

Holmes read one of his characteristic poems and Mrs. Stowe told the story of the old colored man at the South who "owned an orange grove and a house, and heads of cattle and heads of horses and heads of hens, and ten heads of children." Here were seen together that day Whittier and Holmes, Whipple and Aldrich, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Lucy Larcom, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, and others; but not a "colored" person, to Henry Ward Beecher's great disgust.

Chief Justice Chase was another visitor to "The Old Elms," a man of "magnificent proportions, tall, and elegant in his bearing;" and Newman Hall spent his first night in America here, and Principal Fairbairn, with "his fascinating Scotch brogue and his typical Scotch face," and Dr. Kirk, the old war-horse of Boston orthodoxy, and Dr. Peter Parker, and Dr. Joseph Campbell of Tennessee (the only blind man, Mrs. Claflin says, who ever ascended Mont Blanc, seeing the monarch of the Alps, as it were, with his feet and hands), and Horace Greeley, and, last but not least, Sitting Bull, Thunder Cloud, and Red Jacket.

Of all these visits and visitors, and of "The Old Elms" in connection therewith, Mrs. Claflin has written in a pleasant strain of reminiscence, and the publishers have made of it all a pretty little book, on rough paper, with a gilt top and uncut edges, and a lovely frontispiece of the house flecked with the sunshine and the shadow. It is a history that belongs to a day gone by, and of the personalities that are depicted in these pages, alas! only a memory remains. Of the gracious hospitality that home has ministered, of the hands whose touch has vanished, and of the voices whose sound is stilled, this booklet is a pleasant souvenir.

### UNDER THE OLD ELMS.\*

IN the Massachusetts city of Newton, suburban to Boston, is an inviting historic spot which once belonged to the estate of Governor Bradstreet, passed from his hands into those of the Fuller family, and in 1855 became the homestead of the Honorable William B. Claflin, formerly a Governor of this Commonwealth. Among those who helped to dedicate the new abode were Henry Ward Beecher and his sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and it was Mr. Beecher who gave it its name of "The Old Elms."

For a generation and more "The Old Elms" has entertained within its hospitable doors many of the distinguished men and women of the time. Rev. James Freeman Clarke was a grandson of General Hull, who lived here once upon a time, and he in his later years was one of its most frequent visitors. Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, and Mrs. Bailey, wife of the editor of the old "National Era" of anti-slavery days, once met here. Henry Wilson was a frequent guest with Charles Sumner. Here was held the lawn fête with which Mrs. Stowe's publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., celebrated her seventieth birthday, when Dr.

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\*Under the Old Elms. By Mary B. Claflin. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.00.