



LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN.

yet, with all his knowledge and philosophy, he had that morbid fear of lightning, so common to the past generation.

The tales of his trials with housekeepers and servants would fill a book. They took advantage of his pacific nature, and domineered over him, and imposed upon him in many ways. Amusing anecdotes are told in Sudbury of the various queer characters that presided over the Wayside Inn. Several of the women were determined to marry him whether he would or not. One housekeeper, who was preparing to send her daughter to boarding school, was explaining to some of the boarders why she was going to do it.

"Sophrony is a good girl; there aint no better girl in the world, but she does want morals."

Lyman, seeing the ladies looked shocked, tried to explain. "O, you don't mean that; you mean, she wants polish; she needs ——"

"Lyman Howe," she broke in, angrily, "I aint a fool; I don't mean nothin' of the sort. I mean just what I say; she wants morals, and she shall go where she can git 'em."

Once, when Thos. W. Parsons was staying there, a man who worked on the farm wanted to borrow a horse

to go some distance to a relative's funeral. Lyman refused, because the horses were needed at home. As soon as he was out of hearing, the man exclaimed indignantly: "Won't lend me a hoss to go to a funeral; aint that a pooty way to treat a man in mournin'."

The incident amused Parsons so much, he retired to his room, and wrote a poem, "The Man in Mournin'." He wrote another one, "Shoc' o' Num' Palsy," because of the amuse-

ment afforded him by one of the servants who talked incessantly of her grandmother "who died of a shoc' o' num' palsy." His poem on the inn may be of interest here, as it alludes to many things I have said.

THE OLD HOUSE AT SUDBURY.

Requiem æternam dona eis Domine.

"Thunder clouds may roll above him,
And the bolt may rend his oak,
Lyman lieth where no longer
He shall dread the lightning stroke.

Never to his father's hostel
Comes a kinsman or a guest;
Midnight calls for no more candles,
House and landlord both have rest.

Adam's love and Adam's trouble
Are a scarce remembered tale,
No more wine cups brightly bubble,
No more healths nor cakes nor ale.

On the broken hearth a stranger
Sits and fancies foolish things,
And the poet weaves romances,
Which the maiden fondly sings,

All about the ancient hostel,
And its legends and its oaks,
And the quaint old bachelor brothers,
And their minstrelsy and jokes.

No man knows them any longer,
All are gone, and I remain
Reading as 'twere mine epitaph
On the rainbow-colored pane.

Blessings on their dear initials—
Henry W. Daniel T.