

"A Spanish Jew from Alicant,

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Vendor of silks and fabrics rare,
And attar of rose from the Levant."

Thos. W. Parsons, the "Poet," has proved his right to the title by several poems he has written on the inn. Of these I will say something later.

Ole Bull was the "Musician," but it is not likely he was ever there. The relationship between the real and ideal presence of these various characters was but a poetic one, and as visionary as such relationships always are.

Adam Howe, father of Lyman, the "Landlord" of the poem, had three children,—Adam, junior, Lyman, and Jerusha. Adam, junior, built a house for himself near the inn, but it was barely finished when his betrothed wife died quite suddenly. The death was a blow from which he never recovered, and he died comparatively young. Jerusha Howe was far above the average country girl of that period, having been educated at a fashionable boarding school in Boston. She was a fine musician, and had the first piano in Sudbury. Think what a curiosity that instrument must have been! Her suite of rooms can be seen on the second floor. The wardrobe where she kept her clothing would not be large enough for the servant girl of to-day.

She died, unmarried, in 1842, at the age of 44, none of her suitors being considered good enough for her.

And so Lyman was left alone. Longfellow's description is said to be true to life. He was "justice of peace, proud of his name and race, and coat of arms," and known everywhere as "The Squire." One old man in Sudbury said to me, "I'd a known he meant Squire Howe if he hadn't put his name there; it sounds jest like him."

Adam, junior, was quiet in his tastes, satisfied with his home life and surroundings. Lyman was ambitious and sought the acquaintance of superior men from Boston. He was looked up

to as a man of higher attainments than anyone in town. Astronomy was his hobby, and his knowledge of it was thorough and practical. He never married, because he looked upon the country girls as no fit match for Squire Howe. His wife must be a city girl, amiable, musical, and accomplished—one he would be proud to take to England, and introduce to his cousin, Lord Howe. But, alas! he never found a lady possessing these requirements who was willing to bestow her hand on him, though he was rich, refined, and intelligent.

He was very proud of the family silver brought from England, all bearing the Howe crest. And their rare and delicate china would delight the heart of a connoisseur.

These Howes were descended from the noble family of that name in Britain, and showed their pure ancestry by their refined speech and manner.

"And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat of arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colors blazed.

And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore
In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight."

This grandsire was Colonel Howe, who was appointed a member of Lafayette's staff, because of his knowledge of French, and that accounts for Lafayette's visits to the inn. Colonel Howe died of small-pox, which he caught from a traveller in 1796.

The inn came to Lyman in direct descent from the founder, John Howe, but at his death it passed away from the Howes, and became the property of his mother's sister, Rebecca Balcom, wife of Daniel Puffer, of Sudbury, grand-aunt of the writer. Since that time it has been a peaceful farmhouse.

Lyman Howe was not an ideal inn-keeper; an astronomer and philosopher of his type has little capacity for considering such trivial things as entertainment for man and beast. And