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Lyman Anniversary - 1871.



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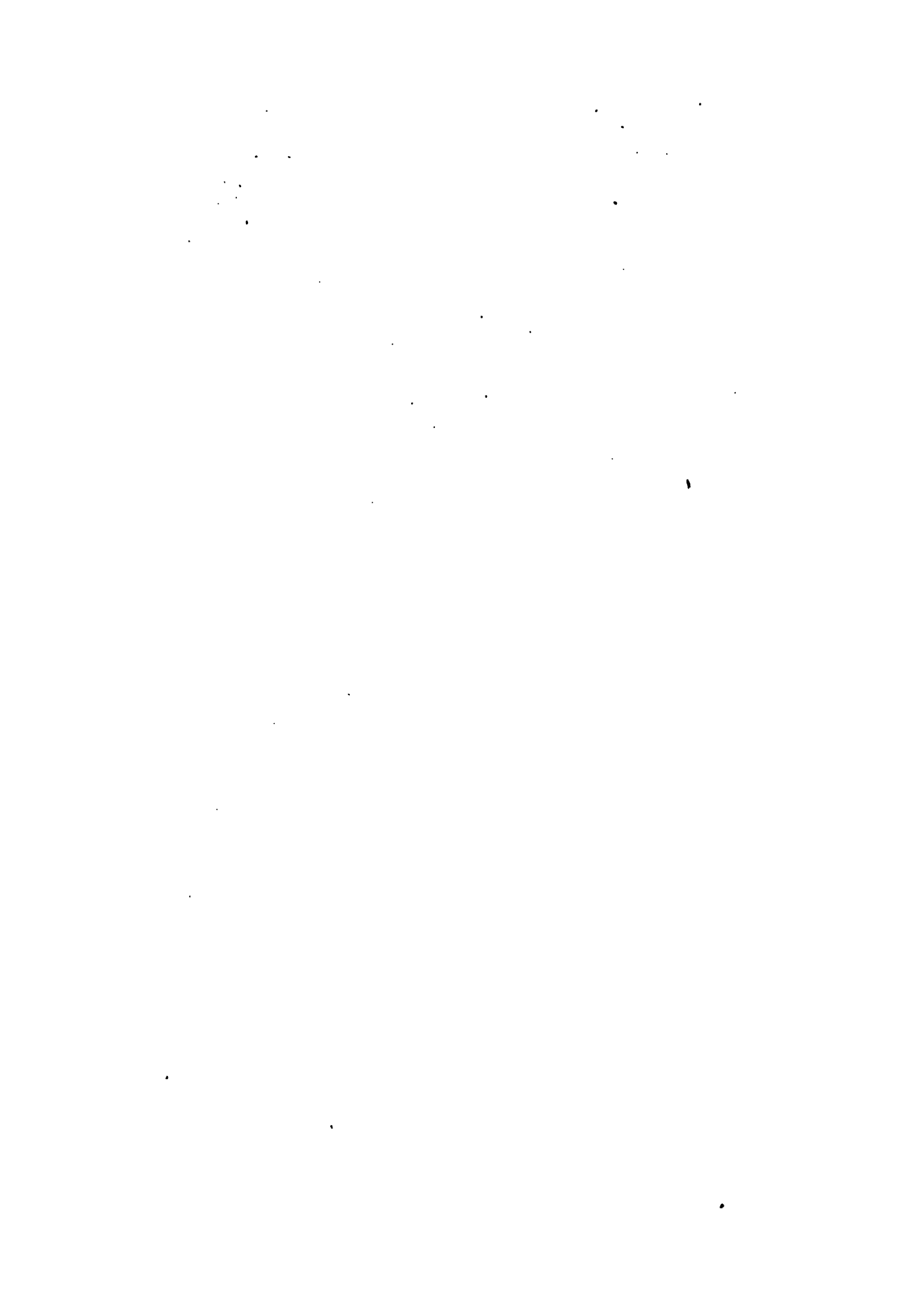
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1918







# THE LYMAN FAMILY.

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THIS numerous, and far-spreading family, have all descended from one immigrant ancestor, RICHARD LYMAN, from High Ongar, in England, who came to America eleven years after the first colony at Plymouth. Through six grandsons, Richard, Thomas and John, sons of Richard, and John, Moses and Benjamin, sons of John, as main branches, the remoter ramifications are connected with the parent stock. The data which establish this connection are fast passing into oblivion, and will soon be irrecoverably lost. But enough it is believed can be collected to enable the descendants, whose Register has been kept with ordinary care, to trace out their own lineage and their kindred relations to other decendants from their venerable ancestor. For this purpose, and with the hope of aiding and encouraging some one of the connection to write a history of the LYMAN FAMILY, the undersigned proposes, with the aid of others to collect, as far as practicable, the genealogical statistics of the family, and publish them in the form of a pamphlet, provided enough shall be ordered to defray the expenses of printing. The Lymans have an honorable record in their manifold relations in society, agricultural, mechanical, commercial, social political, patriotic, literary and religious. Their history should be preserved and have a place among the historical records of the country.

Each one of the connection, to whom this Circular may be addressed, is respectfully requested to forward his own family register, and that of his relatives and ancestors as far as practicable, to the undersigned, specifying with distinctness and accuracy Names, Births, Marriages, Residences and Deaths, to be recorded in the genealogical roll of the family. The ages and residences of the deceased are particularly requested, with anecdotes and incidents illustrative of personal character and influence.

And each is requested to specify the number of copies to be forwarded to his address on the condition that the cost shall not exceed \$1.00 a copy.

LYMAN COLEMAN,

*Lafayette College.*

EASTON, PA., JULY 1868.

LYMAN ANNIVERSARY.

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PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

Reunion of the Lyman Family,

HELD AT

MT. TOM AND SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,

AUGUST 30TH AND 31ST, 1871.



ALBANY, N. Y.:  
JOEL MUNSELL.  
1871.



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## LYMAN REUNION.

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The day opened with a clear sky and a bright sun, and the representatives of the family in great numbers, from many states, of every age and sex, gathered early on the ground in great glee and joyous salutations. Many hundreds coming from Springfield in a long train of cars were met at Mt. Tom station by a train of seven cars from Northampton, freighted with descendants of their common ancestor, Richard of High Ongar, while many from the neighboring towns came in their own conveyances. By the efficient direction of Gen. Luke Lyman, the marshal of the day, the procession, preceded by the Armory band from Springfield, was promptly formed at the station and soon in motion for the woodland at the base of Mount Tom.

A song of welcome indited for the occasion, of which the first stanza is in these words —

From far and near to day we come  
To this old central Lyman home,  
These pleasant scenes again to greet,  
These friends of by-gone years to meet —

was sung to the tune of Old Hundred, with the accompaniment of the band. A selection from the scriptures was read and prayer offered appropriate to the occasion. The assembly was called to order by Dr. Coleman, the chairman of the former meeting, and the customary officers chosen. The Hon. Lyman Tremain of Albany, N. Y., president; Edward Lyman, of Burlington, Vt., treasurer; and D. W.

Lyman, of Providence, R. I. ; Russell Lyman, of Albany ; and Theodore Lyman, of Hartford, Conn., secretaries. The president, on taking the chair, delivered an address, which was followed by one from Dr. Coleman. Just at the conclusion of this, began a sprinkling of rain, which soon changed into drenching torrents, as if the windows of heaven had again been opened upon the earth. Unfortunately no shelter had been provided as a refuge from this deluge from the skies. Our only resource was a hasty retreat from the remaining festivities and entertainments of the day.

On the following day a remnant of the dispersed survivors of the flood, gathered in goodly numbers in the City Hall, at Springfield, to complete the programme of the occasion. The varied entertainments of the day as indicated in the proceedings here given, made grateful amends for the failures of the day preceding. It was unanimously agreed to meet again in 1874, at the appointed place for our reunion, with due precautions against another drenching from the treacherous skies.

Then homeward all took off their several ways, in the consciousness that the occasion had been a satisfactory success, and in joyful anticipation of a happier reunion after a dispersion for three years of this great Lyman family.

## OPENING ADDRESS.

BY HON. LYMAN TREMAIN.

*Fellow Cousins, and other Relatives of the Lyman Family :*

I beg you to accept my thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me, by selecting me to act as your presiding officer, upon this interesting occasion. The compliment is the more appreciated, because there are many others present, more deserving of this distinction, who bear the Lyman surname, while my nearest ancestral relation, with that name, was my paternal grandmother, who was a full blooded Lyman, my own double Christian name, David Lyman, having been bestowed on me, by my parents, in honor of my father's uncle, who resided in Salisbury, Connecticut, and was the son of Simeon Lyman.

Washington Irving gives expression to the following sentiment, in one of his beautiful essays for the *Sketch Book*, wherein he describes Westminster Abbey: "There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage than one which affirms, of a noble house, that 'all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous.'" If this broad and comprehensive eulogium, dictated as we may reasonably infer, by a surviving member of the family of the deceased, escaped criticism from an observer so acute, and a gentleman so cultivated and correct in his tastes, so delicate in his sense of propriety, and so elevated and honorable in his views, as the world renowned American author, Washington Irving, surely, *we* have no

occasion to withhold the expression of our honest sentiments, concerning the Lyman family, by any morbid apprehensions that we shall seem to be unduly influenced by pride, vanity, or egotism.

While it may be freely conceded, that there is no personal merit, whatever, in the accident of our being born members of a family, which has ever maintained an honorable position in the country, the fact, nevertheless, is one which may, naturally, and properly, excite in our breasts, emotions of lively exultation, and profound gratitude. Nor is the consciousness of such a relationship calculated, in any degree, as we think, to produce feelings of satisfaction, on our part, with the reputation which others have achieved, and thus to relieve us from the duty of maintaining and increasing the good name of the family. On the contrary, its natural tendency would be, to impress upon every sound and well-balanced mind, the necessity of upholding the family honor, and to stimulate its members, to prove, by their life and conduct, that they are not degenerate or unworthy descendants of such ancestors.

Love of family, and a feeling of pride in the distinction which has been acquired by those who are related to us, and in whose veins flows the blood of our common ancestor, are sentiments, which naturally result from that family relation, that was ordained by the Almighty. They are creditable to our common humanity, and are well calculated to exert a salutary influence, in moulding our principles of action, and in controlling our destinies. They are virtues which belong to the same family, with love of country.

As patriotism is one of the most ennobling passions which can influence the action of a citizen, so the emotions of which I speak, when properly guided and directed, lead to the performance of the noblest aims, and highest duties. Napoleon Bonaparte inspired his troops, in Egypt, with intense enthusiasm, by the famous apothegm. "Forty ages

look down upon you, from the height of yonder pyramids." He was accustomed to excite his soldiers to the performance of extraordinary feats of bravery and heroism, by appeals to the former achievements which they, or the army to which they belonged, had accomplished; such as, "You belong to the Army of Italy," or, on beholding the cloudless sun, in the morning of the battle of Moscow, he exclaims "It is the sun of Austerlitz."

To me, however, it would seem as if no influences or appeals could be more powerful for good, than those unseen, and silent, but resistless forces that flow from family traditions, and from virtues possessed, and noble deeds performed, by one's own ancestors, for many generations. Let me give you, for example, a case, which, I trow, is not altogether supposititious, so far, at least, as it assumes to give the past record of the family.

Suppose that the Lyman family had been ever known and honored as a family loyal to its country, under all circumstances; that during the war of the Revolution, it was steadfast in its devotion to the cause of the colonies; that in all subsequent contests, and trials, its voice and influence had been uniformly exerted, in the same direction; that during the late great conflict, it had freely poured forth its means, and the blood and lives of its members had been freely offered, for the preservation of our nation, and our free institutions.

Suppose, also, that in the present or future history of our country, other troubles and wars should arise, and a member of this same family should be surrounded by influences and circumstances hostile to his country; that he should even feel and acknowledge the errors of administration, and then suppose that he should be insidiously approached by the foes of his country, and invited to join in some movements looking to the overthrow of his government: I think, in such an hour, I can see him rising, in the

dignity of his manhood casting the tempter behind him, and exclaiming indignantly: "I belong to the family of Lymans: a family which has never, yet, given birth to a traitor to his country; I know well the consequence of the position I am about to take. It may lead to the rupture of my life-long associations, social and political; it may result in the sacrifice of my property, and the loss of valued friendships, aye, it may even lead to my imprisonment and death, but I can not, and I will not, be the first to bring the foul reproach of treason upon the honored name of my family. Before one disloyal sentiment can be uttered, or one treasonable act be performed by me, may my right arm wither and perish, and my tongue cleave, forever, to the roof of my mouth."

Influences similar to those which we assume, as the result of family patriotism, naturally flow from all other virtues. If the women of the family have hitherto sustained, by their influence and example, their husbands, brothers, fathers, and sons, in their patriotic efforts; if, in other days, they were known as women of piety, attending faithfully to the ways of their household, and performing acts of charity and benevolence, while creating no sensation, by eccentricities of dress or demeanor, on the platform, or in the public streets, we may expect that their descendants of the same sex, under all changes of name and circumstances, will prove, that they have profited by the examples and teachings of their patriotic and Christian mothers.

We accept, with joy, the accomplished facts in our family history. We acknowledge, gratefully, the historical truths, that among the members of that family who have been gathered to their fathers, and others who still survive, are many honored names of those who have acquired enviable distinction in the council chamber, and upon the field of battle; who have become eminent in the learned professions, as divines, lawyers, and physicians; who have risen

above the common level of humanity, in the pursuit of literature and science, agriculture, and the mechanic arts.

We feel that the renown and honors, thus acquired, are the common inheritance of all who belong to the family. We take pride in acknowledging these achievements, and we hope and trust that the present and future members of the family, taking up the Lyman standard, will proudly carry it forward to more decisive and brilliant successes, in the future battle of life.

In monarchical governments, the subject who has become preeminent by reason of heroic actions, rare merits, or long service, is sometimes raised to distinction by a patent of nobility, conferred upon him by the king, who is deemed the fountain of all honors and distinction. As these patents descend to the *heirs* of the first taken, according to the terms therein expressed, it soon comes to pass, that they cease to be evidence of merit in their present owner, and prove only, that his ancestor was made a baron, a viscount, an earl, a marquis, or a duke.

Such aristocratic distinctions were justly regarded by the framers of our government, as hostile to the spirit of equality and personal dignity, which lies at the foundation of free republican institutions. In endeavoring, therefore, to perpetuate the memory of those who have deserved favorable recognition for their service to the state, we are acting in strict conformity with the spirit of our national constitution, which by a double prohibition, denies to the United States, and to the state, the power to grant any titles of nobility. We believe that the true and genuine nobleman, is he, who, by noble deeds, and virtuous conduct, has been accorded a place among the real nobles of the land, by the voice of the American people.

We have come together, to-day, from widely separated localities, to revisit the New England homes of the Lyman



family. We would make, and renew our acquaintance, with those in whose veins flows the blood of the Lymans. We would cultivate, and strengthen, the bonds of our relationship; we desire to honor and cherish the memory of our ancestors. We have gathered here, in obedience to that law of natural affection, which prompted the ancients to revere the burial places of their dead, before they had learned to perpetuate their virtues, in poetry or by the sculptured monument.

Two hundred and forty years have elapsed, since Richard Lyman, the common ancestor of all the Lymans in this country, emigrated from the parish of Ongar, near London, England, to America. He sailed from Bristol, in the ship Lion, in company with the wife and oldest son of John Winthrop, the governor of Massachusetts, and sixty other passengers, and on the 4th of November, 1631, they landed at Boston. Their safe arrival was announced by the firing of cannon, and on the 11th of November, a public thanksgiving was held in Boston, in honor of the event.

Four years later, he left Charlestown, Massachusetts, with Sarah his wife and his children, accompanied by a colony of about sixty persons, and driving with them one hundred and sixty head of cattle, for the purpose of establishing settlements in Connecticut. Their journey lay through a trackless wilderness, and was attended with great perils, difficulties, and trials, during which, they subsisted mainly, upon the milk of their cows, and after fourteen days travel, they had made the distance of about one hundred miles. He was one of the first settlers, and original proprietors of Hartford. It is supposed that he, and his wife, became members of the first church, in Hartford, of which the renowned Rev. Thomas Hooker was pastor. He died in August, 1640, and his name was inscribed upon a stone column, in the rear of the centre church, in Hartford.

The sons of Richard Lyman were among the first settlers of Northampton, and from this central point, his descendants have gone forth, to every part of our country. After this long interval, we, who are present here to-day have assembled on Mount Tom, in Northampton, upon the soil of the noble old commonwealth of Massachusetts, the cradle of American liberty, to honor the name and memory of Richard Lyman, and to kindle anew, that love of pure religion, and civil liberty, which impelled him to leave his native land, and to seek a home amid the forests of New England.

How mighty and marvellous are the physical, moral, and political changes that have been wrought in the condition of our country, since he first entered the valley of the Connecticut! These can only be briefly sketched, on this occasion. Eleven years before he landed at Boston, the Pilgrims had planted their footsteps upon the rock at Plymouth, and laid, broad and deep, the foundations of free religious worship, and republican liberty. Two years before, King Charles the First had granted the charter incorporating "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England." One year before, John Winthrop had been chosen governor of Massachusetts, and had emigrated to the colony, leaving his wife in England, to follow him when her health would allow.

When Richard Lyman immigrated to Connecticut, the surrounding country was thickly covered with the aboriginal inhabitants; the Pequods alone, numbering seven hundred warriors. They had evinced a hostile spirit, and several years before, had murdered the crew of a small vessel, in the Connecticut river.

Bancroft, in his *History of the United States*, thus speaks of the emigration by the party to which Lyman was attached: "Never before had the forests of America witnessed such a scene. But the journey was begun too late in the season:

the winter was so unusually early, and severe, that provisions could not arrive by way of the river ; imperfect shelter had been provided, cattle perished in great numbers ; and the men suffered such privations that many of them, in the depth of winter, abandoned their newly chosen homes, and waded through the snows to the seaboard."

" Yet, in the opening of the next year, a government was organized and civil order established ; and the budding of the trees and the springing of the grass were signals for a greater emigration to the Connecticut."

From such inauspicious beginnings, must we date the establishment of the Lyman family in America. God smiled upon the enterprise, and who shall set limits to its wonderful results ?

These feeble colonists have become a mighty nation. Where stood those primeval forests, now stand populous cities, flourishing towns and villages, and smiling farms and farmhouses, while the journey that then required fourteen days for its accomplishment is now made by the iron horse, several times, every day.

The descendants of that brave old immigrant may be numbered, I believe, by thousands. On the printed circular announcing this meeting, I find the names of a committee, composed of Lymans, residing in England, in Canada, and in twenty-three states and territories of the Union. Who can estimate the vast amount and extent of influence for good, in favor of morality, Christianity, the church, and civil and religious liberty, which, during all these two hundred and forty years, have been sent forth from the descendants of Richard Lyman, to bless the country ?

We may learn from this brief retrospective review, that, with the blessing of Almighty God resting upon it, the smallest rivulet may become the mighty river. We perceive also, what means and influences may be set in motion, by one earnest, devoted, faithful man.

With hearts overflowing with gratitude, let us improve the lessons of this hour. Deeply impressed with a sense of our individual obligations and responsibilities, let us carry away with us, from Mount Tom, a fixed resolution to bring no discredit, by any act of ours, upon the good name of the Lymans, and, with God's help, to do what we can, to promote the welfare of our beloved country, and the happiness of mankind.

## ADDRESS

### ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE LYMANS.

BY REV. LYMAN COLEMAN, D.D.

The love of kindred and country is common to man of whatever character, condition, or climate; whether savage or civilized, in the frozen regions of the north, or on the parched desert, he clings with fond affection to his native land and kindred tribe. Before our ancestral home in this beautiful valley was enlightened by learning, or blessed with religion, it was moistened by the tears of the savage, as he wandered from the graves of his fathers, and the forests and friends of his youth.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who *never* to himself hath said  
This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
Can *e'er* untie the filial band,  
That knits me to thy rugged strand.

With filial reverence and affection we come back to the home of our fathers. With patriotic pride we come to this good land which they loved so well. In obedience to the noblest instincts of our nature we gladly come to this reunion, this greeting of surviving friends. We come to talk of our noble ancestry, of their stern trials and their toils in preparing the goodly heritage which they have transmitted

to us. We come to speak of their piety, their patriotism, and deeds of daring in defense of their homes, and the freedom of their country. With heart and mind crowded with reflections on the present and memories of the past, we engage in these duties, conversing now with the living, and now communing with the dead.

Many of us, as we turn away from this place, will visit the scenes of our childhood, to hear and to tell the story of our childish companions. But the visages of these, if they yet survive, we shall find so marred that in their frosty brow, furrowed cheek, and trembling limbs we shall scarce discern the lingering lineaments of their youth. Our most familiar friends will be our native hills, their woods and streams, and sequestered glens, the village church and the churchyard, "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Conversing with these we shall visit the hamlet, the house, and the home of our forefathers. We shall live over with them the life they lived in their rude simplicity. We shall sit by their frugal board, and talk of their tireless toil and self-denial; their firm and faithful training of ourselves, mixed "with admonition due," by which they led us up to a vigorous, virtuous manhood. In sad, yet pleasing illusion conversing thus with the old folks at home, we naturally fall back into days bygone and live over again our childhood and our youth.

Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,  
 Seats of my youth when ev'ry sport could please:  
 How often have I loiter'd o'er th' green,  
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!  
 How often have I paused on ev'ry charm,  
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;  
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
 The decent church that top't the neighb'ring hill.

At home thus in our native willage, charmed with the endearing memories of the old folks themselves, we can

best appreciate their varied virtues, and characteristics which we here commemorate.

The physical features of our ancestors and some genealogical statistics respecting them may claim a passing notice.

Nothing is known of the personal appearance of Richard our common ancestor, but the early generations of his descendants appear to have been a tall, stalwart race, well developed in large proportions, with strong trusty hands capable of carving their way through life. The largest of the family on record brought down the scales for above 300lbs. requiring eight bearers to convey his body to the grave. Some have been men of gigantic powers who might have stood against Ajax himself for agility and strength, and wrestled, even with Hercules for his club.

Their limbs were cast in manly mould,  
For hardy sports, or contest bold.

For longevity, the Lymans have not been particularly distinguished, though many have passed beyond four-score years, some of whom are present with us to-day. Of more than 6,000, not one has attained to 100 years. One, however, a lineal descendant from the family, has passed that extreme limit of human life. This venerable lady, Mrs. Robinson of Lebanon, Conn., died Sept. 1st, aged *one hundred and two years, one month, and twenty days*. Her mother was a Lyman, the youngest daughter of Lieut. Jonathan of Lebanon. This daughter, Ann, married a Tiffany of Norwich Landing, where Mrs. (Tiffany) Robinson was born July 11, 1769, the only survivor of the *sixth* generation. She remembered many events of the war of the Revolution, especially those which occurred in Lebanon. As the governor of the state then resided there, and was the only legal colonial governor; and as the council of safety of which the governor was chairman, which was to act when the legislature was not in session, sat there more than nine

nundred days during these seven years of the war, Lebanon had some claim to be substantially the capital of the state, and was a centre of intelligence and of important events. She remembered the fact that the larger part of a legion of French cavalry was stationed here in 1780, and recalled the names and appearance of the officers. Thus she connected us directly with that remote and now historical period, and enabled us vividly to conceive of its events.

Her funeral was very numerously attended at the brick church, Sunday morning; many being present from other parts of the town and from surrounding towns; a testimony to the interest with which she was regarded.

Of the Lymans proper the venerable mother of the speaker is foremost on the record for longevity. After a married life with her only husband of almost 66 years, and surviving him 10 years, she rested from her labors at the age of 95 wanting a few weeks, having been a house-keeper more than 70 years, and a communicant in the church nearly the same length of time.

The most prolific *branch* of the family is that of Richard, the oldest of the six grandsons of Richard. He settled at Lebanon, Conn., and from that wonderful hive his descendants have swarmed out over all the land. The most prolific FAMILY in our connection is that of Dea. Stephen Lyman of Chester in this state, father of our venerable friend, here present, Dea. Samuel Lyman of Southampton, who himself has given the record of 333 of his father's descendants all having sprung into life from one within the range of 100 years. At the same rate of increase, what an army one hundred years hence from this one family! But the earliest generations, in all their hardships and poverty, have been the most prolific. The ratio of increase has steadily decreased as successive generations have increased in wealth and luxury. The largest issue from one marriage



is fifteen. The total number of descendants of Richard the ancestor of all the Lyman Family cannot be estimated even by probable conjecture. The record of about 6,000 has been collected. Many who have been addressed have neglected and some have peremptorily refused to give any record of their families or those of their ancestors. The descendants of the daughters bearing other names cannot be estimated with any accuracy, but the sum total who, in 250 years, have sprung from the original immigrant, including the living and the dead, may be not far from 15,000 more or less.

Could that venerable patriarch, disheartened by all his losses and sufferings, wandering "sick and melancholy" in the wilderness in search of a solitary home, who only by "God's mercy obtained some little reviving before he died"—could he have beheld in vision this great and glad assembly of his children, how would his sorrowing soul have expanded with wonder, gratitude and joy! Well that distant vision may be to him now a present, a blest reality. Perhaps from his orb on high he has, not only a full vision of this scene, rejoicing with us in the gladness of the day, but beholding the great assembly of all his children who, both on earth and in heaven, but one communion make—strikes his harp to the loudest, sweetest notes of praise to God for all his goodness and his grace to himself and his family.

The adventurous, enterprising spirit of the Lymans, should be noted as a prominent characteristic.

In every enterprise for the settlement of the country and development of its resources they have been pioneers. After the settlement of the other Hamptons, east, west and south, Durham, Goshen, Salisbury, and Lebanon, Conn., became early centres of emigration to the Green Mountains, in Massachusetts, and Vermont, to New Hampshire, and the Canadas. Age after age they have had a quick,

attentive ear to the rallying cry, Westward, ho! and have been among the first to start in full pursuit of that ever receding, expanding, undiscovered country, THE FAR WEST. Within the memory even of some of us, the far west was just beyond Albany, the German Flats on the Mohawk, the Johnstown purchase, including Utica, and Oneida County. Within the lifetime of the speaker, the whole city of Utica was purchased for twelve cents an acre and regarded as a poor speculation at that. The original contractor, ridiculed by his neighbors for wasting his money on lands distant, inaccessible and useless as the mountains in the moon, gave up his bargain in despair. Next, the region of Black river became the far west, then the Genesee country and Holland purchase became the land of invitation, then New Connecticut in Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and finally the whole state of Ohio, then the great north west territory and its subdivisions, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and the territories beyond. Into all these regions the Ly-mans have pressed foremost to possess the land, and in them all, they or their descendants are still found. They have traversed the broad plains beyond the Mississippi, explored the remotest parks and recesses of the Rocky mountains, scaled their tremendous heights, and spread themselves out over the western slopes of the mountains to the Pacific coast where every river and stream rolls down its golden sands. Indeed it may be questioned whether there is a state or territory of the Union which has not been marked by the footprints of the Ly-mans, always excepting Alaska, that God-forsaken land, swathed in perpetual mist, drenched with rain, or encased in thick-ribbed ice and snow.

The hardships, self-denials and sufferings of their pioneer and frontier life is another characteristic of the family.

Cold New England winters passed in rude shanties with crevices open to the wintry winds wide enough for the hand to be thrust through the walls into the open air, the garments

on going to rest laid by in a compact roll to protect them from the snow that filtered in by night, the bed in the morning covered with a counterpane of driven snow which melted as it fell upon the face of the sleepers without disturbing their slumbers; these, are the familiar nursery tales of frontier life, often told in the ears of the speaker as the training in which his own infancy was nursed.

Long journeys of six weeks with an ox team, in a covered sled, the palace car by day and the sleeping car by night, running through a trackless wilderness only passable in winter when swamps and sloughs and streams are bridged over by the enginery of the severest cold; these were the luxuries of pioneer travel in the new settlements. One goes alone into the forest eighteen miles from the nearest neighbor, driving a young beef creature which is to give up its life for the support of the adventurous pioneer; the meat is salted in a trough cut out of a tree felled for the purpose; the hide, spread on the roof of his cabin, is soon stolen by the wolves; and the cabin itself, on returning from his day work, the solitary backwoodsman finds occupied by an Indian who instantly levels his rifle to his breast, but the savage is overpowered before he has time to fire, and, divested of his rifle, is sent peaceably away. Six months the brave pioneer labors alone in the solitude and perils of the wilderness, and thus begins the settlement of one of the rich, flourishing towns of Ohio.

Another goes two days' journey into the wilderness, returning from time to time for provisions which he bears on his shoulder, camping by night on the cold earth with the canopy of heaven for the curtains of his bed chamber. This veteran still lives, the patriarch of a numerous progeny and a flourishing settlement in Pennsylvania, delighting to tell the story of his frontier life, facetiously recognizing the kindness of the landlord who charged him nothing either for entertainment or lodgings. One dies of consumption contracted

by similar exposures and hardships. Another kindles a fire at night by the side of a rock from which a mass, loosened by the heat, falls upon the sleeper whose slumbers will only be broken by the trump of God awaking the dead to life. Another goes with his ox team twenty-four miles into the forest, sleeps under his cart until he builds a log cabin and begins a flourishing settlement in Minnesota.

But time would fail to tell of the endless hardships, the heroic daring and dangers of pioneer life, the horrors of the war whoop, tomahawk and scalping knife; of the labors of the field prosecuted with rifle at hand; women and children hurrying, horror stricken, into stockades for protection; guns stacked in the church preliminary to the worship of God on the sabbath, and all the barbarities of savage warfare. More of this in the Genealogy.

Among the *mental* characteristics of the family may be enumerated a highly nervous, mercurial temperament.

This has often arisen to such intensity as to disturb the due balance of the mind, sinking sometimes to a morbid depression of spirits and again rising to an unnatural exhilaration, not unfrequently ending in insanity, sometimes in raving madness. So frequent and far-spread has been this mental bias in different branches of our brotherhood, that we must accept it as a characteristic of the Lyman family. But this, be it remembered, is the infirmity of high intellectual powers: men of the finest intellect are oftenest insane. It requires a man of mind and spirit, of ardent impulsive temperament, and highly wrought mental powers to be the subject of insanity. Such a fever is never stirred in the veins of a man of sluggish, torpid mould, whose mind is dull as night and dark as Erebus; you can not, perhaps, expect much of such a man, but of one thing be assured, he will never go crazy.

But the temperament which we contemplate, in its normal action inspires great buoyancy of spirits, irrepressible

elasticity under adversity, and dauntless energy and enterprise in the pursuits of life. In domestic and social life it manifests itself in habitual cheerfulness mingled with a quiet humor, facetiousness and pleasantry which relishes a jest, a joke, a ready retort and repartee, with a dash sometimes of eccentricity, for which the Lymans are somewhat famous.

The inventive faculty of the Lymans claims a passing notice.

We cannot, perhaps, ascribe to them the highest order of inventive genius, the profoundest insight into the laws of nature and the mechanical powers, which calls into play new combinations of machinery, or undeveloped natural laws that open unknown avenues of industry and undeveloped sources of national wealth, making the inventor the benefactor of the world. But we may ascribe to them many useful inventions and labor saving machines, from the wringer in the wash tub to the reaper in the field, the threshing machine, the steam engine and the telescope. Many of these inventions are of curious workmanship, requiring the most skillful manipulation and combination of mechanical powers. Not a few have been highly remunerative, and amply repaid the time and skill of the fortunate inventor. Others evince surprising ingenuity and skill. How wonderful the skill that can accurately record the weight of each car in the train of a lightning express as it sweeps by like some heavenly body wandering from its course in the heavens!

Next in the enumeration may be specified great fixedness of character and firmness of principle as a characteristic trait of the Lymans.

Slow they may be in coming to a conclusion, tenacious of their established modes of thought and "very much set in their way." How often has this very expression been given as the characteristic of some patriarch of our family. Sometimes this fixedness may become a dogged obstinacy,

and ripen into a character thoroughly untractable and detestable, none more detestable than a willful man perversely conscientious in a bad cause. Reason with him and he only becomes more unreasonable. Ply him with arguments, press upon him your views of duty and you only confirm him in his own. You can do nothing with him, but let him alone ; handle him as you would a porcupine, leave off before you begin. You may perhaps find in the family some of this character, but even this is an infirmity that leans to virtue's side. Rightly directed, such decision of character is the noblest characteristic of a great and good man.

Enter into the history of the patriarchal representatives of the family and you will find that in the political, religious and sensational tumults of church and society, they have stood firm as the rock on the beach upon which the billows harmlessly beat and break. Amid all the commotions of society such an one stands fixed and immovable as yonder Holyoke resting in settled tranquillity on its own immovable base.

Our family are worthy of an honorable memorial, for their patriotic public spirit.

In the early, forming periods of our new settlements, many a one has been the pillar of the church and society, the life and soul of the settlement, foremost in organizing the government of the town or county, establishing the regular administration of justice, and the ordinances of religion ; foremost in opening roads, and lines of public travel; in erecting the school house, the church, the court house, the academy, the college. They have been strict observers of the sabbath, steady attendants upon public worship, and liberal supporters of every patriotic enterprise, the friend of the friendless, the father of the fatherless, the counselor of the poor, the stay and support of the community.

The family have an honorable military record.

In every war they have bravely borne their part. In the Indian and French wars, in the war of the Revolution, of 1812, and of the Rebellion, they have left the field, the shop, the counting room, the bar, the pulpit, at their country's call to the battle field in her defense, ever ready to rally round her flag, whether in the heat of battle or in the forlorn hope storming the stronghold of the foe. From the town of Lebanon, Conn., containing only about 2,000 inhabitants, more than 500 were, at one time, in the ranks of the Revolutionary army.

Lieut. John commanded the first expedition against the Indians from Northampton, in the famous Falls fight, above Deerfield. Gen. Phineas Lyman of Durham, Conn., was for a time commander in chief of the American forces. By his generalship and bravery at the battle of Lake George, though holding a subordinate office, he gained a decisive victory over the French forces, taking their commander Baron Dieskau a prisoner of war. He possessed military talents of the highest order, second only to our own great Washington.

Gen. Daniel Lyman, colonel in the Continental army, lawyer, judge, and chief justice, assisted at the capture of Ticonderoga, Crown point and St. Johns, and was president of the Society of Cincinnati. Col. Moses Lyman of Goshen, Conn., was detailed to watch the movements of Burgoyne on the night before the battle, and was the first to report his change of position which opened the way for the battle and the surrender of Burgoyne. For these important services Col. Lyman was commissioned as a special messenger to bear to Gen. Washington the tidings of the victory. A Lyman stood guard over Major André the night previous to the execution of that gallant and distinguished captive. Another was an aid to Gen. Putnam in the battle of Bunker hill; so efficient and daring that Putnam said, that with a few hundred of such men he would

drive every red coat out of the land. Major Lyman of Vergennes, Vt., at the battle of Plattsburgh bravely fought with heroic endurance at the risk of his life.

Great numbers crowded the ranks of the noble army of volunteers for the suppression of the late rebellion. Four brothers from one family, all married men, with young wives and children dependent on them for their daily bread, went into the fight, braved every hardship, every danger of long campaigns and bloody battle-fields, and all returned unharmed to the embrace of their families. Seven from East Hampton, Mass., enlisted in their country's service and three of them, on rebel soil, gave up their lives in her defense.

Not a few in this assembly gave their gallant sons at their country's call. The first-born of our honored chairman, a youth of lofty talents, rarest culture and highest promise passed bravely through twenty-five battles, arose high in rank and then, laden with honors, gave up his young life on the field of battle in defense of the flag and freedom of his country.

The ladies were, if possible, more daring, more devoted than the men. One rode on horseback in a dark night through a rebel country, past the enemy's lines to convey important intelligence to the loyal army. Another saved the life of her loyal father by throwing her sacred person between him and the weapon of the rebel assassin aimed at his breast.

Nor must we forget the little drummer boy who at the age of thirteen, before he was able himself to bear arms, joined the army that, by the tap of his drum, he might summon others of stronger arm and firmer foot to the deadly combat. The brave boy quailed not at the shock of contending ranks, but everywhere when needful was heard, rising above the din of battle, his *rat-tat-too*, rallying the lines to march on to their "gory bed, or to victory." All honor to the noble mother who gave the child to her



country at this tender age. All honor to the brave boy who firmly stood where the bravest might well have quailed.

But the crowning excellence of this family is and ever has been their purity of morals and high Christian character.

In these virtues all and each of the six branches of the family have been distinguished. No exemption is claimed for them from the depravity and sin which infest the race. Instances of irreligion and impiety there may have been. But of the thousands whose record has been collected, none has been convicted of high crimes and misdemeanors; none has suffered the extreme penalties of the law; not one is known to have been a defiant, scoffing unbeliever; one only, so far as the record goes, has filled a drunkard's grave. Other inebriates there may have been, yet we have not been careful to search into the secret history of individuals or of families; nor would we if we could expose each less pleasing feature of their characters. If any have done evil let it not live after them in the memory of surviving friends, nor be chronicled in history. But we may speak of the *virtues* of our forefathers, their high conscientiousness, their firmness of principle, their devout and humble piety, and their steadfast adherence to the faith of their fathers. None better understood the chief end of man. They learned it early in the catechetical instructions of the patriarchal fireside when Sunday schools were unknown. None have more faithfully sought or more fervently prayed for grace so to live as to "glorify God and enjoy Him forever." Few, very few, have ever swerved from the faith of their fathers to other Christian denominations, fewer still have denied that faith, or received another gospel which yet is no gospel. One is a Roman Catholic priest, one has been a Mormon, one of the twelve apostles of that sect whom he has now abandoned, and a few of his connections are still enrolled among the Latter Day Saints of Salt Lake City.

But whole households, generation after generation, have without an exception professed the faith, the hopes, the personal piety of their ancestors. Many families, already passed beyond the flood, are safely gathered there, we doubt not, an unbroken household in heaven. And many a lingering remnant of death-divided families awaits only the summons to go and complete again the circle of his own family in that far off sinless land to which they have been received before him.

But this visit with the old folks at home will be incomplete and unsatisfactory unless we go "to meeting" with them on Sunday. The good man goes on horseback, with his good wife on pillion behind him, a child, or grand-child in one arm while the other holds her securely in her seat behind her husband. The boys and girls are trudging silently along barefoot, with shoes and stockings in hand to keep them neat and clean and free from useless wear until the old square meeting house with horse block hard by coming into view, stiff, stately and cold on the green, becomes the signal for completing with stockings and shoes their Sunday suits. Within the church there are the old square pews compactly arranged like cattle pens at a fair, with high backs and seats hung on hinges for the people conveniently to lean on the railing during the prayer of half an hour or an hour's length; then at the conclusion the startling rattle of seats falling down awakes the profoundest slumbers into which any in the prayer have fallen, bending over the railing of the pews. These pews have been duly "dignified" by a committee appointed for the purpose, and the families carefully assorted and seated according to their "ages, state and parentage." The young folks according to their sex are assigned to the opposite galleries, and the old bachelors and unmarried maidens,—well they are seated under the stairs leading to the galleries, or, as a kind of small change, they fill any vacant gap about the

house. There is the old pulpit and the winding staircase up to its towering height. The deacons are in their seats below and the man of God, perched high above, with the huge sounding board overhead to reflect the preacher's voice, as he for an hour or more, through fifteen or twenty heads and as many inferences, ■ screams out to his hearers down below, many of whom, in spite of their "smelling bottles," dill and caraway seeds have fallen fast asleep, under the dead monotony of his dull discourse.

The service ended, a short intermission follows, spent in *the sabbath houses* built for this purpose on the common. Here the family take their Sunday dinner, which has been carefully brought in one side of the saddlebags, balanced on the other by milk in a wooden bottle: the remainder of the intermission is occupied with the discussion of the sermon and the reading aloud of some of the children until the services of the afternoon begin.

But we must break this charm in which, communing with former generations, we have again lived over our childhood and renewed departed joys — departed never to return. Farewell, departed scenes! Native village and sacred homes, farewell! Venerable ancestors! Kindred dear passed unto the skies, farewell! a long farewell!

Swiftly, oh, how swiftly, the generations of men are swept away on the ceaseless tide of time. They rise, like the waves of the ocean, roll awhile on its tumultuous waters, alternately gilded by the sunbeam and darkened by the storm, then sink and mingle with their original element undistinguished, unheeded. Time, in its ceaseless course, has swept away seven generations of our family, and we of the eighth, standing now on the verge of dark eternity, shall sink as soon out in that dread ocean, that lies outspread before us. As a collective assembly we shall never meet again. Other generations may gather here as we do now when we are gathered with the dead. But though a man

die, yet shall he live again. And you, ye sons of sainted sires in heaven, here on this goodly mountain, now in glad communion met for *one brief day* — may you all — without exception — all — meet again on Mount Zion above, in reunion infinitely more perfect, more joyous, to be prolonged and yet prolonged through blest eternity's long day.

## OBITUARIES.

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MISS HANNAH W. LYMAN, LADY PRINCIPAL OF  
VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

BY HENRY LYMAN, MONTREAL.

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Obituary notices like epitaphs are usually conceived in a spirit of exaggeration. It is related that a child who visited a graveyard with her father, asked him "*where the bad people were buried?*" Without pretension to superiority in respect of truthfulness above my fellows, it will be my endeavor, in the few remarks I have to make, to keep as near the line of candor as the *weakness* of human nature will permit.

*Hannah Willard Lyman*, daughter of the late Theodore Lyman, was born in "old Northampton" in 1816. Here amid these peaceful retreats, stately elms and lovely landscapes, the first years of her childhood were spent. Subsequently she removed with her family to Amherst, and after the distressing death of her elder brother, Henry Lyman, one of the missionary martyrs of Sumatra, she entered upon a course of preparative study at Ipswich Female Seminary, which was designed to fit her for the distinguished work which Divine Providence intended her to do.

At Ipswich she was associated with the sainted *Mary Lyon*, whose "praise" in connection with Holyoke Seminary, "is in all the churches." But her most valued impressions were derived from the influence of Miss Grant, widow of the late honorable William Banister of Newburyport, Mass. Of this estimable lady Miss Lyman always spoke in terms of the highest respect and affection. Miss Lyman

commenced to teach at Gorham Academy, Maine, and she subsequently taught in Mrs. Gray's Seminary for Ladies in Petersburg, Virginia, but her more important work was carried on in the popularly inhospitable clime of Canada.

In the city of Montreal, surrounded by her nearest relatives, she commenced a select class for young ladies which speedily grew into a seminary of a very superior order.

With reference to this establishment, one of her former pupils thus writes: "This class, inspired by the fresh enthusiasm of its still youthful teacher, and full of eager pursuit of knowledge, and free interchange of thought, was a very happy band. It rapidly added to its numbers till it had received as many as could be conveniently accommodated, and a limited number of young ladies were received as boarders in what was in all respects a model of a private school, one where every regulation had a good and appreciable reason, where penalties were rare and gentle, where the girls felt themselves subjected to no galling *espionage*, and who in almost all cases honorably justified the trust with which they were treated." In her hands study which is so often "a weariness of the flesh," became less irksome, the dull and careless were stimulated to effort, and the eager and impulsive were led to acquire habits of self-control.

The feature, however, which peculiarly distinguished Miss Lyman's establishment was its *thorough religiousness*, it was founded upon the Bible.

The proprieties were taught, and the graces were not neglected, but all under the highest sanctions of religious principle.

Thus the numerous pupils confided to her charge, were watched over with maternal affection and solicitude, and were gradually moulded into forms of beauty and holiness.

I again quote from the same writer: "For twenty-two years, though often oppressed with anxiety, by sorrow, by

failing health and most of all by the deep sense of her own insufficiency she faithfully persevered in her work."

"Such earnest teaching could hardly fail to bear fruit; and she who seemed often in tears, and under a discouraging sense of failure, was often blessed by a rich reaping time even on earth, very many of her beloved 'children,' as she was wont affectionately to call them, gave her the delight of seeing them joined to the Lord, and walking in the truth."

Thus Miss Lyman not only accomplished valuable present results, but she also laid the foundation in her experience for the more extended sphere, to which God in his own time would eventually call her.

*I quote again:* "Her reputation as a successful and inspiring teacher had been so wide-spread that she had received frequent invitations to take the superintendence of large public educational institutions, which she had uniformly declined. In 1865, however, she received an urgent request to become first lady principal of a newly organized Female college on a very large scale — *Vassar College*, Poughkeepsie, an institution founded on a munificent bequest, with aims and resources greater than perhaps any other such institution in the world.

She would at once have dismissed the application, shrinking from the responsibility, but for the suggestion contained in the letter, "whether in this field the Master may not have work for you to do." It cost a long conflict and much painful sacrifice of feeling before she could make up her mind to sever the ties that bound her to the work she dearly loved, to the scene of so many dear associations, and to enter on a post so formidable in many respects to her sensitive mind." The three paragraphs quoted above were taken from a communication made to the *Missing Link Magazine* of London. Suffice it to say she went, and it is perhaps needless to add that she carried her principles

with her to the stately halls of *Vassar* where they had indeed wider scope, and greater development.

I quote from Dr. Raymond's funeral address relative to her appointment to *Vassar* College. "It was no easy task to which she was called, but to that task she brought no ordinary qualifications. Her natural gifts, amounting almost to a genius for her profession, had been enriched by an education of no ordinary range. Her early training in a college town of New England, her extensive acquaintance with teachers, professors and Christian ministers, her familiarity with many interesting questions which have of late been agitated respecting the education of woman, and her life-long experience in the actual management of the young, all made her counsel invaluable in the moulding of the great enterprise to which she had been called."

It was my privilege to know Miss Lyman for many years, dating from her girlhood in her home at Amherst until the period of her decease. And I am sure that all who enjoyed the same advantage will agree with me in the opinion that her character was most symmetrical. She was genial but dignified, devout without austerity, cheerful without levity, and while very firm in all matters of principle and conscience, she was catholic and tolerant in respect of the religious convictions of others. There was nothing sickly or sentimental in the type of her piety, she hated *affectation and cant*. Her clear, incisive intellect enabled her with almost unerring certainty, to penetrate such disguises, and to distinguish between the meretricious and the true.

Nor had she more indulgence for, or sympathy with, the so called *Woman's Rights* movement, which unsexes woman, and makes her, who was designed to be man's best friend, and trusted companion, to become his bold competitor and rival in the troubled waters of political strife.



Her true womanly instincts revolted against all such perversions of woman's mission, which but degrade the sex.

Miss Lyman, however, was nowhere more at home than in the *sick room*, and beside the couch of suffering.

Delicate in health herself, she was nevertheless always ready when the sick and the sorrowful needed her help.

When dangerous infection had driven others away, there she might have been found with calmness and gentleness which is so restful, and which comes like a sunbeam into the chamber of affection.

Her spirit was of a heroic sort, kindred indeed to that which animated her lamented brother at Sumatra, and that of a Florence Nightingale in the fever hospitals of Scutari. "*I was sick and ye visited me.*"

I have said that Miss Lyman's character was well balanced, but it is fitting that I should add that her *almsgiving in proportion to her means and resources* were *munificent*, at the same time ostentation in giving was carefully avoided.

The amount of assistance, however, which she gave to *ministers and missionaries*, and their families, and to the indigent of Christ's flock would if fully known, astonish her most intimate friends.

Who can estimate the value to the world of such a life? By what powers of arithmetic can its blessed results be computed? "*And I heard a voice from Heaven say, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.*"

The Christian world mourns over the baleful effects of the labors of ungodly men, which unfortunately do not cease with their unprofitable lives. But it is a blessed consolation that there is an inextinguishable vitality in truth, and especially when it is enforced by a life of consistent holiness. There is in such an experience also great satisfaction and peace, amid all the trials, toils and disappointments inci-

dent to our present condition, while we remember that *they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.*

Dr. Raymond said at the funeral service with reference to the death scene: "Her struggle with death was long and painful. For three weeks she might truly be said to be dying and 'dying,' said she, 'is very hard work.' She had no fears, no shrinking; she longed to depart. Her desire and prayer was that the end might come, and as we looked upon her sufferings, we could not but join in her prayer. On Tuesday last (Feb. 21, 1871) at about 4 p. m., the prayer was heard and answered. The gate at which she had so long been knocking opened, and she entered into rest.

"Wonderful was the change which passed upon the face as we stood, and watched the expression of weariness and pain passing away, and the features settling to a perfect repose."

*The following account of the funeral is taken from the Missing Link Magazine quoted above:* "Seldom has there been a more deeply interesting or imposing funeral service in the city of Montreal, to which her remains were brought for interment, than that which was held when her mortal frame was about to be committed to the dust.

"The coffin and the dais on which it rested were wreathed and covered with *the flowers she loved so dearly*,\* offerings of affection, from her former and more recent pupils.

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\*The pupils were not permitted to make presents to the members of the faculty; but flowers were not held to come within the prohibitory rule, as the following incident will show: Miss Lyman's mind being fully occupied with the considerations of one who was consciously approaching her end, had forgotten her birthday which occurred on the 29th of January, until reminded by the appearance of young ladies bearing bouquets of flowers with their congratulations.

Her parlor was literally filled with these affecting tokens of love and respect.

“ A large assemblage of mourners, loving friends most of them of the departed, filled the black draped church, and listened with deep emotion to the appreciative and stirring addresses from her former pastor, and her recent coadjutor at Vassar College.”

“ Weep not for her ! her memory is the shrine  
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers  
Calm as on windless eve, the sun’s decline,  
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,  
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night ;  
Weep not for her ! ”

“ Weep not for her ! She is an angel now,  
And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise,  
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,  
Sin, sorrow, suffering banished from her eyes,  
Victorious over death, to her appear  
The vista’d joys of Heaven’s eternal year,  
Weep not for her.”— (*Moir*).

MISS JULIA E. LYMAN.

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BY REV. TIMOTHY LYMAN.

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Soft as the lunar ray that sleeps  
Upon the bosom of the peaceful lake ;  
Or dewy eve distilling sweet  
On vernal flowers ; or breath of morn ,  
On od'rous wings ascending from the east  
With melody of birds — so soft and sweet,  
Is memory of those we lov'd.

Forty years ago, and more, you might have seen in one of the Lyman families of Connecticut, a very slight, delicate girl, studious and accurate as a scholar, sedate, conscientious, fond of books, but not given to as abundant use of the tongue, as some of her sex are reported to be. That fine, quiet, scholarly girl, early formed a loving attachment to the Lyman name. She never would change that name for any other. Born in it, she lived and died in it.

She early manifested talent for business: a mind clear, quick, accurate and retentive. Fortunately for us, while yet a girl, she became interested in the Lyman genealogy. That interest increased with the increase of years. She felt, as well she might, that the Lyman, like many other families, were sustaining a great loss, by a criminal ignorance and neglect of their worthy ancestors. It is a sure way to cease from worthy deeds, to forget those of our fathers. The mind and heart that proposes to itself a noble career instinctively craves the example of those who have gone before, to give it confidence and cheer it on. The soul that is incapable of an elevating inspiration from the remembrance of ancestral worth, is itself doomed to an

ignominious obscurity. Who of all this family of Lymans, will not, from this day's opportunities, be quickened in a worthy and virtuous life? What Lyman, falling into sin, will not blush more deeply, hereafter, at the sight of his vice and ignominy when he remembers that thousands of Lymans throughout the land will participate in his disgrace. What Lyman's heart will not feel, from this day, a livelier enthusiasm to noble thoughts and noble deeds, by the remembrance that thousands of his kindred will rejoice and thank God, for anything and every thing he may do, worthy of a family whose ambition is to have no stain upon their name, but to encircle it with a wreath of unfading honor and glory. Do not suppose then, that it was a mere freak of peculiarity, that led our talented and excellent sister, into the research to unravel the tangled web of our genealogy. It is a noble work to help save a family name from an ignoble oblivion. She engaged in it with Christian zeal and love. We deservedly put a high value upon other historical researches: we prize highly historical societies and historical libraries. A Christian denomination thinks it worth their while, to erect historical rooms at the expense of three or four hundred thousand dollars. But there seems more propriety, in a family's preserving its history at any cost whatever. This has been done by Julia E. Lyman at the cost of time and money and perhaps of life itself.

The chart of the Lyman family, so highly valued by us, is wholly the work of her hands, none, save he who has tried it, knows how much work, *hard* work, is requisite to prepare such a chart. The sources of information for it are fourfold: 1st. Ancient colonial and municipal records. 2d. Old monuments and grave stones. 3d. Old family and church records. 4th. Old folks of sound memory and clear mind. All these she consulted as extensively as her health and strength would permit, years and years ago. Before many of us had ever been baptized into the Lyman

name, she might have been seen collecting and correcting these materials, writing and visiting various places in Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont; examining old musty saffron-colored records and parchments, rubbing off the ancient moss from old tombstones, that she might read the name and the date thereon, asking for the sacred old family record, and talking with the "*old folks*," about persons, that their childhood memories could recall. All these facts, she would set down in their order, until she had collected the indisputable data, out of which, to construct this wonderful chart-wheel "A wheel within a wheel" — almost as complicated as that seen in Ezekiel's vision, where we can all trace our own families as belonging to the tribe of Richard Lyman, who came from High Ongar, to establish a name in America. Let us remember, too, that all this is a *work of love*: no money tempted her; she always peremptorily refused all pecuniary aid. She would not even share with others, the expense of her journeys, and correspondence in this matter. She *would work*, disinterestedly, from love of the work, and love of the family.

In her death, we have lost a noble, generous, and talented *sister*. For all we this day enjoy, of union and reunion of the Lyman brotherhood, we are, in no small degree, indebted to her patient, life-long labors. By the letters she had written, the facts she had collected, and the interest she had helped to excite in our family history, she has done more than any one else to create the demand, among the Lymans, for such a reunion as this, and for such a history as we hope to have. It is sad to think, that by these assiduous labors, she hastened her end. Self-sacrifice, and Christian love for others, seemed the law of her life. She had cast her anchor within the veil; she died in faith, she sleeps in Jesus, our Lord and Master in whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named.

But I feel, that I am too much of a stranger to her, to do justice to her character, in life and in death; I will subjoin a few extracts, from the letter of a sister, who knew her better than any one on earth; and who speaks as one that has seen, and heard:

“The chart she commenced many years ago. When a prospect opened of a genealogical record of the whole Lyman family, being combined in a book, her assiduities increased, and her labors expanded. Innumerable notes of names and families multiplied upon her desk, like leaves of the forest, communicating with persons of the Lyman name and connection, in almost every part of the Union, and beyond. They were ‘labors of love,’ and I know of no other motive, that ever led her to undertake or carry it on, and though her frame was slight and delicate, and her health never good, often very poor, yet she had a fund of mental resolution which induced her to go on in her efforts, far beyond what she had strength to sustain. The chart she wrote, and rewrote, many times, and it was a work she enjoyed. But the difficulty of getting it rightly engraved, was one she could not control, as she could her own hand: and it saddens me to remember, how severely this work told upon her health, which was at that time very feeble. After her part of the work was finished, her health steadily declined; such intense and long-continued labor, combined with active disease of body, soon showed their sad effects. The last few months of her life were seasons of great sufferings, which she bore with sweet Christian patience.

Her views of herself, were very lowly; but this did not remove her from the Rock, Christ Jesus, on whom her faith rested. It may not be thought proper, for one so nearly related, to dilate upon the excellencies of her character, but, surely, none knew as well as myself, how beautiful that character was. A person so disinterested and so conscientious, is rarely seen; self-sacrifice was the

law of her life. Life was joyless to her when she could not communicate some good to some of her kind. Her energies were not all spent upon the work of which we have been speaking, but scattered all along her pathway in life, she found many ways of doing good, in a quiet and unobtrusive manner, and it is a sweet solace to me to believe that the influence of her lovely example, is not lost in the little world in which she moved. I know her memory will be cherished, in the hearts of all, who knew her well."

I will close what I have to say by offering the following resolution :

*Resolved*, That the Lyman family are under great and lasting obligations to the deceased, Julia E. Lyman, for her great and difficult work, in reducing to order the genealogy of the Lyman family. That in her clear, methodical mind, her retentive memory, her disinterested enthusiasm in the cause of the Lymans, as well as in her conscientiousness of character, her wide benevolence and love of truth, and *especially* in her deep and abiding faith in Christ our Lord, we recognized one raised up, by the great Father of all the families of the earth, to be a blessing and an ornament to us, for which we will never cease to be grateful.



## ADDRESS

### ON THE EDUCATIONAL AND LITERARY EFFORTS OF THE LYMAN FAMILY.

BY REV. HUNTINGTON LYMAN.

Since last we met on Mt. Tom the shadow of death has fallen darkly on many a joyous household. The memory of many will soon be lost in the oblivion of the grave whose decease cannot be noted here, but that of one must not be passed in silence. Mr. Cyrus Lyman of Norwalk, Ohio, with his wife, had just entered his carriage to go to town for purchase preparatory to their journey to meet us at Mt. Tom, when his horses started in a fright, overturned the carriage, and killed him instantly! A devout man 70 years of age who, by a godly life, had for many years adorned the Christian profession.

The contributions which the family have made to the pulpit and to other walks of professional life, testify that they have cherished the interests of religion and of learning, and that so they have fulfilled the behests of parental and patriotic obligation.

The examples that might be given in which every son and daughter of ours in large families has received such an education as to qualify him to fill with credit and grace the high places in social, official and professional life to which he has been called, are our witnesses to the high appreciation which the family has put upon education, while the instances in which two and more from the same family have been prepared for the gospel ministry, are a testimony of our religious zeal and of our patriotism.

Who can give the measure of the good effect of a really good and earnest man? And when in addition to the purity of his heart, that potent adjunct, a liberal education is brought in, that education which has given fullness to his mind, eloquence to his tongue and scope to his influence, we may justly regard him as a grand integer in the fabric of the state.

The following statistics relating to the Lyman family have been gathered from the catalogues of several of our colleges :

Graduates of Yale,	-	-	-	-	39
“	“	Harvard,	-	-	17
“	“	Amherst,	-	-	6
“	“	Hamilton,	-	-	2
“	“	Williamstown,	-	-	11
“	“	Brown,	-	-	2
“	“	Dartmouth,	-	-	10
“	“	Union,	-	-	3
“	“	Oberlin,	-	-	2
“	“	Agricultural College,	-	-	1
					<hr/>
					93

A full history of this matter would show that expense and efforts to educate have sometimes ended in the agony of failure. The embargo, or the war, or a fire, or a reverse came and brought disappointment in their train. Attendant upon the efforts made that have been crowned with success, there is a history of conflict which the world will never know. Lift the veil and we should see a marvel. Who can tell through what mysteries of economy, what shifts and expedients, what blistered hands, peeled shoulders and heads made bald, the education which has enriched the age and given us occasion to glory has been achieved.

Finally the time for a "new departure" has come. We have been looking upon the two hundred years of the past, whose record though it might have been worse, might also have been better. While this reflection cannot affect the bygone, its force can go forward and give shape to the future.

Two hundred years to come! Who can penetrate what that lapse will unfold in relation to this family? To finite view, this secret will slowly unfold. God give it gracious direction, so that those who shall then stand upon Mount Tom, with those who shall stand upon Mount Zion, may rejoice and give glory together.

## POEM.

BY A LADY EIGHTY YEARS OF AGE.

The following contribution to the Lyman reunion is  
from Mrs. Sarah (Lyman) Barlow, aged 80 years :

Hail Richard's descendants  
Who love independence,  
We're here in the land of the free ;  
To dame Nature's Hall  
We welcome you all,  
Praise God on the bended knee.

You're here from the north,  
You have come from the south ;  
The Orient contributes her quota,  
The west keeps not back,  
But follows the track  
From Plymouth to young Minnesota.

O'er the Ocean Atlantic,  
Rocky Mountains romantic,  
Have come to our loving embrace,  
Of Lyman descendants,  
With many attendants,  
Altogether a notable race.

Here are fathers and mothers,  
Fond sisters and brothers,  
And grandparents too, not a few,  
Aunts, uncles and cousins  
Are clustered by dozens,  
And other friends cordial and true.

And why are we here  
From far and from near,  
Our kith and our kin homogeneous ?  
Such vast congregations  
In old jealous nations,  
Would look altogether mysterious,  
And call out a Ukase imperious.

Do we all have our creeds  
Mixing faith with its deeds ?  
Does principle rule every action ?  
Do we worship our God,  
Make our hearts his abode,  
Seek his guidance in every transaction ?

## POEM.

BY SEYMOUR LYMAN, ESQ.

Day of gladness, scene of pleasure,  
Words that ring with joyous measure,  
Hearts aglow with holy feeling,  
Eyes their sacred trusts revealing !  
Such the picture, such the season,  
And we ask, with show of reason,  
What the common cause of meeting ?  
Why such fervency of greeting ?  
We have met as fathers, mothers,  
Parents, children, sisters, brothers,—  
Kith and kin of all gradations —  
For exchange of gratulations !  
We have met in part as strangers,  
Bay State guards and distant rangers,  
Yet, as kindred, called to rally  
At this chosen " mount " and valley—  
All formality had ended  
Ere our greeting words were blended !  
'Tis an honored custom, standing  
Since the pilgrim fathers' landing,  
That when autumn's leaves are whirling,  
And the frosts the clover curling ;  
When the orchards' russet treasures  
Have been stored in heaping measures ;  
When the furrowed fields are empty,  
And the garner pressed with plenty—  
Broken bands shall be united  
Where the homestead hearths are lighted ;  
There, around each common altar,  
Sire and matron, son and daughter,  
In " thanksgiving " join their voices,  
While the prattling throng rejoices !

We have met at summer's waning,  
 Ere autumnal tints are flaming,  
 Ere the swinging blades have slumbered,  
 Ere the golden sheaves are numbered,  
 Ere that Nature's charms have faded,  
 Or the frosts her bowers invaded,  
 Ere the birds have ceased their singing,  
 And the groves their vocal ringing.  
 Yet again, the semblance varies,  
 In that from remotest prairies,  
 From across the northern border,  
 From the sunny south in order,  
 From New England's every valley—  
 Lineal bands in concert rally,  
 And a thousand hearts are beating  
 At this rendezvous of meeting !  
 Gathered thus, a grand reunion—  
 For thanksgiving, for communion,  
 For a jubilee of pleasure,  
 For delight in fullest measure,  
 Custom rigidly enforces,  
 That among our relished courses,  
 Speech and silence shall be mated,  
 Now and then a tale related,  
 And supplanting laughter's ringing,  
 There shall be the voice of singing.

I sing of New England, her evergreen hills,  
 Her azure veiled mountains, her clear crystal rills,  
 Her swift coursing rivers, and dashing cascades,  
 Her grandeur and glory of gorges and glades.

I sing of her sky-piercing turrets and cliffs,  
 Her battlements, scarred with the centuries' rifts,  
 Her boulders, dislodged in the ages ago,  
 And scattered in chasms and caverns below.

I sing of her forests, her primitive shades,  
 That nought save the deer and the hunter invades ;  
 Her interval arches, elm, maple and pine,  
 That woo to their shadows the sun-stricken kine.

I sing of New England, when summer is queen,  
 When nature is robed in her garments of green,  
 When wind-waves are circling o'er hillocks and plains,  
 And swaying the blossoms and grasses and grains.

I sing of her lakes, and the volumes of sheen  
 That widen and wind through her valleys of green ;  
 Chaste mirrors, ablaze with the sun's golden light,  
 Or studded with stars in the shadows of night.

I sing of her hamlets, her laudable pride,  
 Where peace and contentment forever abide ;  
 Her towns, where the forge and the factory and mill,  
 Are the noisy exponents of labor and skill.

I sing of her cities, her centres of thrift,  
 Where the footsteps of commerce are ceaseless and swift  
 Her argosies, coursing the seas of the world,  
 Wherever a sail and a flag are unfurled.

I sing of New England, her wide cherished name,  
 Her matchless achievements, her honor and fame,  
 Her triumphs in science, her progress in art,  
 Her culture, refinement, and graces of heart.

I sing of her yeomen, staunch, sturdy and brave ;  
 Her freedom, that knows neither master nor slave ;  
 Her franchise, her ballot, her pulpit and press,  
 And the power of her teachings the nations to bless.

I sing of her faith in the glories above ;  
 The creed of her fathers, law, liberty, love ;  
 Her churches, her schools, and her virtues, that spread  
 Wherever the sons of the pilgrims are led.

I sing of the ardor and zeal of our sires,  
 When planting her coasts with their hearthstones and fires ;  
 Their courage and daring, their valor and might,  
 In dethronement of wrong and defense of the right.



I sing of her founders, who purposed and planned,  
The blessings that compass and hallow our land ;  
Though their boldest conceptions would faintly portray  
The scenes and surroundings that greet us to-day.

I sing of New England, join ye in my song ;  
Let your hearts and your voices its echoes prolong ;  
Join also to render our heritage sure,  
While her valleys shall bloom, and her mountains endure.

## CLOSING ADDRESS.

BY THE CHAIRMAN.

The hour of eleven having arrived, on the morning of the second day, the moderator, the Hon. Lyman Tremain, arose and addressed the meeting as follows :

My friends, I am admonished by the hand on yonder clock, that the hour has arrived when I am obliged to separate from you, and take the cars for my home. But before I leave you, I desire to express my acknowledgments and thanks to those thoughtful members of the family by whom the idea of calling this meeting of the Lyman family was conceived and has been carried into execution.

It was a happy thought, and notwithstanding the inauspicious weather which we had yesterday in the grove, I am sure that in the future, we shall forget that, and that the occasion will be remembered with gratitude and satisfaction by all who have had the good fortune to participate in its pleasures and privileges.

We have, some of us, been enabled, for the first time, to visit the beautiful locality where we assembled yesterday, to behold the delightful scenery in the valley of the Connecticut, which surrounds it, to renew old acquaintances, and to form new ones with those who are related to us by the ties of a common kindred ; we have, also, learned from the Rev. Dr. Coleman's excellent address, many interesting and valuable facts, concerning the characteristics and history of the family, of which we might, otherwise, have remained uninformed. I speak, I am sure, the sentiments of all present when I add that we never can be too grateful

to the Doctor, for his willingness to continue the work of publishing the book containing the history of the family, notwithstanding the great affliction under which he is suffering, from the recent death of his wife and child, in which he has our most profound sympathy.

And now the time has come, when we are called upon to separate and return to our respective homes, perhaps, many of us, never more to meet again, on earth. But we shall carry away with us, renewed regard for our New England homes, for our New England ancestry, and for those great truths which had their American origin, in this section of our country.

In many respects, this family gathering and others of a similar character, serve to symbolize or typify the nation to which we belong, which is only an aggregation of numerous families. Many, and perhaps most of those who have gathered here, to-day, had their birth place, and have their present residence, outside of the boundaries of New England. Their social associations, their pecuniary interests, their local attachments, and all those natural and honorable feelings of state pride which are connected with the land of our birth place, unite us with other and perhaps distant states. Indeed, our union with New England, rests mainly upon that sentiment, wholly incapable of definition or analysis, which draws us with its silken and mysterious, but powerful bonds, to the home of our ancestors. And yet, I know that no unjust censures could be uttered in our presence against New England, nor any blow be aimed at her welfare, prosperity and happiness, that would not occasion emotions of grief, and be regarded by us all almost as a personal injury. (Much applause). And in such sentiments, everywhere prevailing, throughout our country, lies, I think, one of the secret sources of our national union, and its strength, cohesion and perpetuity.

We all remember, that at the commencement of our late civil war, there were those, among us, who claimed that it was the restless, meddling spirit of interference, in the affairs of others, which characterized the New Englander, that had caused the war, and the sovereign remedy recommended by these wise-acres for existing evils, was the formation of a new union with "New England left out in the cold." These shallow and superficial quacks were mainly those who sympathized with the rebellion. They wholly failed to comprehend the true nature, or the gigantic magnitude of the great contest, and it was not long, before the prompt, the patriotic, and the noble efforts made by New England to preserve our common country, silenced these senseless clamors.

It has been related of a prominent Ohio politician, who had, thoughtlessly, repeated the outcry against New England, that when he came to look around him, and consider the elements of which the community was composed, and when he came to take out from among the people those who were born in New England, or were the descendants of New Englanders, those who had married New England wives, or the children of New England parents, and, also, those who had been instructed by New England school masters, or school mistresses, he found that those who were left would not amount to much, and so he concluded to say no more about "leaving New England out in the cold." (Laughter and applause).

Indeed should that day ever come when a new union should be formed that did not embrace the territory of New England, the object sought to be accomplished, by her foes, would be only partially effected. It would still be necessary to annihilate those great political doctrines of liberty and equality which have been disseminated, throughout the length and breadth of the land, by the influence, the teachings, and the example of New England. You must

then change the entire structure of your government, and undermine the great bulwarks of popular rights, which lie at the very foundation of our republican institutions.

When you shall have succeeded in destroying the system of local self-government by town meetings, which is the child of New England, when you shall have destroyed free schools, free churches, freedom of speech, and a free press; when you have subverted that inherent love of fair play, and of political and religious liberty that constitute the essential elements in the character of our people, then and not till then, will New England be really left out in the cold.

These great changes once wrought, and our boasted free institutions would be like the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet's part omitted: the shell without the oyster, the body, without the soul.

True, you might, then, have peace and order, but it would be the peace of the grave, the order that prevailed at Warsaw. Indifference on the part of the people as to public and political affairs, would take the place of that eternal vigilance which, we are taught, is the price of liberty.

True, we might, under the new order of things, allow the few to govern the many, and thus be relieved from a world of responsibility and care. We might sleep on, while corruption was destroying the very vitals of the nation. We might hear the pleasant signals of our sentinels declaring that all is well, at the moment when scheming and ambitious men were plotting the destruction of our liberties, or corruption, ignorance and vice had already fired the train which they had prepared, while the flames were ready to burst forth and destroy the government of our fathers.

True, we might, no longer, be disturbed by the strong and stimulating breezes that sometimes blow over the country, from the hills and mountains of New England,

but these, I think, are far better than the nauseous odors that indicate incipient decay, and approaching dissolution.

For myself, I would not substitute that robust, and, if you please, rough spirit of New England equality, that declares one man to be as good as another, for the rule of the best king or queen that ever sat upon a throne. Give me that searching and restless spirit of investigation which is the attribute of an enlightened popular liberty, although it transgresses, at times, the ordinary rules of courtesy, rather than the popular indifference, bigotry, superstition and intolerance which, for so many years, have impeded the progress of human rights and Christian civilization.

The day has gone by, I trust forever, when we shall again hear the shameful proposal mooted to leave any part of our beloved country out in the cold. The union and every part of it has been cemented by the best blood of the American people.

The great New England doctrine of popular equality, enunciated in the Declaration, that was penned by a noble Virginian, but corrected and amended by John Adams of Massachusetts, have recently culminated, and produced their complete and matured fruits in the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

Let us, then, not be ashamed of our New England origin, or our New England ancestors. The soil that we find throughout that little cluster of commonwealths, which we call New England, may not be as rich as the prairie lands of the great northwest, or the fertile valley of the Mississippi, but it was in that soil that the seeds of liberty were planted on this continent, and there the roots have penetrated deep into the earth. Nor need we be disturbed by the ridicule which is sometimes uttered against the puritans of New England. What if they do say, that those old fellows were accustomed to whip their beer barrels because the beer would work on Sundays. Better do that we an-

swer, than to spend Sunday in guzzling down villainous bad whisky that will "kill at forty rods," that leads to rioting and drunkenness, and causes broken bones, bruised heads and bloody noses. (Laughter and applause).

Permit me, in conclusion, to say that the best advice I can give to the youth of the Lyman family is, that they may display, in their future career, those same sterling qualities of courage, patience, endurance and heroic devotion to the principles of civil and religious freedom, which were so honorably exemplified by their ancestors, in the early history of New England.

I bid you, one and all, an affectionate farewell. (Applause, long continued).

On motion of Mr. Lyman of Montreal, the thanks of the meeting were enthusiastically given to the retiring chairman, Mr. Tremain, for the able and graceful manner in which he had presided, and a committee was appointed to superintend the publication of a pamphlet containing a report of the proceedings of the meeting.

## THE PIC-NIC.

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Springfield, Aug. 29th, 1871.

At a meeting of the committee of the Lymans, holden in the City Hall on Tuesday afternoon to make arrangements for the pic-nic of Wednesday, Mr. Edward Lyman of Burlington, Vt., was appointed chairman, and D. W. Lyman, secretary. Dr. Lyman Coleman presented an account of Miss Julia Lyman's chart, and spoke of her great labors in behalf of the family, also of the genealogical book, the amount of matter and estimated cost, and inquired what the gentlemen thought best to do about it. In response, Mr. Benjamin Lyman from Montreal, made a few remarks in regard to the various ways the money might be raised for printing. Rev. Mr. Lyman from Marathon, N. Y., made a few remarks, followed by Prof. Lyman of New Haven, urging the appointment of a committee to consider the book business, and report as soon as possible. The chair appointed the sub-committee of the following gentlemen: Prof. C. S. Lyman, Benj. Lyman, Moses Lyman, Dr. A. B. Lyman, C. H. P. Lyman, George Lyman, N. E. Lyman, Frederick Lyman of Orange, George J. Lyman and Daniel Lyman.

As marshal for the pic-nic, Gen. Luke Lyman was elected. A motion was made to read and receive a letter from L. B. Lyman of Montana, which was so done. Mr. Lyman Tremain was appointed chairman of the pic-nic; Mr. Edward Lyman of Burlington, treasurer; Daniel M. Lyman of Providence, Russell Lyman of Albany, and Theodore Lyman of Hartford, secretaries.

Motion was made and carried, to elect six adjutants, by Rev. H. Lyman.



Mr. Harvey Lyman was voted the thanks of the family for his great interest and labor in our behalf.

The programme was then read by Dr. Coleman and it was adopted as the programme for to-morrow.

Mr. Harvey Lyman was authorized to engage a band for our pic-nic.

The matter of a social re-union on Thursday morning was discussed at some length, followed by a debate on our next meeting, when and where?

The sub-committee on raising funds for printing, reported; that an amount be raised by the sale of the books by subscription as far as possible, and a guaranty fund. The guaranty fund to be called for if necessary six months after the publication *pro rata*. That a committee of active men be appointed to request subscriptions to the book and guaranty fund.

The report was accepted, and quite an amount subscribed on the spot.

It was voted that all books remaining should be given to Dr. Coleman to do as he might see fit with as a slight remuneration for his labors. Also that his likeness be placed in the front of the book, and the book dedicated to Miss Julia E. Lyman.

After quite an agreeable time spent in conversation, during which Dr. Coleman distributed the chart and copies of the Lyman coat of arms, the meeting adjourned till Thursday to meet at Mt. Tom grove.

D. W. LYMAN,

*Secretary.*

Aug. 29th, 1871.

REPORT OF THE PIC-NIC OF THE LYMAN FAMILY AT MT. TOM  
AUG. 30th, 1871.

The meeting was called to order (the family having arrived on the ground under the marshalship of Gen. Luke

Lyman) at 9.30 A. M., by Dr. Lyman Coleman of Easton, Penn.

After the singing of an original song a portion of scripture was read by Dr. Coleman, and prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Bixby of Huntington.

The officers of the day were then announced, and were as follows: Hon. Lyman Tremain of Albany, president; Mr. Edward Lyman of Burlington, Vt., treasurer; Messrs. D. W. Lyman of Providence, R. I., Russell Lyman of Albany, N. Y., Theodore Lyman of Hartford, Mass., secretaries.

Hon. Lyman Tremain, upon being introduced, delivered an elaborate address referring to the Lyman history, followed by Dr. Lyman Coleman in an address of great merit and research. At the end of his address the band played a selection, and our programme was considerably interfered with by the rain which came down in torrents, and it was voted to adjourn till Thursday morning at 9 o'clock in Springfield, at the City Hall which had been loaned us very kindly. Many were the regrets and disappointments, and many were the Lymans wet, but every one took it good naturedly and bore it bravely. Extensive preparations had been made for a collation which of course remained after the flight. Mr. Harry Lyman remained to attend to that, and the rest of us took the trains to Northampton and Springfield, wet but happy people.

Remarks were made by Prof. C. L. Lyman of New Haven, and Rev. Benjamin W. Dwight, of Clinton, N. Y.

It was estimated that there were one thousand people present, some having come many hundreds of miles to be present.

There were very many elderly members in attendance, and it is hoped none took cold from their wetting.

At 1 P. M., the well begun pic-nic was all destroyed, and water, water, every-where, was the order.

DANIEL W. LYMAN, *Secretary*.

G E N E A L O G Y  
 OF THE  
 L Y M A N F A M I L Y .

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It is known to the reader that the undersigned has, for several years, been engaged in preparing a genealogy of the Lyman Family.

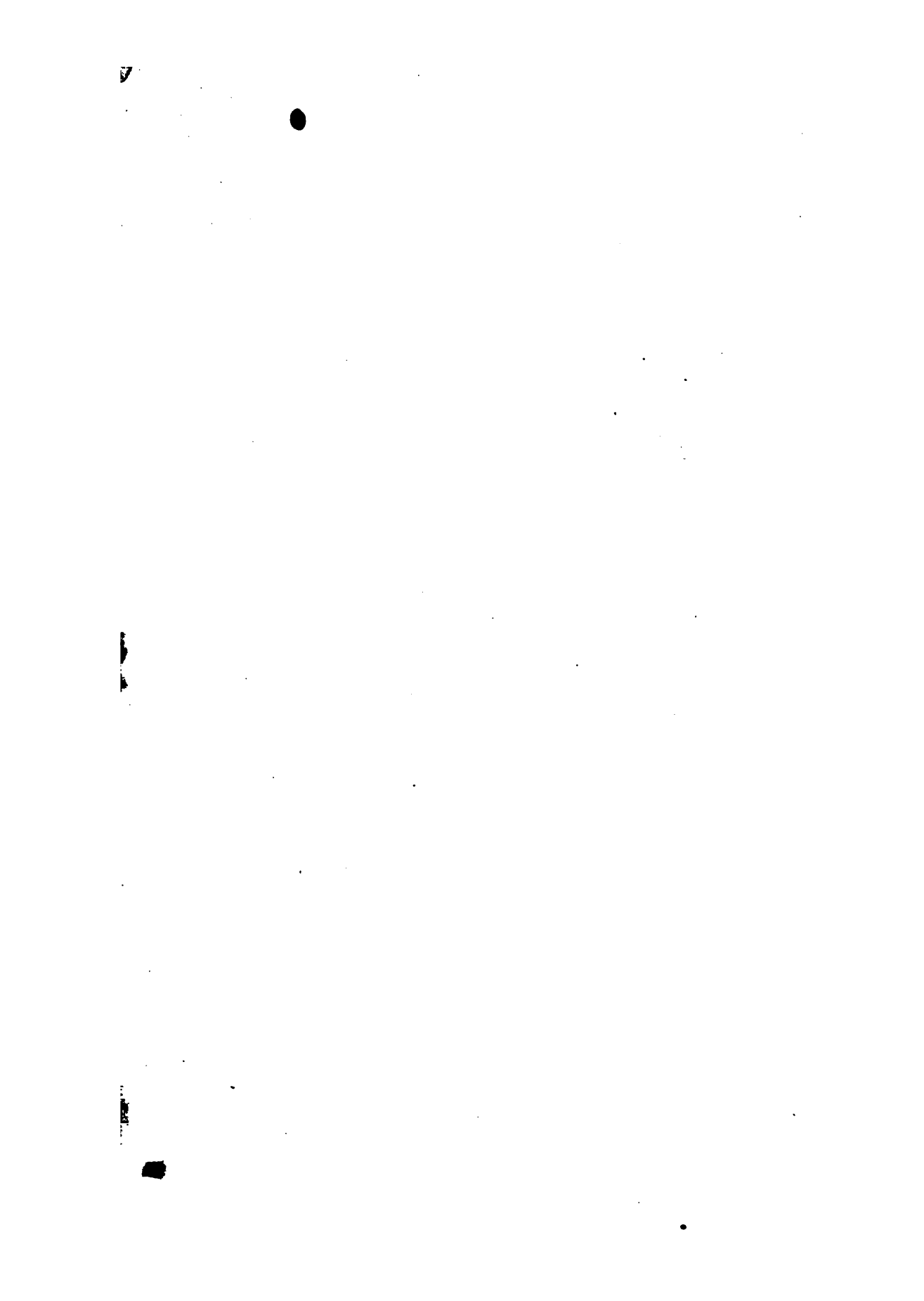
This genealogy goes back to the Norman conquest, or to Edward the Confessor, about 1050, giving from that period, a continuous lineage, and from Richard the original immigrant, a detailed record of his descendants in this country, with biographical sketches of individuals, and anecdotes and incidents of frontier and pioneer life. It will contain about 6,000 names and comprise 600 pages or more. Shall the book be published? This must be determined by the family. The author, in addition to the years consumed in this thankless, profitless labor, will never assume the responsibility of its publication. So in their late reunion, several gentlemen, in addition to their subscriptions, united their efforts to raise a guaranty fund to be used if needful for publication, but the means provided are quite inadequate, and further subscriptions are indispensable to justify the publication of the book. Will this numerous and wealthy family forward their subscriptions, or shall the manuscripts be laid on the neglected shelf? This question will be decided by their reply to this final call.

The book, if published, will be printed on tinted paper, and sold for *five dollars* a copy, bound in cloth.

A frontispiece of three coats of arms, blazoned, and a chart, if ordered, will be *twenty-five cents* each.

Bound in cloth, - - - - -	\$5.00.
Bound in paper covers, - - - - -	4.50
Frontispiece, - - - - -	.25
Chart - - - - -	.25

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE,  
 EASTON, PENN.,  
*September, 1871*











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