

HARTFORD, ME., Sept. 16, 1880.

COUSIN ALFRED BICKNELL:—The following is at your disposal.

If the oldest living great-grandson (by the name of Bicknell) of Nathaniel Bicknell and the oldest grandson of Col. Luke Bicknell (by the name of Bicknell) and the oldest son of William Bicknell entitle me Patriarch of this branch of the Bicknell family, then I accept the title, and when an invitation from you, to be present at a Bicknell meeting at Weymouth in September, my heart was filled with joy, for I had long seen, by a prophetic eye, that the Bicknell blood, coursing in the veins of live Bicknells, would have such a meeting. But the mature judgment of seventy-seven years, and the *counsel* of her, whom I have lived with in married life fifty-two years this month, said, "You must let well enough alone," eclipses all my long cherished anticipations of being present in body. If the mind be strong, it cannot carry the lame tenement to the long wished for Association. Shall I give a brief statement of my three named ancestors, including their wives?

Nathaniel died at Abington, Mass., at the age of seventy-nine, in 1804, the year I made my first appearance at Hanover street, Boston, in a select party consisting of my mother and her assistants—mother at the age of twenty years. Luke died on the farm on which he was born in 1814, at the age of sixty-five, while holding the office of clerk of Abington. I, a child of ten years, knew him but to love grandfather, one whom the town and church delighted to honor. William died at Turner, Me., 1841, aged sixty years, after filling offices of trust in Turner and Hartford. I stood, as a father, beside his death-bed, and heard him say, "William, I shall pass to that immortal shore where all is blessed, where all will 'sing redeemed by Love."

I knew my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Lincoln Bicknell; she died at Abington, 1822, aged ninety-four years. I was long acquainted with my grandmother, Olive Gurney Bicknell, "truly a mother in Israel." She died at Hartford, Me., a pensioner in 1845, at the age of ninety-five years. She and her husband, worthy members of Center Church, Abington, near where they reared a family of eight to manhood. My mother, Martha Bosson, married my father in 1803, at Boston, died at her youngest daughter's, Mrs. Joseph F. Paul, Boston, February, 1879, at the age of ninety-five, expressing a desire to depart from earth-life to that immortal state where the good-bye is never known. I bid mother good-bye in 1878, believing we should never meet again in earth-life. I received a farewell blessing at the age of nearly seventy-six from a mother who was twenty years my senior in age. From my residence in Hartford, Me., her remains, accompanied by my sister Mrs. Paul, her son George, at the age of twenty, an infant when his grandmother made his home her home, were interred at Turner, Me., beside my father, her first husband, after an address by Rev. Mr. French, of that town. I saw, on that day I left mother at J. F. Paul's, at the same time, on a flight of stairs leading to the dining-room, four generations, mother, oldest son, grandson and great-grandchild,—a rare sight for a son to see at seventy-five years. I was well acquainted with my father's brothers and sisters, their