## Men of the Hour: James W. Withee

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Transcription:

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 wouId e-Iu-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.

*Transcription produced by the DigitalMaine Transcription Project*