; Dr. Barrows, on the hill; Dr. Ira Towle at the foot, and his son, Dr. Wm. Towle, just commencing the practice of his profession. The McMillans, James and John, Alexander Bradley, Maj. T. C. Ward, trader on the corner; also Mr. Buswell and some of the people in E. Conway; I call to mind Mr. Jacob Lewis, the father of our Host, the Woodwards, and others.

The year 1856 was one of great political excitement and intense interest, and the discussion of the issues of the campaign were participated in by the students; prominent among them I well remember the names of A. F. Lewis; also Cyrus Hamlin, John S. Walker and others. Joel E. Morrill from Conway, was there; Blake of Portland and some others whose names I do not recall.

Toast to Dr. Gordon.

The distinguished disciple of Æsculapius, a native of Fryeburg, and "to the manner born". The Doctor carries in his head a bright tongue, and in his pocket a pretty sharp knife, and he sometimes "cuts" his friends; but we freely forgive him as it is all done in the interest of humanity, happiness and health. We don't have the pleasure of his company throughout the year, but only "in the sweet summer time"; then we bask in the bright beams of his radiant, glowing, and cherubic face, which lights up the landscape; and disease flits away; and in its place we have balm, health and healing.

ADDRESS OF DR. S. C. GORDON.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen :

Dr. Holmes was once invited to give an address at one of Dartmouth College Commencements to supply the place which Rufus Choate had previously agreed to fill. Choate usually filled such engagements in this way. Holmes, well knowing this peculiarity of his friend Choate, and also well aware that he was the second choice began his address as follows: "My friends, if, at some time you had been invited by a distinguished body to witness an unusual display of the Aurora Borealis in the Northern Heavens, which had been predicted by an eminent Astronomer for many years, and, on arriving were told that the Astronomer had made a mistake of one hundred years, and it would therefore not be on exhibition that night, but instead there would be a display of pin wheels, Roman candles, and sky rockets—or if you were making a visit for the first time to that wonder of the world, Niagara Falls, and on arriving there, were told that the Falls had ceased to exist, that the Cataract had entirely disappeared, but instead of this natural wonder Engine Company No. 5 would play its best stream over the bed of their former grandeur, such a messenger might be received with courtesy but not with enthusiasm. Such is my position in reference to Mr. Choate to-day." I, also, am placed in a similiar position to Dr. Holmes, to-night. We have had the Aurora Borealis, the Niagara Cataract, the pin wheels, the Roman candles and sky rockets. We have had speeches from the young Septuagenarians and Octogenarians, the charm of music from both and from the more modern songsters. All have joined in congratulations to you and your contemporaries. Permit me to extend to you the expression of my good will. Our early days were spent as neighbors and friends. You were

a well behaved boy and young man, and so far as my knowledge extends, you have kept up the promise of your youthful manhood. May the good health so long enjoyed, continue so long as life may last. May peace and plenty abound, so that to the end of the journey you may always have "troops of friends".

LETTERS AND POEMS.

When our friends have sent both Poems and Letters, they are printed together—when they have sent the latter, only, they are printed under the head of Letters.

Portland, August 8th, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

I greatly regret that my duties here will prevent me from being present with you on Tuesday evening, so I send a brief rhyme as requested. May you have an enjoyable time, and a long and happy life. Please convey my best wishes to all present, in which my wife joins me.

Fraternally yours,

James Phinney Baxter.

The Test.

In my study, tall and straight,
Stands a clock of ancient date:
On its dial black, the hours
Beam in gold 'midst birds and flowers,
And of wood which ruddy grew

In some tropical bayou
 Is its case, where strangely shine
 Shapes grotesque which twist and twine
 As like shapes, long years ago,
 Twined and twisted to and fro
 In the bayou's stifling heat,
 Round the tree's thick matted feet.

Crowning it, an eagle springs
 Heavenward on golden wings;
 So that all may clearly read
 Whither Time's swift flight should lead,
 And I muse,—the while, meseems,
 Certain words break through my dreams,
 Till they grow distinct and clear
 Even to my outward ear:—

“Do ye justly: love ye mercy:
 Walk ye in humility!”

From a shelf, perchance, I draw
 Some great poet forth, with awe;—
 One whom men have crowned with bay—
 And I read and wonder—nay
 Worship, ready quite with them
 Even to kiss his garment's hem;
 Till there falls upon my ear
 Slowly, passionless and clear,

“Did he justly: loved he mercy:
 Walked he in humility?”

Here is one the world calls great,
 An historian, grave, sedate;
 On whose pages one may read
 Everywhere a noble creed,
 And I say within my soul,
 He hath well achieved the goal
 Of ambition, while I hear
 Slowly, passionless and clear,

“ Did he justly: loved he mercy:
 Walked he in humility?”

Here is Mather's folio quaint:—
 Mather, who so well could paint
 Sin's exceeding sinfulness—
 Paint it foul of face and dress.
 He was one who rightly claims
 Place above men's common aims,

Murmur I, the while I hear,
 Slowly, passionless and clear,
 "Did he justly: loved he mercy:
 Walked he in humility?"

All the great souls to me dear,
 In my study gathered here;
 One by one, and o'er and o'er,
 This plain test are brought before;—
 This plain test, which seems to fall
 Ever gently upon all;
 Yet which hath the power to try
 Souls of all who love and die:—
 "Did he justly: loved he mercy:
 Walked he in humility?"

This then, is the changeless test
 Of all souls, however blest
 With great powers, and few there be
 Who may meet it worthily.—
 Beat, old clock, from sun to sun!
 Beat! while life's swift currents run
 Through my veins, and let me hear,
 Slowly, passionless and clear,
 "Do ye justly: love ye mercy:
 Walk ye in humility!"

Seventy Lines of Cheer to My Septuagenarian Friends.

O worthy friends who gather here to-day,
 How is it that you have the power to say
 To marching Time, "Obey us now: stand still",
 And seem to find him bowing to your will?
 The Psalmist writing with his royal pen,
 Declared that when the three-score years and ten
 Were passed, the way would henceforth be
 Of sorrowing labor, till Eternity.
 But you have seemed to set his words at nought,
 And find your seventy years with pleasure fraught.
 Those years have spared you: body, soul and mind
 Today show plainly that no fetters bind:
 Those fetters Time so stealthily will place
 To show their traces on the form and face:

This seventieth year finds each one with the wealth
 Of human vigor multiplied by health:
 And each mind active, yea, more active now,
 Than when youth's chaplets lay upon each brow.
 In youthful prime the days while passing by
 Seemed long as years so slowly did they fly:
 And yet, though time and energy were yours
 What one achievement of those years endures?
 Those days with castle-building plans were filled:
 The field was fertile, but 'twas little tilled.
 More years were added, years of patient toil:
 You learned how fruitful was the waiting soil:
 The castles were forgotten, and now see,
 Each life is like a palace fair to me.
 Now comes to mind a story I will tell:
 Perhaps it is not true, but I mean well:
 A certain youth of vigor of desire,
 Whose soul was like an all-consuming fire,
 Approached a man of learning whose bowed head
 Gave token that in work his years had sped,
 And said, "My Master, I would fain be sought
 "By all the world because of deeds I wrought:
 "What city is there, where my mighty powers
 "Shall be all-seen as are yon castle towers,
 "And people say, 'To that man none compare?'"
 To him there answered he of silver hair:
 "All great achievements came from little things:
 "They once were infants who now rule as kings.
 "The place to which you would see people come
 "Must first of all, be nowhere else than Home".
 This fable teaches, only those as kings
 Rule, who were faithful in the little things,
 And that the crowns of glory often rest
 On heads of those who simply did their best,
 But labored in home's little, humble space,
 And never knew the noisy market-place.
 And so, while you have followed quiet ways,
 You have not passed, I know, beyond the gaze
 Of Him who sees the character that brings
 Each honest laborer the full rights of kings.
 Three-score of years and ten have lightly shed
 Their burdens on each justly honored head:
 And though the noon-tide of life's day is passed
 The afternoon need not be waning fast.
 The busy persons never moment's lose,

A life of leisure they would never choose:
And many a youth will earnest pray to feel
But half the vigor of our well-trained zeal.
Old age is not the prize of all these years:
That only comes to him who waits and fears:
But you who greet with joy three-score and ten
May live the best years of your life again:
And as the almond tree shall spread its shade
Will glory in it, being not afraid:
For with the mornings of the waning year
The fairest blossoms of all months appear.

JOHN STUART BARROWS.

Boston, Aug. 3, 1904.

AUBURN, ME., Aug. 5th, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

I am aware of your approaching birthday and should delight to be with you, and the other bright spirits on that occasion, but an overwhelming pressure of business will prevent.

Three score years and ten ! What a tale they tell as the memories of the past come whirling even unbidden into the mind. But when, as in your case, those fond recollections are only associated with noble acts and deeds they come as a guest that is bidden to the feast. Please do not regard these words as an idle expression of flattery, but remember that the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship.

Accept my heartiest congratulations on this auspicious occasion, and the sincere hope that the day may be long delayed when your footsteps shall be directed into the dark shadows. Permit me to close this brief tribute to a friend with a few lines of verse gathered on the sides of Parnassus.

A Birthday Song.

Friend Lewis, let me sing thy birthday song,
 And may each note thy joys of life prolong;
 This humble rhyme shall greet thee in the glade
 Where oft in childhood's days thy footsteps strayed.

O, may the genius of the bards of yore,
 Inspire my pen with more than classic lore;
 A friend's true love! What nobler gift could be
 Than this the tribute that I bring to thee?

This is thy natal morn, and yet too clear,
 'Tis but the evening of a dying year;
 The flowers of spring may bloom—then fade away
 And nature mourn to see her charm decay.

Thus year by year this natal day shall bring
 The pleasures of thy youth on memory's wing,
 And saddening thoughts against the will may rise,
 To mar those joys too oft we lightly prize.

Auspicious day! that gave to others birth,
 The same gave thee thy earliest views of earth;
 A day which countless thousands hail with joy,
 To thee no promised pleasures should destroy.

What though the locks that graced thy childhood's brow
 A silvery tinge these fleeting years avow?
 The youthful heart that beats within thy breast,
 Still pulsates warmly as thine acts attest.

The kindly deeds that link thy honored name
 With virtue's, are sweeter far than fame.
 Long may thy life through coming years be spared,
 And with the friends of youth thy joys be shared.

O may kind angels guard thy earthly tread,
 And smooth the pathway to thy dying bed.
 Dear Lewis, with thy name my muse begun,
 Once more my love to thee—my task is done!

L. C. BATEMAN.

Auburn, Me., Aug. 9th, 1904.

15, Fifth Street,
BANGOR, August 4, 1904.

A. F. Lewis Esq.,

Dear Sir :

In reply to your kind invitation for August ninth, I send you a few rhymes and trust that your *juvenile* gathering will be a success in every way.

With many pleasant memories and warm regards,

Your sincere friend,

Ellen H. Butler.

From all the fierce, bewildering blaze
Of these our scientific days,—
When X rays bring our bones to sight,
And with the incandescent light
The doctors search life's deepest chasm
To catch the spark of protoplasm
Snatch up the missing link, and find
The essence of sub-conscious mind,—
Run down the soul, reduce it to
A mode of motion, swift and new;—
From these strange formulas of truth
Let us return to trusting youth.
Life's best philosophy ne'er fails
To greet us in our fairy tales
And folk lore of those happy years
Before men analyzed their fears
And hushed their joke and laugh to see
How much kinetic energy
Was thereby wasted. Let us turn
And set the candle-flame a-burn,
In that dim, witching shine and shade
Not one of us will be afraid
Some cherished, fond belief to tell
In household sign or ancient spell;
Our knowledge of some haunted place
Beset by fairy charm and grace.
If there *is* such a spot I ween
By Saco's windings 'twill be seen,
There lies a hill-bound plain, in spring

Made green with many an elfin ring.
 There grows the herb which legends say
 If eaten, draws the heart away
 From toil and care, from love and hate.
 Back where he plucked and where he ate
 The eater must return. No pain
 Or joy can hold him from this plain.
 There grows that flower Ulysses found
 When wandering on enchanted ground.
 Inhale its fragrance! You shall know
 The secret of all things that grow,
 The speech of all that walk or fly.
 There, cities in the sunset sky
 You may behold by misty seas
 Teeming with rainbow argosies,—
 Ladders of light through purple haze,
 And goblins climbing moon-spun ways,—
 Mirage of winter tempests born.
 The note of fairy harp or horn
 Shall lure you forth, and you may find
 That heart's desire of all mankind,—
 The fountain by old poets sung,
 Whose draught shall keep you blithe and young.
 Ah many a wight hath quaffed so deep
 He felt the pulse of childhood leap,
 With those sweet waters clear and cold,
 And such have never yet grown old.
 Tell me true hearts met there to-day,
 Your heads perhaps just touched with grey,—
 Have *you* not seen the fairy ring?
 Did *you* not taste the bubbling spring?
 Have I not spoken truth? Declare,
 Is there not magic in the air?
 Count not the decades life has spanned,
 For what are years in fairy-land?
 Welcome from far and near to dwell
 Once more beneath the old time spell,
 Once more to hear from woodbird's throat
 That wild, intoxicating note,
 Bidding us learn anew the mood
 Of young immortal maidenhood;
 And taste the brave and eager joys
 Of boys who always will be boys!

My dear Kinsman :

I hope this will reach you in time—that you may know I did not forget or neglect.

I waited, hoping to send you a *poem*, but none came, and I am forced to put you off with this rhyme whose only worth is in the warm good wishes which go with it.

Greetings to all.

INA COOLBRITH.

To A. F. LEWIS,
In Honor of His Seventy Years,
June 23, 1904.

If my MUSE were not gone on a journey,
 To Russia, Japan, or the Pole,
 To Mars or the Moon—as it may be—
 At least, past my reach or control,
 I would make the jade send you a sonnet,
 The fairest e'er flowing from pen—
 For the soul of THE WEST should be in it,
 To greet you at Three-Score-and-Ten.
 It should soar far aloft as our mountains,
 Be strong with the strength of our hills;
 Be golden as grain-golden valleys,
 And tuneful with tunes of our rills;
 It should bear you the breath of the orange,
 The fragrance of garden and glen,
 And ring with the meadow-lark's carol,
 To greet you at Three-Score-and-Ten.
 And lo! in its gladness and sweetness
 All travail should vanish away,
 As of night time the mists and the vapors
 Are lost in the dawning of day;
 You should feel all the jubilant currents
 Of youth thrill the heart-pulse again,
 To blend with the wealth of life's harvest,—
 God's crown upon Three-Score-and-Ten!....
 But as from my side she is absent—
 Once more to the MUSE I refer,—
 And no man, or woman, may order

The coming or going of her,
I can only send this as a greeting,
With joy and a hearty Amen:
May a score and a half, Coz, be added
To the years that are Three-Score-and-Ten!

1604 Taylor St.,
Russian Hill,
San Francisco, Calif.

INA COOLBRITH.

BRYANTVILLE, MASS., August 1st, 1904.

My dear Friend:—

Your letter was received and read with much pleasure and profit. I am very grateful for all the trouble you took to assist me in genealogical research, of which I will write you more on a separate page.

Dr. Charles and I thank you for your kind invitation to participate in the celebration of your birthday. Although we have not given up all hope of being present, yet a doctor is such an uncertain factor in the social equation, that I enclose a foolish, little jingle which may recall some not unpleasant memories. With it go most affectionate regard and many good wishes from all the household.

Those who are familiar with my chirography most readily pardon a machine made note.

Yours truly,

MARY E. CHARLES.

1834.

1904

To A. F. Lewis Esq. of Fryeburg, Maine, on his
Seventieth Birthday.

Tell me again how many years
Time has given from his store;
I can not—will not now believe
They are ten and three score.

I saw you at the old homestead,
 Fields green to river brink.
 I was visiting "Sam and Bill;"
 Two years ago, I think.
 You came to the Centre schoolhouse,
 The schoolhouse, red and low;
 Our teachers' blue eyes drew you;
 That was one year ago.
 I stood quite meek at your counter
 To buy paper and pen;
 And ask some help in my Latin;
 It is a month since then.
 You came to the Academy,
 (We delved in classic lore)
 And spoke of the worth that lay in books;
 That was last week, I'm sure.
 And then our talks on Pedigree
 And heroes in the fight
 Which gave us the star spangled banner;
 That was but yester night.
 So I've proved no ten and three score
 Have fallen yet on thee;
 Still "playing at old age", you are,
 But not deceiving me.
 This fair old world still delights thee;
 It's not a tale that's told.
 Country and books, city and men
 Have not to thee grown old.
 Then greetings, many and gladsome
 I sing with faltering tongue;
 May Time give you full five score years
 And keep you always young.

MRS. O. W. CHARLES.

Bryantville, Mass., Aug. 9th, 1904.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., Aug. 1st.

Dear Lon—

I sent you a letter a few days ago and now I send you a little greeting for your Jubilee, and tho' it is not much I hope it will bear *just once* reading; and be sure I would like so well to be there, and I will be, too, tho' you may not see me.

I rejoice that you have passed so many mile-stones on the journey of life and just so long as there is "a joy of living", just so long may you journey on, and may the pathway continue smooth and unobstructed to the end.

I wonder who all are *children* of '34. I am sure you and Olive are, more than that, you are twins. I think that "Sam and Bill" were '34 twins, too. Well I will wish you a jolly good time and hope to hear from you soon.

With much love,

SISTER HAT.

To "Brother A. F." at his three-score-and-ten Jubilee.

Mountains and hills divide us,
 Broad seas and many a strait,
 And so, I send my greeting
 Out through the "Golden Gate".

But, tho' so very far away,
 I'll be with you all to-day,
 Not in body, but in spirit fine,
 I'm wishing much joy
 To each girl and old boy
 As in days of "Auld Lang syne".

Yes, three-score-and-ten,
 The race for men,
 You've gained the height so bold!
 And, by reason of strength
 May you reach the length
 Of that good old man of old.

But, as the years begin to shorten,

And the mystic cords to tauten
That bind to the other shore,
With the ingoing tide
May you gently glide,
And your bark securely moor.
Now, my Brother dear,
Though we never here
May meet in an earthly dawning,
I'll grasp your hand
In the better land,
And bid you a glad "Good-morning".

From your absent sister,

HATTIE LEWIS COLBROTH.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Aug., 1904.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Aug. 2d, 1904.

Dear Uncle Lon :

It is with regret that I pen you these lines—regret that I cannot be with you and your jovial companions and participate in the festivities in commemoration of your 70th anniversary.

Though not one of you in years, I am sure I could be in heart and soul. Though thousands of miles divide us, I am living in anticipation of seeing you all before long. I have my mind fully made up to eat my Thanksgiving dinner with you, and I hope to be able to make the day pass so pleasantly that you will think you are a boy again.

Should it be destined that I reach the three-score-and-ten mark, I trust that Father Time will deal with me as leniently as he has apparently with you. Harry wishes me to extend to you his best wishes for an eventful day. Mamma, of course, will send you a few lines; and I wish she could be with you, for she would enjoy the day to its

fullest extent.

Remember me to all the folks, and again wishing you all the joy that can be pressed into one day, I am

Your affectionate niece,

Cora L. Colbroth.

California is distant—
 Maine is far away,
 But a message of cheer
 For a day so dear
 Will surely not go astray.
 So accept my love, my uncle dear,
 'Tis all I have to send;
 And may it lend to the day
 Some little cheer
 For your three score years and ten.

The Boyish Man.

Dear friend, here's to a youth outwitting age,
 Three score and ten, and yet with closest scan
 I seek for trace of years upon a lineless page,
 And thus indite my scroll, "The Boyish Man."
 With cheer I hail you sir, an age-defying bard,
 Whose life keeps pace with happenings, old and new;
 Old Time you've thrown completely off his guard,
 By such persuasive ways, he dare not challenge you.
 I take it, sir, that you decry the pessimistic cuss
 Who beats his head against conditions foul or fair;
 Who swears this world is all a mussy muss;
 All earthly joys but castles in the air.
 To you, compensation is a changeless law,
 However varied are its workings, or complex;
 To rail at fate is judgement with a flaw,
 In either man or woman, sage or sex.
 You seek for all that's purest, best in life;
 You write not verse which pain or grief allows.

You take no part in bitter wage or strife;
 You only love, that, which love endows.
 Your soul has often felt a deep regretful hurt
 That Byron's passion ever breathed aloud;
 That Hood should stitch his woeful cotton shirt,
 Or weave it into rhyme, that agonizing shroud.
 E'en Poe's old bird upon his Pallas bust,
 Brings to your soul a dreaded chill;
 Were this not so, his darned old tapping must,
 His wierd old tapping, tapping on the sill.
 His Bells have often in a fancied knell
 Disturbed your sleep in wild nightmarish din;
 Till in your dreams you've dreamed of—well
 That you were there, and that Old Jones was in.
 But our noble Whittier's Barefoot Boy
 You have clasped him often in your arms;
 "The Children's Hour", Longfellow's pride and joy
 No sleep disturbs, no dream alarms.
 I would not claim that you in verse
 Disdain the part heroes have played;
 Not so, dear sir, the fact is the reverse;
 Your gentleness is only strength delayed.
 No skin-cured process of the doctor's art
 Provokes upon thy cheek that maiden blush to rise;
 Those still important members play their winning part
 Full oft in woman's soul, (Your roguish eyes).
 Pardon kind sir, if intrusion stalks abroad;
 This plea for woman's made, as you surmise;
 Give heed, my friend, Aunt Charlotte shouts "Good Lord!
 They're making now their sweetest goo-goo eyes".
 'Tis strange methinks, such sweetness so preserved,
 Wherefore without that saving grace, (the nuptial tie)?
 Life speculation which so oft is vainly served
 Still hovers round the wherefore and the why.
 'Tis open season now, the game is just and fair;
 Girls set the pace and make it good and hot;
 Not high, not low, don't shoot his heels or hair,
 But let young Cupid's aim select the spot.
 Dear sisters, charge the fort, your victim's here;
 The incentive lives, now onward to the fray;
 Shyness begone, remember tis the year
 When Nature's Lord becomes fair woman's prey.

Dear Mr. Lewis—

I hope the enclosed *Impromptu* will be of some use in response to your invitation. It comes from the heart, at least. I am sure all will go well, as of course it will, being under your management. You see I judge by past experience. I wish I could be there in person, but circumstances do not favor my carrying out the desire.

Wishing you all the success anticipated, I am,

most sincerely,

Aug., 1904.

ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

18, Sutherland Road,
BOSTON, August, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

Your kind and unique invitation to the 70th birthday celebration for August 9th, recalls the delightful hospitality of the dear old town and its people when honors were given to the memory of Daniel Webster and others who had blest it with distinguished service. I regret exceedingly that I cannot enjoy a continued hospitality by being present on the occasion when the *living* are to be honored.

But I cannot forget you all—

For who can forget old Fryeburg town,
The town of ancient, wise renown,
Where love and joy unite
To bless the home, the school, and all
Who come within the birthday-call
Of this fair August night.
But dearer still she seems to be,
When, to the summer jollity
By A. F. Lewis led,
She can so many "young old men",

Call, in their "three-score-years-and-ten",
Her "dear Old Boys", instead.

"Old Boys", who in the growing days,
Knew all the various tricks and ways,
Which opened to the fun,
And yet kept heart and eye to truth
Through all the atmosphere of youth,
Each one a favorite son.

So to "Old Boys and Girls", we say,
—For one alone rules not the day
Where Mr. Lewis reigns—
"Here's to your health and joy and peace,
'Till time's festivities shall cease,
And each his Heaven obtains".

ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

21, Belmont St., Coyle Park,
PORTLAND, ME.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

Why I thought you had forgotten me. When I learned of the "young old gentleman's" unique invitations issued I felt an impulsive wish to be included in the number of his friends, but from my slight acquaintance and the years that run between the Then and Now, I did not hope for remembrance.

It will be my great pleasure to join in the festivities of the old boys and girls on the 9th of August, and shall anticipate with eagerness the day.

It is a coincidence that while you made your entree into the world on the 23d of June 1834, my dear and only son found his introduction into life on the same day, just fifty years later.

Judging from yourself and him that must have been a very good star under which to be born.

Thanking you for remembrance, and trusting for propit-

ious skies when all these friends meet you and each other,
I remain,

Sincerely your friend,

Clara Marcelle Greene.

June 30, '04.

Aug. 8, '04.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

Since a personal presence at your birthday party is denied me, I am impelled by a spirit of good fellowship to send you a bit of greeting as from an old girl to an old boy. Hoping to see you yet, on some other day, I remain, as ever,

Very Sincerely your friend,

Clara Marcelle Greene.

Coyle Park,
Portland, Me.

**To My Friend,
A. F. Lewis,
On the Day when he is Seventy Years Young.**

Youth, as youth, is as nought to youth!
When its color of rose is dissolved in gray
We recall the glow we forgot, in truth,
In our zest for the race of the dawning Day.
And calm in the Afternoon's sweet air,
With tranquil steps, and hearts at rest,
Our thoughts, like our shadows, run backward far,
And Morning or Evening,—ah, which is best?
A little downward our pathways run,
But out and into the Sunset's glow
That is richer than all, when all is done,
And all the wondrous Unknown we know!

CLARA MARCELLE GREENE.

A. F. Lewis, Esq.,

My dear Sir :

As I accept your kind and flattering attention, enabling me for a brief space to join the jocund set I find a little drop clinging to the eyelid, and a suggestive lump rising in the throat.

Fifty one being my birth year and Greenwood, Oxford Co., my birth place, you will see, in accepting, that I am brought somewhat within the sympathetic circle of years as well as the locality of the doings on Aug. 9th. I shall anticipate from now until the happening the pleasure of being with you and your friends, and if in any way, in song or modest verse, I can fill a niche however small, I am yours to command.

Very Cordially,

ATHERTON FURLONG.

Portland, June 21, 1904.

See poem on page 46.

1003 K. St., WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 27, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

Fate, or shall I give her a plural name and call her "circumstances", will prevent me from making one of the happy throng which will meet in beautiful Fryeburg on the evening of August 9th to celebrate your birthday ; so, though the flesh loudly demands the green hills and cool breezes of my native state, and the spirit ever turns that way, I must refrain, and will send you, in lieu of my presence, this brief

reminder of my existence and of my good wishes to you-ward.

"I am not old! I cannot be old!
Though three-score-years-and-ten
Have wasted away like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men".

How many times in the last two months, dear Mr. Lewis, has this verse been flung at your devoted head by well-meaning friends? Fully half a hundred I dare say; but it fits the case so well that I am going to risk being the fifty-first user of it in writing you a birthday note.

A wonderful man you surely are! Very few of my acquaintances have "reached this advanced age" whose looks so belie their years as you. Sharp of eye, keen of hearing, straight as an arrow, active as a boy of twenty, and with mental powers at their best, one could almost feel that you have found and bathed in the fountain of perpetual youth. What is your secret, I pray? For the sake of your friends you should publish it broadcast ere it be too late for some of them to profit by it. We, who have not yet rounded out our *three-score* years, would be glad to know it, since some of us already feel our bodily infirmities far more than you.

So :

Congratulations now to you,
For hearing keen, for eyesight true,
For active walk, for boyish tread,
For "teeth still native to their bed",
For "strong digestion", e'en of roast,
For mental powers as few can boast,
For "sleep o' nights" as when a boy,
For tuneful voice o'er which we joy,
For all these gifts, and many more,

Your seventy years still hold in store;
We wish you joy.

So with fervent hopes for the coming years,
And many may they be,
Ere you shuffle off this mortal coil,
And your Heavenly Home you see.
With a smile and a tear for the years that are past,
And the friends that have left us for aye,
Here's a toast to the man—to the young, old man,
Who is seventy-years young to-day.

Always your sincere friend,

SARAH E. GANNETT,

PORTLAND, Aug. 1st, 1904.

Mr. A. F. Lewis,

My dear Friend :

I regret exceedingly that I cannot be with you on your birthday festival, but I think I may promise a true and hearty greeting for this long-time friend—God bless him.

CAROLINE DANA HOWE.

Aug. 8th.

My dear Friend :

I have been ill and could not write a poem for your birthday, as I wished to do, but send, instead, my Longfellow Poem which has been framed, and last week was called for to hang in the Longfellow Mansion. It may call forth some interest as it surely has *here*. Kind regards to Fryeburg friends.

C. D. H.

Longfellow.

Call him not dead! his anthems grand
 Of flowing sweetness, or command,
 Find answering hearts divinely thrilled,
 That vibrate as his song hath willed.

To pure emotions, kindled warm,
 His Poet-soul gave life and form!
 Enfolding all ideal thought
 In royal vestments, Love-enwrought.

With native sovereignty of Mind,
 Life's higher forces he combined;
 For all, who greatness would achieve,
 Must comprehend it, and believe.

If separated from its God,
 The soul leaves noblest ways untrod!
 This truth upon his heart he bore,
 A sacred shield forevermore.

So voiced he with unsullied lips,
 Broad Nature's lumined manuscripts,
 Until old Ocean's organ tones
 Rehearsed his songs in far-off zones.

And thus our Poet, lying down
 When at the summit of renown
 Found rest, and woke renewed, to sing
 On yonder heights, where Love is King.

O Bard! whose life can have no end;—
 Thy greatness would all rank transcend;
 For Virtue here, thy Fame outran,
 And stamped thee clear a Noble Man.

CAROLINE DANA HOWE.

Ode to Mr. Lewis on his Seventieth Birthday.

It is with joy I come to-day,
 And simple words of welcome say,
 To all who are assembled here,
 This prosperous and plenteous year,
 Which marks a date we can't forget,

For Mr. Lewis is with us yet.
 'Mid clustering hills, 'mong valleys green,
 In eighteen hundred thirty-four,
 His eyes first opened to the light,
 Whose rays for ten years and three score,
 Have guided him throughout the ways
 That only tell of worth and praise.
 His pen with language strong and keen,
 On many a page of press is seen,
 And in the academic hall,
 His voice was ready at Duty's call.
 But best of all, on sea or land,
 On foreign soil or near at hand,
 He's always shown as well he can,
 The true-born, knightly *gentle man*.
 The years are sad, the years are glad,
 Since eighteen-hundred-thirty-four;
 But still erect, alert and strong,
 He stands as in the days of yore.
 Here's to his health and many years,
 Filled full of joy, no rooms for tears!

ANGELINA L. HOWE.

Seventy Years.

Dedicated to A. F. Lewis on his Seventieth Birthday, June 23d, 1904.

The years roll away like billows of ocean,
 And leave us as wrecks on the shores of despair;
 Yet, still in the soul eternal emotion
 Prevails through the midnight of sorrow and care.
 And friends fall around us like leaves in the blast
 And go to God's acre to rest with the blessed;
 Yet, love is triumphant from first unto last
 And shines while it fades in the gloom of the West.
 Though seventy long years departed forever
 Have wrinkled your brows and whitened your hair
 You still can be happy on Life's rushing river
 And hope for Redemption—transplanted Up There!

Then, here's to dear Lewis, our neighbor and friend,
 May a century round off his glorious years,
 With love and devotion to last to the end,
 And joy be triumphant, unmingled with tears.

JOHN A. JOYCE.

Washington, D. C.,
 June 23d, 1904.

“BUNGALOW OVERLOOK”,

NO. 40, LOWER TERRACE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

A. F. Lewis, Esq. ;—

Sat. Morn., 6, —11, —'04.

Fryeburg, Maine ;—

Dear Old Fellow-Boy, or

Old-Boy Fellow, or Old Boy-Fellow ;—

Anyway to keep peace in the Family ;—

Your 1834—1904 Circular came day before yesterday. I was mighty glad to get *it*, and equally sorry that the seven thousand miles of travel necessary to go and come must prevent *its* getting *me*. Not only that but the date, Aug. 9th, falls outside of vacation time. Being interrupted just at the end of the first paragraph I got the idea from *its* fourth line that the date of the assemblation of your proposed syndic, or syndicate, or sanhedrim, was to be the 23d of this month. Accordingly, that you might not miss my little jingle to be offered in evidence of my epistolary presence with you “Old Boys” in celebrating the completion of your Sabbatical Decade,—the seventh ten years of your miscellaneous, variegated and picturesque old existencies,—I went at work at once.

Having had my rheumatic old Pegasus under the saddle for some days cantering over the track for the coming Cele-

bration of the 17th of June by the Bunker Hill Association, for which they have called on me for the third year in succession, I had only to shift the saddle, cinch him up a hole or two tighter, bait him with the appropriate brand of oats and head him at the hurdles along this new track. The old fellow responded very freely through some sixteen stanzas in five hours when, happening to visualize your circular once more, his rider's eye caught the date Aug. 9th, and at once saw that your contemplated tumultuous, not to say riotous, assemblage doth not agglomerate till *that* date. Whereupon a long sigh so deep as to prove quite *fundamental* relieved the tension of my attention and increased the *dis*-tension of my abominable regions till they might have reminded an aeronautic expert of an inverted model of one of Santos Dumont's famous balloons.

Now, if you please, what I want of you is this:—send more names of old residents, aboriginals, indigenous celebrities, any of whom,—or of whose descendants,—will probably meet in your hospitable domicile August 9th, next. I have used the names of Barrows, the Osgoods, Sewall,—or is it Sewell,—Uncle John Smith and, of course, your own. Kindly post me as early as may be that, in re-writing, I may include as many as may be, for, even though some other should try the same thing,—as is more than likely,—my use of the names may be sufficiently different to justify its presentation.

John Hutchinson I knew in Lynn, Mass., when father preached there along in '48,-'9,-'50, and the Hutchinson family lived at the base or on the lower slope of High Rock. One would judge that he must be out of the 'septuas' in among the 'octo-genarians' by this time. Yes, I knew him and Jesse and their sister Abby and often enjoyed their sweet songs. If John materializes with you kindly give him my old-time regards, though I cannot flatter myself that he would have the least idea of the little freckle-faced

kid that I was at that time.

Glad you have come *to* 'NIRVANA' so early,—you do not say you have entered *into* it. Your and my temperament hardly takes kindly to dead rest of any sort as a steady occupation. As for myself I'm to keep on infinitely, learning of those who know more, then turning round and passing it on to any who know less. Have work laid out enough to keep me busy for two or three eternities yet.

Your quotation of Ward's "intoxicating the shunning bowl" suggests that such a performance might fittingly take place on the evening of 'BIRTHINGTON'S WASHDAY' when some of the guests are in condition to pay the dollar a waiter and side out onto the step-walk.

Am frightfully well all-throughly and up to the tops of my ears,—if you remember their altitude,—not only writing the rhymes for BUNKER HILL, but arranging for the CELEBRATION.

Am to be in the Mount Hamilton mountain wilderness for a month and in the Santa Cruz Big Tree Forest for ten days, but any mail will promptly reach me. Have to make a bit of a 'NORATION' on the FOURTH OF JUPENDENCE, also.

Lots of Love.

As everly, thine,

E. KNOWLTON.

No. 40, Lower Terrace, S. F., Cal., 7,-28,-'04.

My dear Lewis :—

As my letters gave you to understand I was to be so I was, absent from town for about five weeks. Am just back, not fairly settled yet. Your letters with additional information and statistics, waited my return and I'm sorrier than I can tell you that I cannot use their contents for two reasons, mainly :—1st, on looking over your list of participants from whom you expect contributions of verse prose or speech, I see at least two others besides myself pro-

gramed for matter which may,—almost certainly *will*, deal with the celebrities of Fryeburg past and present, if not to come,—shame on you, you neglectful old celibate, that you have done nothing,—as far as known, to contribute to the last. So I inclose the two letters of yours which contain matter of which one might make almost an epic had he time. Then, secondly, my long absence has put a lot of work to be done upon these first, and many following days so that I could not begin to do justice to a subject as voluminous as paying fitting honors to a list as long. Hence I shall beg you to accept the inclosed re-writing of the off-hand rhymes I sent with some changes in a few stanzas and the addition of two or three more.

How you would have enjoyed my outing! First, with a gentleman of our U. S. Mint, walked to the 'Big Basin', a reservation of 3800 acres in the Santa Cruz country bought by the state and kept as a perpetual Park for the state. It contains hill and dale and forests, (the last chiefly), with streams and one waterfall of surpassing beauty 80 ft. high by 25 wide over the face of a cliff so nearly perpendicular as to barely break the whole fall into one sheet of foamy, snowy whiteness shut in with silence. The Warden made us wholly at home. Slept five nights in the open at the foot of a tree 210 feet high by 35 feet in girth, peeping up thro' the branches to the stars from a soft couch of fragrant leaves, soft and springy, in the midst of the soundless dusk of a California night. Then 22 days in the Mount Hamilton wilderness whence from the top of a 3685 ft. peak I gazed over 20 leagues of park-clad, billowy mountains rolling in from the S. and S. S. E. with no house nor fence nor sign of humanity but the observatory crowning the great mountain itself. But I must defer fuller account till later. Write me early and fully.

Regretfully and Fraternaly thine,

E. KNOWLTON.

No. 40 Lower Terrace, S. F., Cal., Tu., 8.-2,-'04.

My dear Lewis:—

In the hurry of enclosure the other day I left out the inclosed. As it may possibly contain something you may wish to use I send it along in the hope that it will reach you,—as it certainly ought,—in time for the 9th.

Am tremendously sorry not to be with you but I pledge you my word I'll be with you on the 140th anniversary, and you won't have to scout all over Hades to find me either. We may both be on deck, here on this earthly deck, even, as you see the latest movement of science promises to prolong life indefinitely. But I fancy they'll succeed best who got the best start,—such as you and I have, for instance.

Had a jolly little fifteen-mile skite last Sunday and am to take a longer one next Sunday. Well, 'be virtuous and you'll be happy'. I know for I've tried it and have had the very best kind of a time all along. That *saying* is not original but the *practice* of its injunction is more nearly so with

Yours as ever-ly, and even more so,

E. KNOWLTON.

To The

Seventy-Year-Oldsters Club, of Fryeburg, Maine, for their Celebration on Aug. 9th, 1904; from Prof. Ebenezer Knowlton, of San Francisco, a 'Maine-iac' by birth and boyhood. In immediate response to Notification and Invitation of A. F. Lewis, of the said 'Burg', June 10th, 1904.

Off Hand from a Full Heart.

I.

Say! You Septuagesimal Crowd, over there!
 More than 3000 miles cannot keep us apart!
 Dear Seventy-Year-Oldsters! You Boys! *More* the Girls!
 I'm with you, you bet you,—in the heart of my heart!

II.

My mind's eye beholds you,—my spirit-hand clasps
 Each one of your own with a grip warm and strong,
 While my psychical telephone brings to the ear
 Your greetings, your speeches, your mirth and your song.

III.

In the Chamber of Fancy I take down its 'phone'
 With a 'Central! Hullo! Give me Fryeburg, now, please!'
 The connection is instant,—I'm with you once more,—
 I walk through your streets,—muse under your trees,—

IV.

Climb again to my 'den' in the Oxford House there,—
 'Uncle John's' beaming eye makes me doubly at home;—
 In Academy's Halls I preside as of yore,—
 Lovell's Pond and North Conway invite me to roam.

V.

Friend Lewis,—the Osgoods, Barrows, Sewall,—et al.—
 Make me welcome in homes such as rarely we find,—
 Noble elms wave their blessing, grand hills smile again,—
 Vales and Mountains breathe 'Peace' into heart and thro' mind.

VI.

Down Serpentine Saco with holiday crowd
 I float in gay barges that never return
 Except 'overland', drawn by oxen full stout,—
 For rowing *up*-stream both barge and crew spurn.

VII.

Sweet Saco's a paradox. It forever runs down
 With its freight of felicity,—loads of delight;—
 Winding ever through Paradise all the day long,
 Yet 'ox-bowing' back to Home Edens at night.

VIII.

Home doors swing wide open,—hearts and dining-rooms too,
 For stomach and spirit they could ne'er keep apart;—
 They nourished and filled them in equal degree
 With gospels of food,—benedictions of heart.

IX.

Why Marconi's not 'in it' with his famed wireless scheme,—
 Röntgen's Ray's dim and slow, thro' skin, flesh and bone,
 Compared with these soul-phones, these mind-rays of ours,
 Their sights and their sounds,—each form, every tone.

X.

Other verses will sing of Fair Fryeburg's great sons;—
 Other voices will praise them as mine may not do,

Tell o'er their achievements, recount their bright deeds:—
Though much they may tell, far more would be true.

XI.

The Fountains of Fame bubble thick in this Classic Old Vale,—
The Stars of Celebrity sprinkle its sky;—
Its annals yield many an ancestry proud
Whose Genius and valor with world-records vie.

XII.

But my Pegasus prances too proudly, I fear,
He pulls rather hard on my light snaffle-bit,—
So I'll e'en pull him in and bring his pace down
To a gait and a speed to my subject more fit.

XIII.

It's true, to be sure, I'm not 'shy' as to years:—
My birth-day,—the first one,—came in old Thirty-five,—
November 18th,—says the Record,—and all the while since
I've been hustling around and am still quite alive.

XIV.

Age rests not at all on an almanac's date,—
True life we can't measure in days, months and years;—
There are *old* men at *twenty*, *young* at *three-score-and-ten*;—
Right among our own *selves* that truth plainly appears.

XV.

For all stations on earth, every duty in life;—
You know this full well for you've often been told;—
It makes us cheerful and hopeful, every one of us all,—
Better seventy years young than twenty years old.

XVI.

Well, I'd just like to hug you,—that's so,—yes, I would,
Both the boys and the girls, each Madam, each Miss,—
And I hope you'd all pardon,—if pardon I'd need,—
If in their case, the huggings were crowned with a kiss.

XVII.

So don't mind what the Almanac says, not a word!
We cut its acquaintance some decades ago;—
The hoar-frosts of earth's winters *may* sprinkle *outside*,
But the youth-warmth within quickly melts them, we know.

XVIII.

So sing,—cheer,—joke,—laugh,—as King David oft did!
Show Old Age the cold shoulder,—the bright-gleaming eye!
Bid him stay till we call him, not intrude himself yet!
That's the way we must treat him,—must you,—as do I.

XIX.

God spare us! God keep us! God bless us, each one!
 Work *in* us and *through* us to cheer other hearts,
 To make our world better,—bring Peace and Good Will,—
 Till the last of our number from this sphere departs

XX.

Where the years are not counted, where age is unknown,—
 Sorrow, weakness and pain give place unto joy!
 What we *would* be we *shall* be,—all we *wish* we shall *know!*
 God grant it, Dear Friends, to Each Girl and Each Boy!

PROF. E. KNOWLTON,

'Bungalow Overlook',

No. 40, Lower Terrace,

San Francisco, Cal.,

Thursday, July 28th, 1904.

Dear Saco's stream winds clear and bright
 Through verdant vales, a silvery thread,
 Emerald and blue, in shade and light,
 The circling hills in beauty spread.
 O'er glittering shallows, in the morning's glow,
 Past banks, flower-decked, in Summer's gay array,
 Through vine-wreathed groves, and fields where cattle low,
 The river lingers, on its homeward way.
 Beneath the shadowing trees, whose bough and leaf
 Seen in the waters still, are doubly fair;
 Across the boom, where bleached and gnarled roots,
 Like fabled dragons guard a treasure rare;
 And then the perfect gem, "brave Lovell's" pond,
 A diamond, in green setting, greets our eyes.
 Across the shimmering waters, the dark pines beyond,
 Home of our Fathers, loved Pequawket lies.
 O Friend! You've reached the spreading lake at last,
 The broader, freer life of thought and rest!
 Your hands can drop the oars, content with effort past,
 While heaven's winds waft you toward the glowing West.
 Long may your bark float on Life's quiet waters,—
 The past around you, in its light and shade,
 The present glad with greetings, from Fryeburg's sons and
 daughters—
 While you face a radiant future, with spirit unafraid.

And when at last, night's shadows enshroud the lake and valley,
 When song of bird is hushed, and loving lips are dumb,
 The lonely, star-lit path, short as the Red Man's "carry",
 Will lead you to your friends again, and to your Father's home.

Minneapolis, July 14th, 1904.

CAROLYN E. MCMILLAN.

To A. F. Lewis,
 on his
 One Hundred and First Birthday!*

You say you are three score and ten;
 Of all the silly, foolish men!
 Last year you owned to *thirty more*,
 Down on the banks of Lovewell's shore.
 Why try your friends on years to swindle,
 And make believe your age can dwindle;
 When all the truth is said and done,
 You know you are *one hundred and one!*

CARRIE GIBSON NEWMAN.

*In 1903 Mrs. Newman presented to Mr. Lewis a *Centennial* Birthday Cake. At the recent Festival the same lady presented him another Birthday Cake, inscribed as follows:

A. F. L.,
 1803—1904.
 Aug. 9th.

For several summers, Prof. A. W. Phillips and the late, lamented Prof. J. W. Gibbs of Yale, with their wives and friends have been in the habit of calling on Mr. Lewis. Aug. 26th, Prof. Phillips, wife and friends made their annual call. It was a matter of mutual regret that we did not know we were so near each other (they being in Conway)

on Aug. 9th. Had they known of the celebration they certainly would have been present, thereby adding joy to their own lives, and increased pleasure to the Festival.

Aug. 29th, we were pleased to receive the following poetic greeting from Prof. Phillips :

ON THE TRAIN TO CONN., Aug. 27, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis: I have read, with interest and delight,
 The Press accounts you loaned me and which I returned last night.
 That was indeed a pretty verse*; that note* was unmixed joy—
 My heart was warmed to read your words; you are a grand old boy!
 Were those, my friend, upon the stage, *the* jewels of the town,
 The *only* ones, from '34, to decorate its Crown—
 Your gallant heart I know responds, "*The diadem of Pearls*
 In Fryeburg is the noble band of seventy-year girls".

Yours, A. W. PHILLIPS.

BRISTOL, N. H., Aug. 8th, 1904.

Old Friend, whom I but once have met,
 Long years since then have flown!
 But the old home to which you came,
 Is still to-day my own.
 As then, among the maple boughs
 All day the robins call;
 My sisters' briar rose still clings
 About the gray stone wall;
 The orange lillies in the grass
 In tawny beauty grow;
 And all around me seems to speak
 Of days long, long, ago;—
 The sweet days when the hearts I loved
 The sunshine shared with me;
 The glad days when I walked with Hope
 As now with Memory.

*See p. 2.

Nay wait! Hope has not failed us yet;
Let not our hearts despond!
The best of Life, the best of Love,
Are not *here*, but beyond.

ANNIE D. G. ROBINSON.*

I greatly regret sending these very incomplete lines; but I have been truly ill, and have had very unusual demands upon my time, every moment has had some new call for me. I send the verses simply as an expression of sincere interest, for your welfare and also for the success of your birthday gathering. They are *worthless otherwise*.

A. D. G. R.

My dear Mr. Lewis,
It surely not true is,
You count seventy *years* as your own:
The summers in lightness
Have given you their brightness,
The winters have let you alone.
Although I'm not present
On this day so pleasant,
To wish you all joys without end;
While others will meet you,
All eager to greet you,
These words bid you think of your friend,

ANNIE SHOREY.

Whiteface, N. H., August 5, 1904,

My dear Mr. Lewis:

My friend, I come with wishes glad
To give you hearty greeting,
And thank you for your cordial call
To join your happy meeting.

*"Marian Douglass."

I really feel as if coy Fame
Had opened wide her portals,
And bade me enter—even me--
To sit with the "Immortals".

But all who enter that domain
Rich gifts of song are bringing--
How can one enter with mute lips,
When all around are singing?

I only trust that on that day
I'll meet the true vibration;
My heart in tune to catch the note--
A real Marconi station.

And so, each voice that bids you joy,
That tells of glad things taugth you;
Of sunny days-- or sorrow's haze--
Whate'er the years have brought you,

Will find an echo in my heart
When all your friends are voicing
Their wishes--hopes--for future years,
I, too, shall be rejoicing.

Very sincerely your friend,

Hanover, Me., August 5, 1904.

HELEN M. STAPLES.

BRIDGTON, ME., Aug. 8th, 1904.

A. F. Lewis, Esq.,

My Good Friend :

I received, some time ago, your kind invitation to be with the young old men to-morrow on the anniversary occasion. I ought to have acknowledged it at the time, but I hardly knew what answer to make. I have all along wanted to be present at the happy function, but ill health rendered your invitation so uncertain of acceptance that I deferred definite reply.

As it is, I feel that I must be obliged to remain at home. I have for some time been compelled to absent myself from

out-of-town and nearly all in-town merrymakings. If I attend, I have to pay dearly for it thereafter. Whenever I see you, and realize what joy it is for one to be continuously in perfect health, I can but think how much you have to be thankful for.

As a little heart-offering, I have just composed the enclosed rhymed tribute, which voices my own sentiments, and also, I'm quite sure, the feelings of the many who know you.

Trusting that you and your friends will have the best of good times, and that my own health be restored and my life prolonged so I may bring my old violin and play a tune or two at your one-hundredth birthday anniversary, I subscribe myself

Your Friend and Well-Wisher,
CHARLES O. STICKNEY.

To Alonzo F. Lewis,
On His Seventieth Birthday.

Three-score-and-ten! How few the men
At seventy can say, "I'm strong
And well and 'young' as when among
Coevals, now a vanished throng!"
Aye! Fortune has to thee been kind;
Yet not to her alone the meed,
For *thou* hast shown it pays, in mind
And body both, to nature heed.
I say it with no fulsome voice;
Thou walkest e'er in "manhood's pride",
And *we* have reason to rejoice
O'er manhood thus exemplified.
Dear friend, I'm speaking from the heart
In wishing thee still many years,
With health and happiness thy part—
Life's vale to *thee* no "vale of tears!"

CHARLES O. STICKNEY.

Bridgton, Me., Aug. 9th, 1904.

To my Friend Lewis.

Here's a health to friend Lewis, the Fryeburg Savant,
 May his life on this earth be happy and long;
 And all through his life, on each dawning day,
 May lots of good things be coming his way:
 And when at the last he departs from earth's shore,
 He will have hosts of friends his loss to deplore;
 But we hope that his end long deferred may be,
 Thus says his old Friend—that is, G. A. T.

GEORGE A. THOMAS.

Portland, Aug. 9th, 1904.

Aug. 15th, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

I enclose my very crude lines, as I promised ; if I could have read them, I think they might have sounded better to the ear than they appear to the eye, on reading them—however, you must have some bitter with the sweet : and really you had so many sweet and lofty thoughts sent to you they ought to make even the wintry days seem warm and glowing.

It must be *heavenly* in F. to-day ; there is a clear bright air here, and *no fog*, and how much more beautiful in F. On our way home there was a beautiful little shower, but just this side of Cumberland Mills the fog began to come in, and when we reached the station, we were closely enveloped with wet, cold, relentless fog. This is the first *all* clear day. I hope you are taking great care of Miss Loveitt—and are putting great streaks of fat in her way, that she may acquire and possess them, thoroughly. I know she is enjoying your *living* air—and her *feather bed*. Please give her my love, and also kind regards to the rest

of the household—and with the best and brightest hope for
a happy winter for yourself,

I am, *very hastily*,

Yours cordially,

ELIZABETH W. VARNUM.

Lines to

Mr. Alonzo F. Lewis,

on the celebration of the 70th anniversary of his
birth-day, by one of his Portland Friends.

Among the hills of granite,
Midst the music of the Pines;
Fair Nature builds a dwelling place
On grand and lofty lines.
And this place is e'er the cradle,
For some loved and honored names,
Who shall rule in wondrous circles,
And play at Nations' games.

And nature dearest mother,
With heart of depth and strength;
Gathers all her loving children,
From the country's wealth and length.
And in this harvest-time so fair—
The best from which the view is,
With heart of oak, and steadfast mien,
That is her bright "boy", Lewis.

With moderation, but success,
He wins upon the heart;
And permeates like atmosphere.
As if he were its part.
And like the radiant summer time
Of sunshine and of flowers,
With wit and jollity he gives
A zest to happy hours.

From day to day and hour to hour,
 Oh let us never curb
 Our wit, our joy, our love, our power,
 Our ever ripening thought, our heaven-sent dower;
 But roam with him in grove and woodland bower,
 Gaining fresh grace, new plants that late may flower,
 Like Fryeburg.

Portland, Aug. 9th, 1904.

If Time has gently dealt with you
 Oh friend, of many years,
 If you can face the western sky
 Unmoved by doubts or fears;
 If your strong frame is still erect,
 Your step is firm and free,
 Undimmed your vision that has seen
 So much and variously;
 If you still view with keen delight
 The sunshine and the cloud,
 Mountain and Forest, Lake and Stream,
 The fallow fields and ploughed;
 If that sweet vale enchants you still,
 As when first met your gaze,
 The Saco's magic circle, and
 The far-away blue haze;—
 Though personally we may not come
 Our deference to show;
 Or here, or there, we doff our hats
 And make obeisance low.

CHAS. M. WILEY.

HELEN M. WILEY.

Orange, N. J.,
 June 20, 1904.

To Mr. A. F. Lewis :

Acknowledging the invitation to be present at a celebration of his seventieth birthday at Fryeburg, Maine, on Aug. 9th, 1904.

HIRAM, MAINE, Aug. 9th, 1904.

A. F. Lewis, Esq.,
Fryeburg,

My dear Cousin :

Allow me briefly to congratulate you and your associates on this festive occasion that marks an event so important in your long, useful, and honorable careers.

Pure as the softly falling snow,
Or the crystal waters that onward flow;
Warm as the sun beam's golden ray,
Is the greeting we bring on this joyous day.
Long be the chain of peaceful years,
Untouched by sorrow, undimmed by tears;
And loyal the friendship, tried and true,
That shall gladden the years that wait for you.
On each golden link, in Friendship's chain,
On each pleasant home 'mid the hills of Maine,
May the blessings of Heaven rest for aye,
As it rests on this perfect, summer day.

As Ever,
Fraternally Yours,

LLEWELLYN A. WADSWORTH.

LETTERS.

NEW YORK, June 20, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

In my own name and in that of Mrs. Abbott and my son, I write to extend our congratulations and felicitations to you, in company with the many friends who will meet with you personally, on the occasion of your seventieth birthday.

You and I have traversed very nearly the same number of years in the same country, and look back over the most dramatic of centuries, and I do not well see how it is possible for any one to have lived through these years of strain and trial without an increased faith in God, in his fellow-men, and in that democracy which is founded upon this faith.

Very sincerely,

LYMAN ABBOTT.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

I was very glad to receive an invitation for Aug. 9th. It cannot fail of being a most happy day, and I am so glad it happens during vacation.

I shall surely come. I hope June 23d may come to you

a great many times, always bringing happiness. In three weeks I hope to see you.

Sincerely your friend,

HATTIE ABBOTT.

June 5, 1904,
Attleboro, Mass.,
152 Union St.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., Aug. 9, 1904.

Mr. A. F. Lewis,
Fryeburg, Me.,

My dear Friend :

Your cordial invitation to be present at the celebration of the 70th birthday of yourself and fellow townspeople, on Aug. 9th, 1904, has been received, and I greatly regret that my necessary presence in this city on that day will prevent me from being present. If I shall continue to live on this earth for ten years more, I shall then have reached my three-score-and-ten years, and I am anticipating that these ten will be what I trust and believe the last ten of your life have been, the happiest decade of the whole seven.

I send my hearty greetings to you and to all your fellow septuagenarians, and wish you a most happy and interesting celebration of the day. You have lived in a most eventful period of our history ; and when your responsibilities in this life shall cease, you can enter the spiritual world knowing that your lives have added something to the sum of human knowledge and goodness now filling the civilized world on earth.

May you all be blessed with active life and useful occupation for many more years to come.

Yours very sincerely,

JOB BARNARD.

The following is from one of the boys Gen. Farrington assisted while in Portland, and who is now principal of a school of 400 boys in Newburg, N. Y.

NEWBURG, N. Y., August 5th, 1904.

Gen. E. C. Farrington,

Very dear friend:

Thank you for your very kind invitation to attend the reception by you and your fellow Septuagenarians. Distance alone prevents me attending bodily, but not in spirit, for space has no limit in which to hold the better part of man.

Congratulations for the mere existing physically until the end of your seventh decade may not be in order, but the congratulations that I extend to you are those which eulogize the thousands of kindnesses which have been as fragrant flowers strewn along the pathway of others. I think of the many whose voices would wish you our blessings and gratitude, for you are the plant whose fruit we have enjoyed. Your influence over our early life has brought to us the real fruit of life. Let the result of our lives be to you like the morning breeze and like grace let it fill your soul with joy. I wish you every good thing and many years of usefulness.

Cordially yours,

ANTHONY BARRETT.

PORTLAND, MAINE, June 15th, '04

To Mr. A. F. Lewis,

Dear Friend:

Many thanks for the invitation received to birthday reception of the Sons and Daughters of Frye-

burg, born in 1834.

May you see many more returns of the day (June 23d) and always feel young as now.

With best wishes of Mrs. Baker, my Daughter and myself,

MRS. JAS. S. BEDLOW.

MOUNT MORRIS, N. Y., July 4th, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

As I am not gifted as a prose or poetic writer, I can only extend my thanks to you for remembering me so kindly in an invitation to be present at your Jubilee on the 9th of August. Were it possible (which it is not) it would give me great pleasure to see you once again my old friend, and to join in the festivities you are preparing for the reunion of those born on your natal day. It will no doubt be a joyous time for you all, and I wish particularly to extend my congratulations to you for your wonderful preservation both bodily and mentally. How very few there are who can say as much for themselves as you can. I have often heard of you through our mutual friend Mrs. Stone, and it was always to inform me that you were the same Mr. Lewis I had known in former years. No one could appreciate your acquaintance and friendship more highly than I have done and it has always been the one bright spot in my short abode at Fryeburg.

With my best wishes for a happy and joyous reunion believe me,

Always your Friend,

ELIZABETH A. BRADBURY.

PORTLAND, Jan. 21st, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

I must apologize most sincerely for having left your letter unanswered, and for having kept the inclosed articles so long a time. It is not often one renews an acquaintance after so many years. Indeed it seems quite remarkable we should each, as well as all the other members of that famous party*, be still alive and able to renew acquaintance. I am not in New York just at present and possibly shall not be there this winter—and in answer to your question, I have not the pleasure of being related to the Bradley or Lewis family of Fryeburg; my Bradley and Lewis ancestors being all from the neighborhood of Portland.

You speak of your approaching birthday. Perhaps it is over now, it is certainly not too late to offer my congratulations and good wishes for the coming year.

Many thanks for the articles regarding Fryeburg which I read with interest. It must be a very beautiful place. People who live in Maine are very fortunate—especially if it be by the mountains or the sea.

With many thanks for your remembrance,

Sincerely,
HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY.

PORTLAND, August 8, 1904.

Dear brother Lewis :

Thank you for your kind invitation to visit Fryeburg and yourself to-morrow, and I wish it were possible to do so, but visitors and family cares prevent.

*A White Mt. Ramble in July, '73; camping out three weeks, sleeping in tents—walking from Centre Harbor, through the Pemigewasset Valley and Bethlehem; over Mt. Washington and down to Bethel, 125 miles.

The party were Maj. John M. Gould, Elizabeth M. Gould, Maria D. Gould, Hattie L. Bradley, Mrs. C. Blanchard, Lucy N. Blanchard and Winthrop Jordan of Portland; Sam'l M. Welch, J. M. McDougal and Emma S. Gilbert of N. Y.; A. F. Lewis of Fryeburg and Willie Barbour of Bangor.

I heartily congratulate you on having arrived at so many years of happiness and distinction, and I trust that you may round up your next decade by completing a history of Fryeburg.

May your Anniversary Day prove a perfect one and may you be able to say with Longfellow,

“This is my birthday, and a happier one was never mine”.

Sincerely your friend and brother Collector,

HUBBARD W. BRYANT.

Saturday, August 6, 1904.

15 Gray Street, PORTLAND, MAINE.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

I am indeed glad to know that life is so bright and beautiful to you, and particularly at this time of your Anniversary Celebration. Very great is my regret in not being able to participate in the pleasures of the festal hour, but my hope is that it may be a day to be wreathed in *golden memories*.

Will you please accept of the enclosed memento as a token of my sincere appreciation of your kindly and gracious courtesy to me and which will always enshrine you so pleasantly in the secret chambers of my heart where are hung the pictures only of those I truly cherish.

My dear friend, may you sail peacefully o'er the sea of time, and may your bark be fanned by balmy breezes: and at last anchor in that blessed haven of joy and felicity in the ever beautiful city of our God.

Very cordially,

JAMES CLARK BURNHAM.

“Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green
Where grow such sweet and fragrant flowers
As no where else are seen.”

“Blessed are they who enter through the Gates into the City.”

964 Saint Marks Ave., BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
August 11th, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

I am very sorry that I did not receive your note in season to respond to your request, but it is not too late for me to write and thank you for your very kind words about my dear husband, who so dearly loved Fryeburg and all its people. My son has just graduated from college, a year ago in June, and is now started in business. He will probably drift into the right place after a time. He joins in kind remembrances to all who remember us.

Thanking you for your invitation I am most sincerely,

MRS. H. B. CARPENTER.

99 Pineknay Street,
BOSTON, 4 August, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

I have to thank you in behalf of both Mrs. Choate and myself for your very kind invitation to the celebration of Old Home Week at Fryeburg this month. It was extremely good of you to remember us after an absence of so many years from our native state and from that neighborhood with which we were both familiar in earlier life. It would give us great pleasure, I assure you, to meet old friends again, but my engagements keep me here through the summer, and, if Mrs. Choate comes to Maine, it will be to visit our more particular "Old Home" in Bridgton.

We send our congratulations upon your having reached the borders of those years promised to those who remember in honor the generations before them, and our good wishes that these years may be many and happy ones.

Cordially,

ISAAC B. CHOATE.

Mr. Alonzo F. Lewis.

Mr. A. F. Lewis,

Dear Friend :

An apology is due you for our long delay in replying to your letter with invitation, the date of which we do not recall, as, somehow the letter has been mislaid.

Had we taken the trip we planned, to go East for this summer, to include a stay at Fryeburg, we would have accepted your invitation ; as it is, must send regrets.

Your party is to be really novel, so apart from the stiff conventionalities of such functions. I predict for you a real feast in an interesting interchange of ideas which have been embodied in acts, made practical, and their power felt.

“As man is God’s universal idea, he must be the reflection of all right ideas. He is not subject to birth, growth and decay, and cannot count himself old, as time is no part of eternity.”

You surely have dwelt in this realm of the real, and above the false consciousness of old age and decrepitude which has preserved your body, as well as your mentality to still enjoy the true blessings bestowed by promise on all who “Keep His Commandments”.

We regret we cannot share with you, and your many friends, this feast.

Sincerely yours,

ABIGAIL F. COLBY,

JOHN A. COLBY.

Chicago, July 28, 1904.

(81)

PORTLAND, July 13, 1904.

My dear Friend :

I so seldom write a letter now-a-days, I scarcely know how. My eyes have been so dim I could not see well enough to write as I used to, and being so unaccustomed to putting my thoughts onto paper, of late, I may not send you such a greeting as I would wish, on the anniversary of your seventieth birthday.

I congratulate you on the long life you have spent, which has seemed so happy. You have been blessed with health, good society and good friends. All are still continued to be with you and may they remain with you while you stay in this beautiful world which you have enjoyed so much, and may you have as many returns of this anniversary as you *wish* for, then pass on to the blessed immortality which we trust awaits us farther on. I will ask you to offer the same congratulations and wishes to your *confreres*, who assemble with you to celebrate their seventieth *mile stone*, and with whom I am acquainted, the most, if not all. I should like to be with you on this occasion, but cannot.

Thank you for your kindly friendship and your many kindnesses since I have been so afflicted in these late years.

Very sincerely your friend,

JANE FRYE COOLIDGE.

BRIDGTON, August 14, 1904.

Dear Friend :

I am sorry indeed to have my good wishes expressed too late for the evening of Aug. 9th. I would have been very glad to be present at the *birthday party*—and I did intend to send my little word of greeting in season.

I trust the event was a most enjoyable one and that you may “all live long and prosper” is the earnest wish of both

Mr. Cook and myself. Fryeburg, and all connected therewith, has always been especially dear to me since my three years of life there. I look back upon those years now with a good deal of pleasure—Fryeburg is a dear old town—and I always stand up for it when occasion offers.

I had a long talk with Stuart Barrows last fall on the train, and he gave me the whereabouts of many of the old Fryeburg friends—I was glad to hear from them.

I must again wish you health and happiness. I wonder if you may be a relative of mine. My mother's maiden name was Lewis.

Sincerely yours,

KATHERINE L. STONE COOK.

Bangor House, BANGOR, Aug. 8, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

You made a mistake, when you looked for your age in the King James Bible. You should have consulted the Revised Version. I am sure that that would have said nothing to the effect that you were born in 1834. Any careful translation would not put you a minute on the shady side of fifty. The best of it is that you still feel the vigor and cheer of sturdy manhood. And I trust that all the other members of '34 will find themselves just as happy and filled with the joy of living as you are, and with eyes still turned to the morning. I wish that I might be there in person to extend congratulations to you and to your fellow young-folks of seventy summers. But as that is impossible, accept the written good wishes of

Yours sincerely,

W. E. DECROW.

HAMPTON, N. H., Aug. 5th, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

I was very much pleased to hear from you and might have answered sooner, only I waited, expecting Blanche C. would stop here on her way back as she intended to—but suddenly changed her plans and went directly home—she may come here later. Many thanks for your cordial invitation to come to your “Pow Wow”; should think it was a very happy idea—no doubt you will have quite a crowd and a very nice time, surely I would like to be there if I could. But we could not go away at this season of the year—not in Aug.:—but my husband unites with me in sending thanks and hoping you will have *a very happy time*, and many more pleasant years to enjoy; now-a-days people hardly begin to grow old at seventy.

I have thought of my Fryeburg friends many times. Miss Haley, (I can't think of her married name), she was a Fryeburg girl—visited a friend here about ten years ago, and through her I heard about some of the people;—have heard nothing since until I rec'd your note.

When Blanche said she was going to F. I said I would like her to enquire for some of my old friends—and spoke of you and some others—she writes me Frank Charles is not living—I wonder where Sue is—and would like to know about Alice Hastings—she was such a lovely girl, she wrote to me last. After I married I dropped out from writing many letters. We live in a very quiet way. My husband has been in poor health much of the time—and in fact did so much travelling when he was young that he does not care to go very much anywhere now. At present he is feeling very well, so long as he stays near the sea. We are both very fond of reading and manage to keep very well supplied. I visit much more than he does. Old age has not seemed to trouble either of us very much yet,—except some grey hairs. Do you still board—or have you an es-

tablishment of your own? I wonder if Mr. Shirley is living; if so remember me to him.

Blanche seemed very much pleased in meeting you—you were very kind to call, and take her over to the old Charles House—she says “you are very nice”. Unless she comes here soon she will likely write me more about her visit there. Possibly sometime we may take a trip to the Mts. and come back by way of F. I would like to do so.

Thanking you again for your invitation—with lots of good wishes,

I am your friend,

MRS. R. P. DELANCEY,

Hampton,

N. H.

CONCORD, Aug. 1904.

Mr. A. F. Lewis,

My *young* friend:

Your circular received some weeks since in regard to the gathering of the *boys* and *girls* of '34 at your place, serves to deepen the impression I have had for some time—that there *are no old people now*. How can there be with so much going on in the world to watch and be interested in, and perhaps take part in?

Those of us who have been especially favored in having the last three quarters of the 19th century allotted us, have been permitted to see the *beginnings* of almost everything in regard to the welfare and comfort of mankind. Railways, telegraphs, telephones, ocean cable, electricity, and *wireless* telegraphy. I said to myself then—well, what next!

Just here I am reminded of a visit I made to your place

some years ago—by rail to the Weirs—thence by boat to Center Harbor, and from there a long stage ride—finishing the last few miles by private conveyance. Why I recall it just now is—because the absorbing topic of conversation then was the survey for the railway through the *Notch*. It couldn't be done some thought but it *was* done and followed some time later by a still greater achievement—the *Summit Railway*, and now an Automobile to the *top* in about *30 minutes*.

Let us stop a minute now and catch our breath—and think of something else, for instance, Grand old Niagara Falls being put to work to furnish light and power to distant cities.

I begin to feel as if the world had *shrunk* so that it is simply an *Annex* to our great and blessed Country. *That* is constantly *expanding*. Just now the war in Japan and the Panama Canal seem to be the principle things to look after. Of course Roosevelt's election seems assured so we don't have to feel very anxious about that.

Well, enough of this rambling to come down to personal matters. Soon after receiving your circular I took it in to read to Fidelia Lucy—remembering you knew the family—and she is the only one left, and as she is one of the "Shut-ins" of course she was especially pleased as it was *her 70th* birthday, June 20th, '34. She charged me to send her best wishes—in which I heartily join that your gathering may have nothing to mar its pleasantness and success.

Very sincerely yours,

MARY S. DOLE.

77 Pleasant St.,

Concord, N. H.

WEST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.,
June 23, 1904.

My dear Lewis :

Many congratulations on this beautiful morn of a rare June day which completes for you seven wonderful decades of this marvelous experience which we call "life". Surely for one of your youthful proclivities I had not thought of time as skipping along so fast, and had been still regarding you as actually young in years and the ever popular beau of the Fryeburg young ladies—just as of yore—and even now, after your chronological reference to the Old Family Bible, still think that the last may be true : but yet that you, Lewis, are actually "three-score-and-ten" comes as a genuine and almost bewildering surprise.

It would give me great pleasure on Aug. 9th to look in on old Fryeburg, and with sympathetic spirit behold how that jolly band of young old boys and girls will "paint red" with gaiety the old town, where youthful Webster taught and pay marked and well-merited honor to Webster's ever youthful and enthusiastic Fryeburg historian, whose life-long pride it has been that he would rather starve amid the scenes and good fellowship of old Oxford's noble country town than win fame and luxury elsewhere !

It has been one of the rare pleasures of the writer's somewhat varied and widely-travelled life to have enjoyed Fryeburg's generous and hearty hospitality in those former days on which memory now so fondly dwells, and were it reasonably possible he would certainly accept your kind invitation to the good time of Aug. 9th. The Saco, Jockey Cap, Lovewell's Pond and the open homes and warm hearts of the good friends in Fryeburg are still inducements with which to conjure ! But for some time I have been arranging to leave on July 1st for a long trip into the South and West, where I have some professional engagements in August, which will probably debar me the great pleasure of

being in Fryeburg, outwardly, but in spirit I shall be with you and yours, partaking of all the good time!

And now, my dear Mr. Lewis, most sincerely thanking you for counting me in your list of old friends, I wish you and yours all the happiness of a young-old-age. May you and all your friends ever keep young in spirit, and then when we cross the Great Divide we shall be entering on Immortal Youth whose mountains and rivers and miles will not in the least sever true friends.

With most cordial and sincere esteem,

Your friend,

HOWARD C. DUNHAM.

CHICAGO, ILL., August 6, 1904.

Mr. A. F. Lewis,

Fryeburg, Maine,

Dear Mr. Lewis:—

Your cheery invitation to be present at the celebration of your seventieth birthday was received, and I am very sorry that circumstances prevent me from accepting. I send you my hearty greetings and best wishes.

I do not believe that you are an old man except by the arbitrary and artificial test of mere years. A man is as old as he feels, and you evidently do not feel old. I expect that, when I revisit Fryeburg, any time within the next few years, I shall find you the same reckless, dare-devil fellow that you have always been.

I hope for you and your guests a very pleasant evening on August 9th, and I should be glad to be remembered to any one who remembers me.

Cordially yours,

CLINTON B. EVANS.

PHILADELPHIA, August 1, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

Please accept my congratulations on the health and vigor in which your Seventieth birthday finds you, and my best wishes for many more years of peaceful and happy life.

Yours sincerely,

NELSON F. EVANS.

“THE OXFORD”.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

Mrs. Barrows went to Portland yesterday and has been detained there longer than she expected, so she cannot be here to offer her birthday greeting to you to-day ; and as I have no one to go with me to your reception I send my congratulations to you in this way ; wishing you every blessing in all your coming years.

Very cordially yours,

LUCY MAYO FAX.

Aug. 9, 1904.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 28, 1904.

A. F. Lewis, Esq.,

Dear Friend :

Your kind and most esteemed communication of recent date, bearing the significant heading “1834—1904”, was duly received. I beg you to pardon me for not mak-

ing earlier acknowledgement of your favor, but as your *frolic* does not come off for a number of weeks, it is not too late to say that we congratulate you on safely passing the "three-score-and-ten" goal, and sincerely hope that there may be no happening to interfere with or prevent the successful "pulling off" of the final act of your program set for August 9th. I have a very strong desire to visit you on the occasion of your celebration, but cannot now say that it is probable I can come. We hope to go to Maine some time in August, but I fear it will have to be after the date of your party. I will remember you, and you may expect a souvenir from me of some kind.

With kindest regards, I am

Yours truly,

GRANVILLE FERNALD.

Savoy Hotel, BAD HOMBURG, July 29, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

I wish to offer my congratulations to you on the Seventieth anniversary of your birth. May you live long and be happy is the wish of all your friends.

I sailed from Philadelphia on the 9th of April in the *Nordland*, having had a fine voyage. I spent a week in London, and five weeks in Paris. I shall probably remain here until the 15th of Aug., and then go to Switzerland and Italy, sailing for home Sept. 6th, per S. S. "Aurania". In London I went to Mr. Choate's 4th of July reception, and found them nervous over the political outlook at home. People are very anxious about the Eastern War—whether there is to be a general war or no. Nobody can tell.

Hoping to see you in Washington next winter, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

WM. S. FLAGG.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

On my return home to-day I found your biography, and the invitation to your Birthday party. The latter too late for an acceptance, much to my regret. You and I are travelling along life's journey almost side by side, and for like reasons, do not recognize any approach to old age.

I congratulate you, and wish for you many more birthdays without the thought that the passing years are bringing you nearer and nearer to old age.

Sincerely,

WM. P. FRYE.

Lewiston, June 8th, 1904.

MONTREAL, July 20, '04.

Dear Friend :

Your kind invitation for Aug. 9th reached me some days ago and I write to say that I fear I shall not be able to be with you on that interesting occasion. I myself am approaching my 70th anniversary, which will overtake me in something less than another twelve-month. I regret to say that I cannot wholly echo your triumphant pæan on the absence of the numerous ills that advanced age usually brings in its train ; and yet I have nothing to complain of in this respect. Rheumatism, a failing voice, loss of hearing, and one or two other slight infirmities, are a mere nothing in comparison with the experience of several, even younger men and women, of my acquaintance ; and so I am looking forward, if not to Nirvana, at least to something approaching that ideal state, in so far as our gross Occidental conceptions can understand what it is, for my Septuagenarian portion.

I am sure your meeting will be a *jolly* one, and one in which the immortal Oliver's notion of "gray-beard mirth"—not to speak of that of the opposite gender—will be fully realized. Again expressing my regret at not being able *to be there* to see and hear, I remain, dear brother,

Very sincerely,
EDWIN GOULD.

INTERVALE, N. H.,

August 20th, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

You see I am very near to you.

I am sure that the brave Capt. Lovell, who must have known this intervale, would have thought it near if he heard of a gathering here of Pequot warriors.

My memory as to the date deceived me, or you would have received this note earlier; for as I said to you, I wanted to write you, if only to congratulate you upon your advance upon the noble line of three-score-years-and-ten.

More than this, I have to congratulate you on celebrating this birthday in Fryeburg. I hope you had with you my dear and honored friend, the President of the United States Senate, whose ancestor was the god-father of Fryeburg. This great leader of the people, recognized officially and unofficially as the leader of the Congress of the United States has welcomed me every morning of the winter in the Senate Chamber, and introduced me to the Senate for our morning religious service. One could not ask for a sponsor so distinguished. He justly receives the honor and regard of the country he serves so well.

I knew Fryeburg first from the early memories of Lovell's fight. For the last half of my active life, it has been

endeared to me as being the birthplace and early home of Mrs. Judith W. Andrews; a lady so distinguished in the practical charities of Boston, or I might say, of the world. I have been in the habit of calling our friend Mrs. Andrews by the familiar address of "My dear Colleague", so entirely has she relieved me from personal care in the daily oversight of the charities of a large parish. And her name is known in India as it is known in New England. I hope the Fryeburg Academy remembers that this distinguished lady learned her Greek and prepared herself for college with them.

Wishing you, dear Sir, as happy years as I have enjoyed since my seventy-first birthday,

I am always yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

ELLSWORTH, ME., July 16, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis:

My engagements are such that I cannot attend the celebration of your seventieth birthday, as I should be glad otherwise to do.

You will be sure that all my good wishes, with pleasant recollections, go with the occasion.

Very truly yours,

EUGENE HALE.

Mr. A. F. Lewis.

COLERIDGE, NEBRASKA, Aug. 1, 1904.

My dear Friend :

It has never before been my privilege to address one who has reached Nirvana. The mind power that has brought you to that blessed state has already secured you a place among the stars, the stars in that galaxy of literary lights, which will beam upon Fryeburg with unusual brilliancy on the eventful ninth of August.

I wish I might be present to see your transit across the Psalmist's line of "three-score-and-ten". I am sure it will be a brilliant occasion, and that the wit and humor to be heard on that evening will perpetuate your youth.

God bless the love that keeps us young,

And gives us beauty ever new, —

And courage for the war of life.

We would not give the garnered fruit,

In our old houses gray with age,

For all the flowers that youth would wreath about its glowing form.

May the spirit which has brought you to this happy period of your life be with you always, forever young.

Cordially yours,

S. LOUISA HARRIS.

SALEM, MASS., June 21, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

I thank you for your invitation to the Pow-Wow, as you call it. It certainly is very unique and interesting, and will be an occasion long to be remembered. I wish you much joy on that day and trust there will be many of a similar nature to follow.

Yours truly,

W. L. HARRIS.

WORCESTER, MASS., June 25, 1904.

My dear Sir :

I congratulate you on your length of days, and hope that the rest of your life may be honored and happy.

I am faithfully yours,

GEO. F. HOAR.

A. F. Lewis, Esq.,
Fryeburg, Maine.

MALDEN, June 7th, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

Many thanks, and sincere for your kindly invitation for August ninth. The occasion will be a notable one, and I am honored in the fact of your remembrance of me. If Mrs. Gordon can take me in, it will give me great pleasure to be of the number who will extend congratulations to you.

Most cordially yours,

FANNIE M. JACOBS.

42 West 12 St., NEW YORK,
July 7th, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

Your circular came in due time telling of your anticipated Birthday party, and the invitation thereto. I did not think I could possibly be equal to an original idea that would be acceptable on such an occasion, but Miss Stutsman thought she might make an attempt, but she was taken very

ill four weeks ago to-day.

We hope you will have an enjoyable time, and are sorry we cannot be present.

My trip to California was interrupted by the sudden illness of Miss S., so now I'll probably postpone it for a while. Remember us both to the friends in Fryeburg. Hoping you are well and happy,

Very Sincerely,

CLARA E. KEBLE.

BRYANTVILLE, MASS., Aug. 9th, 1904.

Dear Cousin :

Your Mass. cousins send greetings upon your seventieth birthday, and although distance has divided us, yet the kindred tie of blood is strong, with its resulting bond of sympathy.

It would be a pleasure to accept your kind invitation, but it will be impossible for any of us to do so.

We wish that many added years of happiness and usefulness may be yours.

The writer of this letter is your cousin Greenleaf's daughter Mary, and he wishes me to say that he would like very much to come to his old home once more, but as he will be eighty years old the 8th of next month, and feels the infirmities of age increasing, he fears he will never be able to do so.

He is very proud of his native state, as he says it is the only state in New England that has not sold out its honor to the rum traffic.

Father is the only one living of the family of five that

came from there to this state about sixty years ago.

Once more we wish you many happy returns of the day.

Your cousin,

MARY S. KILBRITH,

BRYANTVILLE, MASS.

DUNSTABLE, MASS., Monday, August 8, 1904.

Dear Brother,—

I should be pleased, in response to your cordial invitation, to be present to-morrow evening at the celebration of the 70th anniversary of your birthday, but I find it inconvenient to do so, and, instead, shall have to be content with sending you my congratulations and good wishes. My congratulations are not so much upon the fact that you have attained the age of three-score-and-ten years as upon the fact that, having reached that age, you are blessed with good health and have suffered so little impairment of your pristine strength and buoyancy, still retaining, as you do, both physically and mentally, the vigor and agility which people are wont to regard as associated not with septuagenarians, but with persons many years their junior. The point in a person's life at which the period known as old age begins is not definitely fixed, but I suppose that, if a man 70 years of age has not entered upon such a period, it cannot be disputed that he is on the borderland separating it from the period by which it is preceded. Cicero was in his 63d year when he wrote his Essay upon Old Age, but that he then considered himself old would seem to be negatived by the fact that he put his essay into the form of a discourse by Marcus Porcius Cato when Cato was in his 84th year. That essay of Cicero's, by the way, while it is an interesting

production,—as, indeed, is everything from Cicero's pen,—has always seemed to me as smacking somewhat of the nature of special pleading and as being far from a conclusive demonstration of what it attempts to prove, viz., that the period of life known as old age is as enjoyable as any previous period. I would not attempt to deny, however, that there are many compensations for the losses of old age, and, if a person has the proper temperament, and if the enviroing conditions are favorable, I see no reason why, in the case of one who is endowed with good health and with a sufficiency of this world's goods to serve as a safeguard against *res angusta domi*, old age should not be a period of contentment and enjoyment. By the time when one reaches that stage of his earthly pilgrimage, he should be able to view things in the light of calm philosophy and to lead a life of placid serenity. I felicitate you upon the fact that your temperament and the conditions by which you are surrounded are such that to the possibility of attaining old age you can look forward not with dread, not with the fear that, as the Psalmist says, your strength would then be "labor and sorrow", but with anticipations that that portion of your life would be a period of contentment and happiness.

Wishing you a God-speed for the portion of life's journey which is before you, and trusting that, if you attain what may properly be termed old age, it may be accompanied with "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends",

I remain, with fraternal cordiality,

Your affectionate brother,

CALVIN W. LEWIS.

SYKESVILLE, MD., August 4, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

Don't you think Spryburg would be a more expressive name than Fryeburg for the energetic old town which has produced "the gayest, liveliest and most jocund set of 70-year-old boys and girls you ever saw?"

You are to be heartily congratulated—town, frisky boys and girls and everybody concerned on your birthplace and, more especially, on yourselves.

It were well worth the pilgrimage to take you each by the hand, to look into your faces and to speak to you, by word of mouth, my good wishes for many happy years yet to come.

I hope the day of the celebration will be August's very fairest with everything favorable, so that its memory may be one of life's choicest treasures.

God keep you all.

Cordially your friend,

ANNIE E. LOOMIS.

1003 K St., WASHINGTON, D. C.

910 Mass. Ave., N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10, '04.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

Many thanks for the cordial invitation to your birthday celebration which came to your friends some days since. Though it may not be possible for any from 910 to be present to give voice to our personal congratulations, you may rest assured that the good wishes and loving remembrances are all here, and distance counts as naught.

You have indeed sailed smoothly into the seventies and

the passing years have dealt so kindly with you—or you with them—that onlookers must be a little incredulous and perhaps you'd better have the Bible record where he who reads may be convinced!

You have heard Grandpa say:—

“Old age should not be reckoned by years,
But by the way one feels, acts, and ap-pears.”

All join in sincere wishes that many more pleasant years will bring around other happy birthdays that you can enjoy in good health and prosperity and your friends with you. A very happy birthday to you, from your friends at 910.

per A. M. LOVE.

FRANKLIN, N. H.,
Sept. 9th, 1904.

My dear old friend:

Old, not in *years* but *friendship* I mean—for I am *sure* you are not 70 years old!

What can I say to excuse myself for not answering your kind greeting and cordial invitation to help celebrate on August 9th. I can only say that I have been the victim of a very business like attack of sciatica, all summer—or since June 1st, to be more explicit—and made my first trip out of town last Saturday—just making a little trip to a nearby Beach, for a change of air and to try my strength a bit. But I *could* use my hands if not my hip and I ought to have written you, and indeed I intended to do so, immediately on receipt of your card—but while my intentions and my will were good, my strength was small each day when I got able to be up at all—and so the days slipped by and here I am just writing now, to thank you for your

remembrance of me and to congratulate you on being *so young*—I don't believe people grow old as they used to in our grandfathers' day ;—I am sure I see no such old people at 50 to 70 as I used to see when a child—I am *sure* you don't look like good old *Mr. Charles* as I remember him—and yet he must have been as young as 70 when we all boarded with him and “Miss Frank”—(and he and you and C. D. used to have such exciting games of Croquet !!) I got so much Croquet then that I have never cared to play since !—I remember how the old gentleman would insist on going out before breakfast—while the grass was *soaking wet* with dew, and hammering away at those balls. Well I suppose he has been at rest under the dewy grass these many years, and I wonder what about Miss Frank ?—I used to hear Fryeburg news once in a while when Mr. Walter Robinson was here—but now I rarely hear. It seems a bit strange that I have never revisited the place in all these years, but we never seem to go that way. I did get as far as Conway once, *years ago*—Mr. Leach was going there on some business or other—and we planned to go on over to F. after he had finished it—but before he was ready there came on a cold storm, (it was in the fall), and so we came back home and have never got as near since. I have a son who goes there occasionally on business however—and he has often promised me to call on you—but he is always in such a hurry that he carries the promise over from one time to another. He is interested in the Weir Stove Co., (manufacturers of the “Glenwood” stoves and heaters) ;—yes—he is interested in more ways than one, since he married the only daughter of the senior partner. They have two dear little boys—one, three years old next month and the other, a bit over one year old—so you see Eugene and I have attained the venerable prefix of Grand—this is the younger of my two sons—Robert, the older is called Eugene—after his uncle Eugene—and is following in the business footsteps of his father—

having studied law in Harvard and Boston Law schools—after graduation from Dartmouth College. Robert was in Dartmouth College for two years but preferred a business life to a professional one, so did not put in the last two years. The older son is here at home with us at present—not being tempted to a home by himself as yet. Now as to my brother Eugene—he is chief draughtsman in the office of the Chicago and North Western R. R. and lives in Chicago. Has been there a great many years. He does not come East very often; the climate does not agree with him very well—and he is a man who would much rather be right at his desk at work than to visit or “loaf”. My mother, who makes her home with me—as does my sister also—spends about every other winter out there with him. My sister lived in Chicago and made a home for him five years or so—but was not so well contented West as East. Mr. Leach and I go West oftener than Eugene comes East—so we see each other occasionally—but I often repine at his being so far away from us all.

Do you know, I picked up an old Concord Monitor one day this spring, or early summer, and found that you were formerly a resident of Concord and had been back there at the time this paper was printed—(it seems to me, in February some time), to attend some reunion or celebrate some event. Then I saw mention in the same paper last month, of the celebration to which you were kind enough to invite me. I wonder why I never knew before that you were a “Concord Boy”—and I wonder still more WHY you came to Concord last winter and DIDN’T come up and call on me, or let me know you were so near! I don’t think that was good of you!—Don’t you know how near Franklin and Concord are?—and my husband is a Concord lawyer—has had an office there for 25 years. Now don’t come there again without coming to see me will you? May I ask whom you visit there? It might be some friend of my own you

know—anyway I hope you will come again soon and come to Franklin too, this time.

I wonder if you are still interested in business in Fryeburg—and what ever became of that Mr. Shirley who boarded at the Charles' when I was there. Do you ever see any of the Barrows'?—C. D's family I mean. My boys fitted for Coll. at Andover, Mass., and once when I was down that way I went over to Lowell and called on Mrs. Barrows—found her just as *pretty* and *sweet* as ever—scarcely changed at all. Time and sorrow have dealt lightly with her, so far as looks are concerned surely—though I guess she has had her share of both—I thought I should see more of her but I have not. Her second son was graduated from Dartmouth before my boys went there; her youngest son entered during Eugene's senior year, but I never happened to see him. I don't know whether she still makes her home in Lowell or not—but presume she does. I judge the old Academy is in a flourishing condition—I receive circulars and papers with sketches of its work and life, once in a while. They have absorbed the old Ward place, have they not, for a boarding house or dormitory or something of that sort?—and by the way, can you tell me anything of May Ward and Jennie Sewall, the Southers, Alice Hastings, or any of those old friends? I suppose some of them may be living a “stones throw” of me, if I only knew it. I don't suppose the old place would look very natural to me if I should go there. I suppose I might be able to tell where the old Main street and the one leading up by the Charles homestead were—but I should hate to see the old houses changed! The Dana house, the old McMillan place, the Barrows homestead, the Charles house, in behind that beautiful old tree—sometimes I think I don't want to go back to the old places and see the changes. Oh! one more to ask for—Seth Fife—I believe he studied law and located there, didn't he? And it seems to me I heard something of

him through some old resident or visitor. I suppose there are many more that I would like to enquire about and hear from, if I could only recall them all. I think I remember a girl by the name of Tibbetts too—was it Fannie? And some Farrington girls and a brother. I met those girls years and years ago, on the street in Boston—and strange to say we all recognized each other, at once. It seems as though I should know them if I saw them now—but I don't know—I presume we have all changed since then. I wonder if you look as you did—let me see—37—38 years is it? I am sure you wouldn't know me! And yet my old acquaintances do all seem to recognize me in spite of my added years, and size—I am not quite as slim a girl now as I was 38 years ago! And I have a few gray hairs—though not *very* many. Oh! you must come over to Concord again and come to see me.

I fear you will wish I had entirely skipped answering your card if I don't stop pretty soon!!—but some way, the longer I write the more I find to say. I don't want to tire you all out though, so I will be merciful and draw to a close. If you see any of my old time friends I wish you would just mention my name to them that they may know that I still hold in dear remembrance Fryeburg, and the friends I once knew there and for yourself my dear friend, please accept the congratulations and best wishes and kindest regards of one who it seems still lives in your memory and who *well remembers* what a *kind friend* you always were to the poor, shy, and sometimes lonely and homesick little girl who felt so out of place among all the “grown-ups” at the Charles'.

May your birthdays be many and very happy ones.

Yours most sincerely,

AGNES A. (ROBINSON) LEACH.

PORTLAND, June 4, 1904.

Dear Lewis :

Your letter is charming—like yourself. It is so felicitously conceived and so happily worded that I doubt any one but you could do it. You know my affection for you. I didn't think you were three-score-and-ten. To me you will always seem perennially young. There is a *buoyancy* about you.

How long we have been acquainted I, to use a Southern allocution, "disremember"; but this I do know, from the very beginning I took a strong liking to you. I hope to be in Fryeburg, in body, on Aug. 9th. At any rate I shall be there in spirit.

Your friend and admirer,

PHILLIP WILLIS MCINTYRE.

PORTLAND, Aug. 8th, 1904.

Mr. A. F. Lewis,

Dear friend :

I sincerely regret that I shall be unable to be present at the celebration of Aug. 9th; but my thoughts will be with you all, knowing what a pleasant occasion it must be with such a wideawake set of Boys and Girls at the head. Trusting your future will be as bright and prosperous as the past has been,

Sincerely yours,

HATTIE SHIRLEY MCINTIRE.

MINNEAPOLIS, July, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

I am but too happy to congratulate you on the arrival of your seventieth birthday. You have always been such a true friend to me and my family, and in the darkest hours of my life you were with us bestowing on us kind attentions and sympathy and friendship.

The very mention of your name always brings up thoughts of pleasure, respect and gratitude. When I left dear old Fryeburg I often wished you could come here and be near us for I think you could have found a broader field for your literary tastes.

May our Heavenly Father continue his rich blessings on you is the sincere wish of your old friend,

MRS. CAROLINE E. McMILLAN.

To Mr. A. F. Lewis, acknowledging his invitation for
Aug. 9, '04.

Youth is a precious treasure which we appreciate fully only when it is ours no longer;—and when its glamour departs, life is never again the same. But there is something better than youth—it is the ripeness of a well-rounded life, calmly looking toward the sunset whose radiance is finer far than the glaring heat of the earlier day—with glad assurance of the dawning of a brighter day when the darkness shall have shut in this world;—the life of one who has kept open the door of youth and has all its joys written on memory's tablets, and

“reads the hereafter by the here,
A beautiful *now*, a better *to-be*.”

Such a life, dear friend, is yours, and all who know you must feel grateful to one who illustrates so well the virtue of growing old gracefully. But why say "old"? Maud Howe Eliot tells of inviting Dr. Holmes to a celebration of the day when her illustrious mother was "seventy years *young*." And truly, age is not a matter of years, for a sound mind in a sound body, with a young heart, may defy time.

Walter Savage Landor makes Aspasia say to Pericles, "Why congratulate one on his birthday? Is the loss of a precious jewel a matter of felicitation?" I like to think, rather, that each year back is but a pearl added to the chaplet still in our possession, for the fruit of the years, and their tender and joyful memories are ours forever.

So I congratulate you most cordially on your three-score-years-and-ten, and wish you many more, filled with health and happiness.

My best wishes, also, to the friends who celebrate with you their seventieth anniversary. One wishes for the magic carpet to annihilate the leagues which separate us from dear old Fryeburg, so that we might join in "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" of your eventful meeting.

EDITH McMILLAN.

August 17, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

Your postal got mislaid and found again too late to write in time for the meeting. I could not have come, but it would have been a great pleasure to meet old friends again. May the care of years rest lightly and the declining years, when they come, pass smoothly is the wish of us both.

Yours Truly,

W. E. MASON.

Letter from Lucia (Griswold) Merrill, in her 92d year, born near Pine Hill, in the Asa Charles house.

ANDOVER, MASS., Aug 26th, 1904.

Dear Friend Mr. Lewis :

I hoped to be able to write you for your birthday, but mine coming on the 10th of Aug. there was much to take up my time and mind. I shall be glad to receive the published account and enclose the price, 50 cts.

One thing I would like to know, where did Pine Hill get her new crop of trees? Did they come from seeds planted one hundred years ago? Ninety years ago there were no trees there, only fine views, scrub oaks, Mayflowers, etc.

I would have been pleased to attend your *young folks* party—such you are in comparison with me—but my visiting days are over, and I must depend upon others for accounts of all functions.

My earliest recollections of Fryeburg are of it as a business centre. Fryeburg Corner was the business centre for all the country around, and Saturday afternoon the village was so thronged we young children did not venture through the crowd unless there was urgent need.

With regard to the Lovewell's Fight Celebration I remember little. If there was a procession I was not in it;—children were not put at the front as in these days. The event I distinctly recall is, that we had for guests at my home my cousin Wm. Pitt Fessenden and Henry W. Longfellow. I remember they talked of the address and the poem, [the former was by Chas. S. Daveis and the latter by Gov. Enoch Lincoln], but I cannot recall what they said. Is it in the address that the story is told that in a pause in the fight Paugus and Chamberlain met in single combat when Paugus said :

“Now sure me kill you, Chamberlain,
And scalp you, when you're dead”!

"I'll see", brave Chamberlain replied,
And quick the deed was done;
The Indian 'twas who fell and died,
Pigwackett's Chief is gone!

I think there must have been some Andover men in the
fight, for we have a legend,

"Of that young student, Mr. Frye,
Who in his blooming youth did die,
Fighting for his dear country's good,
He lost his life and precious blood".

Do the wild roses still grow on the battle field?

Respectfully,

L. W. G. MERRILL.*

AMESBURY, JULY 18, 1904.

Mr. A. F. Lewis,
Fryeburg,

My dear friend :

You are nearer to me than I thought in age, but you
will never "catch up", for I am six years ahead.

I always look back with pleasure to the summer vacations
at Fryeburg, which you and Mr. Barrows did so much to
make interesting. Fryeburg owes you a great deal for col-
lecting and preserving its traditions, and the debt will grow
with the years, and be more and more appreciated after
you have passed away.

In the meantime may you have many happy years added
to your seventy, and do not forget to come and see me in
the home to which I have come to spend the rest of my
life. Pilgrims by the score are coming every week, most

*Mrs. Merrill's husband was Preceptor in the Academy 70 years ago.

of whom I never saw or heard of, but I have a special welcome for my old Maine friends. I cannot come to Fryeburg, because it is Old Home Week here in early August: but I shall remember you, and if Judge Knight, or Miss Coolbrith, or the Thomases, or Hutchinson, are with you, I would wish to be remembered to them. Also to any Fryeburg citizen who recalls me.

Your old friend,

S. T. PICKARD.

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., Aug. 9th, 1904.

Friend Lewis:

I am very sorry indeed not to be able to be present with you this evening, to assist in celebrating your 70th birthday. I thank you very much for your kind invitation, and trust you will have many friends with you upon this occasion.

It is my wish that you may live many years and enjoy life.

With best wishes for your success, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

LYCURGUS PITMAN.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Aug. 9th, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

It is 9 o' the clock, on this evening of your birthday, and I can imagine "the feast of reason and the flow of soul"

which marks the gathering of your guests who celebrate the day that makes you "seventy years *young*." Oliver Wendell Holmes knew how to paraphrase most happily, did he not?

I thank you heartily for your invitation to be of your number. *Wouldn't* I like to go! But even were there no other preventive to my acceptance of your summons, the fact that I have not taken a step, even with the aid of crutches, for nearly two years, would, (as somebody has it) "militate" somewhat seriously, against even a *shorter* journey than a "progress" from Milwaukee to blessed old Fryeburg. However, the wings of my *imagination* are not *one bit* rheumatic, so, though I send you my sincere "regrets" that in *bodily presence*, I cannot wish you all joy of your birthday, I *can* send them via pen and ink, and I do rejoice with you in the health and happiness and cheer which the years have not stolen from you in their flight. I am glad that they have treated you so kindly.

Give my *devoirs* to the "strength of the hills". Perhaps you do not know that I love the very "stones of the street" in blessed old Fryeburg. It is full of association with my father and mother—with my childhood—with the growth of my love for everything beautiful in Nature.

I have been spending many months of the last year in the shadowy company of my "Forbears", and they never seemed half so real to me, as since I have tried to tell their "story" to the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of my parents. I wonder if you will be a bit interested in this "story", since it has so much to do with Fryeburg, which you love also. Should you care to read of these Ancestors of mine, cousin Abbie Page will lend you her copy of the book, I am sure. I have given away all the bound copies of the issue, so have none to offer you. From that record, you will be sure that I count any man happy who has grown up in the company of those glorious mountains.

Saturday next I expect to lunch with a friend, and Mrs. Hastings and Miss Alice are to be guests as well. I am sorry that they will probably depart for Fryeburg before my sister Annie, (Mrs. Butler), and her husband reach Milwaukee. I am expecting them the last of the month, and can hardly wait for the sight of the dear woman.

The years are flying, and will soon fade into the eternities, but the same eternal verities upon which we have rested through the sorrowful and happy experiences of our lives, still abide, and will never fail us. I have abundant reason to "count up my mercies", which are many and great. Chief among them, I count my children and grandchildren—the former, so devoted and loyal that they make me half forget my physical disabilities—the latter, who bring so much sunshine into my life, I would be glad to have you know them all. And if you can "come my way", you will be sure to drop in and exchange greetings, will you not?

Again accept my many thanks for the souvenir of Fryeburg Academy. Congratulations, concerning your birthday, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

REBECCA PERLEY REED.

CASTINE, ME., July 20th, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

Mrs. Richardson and I send congratulations and regrets that we can not attend your meeting of Aug. 9th.

It must be a pleasant thought to realize that one has spent 70 years in dear old Fryeburg.

Very truly yours,

ALBERT F. RICHARDSON.

MELROSE, Aug. 2, '04.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

Please accept our hearty congratulations on your safe arrival at the seventieth milestone of your earthly pilgrimage.

We congratulate you also on your good fortune in quietly and pleasantly crossing the line of three-score-years-and-ten into the interesting period of o-l-d, o-l-d—*yes*, old age. You are surely there friend Lewis, whether you are conscious of it or not, and by no possible device can you ever become a young man again. And even if you would, you would probably find no better company than that in which you now are.

That the future of your life may be delightfully serene and replete with usefulness and enjoyment is the sincere desire of your friends.

G. H. RICKER,
HARRIET N. RICKER,
HATTIE G. RICKER.

LYNN, MASS., Aug. 8th, 1904.

My dear friend Lewis :

Having just arrived home after an absence of four weeks and more, I find that I shall be unable to attend your anniversary festival on acc't of accumulated business which requires my attention at home for a while. I found your invitation on my arrival and I was a little surprised to learn of the early date, it having run in my mind that it was to come off later in the month. I regret very much my inability to attend, as I am sure I should have enjoyed it immensely ;—of course you will favor me with a full account of the affair, as it will be very interesting to me and

I can enjoy it all by myself. We are all well which I feel is a great blessing when I take into consideration the fearfully hot weather we are called upon to endure. I hope your natal festival will prove a great success and that it will reach your highest and brightest anticipations and expectations. Kindest regards to you and all other friends in F. from Mrs. Rogers and myself—and believe me, as ever your friend,

H. W. ROGERS.

ARLINGTON, MASS., June 6, 1904.

My Dear Mr. Lewis :

Though my work is pressing, I will take the time to offer my heartiest congratulations to an old friend who is to *celebrate* this summer. With my family, I shall expect to be present, and enjoy the occasion. I have not yet decided to bring along an *effusion*, but the occasion is one to spur the Muse, if anything can.

Very truly,

W. A. ROBINSON.

CONCORD, MASS., July 9, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

Miss Thomas had spoken to me of you, and almost made me promise to visit you and your town on the 9th proximo, a month hence. I hope I may do so, and am arranging affairs to that end.

I am obliged to you for your interesting address on my (very distant) cousin Webster, of whom I do not take the same view that you do, as you may infer from what I enclose. But he was a great man all the same, and I have dwelt upon his greatness in my History of New Hampshire.

I send you in return one of my pamphlets on President Langdon, whose son Paul, was a citizen of Fryeburg; about whom and his descendants I hope to learn more if I come to your town. I have another pamphlet about him in press at Concord, N. H. which contains his will and several other matters pertaining exclusively to New Hampshire, which I hope to bring with me to Fryeburg; and I think I cannot do better than to speak at your Birthday Festival on Paul Langdon, and his father, Pres. Langdon.

Prof. E. D. Sanborn, who married Webster's niece, was a nearer cousin of mine,—about fifth, I think. His daughter, Miss Kate is my intimate friend, and I am going over on the 11th to help celebrate her birthday at her farm of Breezy Meadows, in the town of Metcalf about 20 miles south of Concord.

Yours very truly,

F. B. SANBORN.

Alonzo F. Lewis, Esq., Fryeburg, Me.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

Though I have written you a letter before to-day, I find I did not answer all your questions. I was born in Hampton Falls, a small town between Hampton and Exeter, and shall be 73 if I live till December 15th, 1904. I was brought up a New Hampshire democrat, but revolted in 1845, at the age of 13, with John P. Hale.

I do not live on our North Bridge, as you might infer

from my heading; but I thought you might like to see this view, with French's Minute-man at the farther end.

We have been celebrating Hawthorne here very successfully, and I enclose a slip from my address which Miss Thomas may like to see after you have read it. I knew H. after 1860, and Longfellow after 1852. My son Victor, in his Sanborn Genealogy, which ought to be in your Academy Library, gives the whole line of American Sanborns.

Yours truly,

F. B. SANBORN.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VERMONT, Aug. 8th, 1904.

Mr. Lewis,

Dear Sir:

I being one of the party which wandered in the vicinity of the Potomac one May afternoon, send to you my congratulations.

When I left Washington on July 15, it was our desire to have myself a delegate from that city, but circumstances forbid me that pleasure.

You will visit Washington next winter, possibly, and there tell us all about the good time of August ninth.

Wishing you a happy day and hoping for a sunshiny one, I am,

Sincerely yours,

LENORA F. SANBORN.

Washington Address,
1204 Mass. Ave., N. W.

BETHEL, MAINE, July 27th, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

Your interesting note was remailed to us here where we spend our summers. Mother passed away some years ago, so that both Father and Mother are on the other side. Arthur is living in Stratford, Conn., and Nellie, (Mrs. Russell), her only child, a daughter, Shirley Russell, Mary and I are here. We unite most heartily in congratulations that you meet the "three-score-years-and-ten" in such a happy frame of mind, and I can send no better message than a part of Lucy Larcom's "Growing Old". She spent nine successive summers with us here.

Very cordially yours,

ISABEL SHIRLEY.

Growing Old.

Old,—we are growing old—
 Going on through a beautiful road,
 Finding earth a more blessed abode.
 Nobler work by our hands to be wrought,
 Freer paths for our hope and our thought—
 Because of the beauty the years unfold,
 We are cheerfully growing old!

Old,—we are growing old—
 Going in to the gardens of rest
 That glow through the gold of the West,
 Where the rose and the amaranth blend,
 And each path is the way to a friend—
 Because of the peace that the years unfold,
 We are thankfully growing old!

Old,—are we growing old?
 Life blooms as we travel on
 Up the hills, into fresh, lovely dawn;
 We are children, who do but begin
 The sweetness of living to win—
 Because heaven is in us, to bud and unfold.
 We are younger, for growing old!

LUCY LARCOM.

NORTH ANSON, July 28th, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

We are sorry not to be able to attend the festivities on August 9th, but we want to express our gladness that you are a young man in spite of the almanac.

It may be some reward and satisfaction for you to know that we have held you in grateful love for your kindly and sympathetic spirit toward us the year we were in the Academy.

May God bless you, and make you cheerful in His love.

Cordially,

AUGUSTINE SIMMONS,

ALICE P. SIMMONS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 1st, 1904.

Mr. A. F. Lewis,

My dear Sir :

For many years your name has been so very familiar that I have regarded you as an old friend although we have met but once and but for a half hour or so ;—and had I received notice in time I should certainly have given myself the pleasure of attending your unique party.

When residing in Chicago I once presided over a meeting of some sort whereat every seat was taken and several men stood against the wall among whom was one of great age,—upon seeing whom, I advanced to the edge of the platform nearest to the old gentleman and pointing at him I loudly invited him to come up and have a chair. The old man was stunned and dazed, and turning to his nephew who had come with and was attending to him, he exclaimed,—“He means you, William, he says ‘the old gentleman’, and

that must mean you, for taint me". So, when I was invited to your party as one of your *old gentleman* friends I was so stunned and dazed that I looked about for some "William" for whom the invitation was intended, for I knew that "taint me". I am but a stripling of 72. I was born in '32 and you in '34 hence you are *two years my senior*, and two years makes a heap of difference while we are in our teens.

Yours seems to be in some sort a "Freedom Party". In Cornish where I was born about 100 years ago—no, no, hang it!—About 100 years ago, in Cornish where I was born, each young man gave a "Freedom Party" upon his 21st birthday whereat many toasts were drunk and the young men present were called upon to respond thereto. Upon one famous occasion "Sammy" was called upon to respond to a high-sounding toast. Sammy was not great. Sammy had somehow dropped into a fixed habit of using long, high-sounding words the meaning of which he was wholly ignorant of, but as his hearers usually knew no more than himself, he pulled along fairly well with the exception of an occasional break. When Sammy was called upon for a response to the high-sounding toast aforementioned, his wits departed from him. Bracing himself with feet wide apart and arms akimbo, Sammy responded—"Here is a-wishing that you will have 15 children and they will all abscond and be obliterated". I trust that no confused person will repeat that response to any toast at your "Freedom Party" on the ninth instant.

Fryeburg! A grand name for the home of excellent people. I congratulate you, Mr. Lewis, in that Fryeburg has been your home. Environment has much to do with the making of us. The boy who grows up to manhood in Fryeburg should be and will be better than he would have been had his environments been less favorable. The Irish people among us like to live in cities, and are unwilling to acknowledge a country birth. One day when a little knot

of them here in New York were comparing birthplaces, and all but one had claimed a city birth. Mike was silent. Presently one of the number exclaimed—"Where was ye born, Mike?" Being cornered, Mike got out his pipe and some matches, saying, "hould on a minute!" Then he struck a match and it went out. "I was born—hould on a minute"! And he struck another match, all the time trying to think of some way to avoid acknowledging that he was country born. "I was born"—"hould on till I light me pipe". "I was born about five miles out of Cork, but I could have been born in Cork if I had wanted to be." If some of us boys who were born elsewhere, could have been born in Fryeburg, I feel confident that we should be proud of our birthplace.

Here is to you, John Anderson my jo John. May you and I and all of us long live to be as we now are—good boys.

LAURISTON WARD SMALL.

· ALFRED, MAINE, August 8, 1904.

Dear Brother Lewis :

Your bright, and unique invitation reached us in good time, but under the hope that a response in person on your birthday might be our privilege and pleasure, we did not make answer by pen and ink. We have gladly planned for our visit to you and dear old Fryeburg—both to our sincere and deep regret we find now that it is impossible for us—or either of us to come. So I am writing to assure you of our heart-felt congratulations on your happy arrival at the Scriptural Climacteric of three-score-and-ten, while we express the hope that many more rich years may still be ac-

corded you. And may I not ask you, and the other dear septuagenarians with you (may my heartiest greeting be mentioned to them, and may blessings attend them) if some of the best of life does n't come in these later years. Is there not something reasonable in expecting rarest and richest fruit on the *ripe* tree? *Maturity* does not come in the early years. May we not disregard with good natured indifference the assumption of the "young trash" (under 70) that all there is worth living for is with them? We certainly *ought to know* more, and, if we are right-hearted, to *enjoy* more in these *ripe* years of our life. I am sure the flowers never bloomed so brightly to me as to-day—and their heaven-sent perfumes never visited me so sweetly, and their celestial messages never, earlier, came to me fraught with lessons so delightful, and with such wealth of instruction.

And do you remember when under our window at the Oxford House you and Miss Barrows and other good friends sang very charmingly, (to palliate and soften my marital misfortune, I suppose), but—our hearts thanked you then, and gratefully treasure the remembrance. The question, however which I designed to start was this: Is *music* any less sweet and meaningful to you *now* than then—and does a good book find with you a less glad greeting—and does real sterling friendship weigh any less with you—and does God give a larger gift than a true friend, generous, loyal, lasting.

How I would like to open up our memories of Fryeburg; they are in one of the richest of our memory treasure chests. But I should want a ream of paper to begin on—and my wife, woman like—would doubtless, want ten sheets to my one. Our friends did treat us most handsomely there and yourself among the very best. In school, church, society—in all relations we were indeed royally treated—and we renew our thankful appreciation to-day.

No other *place* in my varied experience stands out before me in all its specific localities, so clearly as does Fryeburg to-day, and a similar definiteness and individuality mark my memory of persons and groups.

Mrs. Snow and myself, as we look back over this almost half century wish to thank you again and all of you (and the loved friends gone before) for all Fryeburg *was* and all it has continued to be to us, with all it is now. Say our best word of greeting and gratitude to all gathered to-day. I cannot fail to say strongly how highly I estimate your own life of integrity and sincere effort—in all good circles, literary, social, religious, I am glad to bear witness to your faithfulness and your success.

And now having given my greeting—perhaps too largely—be pleased, my dear brother, to accept for yourself and all your associates, my sincere and heartiest God-speed for the future.

I am and shall remain,

Yours faithfully,

B. P. SNOW.

Mr. A. F. Lewis,
Fryeburg, Me.

RICHMOND, VA., Aug. 7, 1904.

My dear Friend:

I regret that I was not at home when your card was rec'd announcing the successful passage of the "three-score-and-ten", or I would have written at once congratulations, and the earnest hope that the psalmist's prophecy of "labor and sorrow" for continued years may not be true in your case, nor in the case of those other friends of like

years who are to meet with you.

I am writing this in the wee hours, having just arrived after a successful Missionary trip of four weeks thro' N. C., Tenn. and Va. If I had the time should enjoy giving you some account of the trip, but in the hopes that I may get this mailed time enough for the 1 A. M. (Sunday) carrier, feeling that possibly it may reach you by Tuesday evening. I will only add that I deeply regret that I am unable to be present. I shall think of you and the Fryeburg friends, and while you are enjoying the "feast of reason and flow of soul" I will celebrate the occasion by enjoying a big Virginia watermelon, which are in great plenty this year.

With the best wishes and the earnest hope that many years of happy usefulness may be the lot of yourself and your septuagenarian friends,

I am most cordially,

Your friend,

JUNIUS B. SPIERS.

17 San Ignacio St.,

HAVANA, CUBA, July 8th, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

How kind of you to remember us with the papers and invitation to the birthday party;— and I presume Mr. Stanhope has already acknowledged them as he has more time than I. He still keeps his Office on Baratillo St., but we live at the above No., which you may remember is the 2d street from and back of the Palace. I was much interested in the Thomas paper, and what fine pictures of both Miss Charlotte and her brother;—I should have known them without their names. I'd like to hear her laugh once more. I have sent them Havana papers occasionally and you will

please remember me to them at the reunion. I may have some news to tell you in the marriage of my nephew Dr. Haynes who married a Cambridge girl whose father is a noted author there. We all like her very much. My sister now lives in Dorchester, and her only daughter has her studio in Boston. Her son keeps house, and they are still a united family. We visited Boston last fall, which you may know. Mr. Stanhope had to go to New York on business, and so I went too. We were gone six weeks from Havana; and I nearly froze to death in October in New York, where we visited Mr. Stanhope's family and we were glad to be back where it was warmer. Fluffy as ever is my inseparable companion—and is a very handsome dog and much respected here by all the three families in the house who are Americans—one from Philadelphia, one from Iowa, and ourselves. I am very much more contented here than in Baratillo St. Mr. Guinn is still here; has never returned to Atlanta since he came here, but his wife has been here but one winter. I presume Washington has still attractions for you—and I am willing to agree with you in that—and you will spend the coming winter' there. Havana expects to be flooded with tourists this winter and I do not wonder that people want to get away from the severe cold. Will you remember me to any who may inquire for or remember me in your town. We hope to hear from you soon after your birthday party. With kindest regards,

E. J. STANHOPE.

SPOKANE, WASH., June 8th, 1904.

A. F. Lewis, Esq.,
Fryeburg, Maine,

My dear Mr. Lewis :

We are exceedingly interested in your very interesting and graceful circular letter on your approaching pow-wow. It would give us great pleasure to be with you. As you indicate, it seems impossible that you have reached so many years. We can only hope that we may be so well preserved at that age, if we are spared at all. Mrs. Strahorn joins me in wishing you the time of your lives on Aug. 9th.

Sincerely yours,

ROBT. E. STRAHORN.

EAST BROWNFIELD, ME., July 28, 1904.

Mr. Lewis,

Dear Sir :

Please accept thanks for your kind invitation to attend the unique celebration you propose for Aug 9th. It is truly refreshing to find so many young enough in spirit to be merry and make merry. I am quite interested for I too am nearing that once so much dreaded mark ; but as I approach it the ill omens are disappearing. I am alone in the old home ; every bird has raised the wing and flown, and it may be impossible to be present as much as I would like the pleasure. I could not for a moment think of adding anything to the experiences with all the talent you will command. Accept best wishes for an enjoyable evening.

Very truly,

E. A. G. STICKNEY.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., Aug. 5th, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

To be so kindly remembered by you as to receive a personal invitation to be present on the occasion of your seventieth birthday, gave us indeed great pleasure.

Could we make duties subservient to wishes we should certainly not deprive ourselves of the great pleasure and lasting enjoyment. I think there is nothing that rejuvenates like the meeting of those we knew and associated with when our years were few and life joyous. There is something so dear to us in the associations—and even in the name of dear old Fryeburg that we can never speak of it without wishing that we could look once more, on the beauty of its hills and valleys.

In our Berkshire Hills we have a scenery unsurpassed for beauty, kind friends a plenty, but there are no friends like the old friends. And to all of ours who may gather with you we send a kindly greeting. Wishing that He who has so kindly led you past so many mile stones—may still gently lead you past many more, and that when this life is ended it may be but the beginning of a better one in the world beyond.

Very sincerely yours,

MR. and MRS. J. E. OSGOOD.

“CAMP REFUGE”,

EAST SIDE

LAKE COBBOSSEECONTEE,

MANCHESTER, June 6th, 1904.

Dear Lewis :

I am here by the lovely shores of sweet and restful Cobbosseecontee, and cannot be with you on the occasion

referred to. I am a *boy* of '35, you getting one year ahead —the good Lord deeming it unwise to send two fellows like us into the world the same year. Like you, I am almost unconscious of the fact that I have passed the dead line of old age. I keep young because I keep in touch with the people ; my six grand-children help me out in this matter of maintaining perpetual youth.

May you all have a grand good time at your anniversary, and may the years that stretch before you be crowned with blessings.

With the kindest of wishes,

Yours,

HOWARD OWEN.

DANVERS, June 12, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

If my plans are carried out I shall be very happy to accept your invitation for August ninth. May old age, if it ever comes to you, seem but a fleeting episode between your temporary and your eternal youth.

Yours sincerely,

ANNE L. PAGE.

HAVANA, Feb. 4, 1904.

Mr. A. F. Lewis,

Dear Friend :

I received your letter of Jan. 22d and note you are again in Washington, and that you have escaped the se-

were cold weather prevailing at Fryeburg. Since Nov. 1st this has been the coldest winter we have ever experienced since 1840. Even within the past two or three days three woolen blankets have been very comfortable and Tuesday morning the mercury went down to 61 above zero. Of course that is as nothing compared with 40 below. How anything of the animal family ever survives is something more than a Cuban can understand. Surely 61 in Havana is cold enough for most people.

We are glad to hear from you and hope by next winter that you will try Cuba again, as we think you will find many agreeable changes in Havana, as it is now as clean and healthy as the most favored.

We know that Washington cannot compete with Cuba for a good climate. In 1863 J. R. S. was in front of Fredericksburg, sleeping on the ground, with an army rubber underneath and two army blankets on top, and I was not as cold as I was on Tuesday night in Havana. Mrs. S. did not go to Rockland in September; she remained with her sister in Boston while I started for Nova Scotia, and stopping at Rockland to call on friends I was weather-cornered for some five or six days, and turned back toward sunny Cuba, having visited many places in and around Boston. We stopped at Newport three days, and three days in New York, whence we embarked October 22d on the Grand S. S. Mexico for Havana, where we arrived after a most agreeable trip, glad to be at home again after our Bridal Tour among relatives and friends. Our voyage north was a stormy one, Mrs. S. and I in bed with seasickness two days and three nights. 'Twas a trip to be remembered always, and the most stormy of all the 60 to 90 which I have made since 1840 to and from the U. S. and Cuba.

I note you have met Mr. Bradbury; we are glad to hear of him, remembering as we do our pleasant whist parties at St. Augustine.

We thank you for your kind invite to your three-score-and-ten Birthday Festival, and trust that you may have many happy returns of the same. You must not pose even there as an Old Party, as there are so many who can score you better still. Suppose we meet you at St. Louis and do the celebrating there and then, with both Prose and Poetry. Sorry you had not time to visit Harry Haynes—they would have treated you right royally. Mrs. S. will remember you with a letter shortly—meantime she sends her kindest regards and hopes with me to hear from you again very soon.

Truly yours,

J. R. STANHOPE.

LOWELL, MASS., June 17th, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

Your kind invitation to visit you to celebrate your seventieth anniversary, received. I regret very much my inability to be present and join in the festivities, but send my greetings and hope everything will pass off pleasantly.

Yours truly,

E. M. TUCKE.

BRIDGTON, July 9th, 1904.

A. F. LEWIS,

Fryeburg, Maine,

Dear Sir :

Answering categorically your interrogatories of the 7th, upon the principal that the greater contains the less I fall

within your list, since I was born December 22, 1833—a “Mayflower” day without “Mayflowers”.

Strong prejudices are entertained by me on principle against my picture, but perhaps I can find a photograph to send you.

Chronologically considered I entered Bowdoin College, class of 1856, in the autumn of 1852, and transferred myself to Yale College at the commencement of the Junior or third year of the course. Upon graduation I read law with Hon. D. R. Hastings of Lovell, and later with Fessenden & Butler of Portland; practiced law at Anoka, Minnesota, a year, when I was summoned to Fryeburg to administer my little aid to my only and much beloved brother, Simeon C. Walker, who died in your village when only 33 years of age. I opened an office in your village immediately after his decease and there remained till the fall of 1861, when I assumed the law practice of Mr. Hastings at Lovell, and there practiced till the summer of 1881, when I removed to this place, where I have continued my practice. This in the substantial view is the whole of it. I may add in order to meet your inquiries that I have held only the following official positions,—to wit, that of Judge of Probate of Oxford county for about thirteen years, and of senator to the state legislature, two years.

It certainly now seems impossible for any of us to be present at your Anniversary celebration, though we would much enjoy it were we not seriously and sadly clouded by the dispensation that has befallen my esteemed partner, the misfortune involving as it does sacrifice by no means ever anticipated by us. Neither Ned’s nor my wife’s physical condition will allow their presence, nor consistently that of Ned’s wife, or of myself.

Touching Judge Enoch Knight, I can say nothing as to where he and Mrs. Knight are. Excluding eulogy, I can say of him, that he attended the public school taught by me,

when we were both quite young, that being my second school and I being 15 years old. He studied law as a pupil, with me in Mr. Hastings' office. I cannot state his career at all, except to say generally that he was conspicuous as a lawyer and so continues, and made himself prominent as a Portland judge.

If I am reported at all please bear in mind that the least said about me in print, will best suit me. Fryeburg is my birthplace. Let this be distinctly stated, as I am proud of it. Of other matters say as little as you can, for there is nothing to say. I cannot send you photograph of Judge Knight. Again thanking you for the invitation and expressing my profound regrets, I immeasurably regret the cause thereof. You will excuse me for sending you only a dictated letter executed by our stenographer. I congratulate you and other septuagenarians fortunately continuing their good health, since without it life is only, comparatively, negative.

Respectfully yours,

A. H. WALKER.

PEMBROKE, N. H., July 22d, 1904.

My dear friend Lewis:

Your kind invitation to help you celebrate your seventieth anniversary is at hand, and in reply would say that it is barely possible that I may be with you for I am planning to visit my relatives in Lovell in August. Whether I may be present or absent, you have my congratulations and best wishes for at least fourscore years.

Very truly and sincerely yours,

ISAAC WALKER.

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GRAND BEACH, Aug. 1st, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

I want to thank you for your kind letter, inviting us all to come to Fryeburg and help celebrate your birthday. I am sorry that we shall not be able to be present, as the Doctor is very busy at this time. We all send cordial greetings and best wishes for many returns of the day.

Most sincerely yours,

MARY A. WEEKS.

CENTER LOVELL, MAINE, Aug. 6th, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

When your invitation to the happy celebration of your seventieth birthday reached us, we all thought, how pleasant it would be to join in the auspicious occasion. As it does not seem feasible now to be present in person, we would at least send our sincere wishes for the joyous celebration and the hope of many cheerful years to follow.

On behalf of myself and family,

Very cordially yours,

J. E. WERREN.

CONWAY, N. H., June 12th, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

Your unique and very interesting letter, or circular invitation to be present on the evening of Aug. 9th at the anniversary of your 70th birthday, which occurs June 23d, 1904, has been received. As one who entered a fourth of a score of years in advance of, or earlier than that date, I shall certainly be very happy to be present, and with my class assist in welcoming you to the summit of years, where we having rested for the past five years, are now looking eastward towards the dawn of life and light, tracing with eyes somewhat dim with age the paths we have made, or the trails we have followed, reading as a pastime fitting our varying moods from memory's scrolls every important incident, their record of pleasure or sorrow, happy anticipations realized, or bitter disappointments endured, all of which we have survived.

We are none of us old by reason of the accumulation of years. The Psalmist's limit of "Three-score-and-ten-years" was a limit natural to human ambition for more of this world's goods than was needed for the remainder of years.

I can have no doubt but you will have a lively time; an individual experience of 70 years, multiplied by all of the Seventies present would make a volume from which our present-day humorists could glean a fortune.

Hoping that your anticipations of a good time may be fully realized, and that I may be present to enjoy it with you,

I am yours sincerely,

C. W. WILDER.

To Alonzo F. Lewis, Esq.,
Fryeburg, Me.

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Hotel Nutchell, YORK VILLAGE, ME.,

August 9th, 1904.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

Health, happiness and all good wishes to you on the day you celebrate.

I wish I could be one of the happy party to enjoy the occasion with you, but that is impossible to-day. My congratulations are none the less hearty because of my absence. Time must be touching you lightly. I cannot think of you as three-score-and-ten. May you live to complete your five-score, happy in heart, vigorous in body and strong in hope.

Heartily yours,

FREDERICK A. WILSON.

WALTHAM, July 25, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lewis :

I thank you for your kind invitation, but I am some ten years ahead of you and past visiting, making speeches, or writing poetry.

Hoping you will have a very pleasant time,

Yours truly,

BENJ. WORCESTER.

The following letter, we regret, was received too late to be printed in its proper place. The beautiful remembrance that came with it is highly prized—as it should be by any one interested in Pequawket and its “First Families”.

My dear Mr. Lewis :

Here we are at home again in Fryeburg and I take the opportunity to express my thanks for your kind letter of invitation to your birthday celebration. I know I seem inexcusably remiss about this, but “*qui s’excuse*” does not always “*s’excuse*”, I hope—so let me say in *extenuation* that my last summer in Milwaukee was a very busy one. We had a constant stream of visitors and my time was so fully occupied (by them and in other ways) that I felt I had not leisure enough to write anything worthy of such a unique occasion. I congratulate you on the success and décalat with which it passed off. I am told that Fryeburg has had no reunion for many a year so enjoyable as that was. I hope there may be many happy anniversaries in store for you but doubt if you ever have another such *red letter* day as that memorable one just gone by.

Knowing that you are versed in the annals of Pequawket and that you have a fondness for the old historic personages who once trod its soil I thought of you when I saw in a Milwaukee jeweller’s store a spoon whose handle was decorated with the stern visage of the bold *Paugus*—I thought, perhaps Mr. Lewis will accept this in place of a letter—as a slight token of my friendship and remembrance. I venture to send it at this late day, hoping that you will forgive my procrastination in replying to your kind letter.

Thanking you also for your beautiful Byronic poem,

Sincerely yours,

ALICE O. HASTINGS.

FRYEBURG, September 16th.

TELEGRAMS.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 9th, 1904.

To A. F. Lewis, Fryeburg, Me.

As I compose
Neither poetry nor prose,
I ask on this auspicious date,
Permission to congratulate.

GEN. SAMUEL M. WELCH.*

NEW YORK, Aug. 9th, 1904.

To A. F. Lewis, Fryeburg, Me.

Our hearty congratulations,
"For to the steadfast soul and strong,
Life's Autumn is as June".

USHER W. and MARY A. CUTTS,
and WM. F. WARD.

*See foot note on page 77.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

A. F. Lewis,

is the son of Jacob and Abigail (Coolbroth) Lewis, and was born June 23d, 1834, one mile from this village, in Conway, N. H., but has lived in Fryeburg nearly 50 years. His great grandfather, Joseph Lewis, was one of the early settlers of Pequawkett, having come to Fryeburg before the Revolution, settling on the S. W. shore of Lovewell's Pond. In early life Mr. Lewis spent four or five years in Concord, N. H. He was educated in the public schools and at Fryeburg Academy, where he fitted for college and entered Dartmouth in the class of '62; but owing to trouble with his eyes he was not able to complete his college course. He is fond of literature and to some extent has pursued a literary life—coupled with extensive travel in our own and in foreign lands. He has been a correspondent of the Portland and Boston press, describing his travels at home and abroad. He was joint author with Luther L. Holden of an illustrated volume of travel of 650 pages entitled "A Summer Jaunt Through The Old World", published by Lee and Shepard in '79. He published "Webster's Fryeburg Oration," and "The Fryeburg Webster Memorial" in '82; and in 1902 he published "The Fryeburg Webster Centennial", containing his historical address upon Webster, together with considerable other matter pertaining to Fryeburg and its interesting history.

Mr. Lewis was upon the lecture platform several years describing his travels, speaking upon Rome, London, Cuba,

Salt Lake City and The Mormons, The Pacific Slope, and The Yosemite, his lectures being well received by the public. He has spent several winters in Florida—one in Cuba, and the past four in Washington, where he has delivered addresses before the Society of The Sons and Daughters of Maine—also before the Society of The Sons and Daughters of N. H., his native state.

At a public meeting of the citizens of Fryeburg he pronounced a eulogy upon the late Pres. McKinley—and he made an address at the recent dedication of the new building of the Woman's Library Club of Fryeburg. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of Fryeburg Academy, having been Vice Pres. and Sec'y of that body many years.

Mr. Lewis has never sought political honors through official position, although always taking a deep interest in public affairs. He was chosen a delegate to the Republican national convention which nominated James G. Blaine for Pres. at Chicago in '84. He is fond of music, and a student of history and antiquarian affairs. He is a member of the Me. Historical Society, an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society of Boston—also an honorary member of the Columbia Institute of Tennessee.

General E. C. Farrington,

is the son of Vere Royse and Hannah (Andrews Barker) Farrington, (daughter of John Barker), and grandson of Capt. Vere Royse, and was born in Fryeburg, July 28th, 1834. He was educated in the common schools and at Fryeburg Academy. He married Emma C. Healy, of Warwarsing, N. Y., in 1859. Two children were born to them, Willie, and Margaret Vere, the well known writer.

He was a member of the House of Representatives of the legislature of Maine, from the Fryeburg district, in 1866, 1869 and 1879. He was a member of the Maine State senate in 1873 and 1874. A member of the Executive Council, in 1877 and 1878; a member of the State Valuation commission from Oxford county in 1880. He was appointed upon the staff of governor Daniel F. Davis in 1880, with rank of colonel and made inspector general of rifle practice for the National Guard of Maine. He served upon the staff of every governor in that capacity until 1900, and retired with the rank of Brigadier General. He was appointed inspector of customs, Portland district, in 1882, and served nearly five years. In 1889 he was appointed by governor Edwin C. Burleigh, clerk of the Railroad Commission of Maine, which position he now holds. In 1891 was elected a member of the Common Council of the city of Augusta, serving three consecutive years and is now a member of the board of aldermen.

Wm. Gordon,

is the son of Stephen and Lydia (Chase) Gordon, and was born at W. Fryeburg, Oct. 10, 1834. He married Julia Anderson, Dec. 19, 1864, by whom he has three daughters, Fannie, who married Samuel Waterman, deceased, and Arvilla, who married Fred Pingree, and Mollie. Mr. Gordon has a variety of occupations, being a farmer, a surveyor of and dealer in lumber, auctioneer, chairman of Selectmen, and of assessors of Fryeburg Village Corporation many years, and Post-Master under Cleveland's first term. He has lived in this village since 1870, and keeps a popular boarding house at his fine residence on Main street.

[Many regrets were expressed that a business engagement

prevented Mr. Gordon's presence at the festival, and that thus they were deprived of one of his bright and breezy speeches.]

Samuel Chase Gordon,

twin brother of William, married Susanna Gamage Farrington, Dec. 30, 1868, by whom he has one daughter, Mary, who is an artist and lives with her father in their pleasant home on Elm Street. He lived in Conway nine years—and has been a resident of this village since the fall of '93. Mr. Gordon's principal business has been agriculture.

Miss Olive J. Swan,

is the daughter of Samuel and Sarah (Perkins) Swan and great granddaughter of Lieut. Caleb Swan, one of Fryeburg's earliest settlers, and was born June 23, 1834, one mile from this village, at what is known as Swan's Falls. She was educated at Fryeburg Academy and devoted her time to teaching for quite a number of years. She has one brother and had one sister, Abbie, deceased, who married Eckley Ballard, the W. Oxford Register of deeds; the brother lives in California. Miss Swan lived at her old home till 16 years ago, when she bought the old Amos J. Cook home and came to this village, where she has since resided, keeping a summer boarding house and a home for Academy students.

Miss Abby N. Page,

is the daughter of Russell and Sophia Page, and great granddaughter of Col. David Page, one of the seven men who first came to Pequawket. She was born in this village, Dec. 3d, 1834, where she has always lived, and is a graduate of Fryeburg Academy. She has one sister, Hannah, who married Samuel Dexter of Malden, Mass., and one brother, John N., recently deceased.

Miss Page keeps the well-known boarding house on Main St., where she dispenses a generous hospitality.

Mrs. Julia A. (Devine) Page,

daughter of Barnard and Mary (Swan) Devine was born one mile from this village, in E. Conway, N. H., June 26, 1834. She married Chas. Page of E. Conway and has two daughters and one son. Mrs. Page is a sister of the late Lieut. Col. John D. Devine, U. S. A., and of the late Mary A. Randall, so long and well known in Fryeburg village where she had lived nearly 50 years.

John Weston,

is the son of Edward and Rachel (Ward) Weston, and was born in this village Jan. 13, 1834. He married Abby Glines of Eaton, N. H., by whom he had four children, Mary W., who married Wm. B. Post of this town, Susanna, Edward and George. He was educated at Fryeburg Academy, and

is a trustee of that institution. He has been engaged in agriculture, lumbering, a large dealer in real estate, in horses, and live stock, sending a large amount of the latter to the Brighton market for nearly 50 years. He has a beautiful home on the banks of the Saco, overlooking the valley, the river and the mountains.

Bradley B. Woodward,

son of Jacob and Mary (Blanchard) Woodward, was born in So. Lyndeborough, N. H., Feb. 28, 1834. With his parents he came to Conway at the age of nine years, and has since lived at the same place, one mile from this village. In 1863 he went to California, remaining there two years. Jan. 2d, 1866, he was married to Elizabeth Chase Page of Conway, deceased, by whom he had three children, Hattie F., Jacob Howard, and Mary E. Mr. Woodward has been Supervisor and Selectman of the town five years, and Representative to the Legislature in 1888 and '89. He devotes the most of his time to farming.

Jason Whitman Towle,

is the son of Ira and Sally (Clement) Towle, and first opened his eyes to the light of day in Fryeburg, Aug. 28, 1834. His father destining him for the ministry, gave him the name of the distinguished Unitarian Divine. He was educated at Fryeburg Academy and taught school successfully at home and in the West. While in the West he met Miss

Emma Shorb of Canton, O. Soon their hearts were intertwined and mingled into one. In 1862 they were married and nine children have blessed their home. One died in infancy ; six lovely daughters and two sons gladden their hearts, and Jason with his three-score-years-and-ten wields fiddle and bow as in days of lang syne.

Thos. Jefferson Allard,

was born in Albany, N. H., Dec. 31st, 1834. He was educated in the common schools and at Fryeburg Academy ;— was married to Mary J. Moulton in 1858, and they had seven children, four of whom are now living. He was chairman of the board of selectmen in his native town 12 years, and four years represented his town in the N. H. legislature. In early life he followed school teaching and railroading, but has been engaged principally in agriculture. He has resided in Sandwich, N. H., Boston and Brownfield, Me., but is now a resident of Conway, N. H. He has been a life-long Democrat.

George F. Booth,

is the son of Benj. and Betsy (Downs) Booth, and was born in Madison, N. H., Nov. 7, 1834. He has lived in Denmark and Brownfield, Me., and for the past 40 years in Fryeburg. He married Sarah J. Ela, and has three daughters, Abigail, Susan and Sylvia. Mr. Booth is a cousin of Edwin Booth. His uncle Israel was an actor and travelling

showman. George has much imitative and dramatic talent, and had he early trained his thoughts and life in that direction might have become as eminent in the theatrical world as his distinguished cousin.

Abel F. Sanborn,

was born Feb. 23d, 1834, on one of the most picturesque farms in Fryeburg, Me., and is the fifth son of Jonathan and Betsey (Lord) Sanborn. He lives at E. Fryeburg, where he was born, and still enjoys the fruits of an industrious and successful life. On Mar. 27th, 1859, he married Amelia Thompson of Limington, Me. Five children were born to them. The first two (twins) died in infancy. The third, Sewell T., died Jan. 6th, '97, aged 34. Frank M., Walter L., and two grandsons survive.

Mr. Sanborn cared for his parents during their declining years, and succeeded to the farm which he has more than doubled in acreage and improvements through his capable and careful management. He is a Republican and a member of Fryeburg Lodge, I. O. O. F. He is a kind husband, indulgent father, loving friend and worthy citizen.



Fryeburg Academy

offers instruction in the following subjects:

Languages—English, French, German, Latin, Greek.

Mathematics—Arithmetic, Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry.

History—Grecian, Roman, English, American and General.

Sciences—Physical Geography, Physics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Botany, Geology and Physiology.

Commercial—Bookkeeping, Civics, Political Economy.

Pedagogy—Psychology, Theory and Practice of Teaching, School Management, School Government, School Organization, History of Education, etc.

There are five courses of study: Classical, Literary, English Scientific, Business and Teachers Training.

The Academy holds the "Certificate Privilege" of the N. E. College board.

The English Scientific Course is designed to give a general education to those who do not intend to pursue their studies in higher schools. It is also a sufficient preparatory course for several Scientific schools of New England.

The Teachers Training Course is designed to meet the needs of those who expect to teach in our common schools.

Alumni House.— This is a building recently added to the institution by the alumni to be used as a dwelling house for girls. It is provided with electric lights bathroom and all the modern conveniences. A matron has charge of the house as well as the girls who live in it.

| | | | |
|----------|---|------------------------------------|------------------|
| Expenses | { | Tuition, | \$7. per term. |
| | | Books sold at cost. | |
| | | Board and lodging in Alumni House, | \$3.50 per week. |

(From Monday till Friday, \$2.50.)

The Fessenden House has been purchased and equipped for a dormitory for boys, board and lodging the same as at the Alumni House.

Emerson L. Adams,

Fryeburg, Maine.

Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance - - Company. - -

Cash Fund, January 1, 1904. \$708,162.77
Surplus over Re-Insurance, \$455,776.74
Losses Paid past year, \$42,204.94
Dividends Paid past year, \$66,032.42
Gain in Surplus past year, \$12,983.04
Gain in Cash Fund past year, \$22,496.81

AND EVERY LOSS PAID IN FULL.

Amount at Risk \$32,586,226.00
Total Liabilities, \$252,386.03

Dividends Paid on every Expiring Policy; 60 per cent.
on 5 years, 40 per cent. on 3 years, and 20 per cent.
on all others.

William H. Fay, Sec'y.

Chas. A. Howland, Pres't & Treas.

Over \$5000 paid in dividends to patrons of this Co.,
by **A. F. LEWIS, Agent.**

3
Life

Insure Against Fire

with 

TRADERS & MECHANICS INSURANCE CO.,

of **LOWELL, MASS.**

Organized 1848.

C. C. Hutchinson, Pres.,

Edw. M. Tucke, Sec. & Treas.

This Co. pays dividends of 20, 40 and 60 per cent. on 1, 3 and 5 year policies.

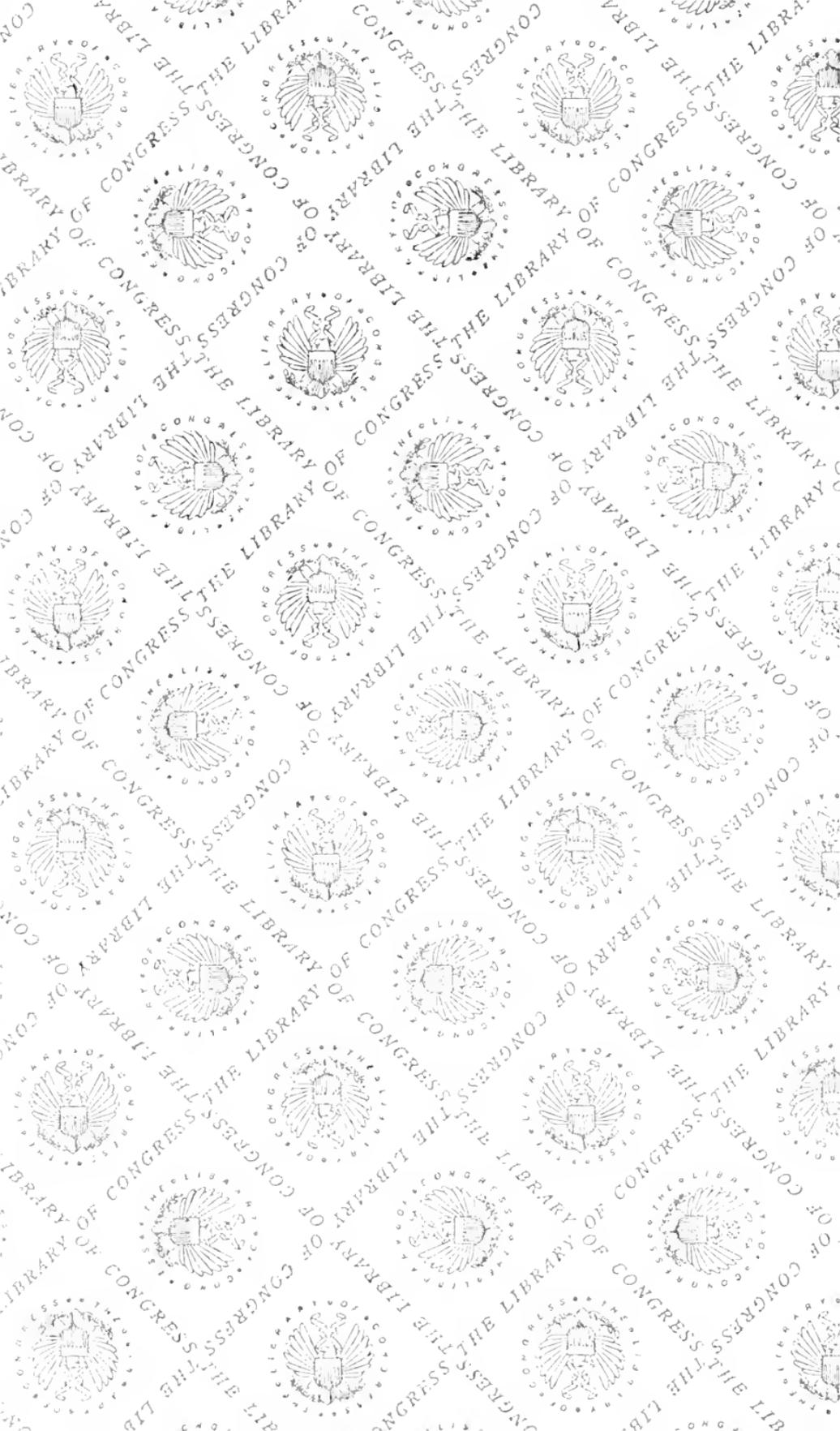
Dividends paid J. & E. P. Weston, \$350.92; C. T. Ladd, \$250.11; Hon. L. R. Giles, \$235.54; Fryeburg Academy, \$244.68; C. H. Tibbetts, \$203.11; Fryeburg Village Corporation \$71.55; Estate Eben Weeks, \$225.99; A. & P. B. Young, \$83.05.

Over \$5000 in dividends paid its patrons in this Co. by

A. F. LEWIS, Agent,

FRYEBURG, MAINE.

89-74



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