

Four months after penning this letter, he celebrated his eightieth birthday. This occasion was so fraught with interest, and so pleasant in its memories, that the report of it, by one of the participants, in a communication to the *Illinois State Journal*, is worthy of preservation in these pages:

ANNIVERSARY—A BIRTHDAY PICNIC AT GREEN LAKE, WISCONSIN.

On Tuesday, July 15, 1879, Governor M. Brayman, of Idaho, whose family resides at this beautiful summer resort, Green Lake, being at home on a brief leave of absence from the distant territory, made a picnic party, in celebration of the thirtieth birthday of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Gowdy, and of the eightieth birthday of his neighbor and friend, Sawyer Walker, the father of Rev. Edwin S. Walker. The occasion was one of peculiar interest, and enjoyment to the large party assembled. Among them were Rev. Mr. Crosby and wife, of Ripon, Wisconsin; Rev. Mr. Kutschen, of Green Lake; Mrs. L. H. Washington, of Keokuk, Iowa, with two of her children; Mrs. E. S. Walker, and two sons, Robert and John, and Miss Helen M. Weeks, of Springfield, Illinois; Mrs. W. H. Bailhache and children, together with the other members of Governor Brayman's immediate family. An address of welcome was made by the Governor, and poems were read by Mrs. Washington, who is a daughter of the venerable Sawyer Walker, and by Mrs. Crosby, of Ripon. We have been furnished with Governor Brayman's welcoming address, and with Mrs. Crosby's poem, which we give in full.

GOVERNOR BRAYMAN'S ADDRESS.

*My Neighbors and Friends:*—It is very kind of you to come to Gray Rock, that we may share the pleasures of the day, and join you, in doing honor to those we love. The occasion is one which inspires gratitude to God, and brings us into endearing sympathy with each other. After a long absence, I am glad to find you in health, and to know, that though cares have fallen upon you, and changes have come with added years, you have accepted them cheerfully, and borne them well.

In behalf of my family, and on my own part, I welcome you to our home. For the hour, we are one family. Every door and heart is open to you; the old oaks dissolve the sunlight into grateful shade for your comfort, and the mirrored lake before us, smiles upon the offering you bring.