

# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## LYME.

A CHAPTER OF AMERICAN GENEALOGY.



MORRISON R. WAITE.

**L**YME is a word of four letters; and it brings the cars on the Shore-line Railroad from New York to Boston to a full stop for the space of perhaps a minute at the eastern end of the Connecticut River bridge. That is as far, probably, as your next neighbor, who is descanting learnedly upon the charms of foreign travel, will be able to enlighten you. The car window discloses little save a broad stretch of picturesque scenery, including the natural variations between a fine old sea-beach and rough and ragged undulations piled one upon another half a league inland. Should you suddenly be attacked by the spirit of inquiry, as well as by the notion that, as a native of average intelligence, you are deplorably unfamiliar with the individual features of your own country, you may find yourself, as did the writer on a certain occasion, standing conspicuously alone in apparent possession of the main outpost of this ancient and interesting town.

From Noyes Hill, a few rods north of the station, you obtain your first glimpse of the village, or rather of its roofs and chimneys and spires among the tree-tops; also of Meeting-house Hill beyond, of the salt meadows and Long Island Sound to the right, and of a beautiful river, formerly the harbor for merchant vessels when Lyme was a shipping port, winding lazily to the sea in the foreground. The ferry road crosses a snug New England bridge, and guides you to the Pierrepont House, a new summer hotel, which occupies a commanding position just outside the wealth of shade which shields the town. The name of this hotel hinges upon the romantic. It was given in honor of one of the early ministers of Lyme—Rev. Samuel Pierrepont, a brother of the wife of Rev. Jonathan Edwards

—who in 1722 was drowned in crossing the Connecticut on his return from a visit to his lady-love in New Haven.

Lyme itself is the namesake of Lyme-Regis, on the south coast of England, which, with its geographical peculiarities, its history, traditions, and romances, has been so graphically described by Mr. Conway in his "South Coast Saunterings." It covers seven or eight square miles of territory, bounded on the west by the Connecticut River, and on the south by the Sound. It was settled over two centuries ago (in 1666) by an active, sensible, resolute, and blue-blooded people, who gave it a moral and intellectual character which it has never outgrown. Its climate is one of perfect health, and its people live to a great age. The salty, bracing atmosphere tends toward the increase of mental vigor as well as length of years: hence the results which we are about to chronicle. It is a town which has kept pace with the times. It has been near enough



THE WAITE MANSION.

the metropolis to partake of its literary culture and many-sided opportunities, and sufficiently remote to escape its dissipating wastes, and it has always maintained a self-respecting inner life. It is exceptionally rich in family reminiscence, occupies in a certain sense historic ground, and possesses elements of national interest. Lyme-Regis is said to have been famous for its physicians. Lyme is, or ought to be, famous for its lawyers, as it has produced more than any other town of its size on this continent, or any other continent, and not only lawyers, "whose trade it is to question every thing, yield nothing, and talk by the hour," but eminent judges, Senators, and Governors, its latest and grandest achievement being a Chief Justice of the United States.

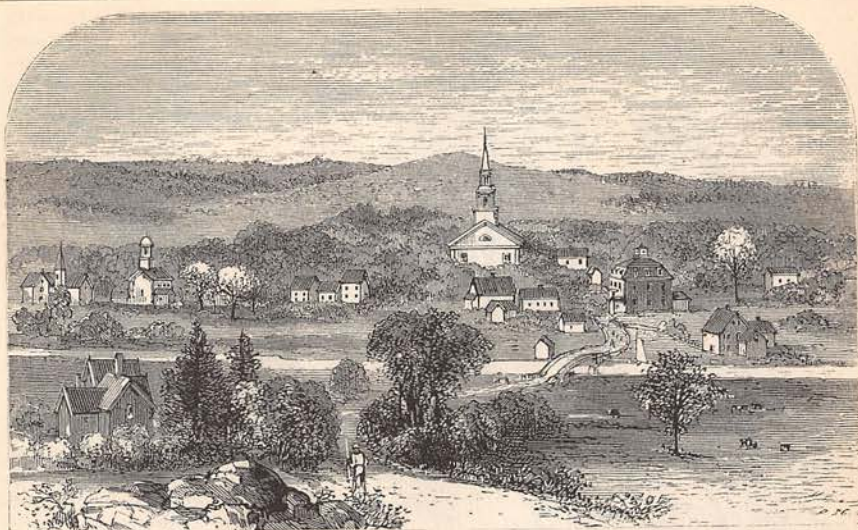
As you proceed from the hotel, "The Street" springs upon you like a new character in a novel. There is no warning of its nearness until you are among its soft shadows. It has a fascinating air of easy old-fashioned elegance, is a mile and a half long, is wide enough to swallow a whole family of New York city streets, is lined with handsome grandfatherly-looking trees, and mansions, some modest, some pretentious, some antique, are planted on either side of it at neighborly distances. Your eye will fall also upon two churches, an academy, a post-office, two or three stores, where groceries, hardware, and dry-goods dwell in harmony together, a milliner's shop with peaches and melons to sell, and a wagon

shed where they mend breaks and shoe horses. Signs of business there are none. The scene is one of tranquillity on a broad scale.

One of the first houses which attract attention, through its associations, is a cottage-built, vine-clad, flower-surrounded dwelling, with a body-guard of aged apple-trees. It was the home of the Hon. Henry Matson Waite, Chief Justice of the State of Connecticut, the father of the present Chief Justice of the United States, and where the latter was reared into manhood.

It is only a few months since we witnessed a rare phenomenon, which is fresh in the public memory. An American citizen was elevated to one of the most dignified and important judicial offices in the world without a dissenting voice. When the nomination was announced, a flood of surprise seemed to drown captious politicians and impatient office-seekers. The choice had, singularly enough, fallen outside of their ranks. Ere they came to the surface, Congress had bowed its lofty head to merit, the newspaper press had despairingly confessed its inability to find any fault with the nominee, and the question had rung through the length and breadth of the land, and been satisfactorily answered, "What manner of man is he who is to be henceforth the custodian of the liberties of forty millions of people?"

The office had been entirely unsought. Morrison R. Waite was a lawyer with an immense and valuable practice. He was the acknowledged leader of the Ohio bar, and had been for a long series of years. He was one whose clearness and dexterity of intellect had never failed to bring order out of confusion in the most complicated law cases which had been placed in his hands. He was, moreover, a thorough gentleman, with an acute sense of justice, strong opinions, sound judgment, and a spotless private record. He had meddled little in public affairs, although repeatedly urged to accept a nomination to Congress. He had declined a seat upon the bench of the Su-



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preme Court of Ohio. The few instances in which he had served the government were where the mutual attraction of need and fitness were strikingly apparent. In 1849 he was in the Ohio Legislature; in 1871 he was one of the counsel of the United States at the tribunal of arbitration at Geneva, winning special praise for his labor in the commission; in 1873 he was elected to the Constitutional Convention of Ohio by the unanimous vote of both political parties, and was presiding over that body when he was notified of the action of the administration. He stands out in American history, bright and clear as sunlight, a living refutation of the popular idea that a man must have narrowed and belittled himself with district politics—in short, have gone through the worst possible training for it—before he can receive any national appointment.

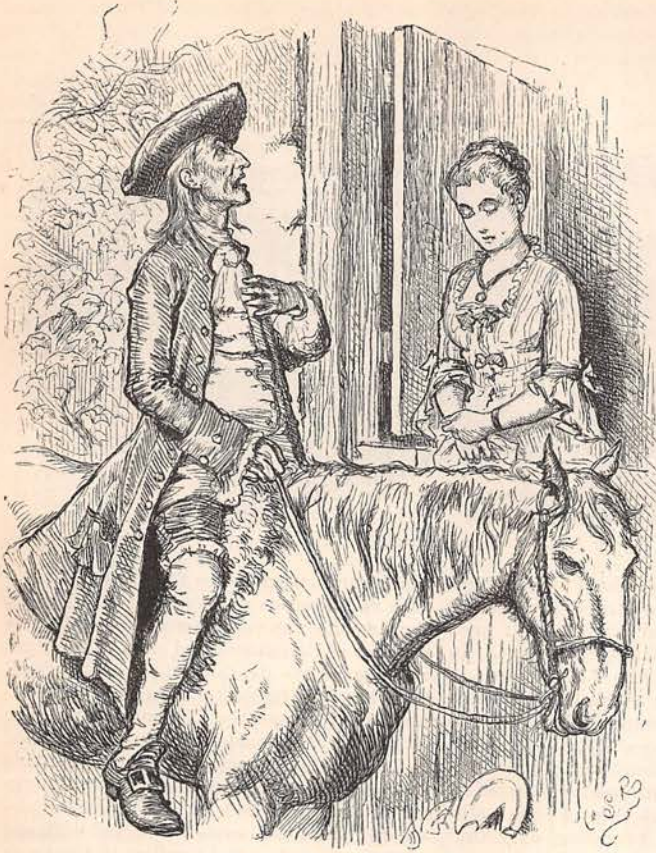
Chief Justice Waite is so rounded in character and culture that there are few salient points to seize for purposes of description. He is of medium height, broad physique, square shoulders, large and well-poised head, hair and whiskers slightly flecked with gray, complexion heavy, eyes dark and piercing, and mouth indicative of decision. His general bearing is firm and self-possessed. He was born in Lyme, November 29, 1816. He studied law with his father, after graduating from Yale, but completed his forensic education in the office of the Hon. Samuel M. Young, of Maumee City, Ohio, with whom he subsequently formed a partnership that continued with marked success for nearly a quarter of a century.

He removed his family to Toledo in 1850. The name of Waite is both ancient and honorable. It dates back many centuries. The

coat of arms used by the family in both Europe and America was granted in 1512. In the time of Cromwell, Thomas Waite\* was a member of Parliament and one of the judges who signed the death-warrant of Charles I. Shortly after the Restoration the family removed to this country. Thomas Waite, born in Sudbury, Massachusetts, in 1677, settled in Lyme when a young man, and married Mary Bronson, whose mother was the daughter of Matthew and Annah Wolcott Griswold.† He thus became connected with one of the most influential families in the province, and in an age when the distinctions of rank and caste were held in severe respect, even in democratic New England, "where mental and moral cultivation was the first

\* From the Waite records it appears that the name anciently was written Waite, in modern times Waite, and in some instances Wait. It also appears that the names of Thomas, Richard, John, and Joseph, especially the former two, were favorite names in the family. —*History of the Waite Family*. P. 11.

† The Griswolds and Wolcotts were of the old English gentry. Matthew Griswold, the first magistrate of the Saybrook colony, married Annah, the daughter of Henry Wolcott. Matthew Griswold was a descendant of Sir Humphrey Griswold, whose seat was at Malvern Hall. Henry Wolcott was the son and heir of John Wolcott, of Golden Manor. The manor-house is still standing, an immense castle of great antiquity, designed for the purposes of defense against the excesses of a lawless age, as well as for a permanent family residence. It is richly ornamented with carved work, and upon the walls may be seen the motto of the family arms, "*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*"—inclined to swear in the words of no master. It was in keeping with the independent spirit of an English gentleman of the Middle Ages, and with that of a Puritan of a later date, who spurned the dictation of ecclesiastical wisdom. Wolcott sold a portion of his estate before he left England. He was a magistrate in the Connecticut colony, and his descendants in the direct line were magistrates, judges, and Governors for a period of over one hundred and eighty successive years.



"THE LORD'S WILL BE DONE."

essential for access to good society, and honest labor esteemed no shame." He was the father of eleven children. His fourth son, Richard, was twice married; his first wife was Elizabeth Marvin.

I beg pardon for the digression, but I am reminded of a little story. One of the early settlers of Lyme was Reynold Marvin. He was a rich land-holder, a militia captain, and a deacon of the church. He professed to be governed by Divine communications. On one occasion he announced that the Lord had directed him to distribute his cows among the poor. A shiftless fellow who was omitted in the distribution finally went to the deacon and said he too had received a communication from the Lord, who had sent him there for a cow.

"Of course, then, you must have a cow," was the reply. "But what sort of a cow did the Lord say I must give you—a new milch or a farrow?"

"A new milch cow, Sir."

"Indeed! Your communication could not have been from the Lord, for I have no new milch cow."

The baffled beggar departed.

Another time the deacon opposed some church measure, which was carried in spite of him. He promptly refused to pay his church taxes, and was sued, and his saddle taken for the debt. He esteemed himself deeply wronged, and rode upon a sheep-skin (wheeled vehicles had as yet hardly appeared in the colonies) forever afterward. And riding upon his sheep-skin one day, he reined his horse up to the cottage door of pretty Betty Lee. It was an old Dutch door, cut in two in the middle. She came and leaned upon the lower half, her blue eyes opened wide, and her dainty hands holding fast to a plate which she was wiping.

"Betty," said he, solemnly, "the Lord sent me here to marry you."

Betty's eyes fell upon the door-step, and however, rallied instantly.

"The Lord's will be done," she replied.

The deacon nudged his horse and trotted slowly away, and the maiden finished washing her dishes. Betty's father was not friendly to the deacon, and tried to break the engagement. He did not succeed, as appears from the *publishment* which, according to the custom of the times, was posted upon the church door. It was the production of the prospective bridegroom, and ran thus:

"Reynold Marvin and Betty Lee  
Do intend to marry,  
And though her dad op-po-sed be,  
They can no longer tarry."

They were married, and lived in peace, and in a small stone house on the west side of "The Street" brought up a large family of children, and in due course of events were gathered to their fathers. On a time-worn head-stone in the Lyme cemetery may be seen the following inscription:

"This Deacon, aged sixty-eight,  
Is freed on Earth from sarving,  
May for a crown no longer wait  
Lyme's Captain Reynold Marvin."

The Marvins were a numerous race, and jurists were thick among them in every generation. They seem to have been native bards also. One Reynold Marvin (not the deacon) closes a letter in 1737 to Judge John Griswold in the following manner:

"Sir, this is yours, at any rate,  
To read if you have leisure,  
To burn, conceal, communicate,  
According to your pleasure."

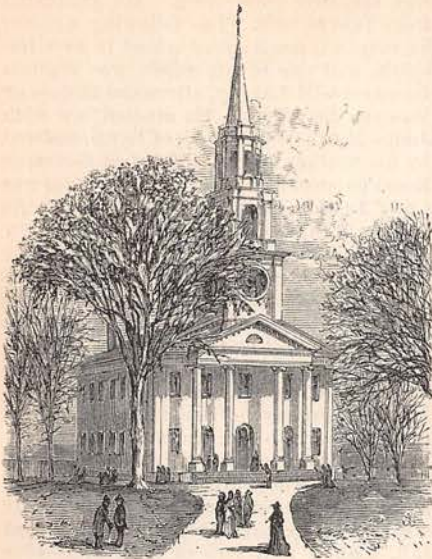
To return to Richard Waite. He lived on a farm in that part of Lyme known as "Four-mile River." He was a leading man and a justice of the peace, which was more of an honor in those days than we of this generation can comprehend. He had ten children by his Marvin wife, one of whom became the celebrated Judge Marvin Waite, of New London, whose son is the Hon. John Turner Waite, of Norwich. He married secondly Rebecca Higgins, the daughter of Captain Higgins, a large, handsome, imperious woman, who, as the years rolled on, devoted herself with great zeal to the education of her two sons, Remick and Ezra. When the latter graduated from Yale, and then declined to carry out her wishes by studying divinity, she was grievously disappointed; and when he crowned his irreverence by declaring in favor of law, she would have nothing more to do with him. She was severely religious, never allowed cooking or sweeping in her house on the Sabbath, and always entered church at the precise and proper moment. At one time (just prior to the Revolution) both she and her husband withdrew from the communion because of certain charges against their pastor, but finding them untrue, offered to return. Captain Higgins violently opposed such a proceeding. "What!" said he to his daughter, "has our Lyme church become a tavern, where people may go out and come in when they please, without even knocking?" Her son Remick Waite turned his attention to agriculture; but the law in his blood found vent. He was made justice of the peace when quite young, and sustained the office with dignity to the end of a long and useful life. He married Susanna Matson, who was a lady of superior talents and great worth and strength of character. It was her sister who was the mother of Hon. William A. Buckingham, late United States Senator, and the great war Governor of Connecticut, and of Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Buckingham, long a beloved and honored pastor in Springfield, Massachusetts; and she herself was the mother of Chief Justice Henry Matson Waite.

The last-named gentleman deserves honorable mention, not only because he gave direction to and helped to mould the mind which now defines for us the limits of even authority itself, but on account of his own personal excellence and valuable public services in his native State. His career

was specially interesting. He graduated from Yale in 1809. The following summer he taught a small select school in New Rochelle, and one of his pupils was William Heathcote De Lancey, afterward Bishop of Western New York. He studied law with Judge Matthew Griswold, of Lyme, assisted by his brother, the accomplished Governor Roger Griswold: One of his classmates was Chief Justice Ebenezer Lane, of Ohio. As soon as he was admitted to the bar he grew steadily in importance. Prior to 1854 he had served several terms in the State Legislature, and had been for twenty years judge of the Supreme and Superior courts. He was then elected by the unanimous vote of both branches of the Legislature to the highest seat on the State bench. A well-known jurist says of him, "He contributed his full share to the character of a court whose decisions are quoted and opinions respected in all the courts of the United States, and in the highest courts of England." He was of stately presence, tall, and yet not tall, with a fair, serious face, keen blue eyes, and light hair. He was highly cultivated by study, chose to use his means for educational and religious purposes, and to help others, rather than in a pretentious mode of living, was social in his tastes, and enjoyed the perfect confidence of the entire community. His wife was of the first order of intellect, and, sympathizing in his pursuits, contributed largely to his professional successes. A fit mother was she, indeed, for her distinguished son.\* She was Maria Selden, the daughter of Colonel Richard Ely Selden, and granddaughter of Colonel Samuel Selden, a notable officer in the Revolution, who was himself the grandson of Governor Dudley, of Massachusetts, which carries us again into lordly halls across the water, only that we are too intensely republican to need any such background and perspective. We all began on this side.

Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite married his second cousin, Amelia Warner, of Lyme, the great-granddaughter of the distinguished Colonel Selden, of Revolutionary memory. She was a beauty and a belle, a leader in fashion and society, and now, with the

\* Chief Justice Waite is not the only lawyer son of Hon. Henry M. Waite. Richard Waite has been in active and prosperous law practice in Toledo, Ohio, for some nineteen years. Another son, George C. Waite, who died in his twenty-ninth year, was a promising lawyer in Troy, New York, and an efficient member of the Troy Board of Education. To him that city is mainly indebted for its present free-school system. Hon. Horace F. Waite, of Chicago, a prominent lawyer, member of the Illinois Legislature, etc., is a nephew of the late Hon. Henry M. Waite, and a native of Lyme. Mr. Daniel Chadwick, a leading lawyer, State's attorney, etc., residing in Lyme, is another nephew; and a niece married the accomplished scholar, Rev. Davis Clark Brainard (recently deceased), who for more than a third of a century had been the pastor of the Lyme church.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

added grace of years, no lady in the land is better fitted by education, culture, and travel for the position in Washington circles which destiny has thrust upon her. She carries good sense, refined taste, and a quiet independence of character to the front, which will prove an invaluable balance-wheel to the great social structure.

Turning north from the Waite mansion, you are confronted by a quaint homestead which seems to be taking life comfortably right in the middle of "The Street." Venerable trees rise above it, and their branches droop over its small-paned windows. Its door-step is foot-worn, its hall of entrance of a pre-Revolutionary pattern, and its whole architecture one-sided; but it has an unmistakable air of gentility. If you enter, you are plunged headlong into an antiquarian mine; paneled walls, curious cornices, enormous fire-places, high mantels, and round tables bring all your forefathers and foremothers round you in their powdered wigs and high-heeled shoes. The chairs and pictures are many of them two hundred years old. You may presume before you get to it that "The Street" ends plump against the little door-yard fence. No; "The Street" is guilty of no such impertinence. It dodges politely around the edifice, and pursues its otherwise unbending course as if accustomed to trifling obstructions.

To the south another mansion has spread itself squarely across the way. It does not, like its *vis-à-vis*, offer the apology of antiquity, but is evidently a freak of modern independence. It is high and broad, the front-door swings in the centre, and it has wings on the side and rear. It is imbedded in

shrubbery, and gay-colored flowers brighten its pretty grounds. The effect of the two houses facing each other half a mile apart is novel in the extreme. They impress you as being active participants in human affairs. They both belong to representatives of the Lord family, who were among the first settlers of Lyme, and who have in all the generations since been lavish in their distribution of doctors, judges, and divines throughout the country.

The Congregational church towers above you, like an anciently bound and well-preserved chapter of ecclesiastical history, on the corner where the ferry road enters "The Street" at right angles. It is an imposing edifice of the Ionic order of architecture, and strikingly ornate. At its right, and under its very droppings, as it were, is a large, square, old-fashioned house half hidden among stately trees, which is the home of a lady of elegant scholarship and rare accomplishments, who has for almost half a century been the educator of the ladies of Lyme, and to whom is due in large measure the credit of having developed the artistic and musical talent for which they are celebrated. Nearly opposite the church is the Mather homestead. It is gambrel-roofed, and was clapboarded before the time of sawing clapboards—when they were rived as staves are split. It has been the home of the Mathers—the ancient and learned family to which Increase and John Cotton Mather belonged—for more than a century. In the palmy days before the Revolution, when Governors drove six horses, and all the consequential families in Lyme owned negro slaves, this house was almost without a rival in the elegance of its appointments.

Side by side with it stands the oldest house in Lyme—a landmark which has been protected with generous care. Like Sydney Smith's ancient green chariot with its new wheels and new springs, it seems to grow younger each year. It is the residence of Hon. Charles Johnson M'Curdy, LL.D., an eminent jurist, who was for many years in the Connecticut Legislature, was Speaker of the House, Lieutenant-Governor of the State, United States minister to Austria, and for a long period judge of the Supreme Court. It was he who, when Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, in 1848, originated and carried into effect through the Legislature that great change in the common law by which parties may become witnesses in their own cases—a change which has since been adopted throughout this country and in England.

This antique dwelling has the low ceilings and the bare polished beams of the early part of the last century. Its doors and walls are elaborately carved and paneled. In the south parlor is a curious *buffet*, built with the house, containing a rare col-



CHARLES JOHNSON M'CURDY.

lection of china from ancestral families.\* Between the front windows stands an elegant round table, which descended from Governor Matthew and Ursula Wolcott Griswold, and around which have sat from time to time the six Governors of the family—of whom more presently. The whole house is a museum of souvenirs of preceding generations. In the north chamber is a rich and unique chest of drawers, which belonged to the Diodati wife of Rev. Stephen Johnson; also mirrors, tables, pictures, and other relics of great antiquity. This apartment was occupied by Lafayette at two distinct eras in our national history—for several days during the Revolution, when he was entertained by John M'Curdy, while resting his troops in the vicinity; and in 1825, as the guest of Richard M'Curdy and his daughter Sarah, while on his memorable journey to Boston.

The house has historical significance through certain Revolutionary events. It was purchased by John M'Curdy in 1750, a Scotch-Irish gentleman of education and wealth, who was a large shipping merchant. He had no sympathy with the arbitrary measures of the English government, and gloried in the spirit of resistance as it developed in the colonies. (He was the "Irish

\* The ancestral families connected with the M'Curdy household are the Wolcotts, Griswolds, Lords, Lyndes, Digbys, Willoughbys, Pitkins, Ogdens, Mitchells (the Scotch family of Mitchells, the same as that of "Ike Marvel"), and the Diodatis. The descent is direct, through the wife of Rev. Stephen Johnson, from Rev. John Diodati (the famous divine and learned writer of Geneva in the time of John of Barneveld), who was from the Italian nobility.

gentleman" mentioned by Gordon and Hollister as "friendly to the cause of liberty.") He was an intimate personal friend of Rev. Stephen Johnson, who was then the pastor of the Lyme church. The two had many conferences upon the subject of a possible independence of the colonies. They grew indignant with the serene composure of Governor Fitch and his associates. The first published article pointing toward unqualified rebellion in case an attempt was made to enforce the Stamp Act was from the pen of Rev. Stephen Johnson, and it was written under this roof. M'Curdy privately secured its insertion in the *Connecticut Gazette*. It was a fiery article, designed to rouse the community to a sense of the public danger. Others of a similar character soon followed; while pamphlets, from no one knew whence, fell, no one knew how, into conspicuous places.

Could these walls speak, what tales they might reveal!—two sagacious and audacious men trying to kindle a fire; one feeding it with the chips of genius and strong nervous magnetism, the other fanning it with the contents of his broad purse. The alarm was sounded; organizations of the "Sons of Liberty" were formed in the various colonies; treasonable resolves were handed about with great privacy in New York, but no one had the courage to print them. John M'Curdy, being in the city, asked for them, and with much precaution was permitted to take a copy. He carried them to New England, where they were published and spread far and wide without reserve. This was in September, 1765, and before the end of the same month the famous crusade (which embraced nearly every man in the town of Lyme) moved from New Lon-



TABLE OF THE EX-GOVERNORS.



JUDGE M'OURDY'S HOME.

don and Windham counties against Mr. Ingersoll, the Stamp Commissioner. It was then and thus that the egg of the Revolution may be said to have been hatched.

When Governor Fitch proposed that he and his councilors should be sworn agreeably to the Stamp Act, Colonel Trumbull (afterward Governor) refused to witness the transaction, and left the hall. Others followed his spirited example until only four remained. Ingersoll, as the agent of Connecticut in England, had ably and earnestly opposed the passage of the odious bill; but when all was over, he had been duly qualified to officiate as stamp master. He had scarcely landed in New Haven on his return when a rumor reached him that all was not quiet beyond the Connecticut, and he started at once for Hartford. The same morning five hundred mounted men, carrying eight days' provisions, crossed the Connecticut from the east in two divisions, one at Lyme and the other farther north. Ingersoll and his guard were riding leisurely through the woods near Wethersfield, when they were suddenly met by five horsemen, who turned and joined their party. Ten minutes later they were met by thirty horsemen, who wheeled in like manner. No violence was offered, and not a word spoken. All rode on together with the solemnity and decorum of a funeral procession. Reaching a fork in the road, they were met by the whole five hundred, armed with ponderous white clubs, and led by Captain Durkee in

full uniform. The line opened from right to left, and Ingersoll was received with profoundest courtesy. Martial music broke the sombre stillness, and they marched into Wethersfield, halting in the wide street. Captain Durkee then ordered Ingersoll to resign.

The latter expostulated. "Is it fair," he asked, "for two counties to dictate to the rest of the colony?"

"It don't signify to parley," was the prompt reply. "A great many people are waiting, and you must resign."

"I must wait to learn the sense of the government," said Ingersoll.

"Here is the sense of the government, and no man shall exercise your office."

"If I refuse to resign, what will follow?"

"Your fate."

"The cause is not worth dying for," said the prisoner.

A few moments later Ingersoll wrote his name to the formal resignation prepared for him. That was well, but it was not enough. He was required to swear to it in a loud voice, and then shout "Liberty and Property!" three times. This last ceremony he performed, swinging his hat about his head. He was then escorted to Hartford. He rode a white horse. Some one asked him what he was thinking of. "Death on a pale horse and hell following," was his quick retort.

They entered the capital four abreast, and formed in a semicircle about the Court-



house, with Ingersoll in a conspicuous position. He was ordered to read his recantation in the hearing of the General Court. He went through the ordeal to the satisfaction of his captors, even to the shouting of "Liberty and Property!" three times again. After which the sovereigns of the soil departed in peace.

Colonel Putnam, who had been one of the instigators of the movement, was prevented by illness from being present. He was shortly summoned before Governor Fitch. In the course of the conversation which followed, the Governor asked, "What shall I do if the stamped paper is sent to me by the king's order?"

"Lock it up until we shall visit you."

"What will you do?"

"Demand the key of the room where it is deposited. You may, if you choose, forewarn us upon our peril not to enter the room, and thus screen yourself from blame."

"And then what will you do?"

"Send the key safely back to you."

"But if I refuse admission?"

"Your house will be leveled with the dust in five minutes."

Thus the remarkable interview ended.

Lyme was not without a Tea Party any more than some of the sea-port towns of larger pretensions. On the 16th of March, 1774, a peddler from Martha's Vineyard came into the place on horseback with one hundred pounds of tea in his saddle-bags. He was arrested and examined, and in the evening the "Sons of Liberty" assembled, built a bright fire on "The Street" just above the Congregational church, and committed the peddler's whole stock in trade to the flames, and buried the ashes on the spot.

There are several Noyes houses which it would be pleasant to visit. The first minister of Lyme was the Rev. Moses Noyes, who preached sixty-three years. He was one of the first graduates of Harvard and one of the founders of Yale. He was from a clerical family; his brother was the first minister of Stonington; his father was an eminent divine of Newbury, Massachusetts; and his father's father was a still more eminent divine of England. His wife was the granddaughter of the learned Puritan Elder William Brewster. He was a large land-holder, and owned a number of slaves. His house stood for more than a century on the site of the present residence of Richard Noyes, one of his descendants. Its windows were few, and they were located nearly as high as the top of the door. They were small and square, and leaded over the sash. They must have been painfully inconvenient to the poor Indian when he was seeking a bit of useful information concerning the domestic fireside. The doors were driven full of nails. Ugh! one can

almost catch the glitter of the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

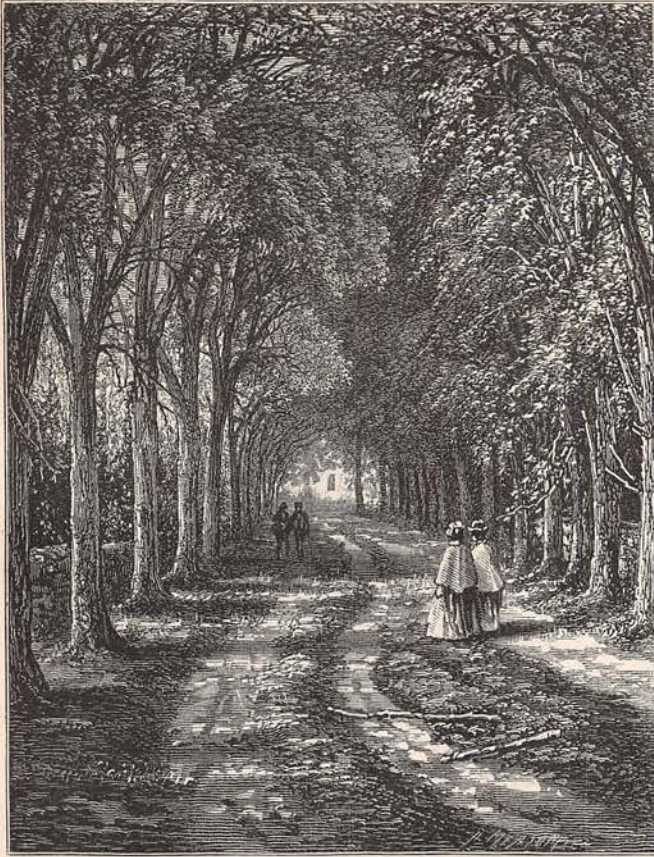
Judge William Noyes, the grandson of the Reverend Moses, flourished a hundred years later. He was a tall, grave man, the terror of Sabbath-breakers. He never allowed a traveler to pass through Lyme on the Lord's Day without some extraordinary excuse. He was strictly conventional. When on horseback with his four grown-up sons, the latter never presumed to ride on a line with him, but always at a respectful distance behind. He inherited the large classical library of the Reverend Moses, also a writing-desk which Elder Brewster brought



BREWSTER'S WRITING-DESK.

to this country in the *Mayflower*, and which is now in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Daniel Chadwick, of Lyme. Judge Noyes built the handsome old house in the northern part of "The Street," now owned by Mr. Schieffelin, of New York, the father-in-law of Rev. Mr. Sabine. By the side of one of the chimneys is a curious hole several feet deep, supposed to have been an invention of the judge to hide liquor from his negroes. Just south of this mansion, in the midst of English-looking grounds, is a great old-fashioned house, with pillars in front, the residence of Captain Robert, the youngest son of Governor Roger Griswold. And a little farther on is the pleasant home of the Huntingtons.

Black Hall is a pleasant drive of three miles from "The Street." You pass the Lyme cemetery, with its kindly shade and its ancient and modern head-stones—itself a history. You pass also a quarry of what seems to be the genuine porphyritic granite, with compact base, spotted with reddish crystals of feldspar; it is hard, and susceptible of a fine polish. The Swedes and Russians have worked a similar variety with success, and pronounce it more durable than any other material for building purposes. A polished specimen, beside one of the Scotch



APPROACH TO BLACK HALL.

granite of which Prince Albert's monument in Hyde Park is made, shows that it is of the same general character, only that the Lyme granite is the handsomer of the two. There is enough here to build a city, and it is significantly within a stone's-throw of the railroad track. Two roads diverge at the foot of Meeting-house Hill, one of which ascends that blustering height (the former site of three successive churches, two of which were burned by lightning), and passes an old burial-ground inclosed by a tumbling stone wall and overgrown by rank weeds, also the original mile-stone which, according to tradition, Franklin planted with his own hands when he was Postmaster-General of the colonies. It was the old stage route from New York to Boston, and most of the illustrious men of the olden time have traveled over it. The lower road passes the Champlin house, which was the scene of the marriage of the famous General Buckner to a daughter of Colonel Kingsbury. He was then a young West Pointer, and was married in his uniform. Just as the final words of the ceremony were being pronounced,

there was an alarm of fire; a neighbor's house was burning. The bridegroom threw off his coat, and, with the minister and others, ran to extinguish the flames; then returned, recoated, kissed his bride, and received the congratulations of his friends.

Black Hall, the seat of the Griswolds, is a cluster of half a dozen houses, in the midst of a thick grove of trees, on the fine segment of land which slopes into the Sound so far that in winter the sun rises and sets over the water. This large property was a fief or feudal grant to the first Matthew Griswold in 1645. He built a log-house—the first house in Lyme—upon the site of the mansion, which you see at the end of the private entrance, and dug a well, which is

still in existence. He sent a negro slave to occupy the premises, as the Indians were too hostile for him to venture to remove his family so far from the fort at Saybrook. Tradition says that the log-house was called the "black's hall," which is supposed to have been the origin of the pleasant-sounding name which the place now bears.

The old gubernatorial mansion of Governor Roger Griswold commands a magnificent view of the Sound and its shipping. It is the home of Mr. Matthew Griswold, one of the Governor's sons. It is a well-preserved specimen of antiquity, and one of those dwellings the geography of which can not be read upon the face of it. The rooms seem numberless, and vary in size and shape until the explorer is hopelessly confused. It is full of suggestion, for Governor Roger Griswold was one of our country's ablest statesmen. He was called, at the age of thirty-two, from a valuable law practice into the councils of the nation, and was pronounced one of the most finished scholars in Congress, where he served ten years—during a part of the administration of



GOVERNOR GRISWOLD'S HOUSE.

Washington, the whole of that of Adams, and a portion of that of Jefferson. He was a brilliant talker, and profoundly versed in law. He was the first cousin of Oliver Wolcott, who was at the same time Secretary of the Treasury. He was nominated Secretary of State in 1801, but saw fit to decline. He was subsequently appointed judge of the Superior Court, elected Lieutenant-Governor, and finally Governor of Connecticut, in which office he died, in 1812. He sleeps in the Griswold grave-yard, and his tomb, rising against a background of green, may be seen as you cross Black Hall River. He was the son of Governor Matthew Griswold, who was conspicuous for the energy of his counsels and active measures during the Revolution. Governor Matthew, when a young man, was grave, shy, tall, and somewhat awkward. He courted a young lady in Durham, who put him off, delaying to give an answer in the hope that a doctor, whom she preferred, would propose. He finally tired of his long rides on horseback, and suspecting the state of her mind, pressed for an immediate decision.

"I should like a little more time," reiterated the fair one.

"Madame, *I will give you a lifetime*," was the lover's response; and rising with dignity, he took his leave.

The lady took her lifetime, and died single, as the doctor never came forward. Young Griswold returned to Lyme so deeply mortified with the failure of his suit that he was little disposed to repeat the process of love-making. In course of events his second cousin, Ursula Wolcott, came on a visit to Black Hall. She was a modern edition of her grandmother, the historical Martha Pitkin, bright, beautiful, accomplished, and self-reliant. She was a little older than Matthew. She became assured that his affections were centred upon herself, but he was provokingly reticent. Meeting him on the stairs one day, she asked, "What did you say, Cousin Matthew?"

"I did not say any thing," he replied.

A few days later, meeting him, she asked in the same tone, "What did you say, Cousin Matthew?"

"I did not say any thing," he replied as before.

Finally, meeting him upon the beach one morning, she again asked, "What did you say, Cousin Matthew?"

"I did not say any thing," he still replied.

"It is time you did," she remarked, with emphasis.

Whereupon something was said, the result of which was a wedding, and the brilliant bride had a queenly reign at Black Hall. No lady in American history could introduce you to more Governors among her immediate relations. Her father was Governor Roger Wolcott, her brother was Governor Oliver Wolcott, her nephew was the second Governor Oliver Wolcott, her cousin was Governor Pitkin, her husband was Governor Matthew Griswold, and her son was Governor Roger Griswold.

Black Hall has always been famous for the beauty and spirit of its women. Governor Matthew Griswold had eight dashing sisters, who were known as the "Black Hall boys," from being given to all manner of out-of-door sports; they could ride, leap, row, and swim, and they had withal the gifts and graces which won them distinguished husbands. Phebe married Rev. Jonathan Parsons, the Lyme minister, whose clerical career did not run smoothly, in consequence of his admiration for Rev. George Whitefield. He was a *protégé* of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, and a man of excellent parts. A fair, frank, manly, good-humored face looks down from his portrait. He had a passion for fine clothes, for gold and silver lace, and ruffled shirt fronts, which distressed some of the good Puritans in his church. His wife was given to practical jokes. One evening as he was about to leave the house for the weekly prayer-meeting—after taking a last look in the mirror to satisfy himself

that every particular hair was stroked the right way—she playfully threw her arms about his neck, passed one hand over his face, and kissed him. As he entered the church he was nettled by a ripple of smiles which ran through the congregation, and he noticed that some of the brethren were eying him suspiciously. Presently it was whispered in his ear that his face was blackened. On another occasion his fun-loving wife wickedly clipped a leaf from his sermon, and sat in the little square pew before him, quietly fanning herself, and enjoying his embarrassment when he reached the chasm. She was remarkably clever with her pen, and it is said often wrote sermons herself. She was the mother of the celebrated Major Samuel Holden Parsons, and grandmother of Simon Greenleaf, professor of law at Cambridge, author of valuable legal works, etc.\*

\* In illustration of the statement concerning the remarkable number of lawyers, as well as other brilliant men and women of Lyme origin in different parts of the country, I will mention a few well-known names; but it must not be understood that I am in the garden to call all the flowers. Chief Justice Ebenezer Lane, of Ohio, was a grandson of Governor Matthew Griswold, and Judge William Lane is a grandson of Governor Roger Griswold. One of the sisters of Governor Matthew married Elijah Backus, of Norwich, from whom descended General John Pope, of the late war. Another sister married Judge Hillhouse, whose descendants are among the prominent families of New Haven. General Joseph G. Perkins, of the late war, also Colonel John Griswold, an accomplished young officer who fell at Antietam, were grandsons of Governor Roger Griswold. Rev. George Griswold, pastor of the East Lyme church for thirty-six years, and Rev. Sylvanus Griswold, of Feeding Hills, were of the same family. Also Nathaniel Lynde Griswold and George Griswold, the great East India importers of New York; the wife of Hon. Frederick Frelinghuysen; the wife of Senator Lanman; the wife of Senator Foster; the wife of John Lyon Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island; the wife of President Tyler; Chief Justice S. T. Hosmer; and Eleanora, the wife of Virginia Cenci, Prince of Vicovaro, present Grand Chamberlain to the King of Italy. The prince is a lineal descendant of the family of Beatrice Cenci, and resides in the ancient Cenci palace. The Seldens have contributed largely to the eminence of our country. Conspicuous among the jurists of the present generation are Judge Samuel Lee Selden and Judge Henry R. Selden, of New York. We may add to the list Hon. Dudley Selden, member of Congress; General M'Dowell, of army notoriety; President Nott; Rev. Dr. Samuel Nott; Professor Eaton, of Yale; A. L. Backus, of Toledo; the wife of Rev. Leonard W. Bacon; Mrs. General Lewis Cass; and Mrs. General Hunt, of Toledo. A daughter of John M'Curdy married the famous and witty ecclesiastic Rev. Nathan Strong, of Hartford; another married Dr. Channing, of Boston. A daughter of Lynde M'Curdy married Hon. John Allen, member of Congress; and their son, Hon. John W. Allen, was also a member of Congress. Robert M'Curdy, the great importing merchant of New York, is a brother of Judge M'Curdy, and the daughter of the latter is the wife of Professor E. E. Salisbury, of New Haven. From the Smiths, Demings, Pecks, Sills, Marvins, Lords, Colts, Elys, Sterlings, Champions, and other Lyme families, the army is legion. Senator Truman Smith; Senator Nathan Smith; Judge Nathaniel Smith; Rev. Matthew Hale Smith; Colonel Henry C. Deming, member of Congress; Rev. Dr. Edward Strong, of Boston; Judge Strong, of St. Louis; Judge Strong, of the United

Two generations farther back we have a curious episode, in which Matthew Griswold the second figured as "Lyme's champion." He was a tall, broad-chested, powerful young athlete, and a justice of the peace. There was a troublesome controversy between New London and Lyme about a tract of land some four miles in width, which both claimed. One summer morning in 1671 a party of Lyme hay-makers went into the controverted meadow to mow the grass, led by Griswold. About the same time a company from New London entered upon the other side. They all pitched in together, and such a scrimmage was never witnessed before nor since in the land of steady habits. It began with words, but quickly came to blows with fists, feet, scythes, rakes, whetstones, and clubs. There were other justices of the peace present besides Griswold, and the belligerents were pretty generally arrested. They went to law, each party indicting the other; twenty-one from New London and fifteen from Lyme. The former were fined £9, the latter £5. The fines were remitted by the General Court of Connecticut, and the land divided between the two towns. But the dividing line was not determined. Then arose another civil or uncivil war. New London kindly offered to take three miles and give one mile to Lyme, and Lyme made a similar disinterested proposition to New London. The wrangling continued for some months. Tradition says "it was finally agreed, since the tract was not worth the expense of further litigation, to settle the question by a *private combat*." This decision was piously recorded as "*leaving it to the Lord*." Each town chose two champions, appointed a day, and people gathered in great numbers to see the fight. Matthew Griswold and William Ely fought for Lyme, and so valorously and well that they won the victory, and New London relinquished all claim to the property.

States Supreme Court; Rev. Dr. Stone, of San Francisco; Mrs. Rev. Dr. Hubbell, author of *Shady Side*; Hon. David M. Stone, editor of *Journal of Commerce*; Mrs. Professor Hoppin, of Yale Theological Seminary; Dr. John Peck; Rev. Thomas Ruggles Gold Peck; Judge Seth E. Sill; General Theodore Sill, member of Congress; Miss Sill, of the Rockford Seminary; Judge William Marvin, of Key West, Florida; Judge Richard Marvin, of New York; George Griffin, the famous New York lawyer; Rev. Edward Dorr Griffin, president of Williams College; the inventor of Colt's revolvers; Judge Colt, of the Supreme Court; Judge Colt, of St. Louis; Hon. Alfred Ely, member of Congress, author, etc.; Elias H. Ely, fifty years a member of the New York bar; Abner L. Ely; D. J. Ely; Z. S. Ely, prominent New York merchants; Hon. Ansel Sterling, member of Congress; General Elisha Sterling; Hon. Micah Sterling, member of Congress (all lawyers of eminence); General Epaphroditus Champion, member of Congress; Rev. Henry Champion; Hon. Aristarchus Champion, of Rochester; Chief Justice William L. Storrs; Hon. Henry Storrs, member of Congress; the two wives of Governor Trumbull, and a host of others.



THE GRISWOLD GRAVE-YARD.

A pretty little romance once occurred in this same notable vicinity, which gave the name to "Bride Brook." In the winter of 1646-47 a young couple in Saybrook were to be married. The only magistrate qualified to perform the rite was absent. They sent to New London for John Winthrop, who replied that he would meet them at the river, which was then regarded as the boundary line between Saybrook and New London. It was some six or seven miles east of the Connecticut River, but thither the bridal party proceeded through deep snow-drifts. Arriving on the bank of the specified stream, they found it impassable on account of the ice, which was breaking. Consequently the marriage service was pronounced upon the New London side, and the loving pair promised to love, honor, and obey upon the Saybrook shore, and went their way rejoicing.

Lyme was formerly a part of Saybrook, the settlement of which commenced in 1635. The region was selected for the commencement of empire by Cromwell, Hampden, and several English noblemen who had become dissatisfied with the management of civil and religious affairs under Charles I., and fully determined to remove permanently to the wilds of America. They organized a company, and secured a patent for a large portion of Connecticut, and sent John Winthrop the younger to take possession and build a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut River. It was called Saybrook, in honor of Lord Say and Seal, and Lord Brook, who were foremost in pushing the enterprise. It was located on a peninsula, circular in form, and connected to the main-land by a narrow neck over which the tide sometimes flowed, and was considered safe from any sudden incursion of the Indians. Two great handsome squares were laid out on the rolling land near the fort, designed as a building site for palatial residences.

Colonel George Fenwick was the only one of the original patentees who came to abide in Saybrook. Cromwell and some

others actually embarked in the Thames, but were stopped by an order from the king. Colonel Fenwick was accompanied by his young, lovely, golden-haired, sunny-tempered wife, Lady Alice Boteler. She had been reared in the bosom of English luxury and refinement, but could adapt herself to pioneer life, and made her rude home in the quaint fort bright with wild flowers and merry with laughter. She brought with her a "shooting gun," with which she used to practice, to the great diversion of her neighbors, and she had "pet rabbits," and a little garden which grew table delicacies. She was fond of out-of-door exercises, and was often seen cantering over the country on horseback. She had few associates—Mrs. John Winthrop, whose home during that period was on Fisher's Island, Mrs. Lake, a sister of Mrs. Winthrop, Mrs. Annah Wolcott Griswold, and Colonel Fenwick's two sisters (one of whom married Richard Ely), comprised about the whole list. She died after nine years of Saybrook life, and was buried within the embankment walls of the fort. Colonel Fenwick soon after returned to England, where he was one of the judges who tried the unhappy Charles I. He left his private affairs in this country in charge of Matthew Griswold, who erected the monument over Lady Fenwick's grave, which for two and a quarter centuries was an object of sorrowful interest on the treeless, flowerless, desolate bluff which overlooks the flats and shallows at the mouth of the Connecticut River. It is, however, no longer there, but occupies a shady nook in the old Saybrook cemetery. Four years since an enterprising railroad corporation found the world so narrow that it must needs plow directly through this sacred spot, and not only rob us of the last shovelful of earth which our heroic ancestors heaped together, but heartlessly overturn the "quiet couch of clay" upon which Lady Fenwick had so long rested. Her remains were re-interred with imposing ceremonies. Her golden hair was found in a perfect con-



LADY FENWICK'S TOMB.

dition, or nearly so, and a lock of it is preserved in an air-tight box in the Acton Library at Saybrook.

By-the-way, this library, which was dedicated with great enthusiasm on July 4, 1874, will repay a visit. It is an institution which originated with the ladies of Saybrook about twenty years ago, but which remained to take definite shape through the gift of a lot to the trustees by Hon. Thomas C. Acton, the well-known President of the Board of Police Commissioners in New York city in the time of the draft riot. He was also chiefly instrumental in raising funds to erect the handsome building, which, in grateful recognition, was christened the Acton Library. It contains some seventeen hundred volumes already, and the germ of a museum of relics and curiosities. It is situated on one of the principal streets of Saybrook, directly opposite the summer residence and attractive grounds of Mr. Acton.

An attempt was made in 1675 to annex Saybrook and its surrounding territory to New York. Sir Edmund Andros appeared off the coast with an armed fleet, and demanded the surrender of the fort in the name of the Duke of York.

"We will die first," was the reply of Captain Bull, the commander.

The garrison was immediately drawn up and prepared for action. Andros did not wish to incur bloodshed, and sent pacific messages. He finally proposed an interview with the officers, and landed. He was received courteously. But when he ordered the duke's patent and his own commission to be read, Captain Bull, whose messenger, sent in hot haste

to Hartford, had just returned with instructions from the General Court, stepped forward and forbade the reading. The clerk of Andros attempted to go on.

"Silence!" roared Captain Bull; and then with deep sonorous voice he recited the protest of the Hartford authorities. When he had finished, Sir Edmund Andros, pleased with his boldness and soldier-like bearing, asked his name.

"My name is Bull, Sir."

"Bull! It is a pity your horns were not tipped with silver!"

Andros wrote to his royal master after his return to New York that nothing could be done with officers or people in Connecticut, for the existing government was bent upon defending its chartered rights.

Saybrook's historical point, where the lordly palaces of Europe were to have been and are not, was the seat of the first Yale College. The building was one story high and eighty feet long, and, together with the lot, was a donation from Nathaniel Lynde, the great Saybrook land-holder, who was a grandson of the Earl of Digby. The books which formed the college library were donated by the ministers in the vicinity. The scholarly people of Lyme and Saybrook enjoyed the privilege of attending fifteen Commencements, and sixty of the graduates of that period afterward became distinguished in the ministry. When the subject was agitated of removing the institution to New Haven, these two ancient towns at the Connecticut's mouth arrayed themselves in open opposition. But potent influences were working elsewhere. The Governor and his royal council finally visited Saybrook in state—it was in the summer of 1718—and presently a warrant was issued to the sheriff to convey the college library to New Haven. He proceeded to the house where the books were kept, and found resolute men assembled to resist his authority. He summoned aid, entered forcibly, and placed the books



THE ACTON LIBRARY, SAYBROOK.

under a strong guard for the night. In the morning every cart provided for the journey was found broken, and the horses were indulging in the liberty of a free country. Other conveyances were obtained, and the troubled sheriff was escorted out of Saybrook by a company of soldiers. But, alas! the bridges on the road to New Haven were all destroyed. After multiplied delays and vexations the end of the route was reached, when, lo! three hundred of the books were missing, also valuable papers. It was whispered that they had been spirited away and buried.

Saybrook is larger than Lyme, and more given to business. Its streets are broad and beautiful, and well lined with the venerated trees which the first settlers planted. Its homes are mostly surrounded with spacious gardens and grounds. It has a newness hardly in keeping with its length of years, but many houses are standing, nevertheless, which have tasted the salt air for three and four half-centuries, and are full of historic charms and associations. Prominent among them is the Hart mansion. It was built by Captain Elisha Hart, the son of the old minister of Saybrook, and brother of Major-General William Hart, one of the original purchasers of the three and one-half million acres of land in Ohio known as the "Western Reserve." Captain Hart married the daughter of John M'Curdy, of Lyme, and they were the parents of seven of the most beautiful women on this side of the Atlantic. Two of these daughters were courted and wed under this roof by the distinguished naval officers, Commodore Isaac and Commodore Joseph Hull. It was the residence of Commodore Isaac Hull and his family for many years. A third daughter married Hon. Heman Allen, United States minister to South America. A fourth married the celebrated Rev. Dr. Jarvis. The house teems with incident, and many a thrilling romance might be gathered from its silent halls. Saybrook has five miles or more of seabeach, presided over by Fenwick Hall, a great elegant summer hotel, which draws annually hundreds of visitors.

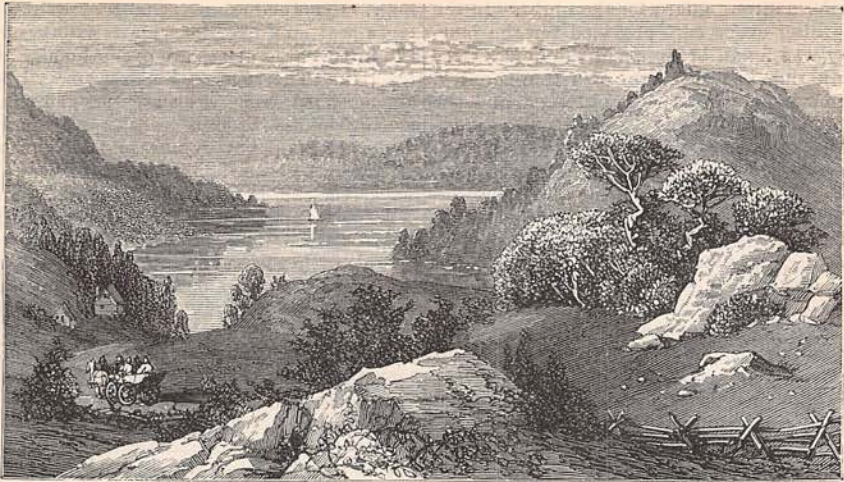
Lyme and Saybrook are about ten minutes by railroad apart; by carriage and the picturesque old Connecticut River ferry-boat, with its white sail, perhaps an

hour. Lyme embraces a number of small villages scattered over its wide territory, and the intervening drives are exceptionally attractive. The road to North Lyme winds among sharp steeps, wild crags, around glimmering lakes, through weird ravines and darksome gorges, every now and then emerging into the broad sunlight upon the top of some remarkable elevation, where magnificent views may be obtained, stretching for miles up the Connecticut and across the Sound, with the valleys of soft green, the pretty curving creeks reflecting the blue sky, and Lyme half hidden among the leaves below. The variety in the landscape would drive an artist to distraction. It is a singular mixture of the wild and the tame, of the austere and the cheerful.

A beautiful lake some two miles long lies among these hills, seemingly thrown in by nature hap-hazard as a sort of plaything for her subjects. The Mohegan Indians had a settlement upon its shore in the olden times, and their bark canoes skimmed its polished surface in all weathers. It abounds in legends. When piracy was at its zenith, several noted brigands were in hiding for some time in a cave near "Lion's Rock," and it was afterward currently reported that Captain Kidd had buried a box of treasures under the same overhanging boulder. Two negro slaves stole away one dark night to dig for it, armed with a Bible, which they had been told it was necessary to read aloud whenever the devil should make his appearance to



THE HART MANSION.



ROGER'S LAKE.

protect the property. They were followed to their ghostly task by some waggish young men, who hid near by to watch operations. For a time there was no sound save the steady stroke of the pick-axe into the earth. All at once there was a clink as if it had hit some hard substance.

"Quick, Sambo, read de Bible; I hear de debel down dar," cried Pete.

Sambo scrambled for the book and turned over the leaves.

"Read, Sambo, read; de debel am gettin' hold ob de lid ob de box."

"I can't find de place, de debel he shake me so," said Sambo, dropping the Bible and running, followed by Pete, neither looking behind them nor pausing until they had accomplished the whole five miles to the town.

Upon the heights near this lake is the residence of the celebrated Rev. Dr. E. F. Burr, author of *Pater Mundi*, *Ecce Calum*, and other works, who is the pastor of the church in North Lyme. To the west a short distance, near the old homestead of the Elys, and on one of the highest points in the region, is the elegant country-seat of Mr. Z. S. Ely, of New York. This romantic corner of Lyme was the ancient home of the Seldens and Sterlings, one branch of the Lords, and other notable families. It was here that John Pierpont, the poet, wooed and won his pretty Lord bride; and it was also here that Henry Howard Brownell's last poem was written.

Lyme, notwithstanding its uneven surface, has very little waste land. Agriculture and the raising of horses, mules, and horned cattle have been a great source of wealth to the inhabitants, particularly in former years. The shad-fisheries in the Connecticut have also yielded large profits; and shell and other fish have been taken plentifully from the Sound. The town has

a thrifty, well-cared-for appearance even to its remotest borders, and a quiet, unconscious aspect, as if the stormy world had rained only peace and contentment upon its legendary soil and historic homes. It is one of the loveliest nooks on the New England coast; and if its distinguished sons and daughters could all be gathered home, the world might well pause to exclaim, in figurative language, "However small a tree in the great orchard, Lyme is a matchless producer of fruit."

## QUATRAINS.

### SPENDTHRIFT.

The fault's not mine, you understand:  
God shaped my palm so I can hold  
But little water in my hand,  
And not much gold.

### FAME.

Such kings of shreds have wooed and won her  
Such crafty knaves her laurel owned,  
It has become almost an honor  
Not to be crowned.

### EPICS AND LYRICS.

It sometimes chances that the stanchest boat  
Goes down in seas whereon a leaf might float.  
What ponderous epics have been wrecked by Time  
Since Herrick launched his cockle-shells of rhyme!

### A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A little mound with chipped head-stone,  
The grass—ah me!—uncut about the sward,  
Summer by summer left alone,  
With one white lily keeping watch and ward.

### TO ANY POET.

Out of the thousand verses you have writ,  
If Time spare none, you will not care at all;  
If Time spare one, you will not know of it:  
Nor shame nor fame can scale a church-yard wall.

T. B. ALDRICH.