



JAMES W. WITHEE, Landlord of the Stoddard House, Farmington.

A KEEPER of the wayside inn, a teller of quaint tales,
A host, whose tavern-door stands wide, whose welcome never fails
Whose fires leap high and, on whose board a generous cheer prevails.

I wish I had his kindly art, good stories to relate,
I wish I had his memory of the very day and date,
"You understand, suh, if I had, I would e-lu-ci-date."

I'd tell you tales of other days, upon the turf of Maine—
Those struggles on the Pittsfield track; when Getchell drew the rein;
When "Togus Boy"—well, Togus Boy; there's something in a name!

I'd tell you of the talent that supposed they knew the horse;
How, frequently, they tried to hold Friend Withee up for loss
And how, the only thing they got was "hosses" and re-morse.

I'd tell you of the good he's done to traveler and to beast,
The inns he's been the landlord of, for forty years at least;—
Where comfort's ministered, in joy, to one perpetual feast.

I've known him—for he's been mine host; his stories my delight;
His kindly purpose I well know; I know his heart is right,
So pray I, on a weary road, I reach his inn, at night.