

“ Saml. Taylor Coleridge,  
his inkstand.”

Another prized relic is the pen given to Longfellow by Helen Hamlin ; it is made from a piece of the pillar of the Prison of Chillon to which it is supposed that Bonivard was chained. A photograph of his grandchildren, and two or three pictures of the white-haired poet himself, stand on the library table, while around them are strewn some of his favorite books. Among the portraits on the wall are those of Emerson and Hawthorne, and one of Longfellow painted by his son.

Perhaps the most interesting object in the room is the chair made from the wood of the “spreading chestnut tree,” and given to Longfellow on his seventy-second birthday by the school children of Cambridge. It is stained black, as may be inferred from the poet’s calling it a “splendid ebon throne.” It is upholstered in green leather, and is decorated with carving of conventionalized horse-chestnut leaves. The following stanza from the “Village Blacksmith” is carved in German letters about the seat :—

“ And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.”

The inscription on a brass plate underneath the cushion is :—

TO  
THE AUTHOR  
OF  
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

This chair, made from the wood of the

‘spreading chestnut tree’ is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by

THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

Who, with their friends, join in best wishes  
and congratulations

ON

THIS ANNIVERSARY,  
February 27th. 1879.

A water-color of the chestnut tree stands on a book-case near the chair.

Outside the house as well, we are reminded of the poet’s love for trees. The beautiful grounds extend far in the rear of the house, and are well wooded. A path lined with trees on either side leads to a summer house, standing among tall pines. Nearer the front are rows of locust trees, surrounded by rather stiff-looking flower beds, hedged in with box-wood. Close by the house, ferns grow luxuriantly, and violets nestle in the grass, while the honeysuckles, the grape trellises, and the old-fashioned garden seats, make us forget that the busy streets of a great city are not far off. But this calm retreat is not unknown to many of the toilers of the town. Here, once a year, Miss Alice Longfellow entertains some of the working girls of Boston, shows them her father’s study, and its sacred treasures, and afterwards takes them up to visit his grave in Mount Auburn cemetery.

As we unwillingly turn away from this interesting home, we are reminded of its similarity to that of Miles Standish, in that it was once the dwelling place of a fighter and a writer,—the latter himself a descendant of the stripling who shared the Plymouth captain’s hospitality.

HONORA S. HOWARD.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*A Veteran of 1812. The Life of James Fitz-Gibbon.* By Mary Agnes Fitz-Gibbon. Toronto, Wm. Briggs ; Montreal, C.W. Coates ; Halifax, G. F. Huestis.

The book before us gives the life of a very noteworthy and active man, who played an important part in the stirring times of 1812-14. The first chapter gives a short account of Fitz-Gibbon’s boyhood—of his early associates, his reading, and his farm duties on the south bank of the Shannon.

When only fifteen years of age, the French

threatened to invade Ireland, and appeared off Bantry Bay. The boy joined a yeomanry corps, and thus began his military career. At that period the English were hated in Ireland. A regiment of English troops were stationed in the little village. A friendship soon sprang up between the sergeant and young Fitz-Gibbon. He joined the Tarbut Fencibles, and soon found himself stationed in England to do garrison duty. On August 6th, 1799, he was drafted as sergeant into the 49th, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie. In a few days he was on his way to Holland. The brigade to which