

**A LADY OF  
THE OLDEN TIME**

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A Lady of the Olden Time by Emily Malbone Morgan

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**EMILY MALBONE MORGAN**

**A LADY OF  
THE OLDEN TIME**



A  
LADY OF THE OLDEN TIME

BY  
EMILY MALBONE MORGAN,  
AUTHOR OF

"A Poppy Garden." "Prior Rahere's Rose," etc.



"In her was youth, beauty, with humble sport,  
Bounty, richness, and womanly feature,  
God better wot. than my pen can report."



BELKNAP & WARFIELD,  
HARTFORD, CONN.


c 1896

EM3

**To the Revered Memory**  
OF  
**LADY ALICE FENWICK,**  
WHO DIED AT SAYBROOK POINT, 1645.  
AND  
TO THE DEARER MEMORY  
OF  
**ELIZABETH WEBB PRINCE,**  
WHO DIED JUNE 30, 1896.



" Rejoice and be glad with her all ye that love her ;  
Rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn for her."

"  Saybrook's wave-washed height  
The English lady sleeps,  
Lonely the tomb, but an angel of light  
The door of the sepulchre keeps.

" No roof—no leafy shade  
The vaulted glory mars,  
She sleeps in peace, with the light on her bed  
Of a thousand kindly stars.

" She sleeps where oft she stood,  
Far from her native shore,  
Wistfully watching the bark as it rode,  
To the home she should see no more.

. . . . .

" By grateful love enshrined  
In memory's book heart-bound,  
She sank to rest with the cool sea wind,  
And the river murmuring round.

" And ever this wave-washed shore,  
Shall be linked with her tomb and fame,  
And blend with the wind and billowy roar,  
The music of her name."

*Written by Miss Frances M. Caulkins of New London,  
January 11, 1868.*

## Preface.

**T**O MINGLE fiction with fact, to make character drawings of those who leave scanty records behind them, is like filling in the features of a beautiful or ugly face which is to leave as lasting an impression as any portrait or miniature. That such people lived, that they breathed, that they felt the weight at times, being human, of all this unintelligible world, history bears witness; while of the minds, the spirits, the material presence behind the outward act, even in the lives of more noted colonists she is silent.

Those, therefore, who would in a later age build their fictitious fabrics on slight foundations of historic fact, undertake a task which should be most reverently executed, for they deal with those who have passed into silence and can no longer speak for themselves.

The facts we have about Lady Fenwick herself could be easily compiled and stated in a very few pages. That she was tall and had golden hair we know. That she was religious is also evinced by her membership in Master Hooker's Church in Hartford. That she was a faithful wife and devoted mother we have also proof. Of her fondness for fruits



and flowers, birds and animals, the meagre records also testify. That she was lonely and disheartened in this New World, yet bore up bravely, is implied. That longing for England she died and was buried at Saybrook, which she helped to colonize, is a matter of history.

I have tried to take these implied characteristics and develop them to their legitimate ends in the drawing of an ideal character. After some years' thought of her and study of these records I could not think of her otherwise than as beautiful and stately, a woman of strong mind and refined taste, of well-balanced judgment; a helpmate to her husband, a Madonna to her children, of most gracious presence and most winning ways. She was one of those transplanted flowers that blossomed in the springtime of our country. She could not for long bear the cold winters or the hard life of the Colonist, but in dying she left behind her a breath of the spring.

Records of such lives are like sweet pressed flowers, found in old family Bibles. Though the flower be dead the fragrance lingers. It penetrates other centuries, and breathes of something which in all ages has made life sweet and worth the living, bearing evermore constant testimony to the intense romance of History.

E. M. M.

HEARTSEASE, SAYBROOK POINT,  
April, 1896.

## Historic and Unhistoric Notes.

**I**N the following pages I have tried to be true to historic dates, and in order to do this have thought it wise to be guided by one historic record and that which I have been assured by the best authorities is the most accurate. I am therefore chiefly and deeply indebted to Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull's paper on the Fenwicks, which was prepared and read on the occasion of the re-interment of Lady Fenwick's remains at Saybrook in 1870. According to Dr. Trumbull, Governor Fenwick and his family landed at New Haven in July, 1639. Shortly after their arrival their daughter Elizabeth was born. Their younger daughter Dorothy was born November 4, 1645. Lady Fenwick died shortly after her birth in 1645. Mr. Fenwick returned almost at once to England still in 1645 or early in 1646. He received his title of Colonel while fighting in the north in the cause of the Parliament. He died in Berwick, England, in 1656.

In contemporaneous history the battles of Marston Moor and Cropredy Bridge, mention of which are made, both occurred in 1644, and that of Naseby in 1645. Herrick's "Hesperides,"

containing his poem "Divination by a Daffodil," was not published until 1648, in London, at the Crown and Marygold in St. Paul's Churchyard. Thirty years had elapsed since the death of his master, Ben Jonson, and the poet was fifty-seven years old. During those years of troublous times for England he had been quite free in the circulation of his MS. poems, and it would not have been impossible that some of them found their way into Lady Alice's Common-place Book. Of the household of the Fenwicks at Fort Point or Pasbeshauke or Saybrooke, names all mentioned in Colonial history, the ladies, Elizabeth and Mary Fenwick, are mentioned in the Winthrop Correspondence, also Rev. John Higginson and Dr. Peters. Of Peace Aspley and Oliver Bouteler and Warwick, the dog, no mention is made in Colonial annals. That Lady Alice had a young cousin and that her first husband, Sir John Bouteler, had a nephew would not be strange, and that both being young and comely, they should love each other would be but fulfilling one of the most natural laws of life. The artist party who discovered Peace Aspley's diary had also an historic counterpart, and during one autumn made many water color drawings from stenographic views taken of the old fort and Lady Fenwick's tomb, as it was before 1870. There are other interesting accounts of the Fenwicks and the early settlement at Saybrook, notably in "Field's