MR. DEPEW SAILS AWAY.

WHERE HE IS GOING AND WHAT HE EXPECTS TO DO WHILE ABROAD.

Chauncey M. Depew was a passenger on the American Line steamship St. Paul, which crept out from her pier at 10 o'clock yesterday forenoon and poked her nose seaward. In Mr. Depew's party were his niece Miss Paulding, his nephew Charles Paulding, his son Chauncey M. Depew, jr., and his secretary, Edward Sundell. Mr Depew goes to Europe every summer for a two months' outing, and he says that it helps him greatly. "There are men," said Mr. Depew yesterday morning, in referring to his trip, "who work steadily every day in the year, and feel that they cannot leave their desks for the rest that is imperative. I have watched that class of men closely and I find that three things happen. First, they become nervous and irritable. In the second place the mind seems to lose its clearness and insight, and their work deteriorates; and in the third place they usually die suddenly. Such was the case, in the third sense, at least, with the late Secretary Gresham. He was an abnormal worker, and resorted to every means to keep himself going. I think a vacation is a good thing every year.

"I find that I can work for about ten months in the year, and then my mind asks a rest. I go on the steamer thoroughly tired out after a spell of sleeplessness, as a rule. I do nothing but eat and sleep for a week in crossing, and when I get to the other side I am ready to begin fresh again. I go first to London. I have many friends there, and despite Mr. Plimsoll's mission to this country the English are fond of Americans and we like them. I usually find a number of invitations waiting for me, and I am able to get around a great deal during my short stay. One of the greatest pleasures in my European trip is to meet and talk with the men of the Old World concerning whom the whole world is talking. Of course, you can read about them in the newspapers and in books, but actual association and conversation repay one for the long trip, even if there were no other compensations.

"From London I am going to Paris—but that is to allow the ladies in my party to lay in a supply of big sleeves and gloves of astonishing length. It depletes the pocketbook, but it pleases the women. Then I am going to Homburg. That will end my trip. I do not need to travel over the rest of Europe. I have done it before, and with everything centralizing around Paris and London the rest of the travel would simply be useless. I am not going to Homburg for my health. There is nothing the matter with me, except a little rheumatism, and that is not bad. I am going for a rest."

Mr. Depew was asked, as he examined a handsome basket of flowers that had been sent to him by an admirer, and stooped to allow a friend to pin a bouquet in his button-hole, if he would try to do anything to counteract the idea in England that this country might declare for free-coinage. He replied: "There has been so much wild, absurd talk that the Englishmen are all in a muddle, and with the usual clear insight manifested by them they believe that we are silver crazy. I may do some missionary work. The Englishmen have been told that the United States intends to withdraw into the company of Mexico and China. They have been warned that if they have goods to sell anywhere they would better sell them some place else than in this country, and also that if they hold American securities they would better get rid of them, even if it is at a sacrifice. I am pretty well known in England and over Europe, and I think that the people over there will believe that I know something about conditions in this country and listen to me. The Republican party will win by an unprecedented majority this year because it has declared straight out for the gold standard and protection, and I am going to tell them so over there. So I have some work mapped out as well as play. The insertion of the gold-standard plank in the St. Louis platform was one of the best things that the party ever did"——

"But, Mr. Depew," interrupted one who had evidently been dazed by certain stories afloat, "did Mr. Platt really force the Convention to adopt that gold standard plank, as he says he did?"

Young man, . . . and Mr. Depew's voice was stern for one who seldom speaks sternly, "I will tell you one thing, and you must figure the rest out for yourself. I state, and state emphatically, that I am not the father of that gold plank. Never was any waif so well fathered as that plank. With so many lusty Republicans claiming the paternity of that plank it would ill become me to claim it as my own."

Mr. Depew was in high feather as the vessel swung out from the pier to start on her long journey. His final words were: "I am going to Europe to get a rest, and have a good time."

He will return September 1, and declares that he will at once take a vigorous part in the campaign in the interest of Major McKinley and the Republican platform.

GOOD TIMES IN THE BERKSHIRES.

A PARTY OF FRESH AIR FUND CHILDREN AT ST. HELEN'S HOME.

Curtisville, Mass., July 1 (Special).—The children of St. Helen's Home send greetings to The Tribune and to all their many friends. The first party reached the Home last Thursday, and the sound of merry voices has been welcomed most cordially by the village people. By a happy chance the first Sunday here was Children's Day. The church was prettily decorated with flowers, and the children of the village sang songs appropriate for the day. The Fresh Air children sang with a vigorous ring "America," and the occasion was an enjoyable one to all. Afterward the flowers were sent to the Home to decorate the tables. The following letter gives an idea of the good time all are having, from one boy's point of view:

Dear Mamma: This is a lovely place here. We arrived here at quarter past three. We went in a train lighting express and we wrote in there for five hours. We have very pleasant meals here we have for breakfast cocoa, oatmeal and butter bread, for Dinner we have chicken soup and chicken.

We play ball and swing and we have four swings. And every night before we go to bed we have guns and drums and then we march all around we go horseback riding and carriage riding and go row boat riding. We take a walk every day we have an extra wash house beside the brook and an extra house to sleep in. We have one room with about twenty-four beds. We go in a brook every day barefooted it is very pleasant and sometimes we go to the lake and bathe.

Tell me if I am promotel or not. Tell me if grandma feels better. Tell me how you are getting along answer soon. Your loving son

JOHN ——.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Miss Katharine Du Bois	$25 00
E. W. W., Northeast Harbor, Me.	2 00
W. O. Whitcomb	10 00
William A. Du Bois	50 00
Ladies' Social Union, Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church	25 00
Birthday box, First Presbyterian Primary Sunday-school, East Orange, N. J.	15 00
A few friends in Walden, N. Y.	15 00
G. B. M., jr.	25 00
The second and third rooms, Linden Hall Seminary, Lititz, Penn.	7 62
Marie Rogers	100 00
Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss	50 00
Miss H. L. Dexter	2 00
E. H. Thannon	2 00
Mrs. William Douglas Sloane	1,000 00
Proceeds of a "Fun" given in East Orange, N. J., by two little girls, Hilda Gernardt and Jean Bulkley	16 25
S. D.	10 00
A. E. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.	2 00
First Congregational Sunday-school, Southington, Conn.	8 81
Miss Clara Dunham's mission class, Southington, Conn.	56
Southington Congregational Junior Endeavor Society	1 20
Walter W. Naumburg	5 00
George W. Naumburg	3 00
Cash	10 00
Cash	10 00
Rutgers College Alumnae Association	5 00
The Lakeville Men's Sunday afternoon meeting	5 00
Previously acknowledged	5,963 17
Total July 1, 1896	$7,398 01

TO SHOW TRICKS TO THE CONVICTS.

Herrmann is going up to Sing Sing on the morning of the Fourth of July to give an entertainment for the convicts. It will be in the big new hall which is intended for a mess-room. It was the intention to have it in the chapel, but Mr. Herrmann objected because the room was not large enough to hold all the convicts. The magician will show them magic for an hour, and will try to illustrate to them how a man may be light-fingered and yet keep out of jail. He will also allow two experienced murderers to shoot at him with pistols, and he will catch the bullets on a plate. In an ordinary theatre it is sometimes hard to get an audience together, but here there seems to be no doubt that the spectators will be on hand, and if they do not enjoy what is provided for them they will only show their ingratitude.

MRS. COLWELL WILL APPEAL.

The case of Colwell against Colwell, which was decided last week by William G. Davies, as referee, will be taken to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court by Mrs. Colwell. Rollins & McGrath, Mrs. Colwell's attorneys, made this announcement yesterday immediately on the approval of the referee's finding by Justice Beach. They are now preparing the necessary papers and will submit them to the court at the earliest possible moment. The ground on which the appeal will be based is the alleged disregarding of the evidence by the referee in making his report.

A WOMAN LAWYER IN A POLICE COURT.

The first woman lawyer to appear in the Centre Street Police Court was there yesterday. She was Miss Rosalie Loew, who has already tried several cases in Special Sessions. Miss Loew came as counsel for Ignatz Wolf, the Olympia Roof Garden waiter accused by William Phyle of picking up his pocketbook on Wednesday night containing $23, and keeping the money. A Mr. Rosenthal told the complainant that Wolf picked up the lost purse, and Detective Oppenheim, of the Central Office, discovered that Wolf had the day following taken jewelry pledged at $150 out of pawn, and also deposited $100 in a savings bank.

Miss Loew asked Magistrate Deuel to adjourn the examination until to-day, as the defendant was not ready to proceed. The Magistrate treated Miss Loew with much consideration, and, as there was no one present representing the complainant to object, granted her request.

confused, and they are uncertain. The Republican party with its gold-standard platform will win this fall by an overwhelming majority, and we must reassure the world that our country is as safe as any other, and its money as good as that of any other country in the world."

SERGEANTS TO BE CAPTAINS

FIVE VETERANS AGREED UPON BY THE POLICE BOARD.

OTHER PROBABLE SELECTIONS—DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE COMMISSIONERS.

The Police Commissioners were in executive session for nearly four hours Tuesday night, making up the ratings of the sergeants who are candidates for promotion to captaincies. Sixty-seven sergeants were in the examination which was held week before last, and the Commissioners went over all the examination papers and gave the men their ratings for meritorious service, record and efficiency.

It was learned yesterday that the Commissioners had agreed upon the appointment of five sergeants, who are veterans, to captaincies. These five passed high examinations, and are among the first on the eligible list. They are Acting Captain John H. Grant, of the East Sixty-seventh-st. station; Acting Captain Watson Vredenburgh, of the West Sixty-eighth-st. station; Acting Captain John R. Groo, of the Mercer-st. station; Acting Captain Robert Young, of the Elizabeth-st. station, and Sergeant Daniel C. Moynihan, who is in command of the Yorkville Court Squad. They will be appointed to captaincies at the next Board meeting. There are at present eight vacancies among the captains. There will be five more vacancies when the inspectors are appointed.

There is a hitch on the candidates other than those named. The Commissioners were unable to agree on the merit work of two or three sergeants who were in the examination. The matter will be taken up again at the next meeting, when it is thought some conclusion will be reached.

The examination of captains for inspectors is set down for Monday next, and there is a desire on the part of the Commissioners to let in a few men who are not yet captains. In order to adjust this it was decided yesterday to hold a supplemental examination, when all those officers not in Monday's examination can enter. It was ascertained upon high authority that the five acting captains named are as good as appointed full captains.

Sergeant Moynihan has been a dark horse in the race. He was formerly acting captain of the Old Slip station, but was deposed a few months ago and transferred to the command of the Yorkville Court.

Acting Captain Grant, of the East Sixty-seventh-st. station, has been on the force since 1866. He was three years in the war, and was twice wounded. He is a brother of Captain Donald Grant, of the Old Slip station.

The talk around Police Headquarters is that Acting Captains Stalnkamp, of the East Fifty-first-st. station; Stephen Brown, of the West Thirty-seventh-st. station; Richard Walsh, of the West Twentieth-st. station; George Titus, of the Macdougal-st. station, and William Hogan, of the Eldridge-st. station, are also certain of being appointed full captains. With the five veterans already agreed upon only three more captains can be appointed at present to fill the existing vacancies. There will be no other vacancies until the inspectors and a deputy chief are appointed, unless some of the present captains retire, and it is not likely that any will. Acting Captains Ryan, Brennan, Germann, Albertson and McKirvey and Sergeants Patty, Flood and Farrell, of the Central Office, are strong candidates for promotion when additional vacancies occur.

Commissioner Parker was seen yesterday afternoon as to the hitch in the Board over rating some of the sergeants. He said there was a slight difference of opinion among the Commissioners as to one or two sergeants, but he believed that they would come to an understanding shortly. Mr. Parker would say nothing further concerning the matter. It is said that Commissioners Roosevelt and Andrews are opposed to two sergeants who are favored by Messrs. Parker and Grant. There was talk yesterday that the Commissioners had a stormy session Tuesday night over the rating of the applicants for captaincies. None of the Commissioners would discuss the details of the meeting or give out the names of the sergeants against whom there is opposition in the matter of promotion.

PLANS FOR THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

THE PROPOSED CONDEMNATION OF LAND AND WIDENING OF DELANCEY-ST.

The East River Bridge Commission met at No. 49 Chambers-st. yesterday afternoon and took up the consideration of the new bridge plans submitted by the engineer-in-chief, L. L. Buck.

The plans provide for the erection of a straight structure extending from Havemeyer and South Sixth sts., in Brooklyn, to Norfolk and Delancey sts., in this city. As already known, the bridge itself will be 150 feet wide, with a safety margin on either side of 25 feet, making the total width of the land to be condemned for the erection of the structure 209 feet 3 inches. A strip of land of this width will be condemned from the river to Clinton-st. This will permit of the widening of Delancey-st. between these two points to 100 feet. It is now 60 feet wide.

The Commissioners argued at length as to the advisability of the 25 feet to either side of the structure. It was maintained by several of the Commissioners that to condemn such a wide piece of property would cost millions, the more so, indeed, if Mayor Strong's idea of making Delancey-st. 140 feet wide from Norfolk-st. to the Bowery should be carried out. The Commissioners thought it advisable to get the Mayor to define his position on the matter, and for that purpose he was specially called to attend the meeting.

The Mayor favored the plan of widening Delancey-st. from the river to Clinton-st., he told the Commission, and he pointed out that, as for the widening of that street west of Norfolk-st. that was a matter that could not be considered by the Commission, as it was by no means part of the bridge plan, nor was the expense attending it chargeable to the bridge cost proper. It was a matter for the Public Works Department to consider and provide for in its discretion.

The report of the engineer shows that the borings in the river are advancing favorably. There are four holes completed in Brooklyn and an equal number in this city. All the borings will be completed in about four weeks. Then the work on the towers will begin.

A CHURCH'S 250TH ANNIVERSARY.

Saybrook, Conn., July 1.—The First Congregational Church of this place is celebrating its 250th anniversary to-day and the quiet old town is well filled with strangers, among whom is Governor Bushnell, of Ohio. The services were opened this morning in the church by the Rev. Frank Shipman, of Plymouth, Mass., and the Rev. Lewellyn Pratt, of Norwich. The Rev. E. E. Bacon delivered an address of welcome, and the Rev. Amos S. Chesebrough read a paper, in which he outlined the history of the church from its foundation. The celebration was continued this afternoon, Governor Bushnell being the principal speaker. President Dwight, of Yale, spoke briefly of the early years of the college.

M'KINLEY'S ACCEPTANCE.

THE HONEST MONEY CANDIDATE.

From The Philadelphia Times.

There is now one honest money candidate for President before the people of the country. There was some disrust as to his attitude on the most vital of all the issues of the campaign, because of apparent hesitation in declaring in favor of the gold standard before his nomination, but McKinley's declaration given in answer to the formal notice of his nomination at Canton on Monday last, that was evidently prepared with great care, distinctly places the Republican candidate for President on the gold standard basis of honest money.

A GOOD SPEECH.

From The Baltimore American.

Those people who feared that Major McKinley would stand a little to one side of the platform endured needless anxiety. His speech to the Committee of Notification was as good a gold speech as one could want. He spoke for a dollar that "must be counted at par in any and every commercial centre of the globe."

FITTED TO THE OCCASION.

From The Troy Times.

The whole speech was unassuming and direct, well fitted to the time and the topic.

CANDID AND EXPLICIT.

From The Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

The speech is candid, straightforward and explicit. There runs through it all a sense of the obligations and responsibilities he is undertaking, and not less a high confidence in the results of the struggle.

EMPHATICALLY FOR THE GOLD PLANK.

From The Chicago Record.

Unqualified approval of the St. Louis platform implies unqualified approval of the gold standard, for it was the gold plank that took first place in importance in the platform and was kept most conspicuous in the eyes of the people and the delegates. It was the only plank fought over in St. Louis, and it is likely to be the only one on which a fight will be made in Chicago. To approve the St. Louis platform without qualification is to approve the gold standard unequivocally.

CLEAR STATEMENT OF CAUSES.

From The Indianapolis Journal.

The address of Major McKinley to the committee of the National Convention is a clear and concise statement of the causes which have produced the present conditions and a presentation of the remedies which alone can bring this country to the industrial activity and prosperity of the years just preceding the last election of Mr. Cleveland and of the Democratic Congress.

DEATH OF MRS. H. B. STOWE.

THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" PASSES AWAY IN HARTFORD.

Hartford, Conn., July 1.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," died at her home, No. 73 Forest-st., at noon to-day without regaining consciousness. She passed peacefully away, as though into a deep sleep. By her bedside at the time were her son, the Rev. Charles Edward Stowe, of Simsbury; her two daughters, Eliza and Harriet; her sister, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, and the latter's husband, John Hooker; Dr. Edward B. Hooker, her nephew, who was also her medical attendant, and other relatives.

Mrs. Stowe's malady, a mental trouble, took an acute form on Friday, when congestion of the brain with partial paralysis appeared. During Friday, Saturday and Sunday she was about the

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

house, but was suffering greatly. Since Monday morning she had been confined to her bed, and yesterday afternoon she became unconscious.

Mrs. Stowe until about seven years ago was in good health, although she was frail bodily. She was about the city and attended regularly the Windsor Avenue Congregational Church, of which her son was then pastor. Her health for some time, however, had been precarious, and she had needed the constant attention of a nurse, who accompanied her in her walks in the vicinity of her home. She always had pleasant words for the children of the neighborhood, with whom she talked in her rambles, and she seemed to be at her brightest when thinking of and talking with them. Her condition has been such that her death at almost any time in the past three or four years could hardly have been unexpected.

Mrs. Stowe's funeral will be held at her home at 5 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Her body will be taken to Andover, Mass., on Friday, and it will be buried in the cemetery connected with the Andover Theological Seminary, where Mrs. Stowe's husband, Professor Calvin E. Stowe, and her son, Henry, are buried.

A single book brought Harriet Beecher Stowe a fame wider, perhaps, than that of any other American woman of her time, yet her long life is a record of activity in many fields, and in most of them her labors have been important. She came of a distinguished and talented family. Her father was the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, and Henry Ward Beecher was her brother. She was born in Litchfield, Conn., on June 14, 1812, and was brought up in the strict and simple way of life of a New-England minister's household of that day. When she was four years old Harriet lost her mother, a daughter of General Ward, who served under Washington. Two years later Dr. Beecher married Harriet Porter, who told her friends that Harriet and Henry were as lovely children as she ever saw, "amiable, affectionate and bright." As a child Harriet was passionately fond of books, taking especial delight in Scott's novels, the "Arabian Nights" and "Don Quixote." When at Mr. Brace's school in Litchfield, she was much interested in his discourses on history and moral philosophy, and before she had completed her twelfth year she wrote a composition on the negative side of the question, "Can the immortality of the soul be proved by the light of nature?" In her thirteenth year she became a pupil of her sister Catherine, then principal of the Female Seminary at Hartford, and in this school she taught from

AN EARLY PORTRAIT.

about 1827 to 1832, when she accompanied her father, who had been made president of Lane Theological Seminary, to Cincinnati. Here she married in 1836 Professor Calvin E. Stowe, who had lost his first wife two years before. Mr. and Mrs. Stowe remained in Cincinnati until 1850, when the professor removed on account of his health and accepted the divinity professorship at Bowdoin College. Two years later he became professor of sacred literature at Andover Theological Seminary. He resigned his chair in 1862 on account of ill-health, and removed to Hartford, where he devoted himself to literary work until his death, on August 22, 1886.

The picture of Mrs. Stowe in her early life that The Tribune prints this morning is taken by permission from "McClure's Magazine."

Her early married life was thus spent in Southern Ohio, on the border line between the free and the slave States, and in the section through which the "Underground Railroad" was known to run. Mrs. Stowe had only to draw on her experience at Lane Seminary for much of the material of her greatest work. Many of the incidents and characters of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were, in fact, taken from life, as the "key" to the book, afterward published as an answer to the charge of slanderous misrepresentation, clearly shows. Cincinnati was then the scene of many stormy slavery meetings, and only the distance of the seminary from the city and the steep and heavy road that led out to it, saved the Abolitionists among the faculty and students from the attacks of many a mob. Professor Stowe's family often sheltered fugitive slaves. Arms were even kept in the house to repel a rescuing party, and a large bell was put up to be rung to summon the students in case of a sudden attack.

HOW "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" WAS WRITTEN.

When the Stowes returned to New-England in 1850, and settled in Brunswick, Me., their interest in the anti-slavery agitation was still keen, and both were distressed by the apathy with which their new neighbors regarded the South's "peculiar institution." Mrs. Stowe conceived the idea of writing some sketches which should give the world a picture of slavery as she had seen it. One day while looking over the bound volume of an anti-slavery magazine she read an account of the escape of a slave-woman and her child from Kentucky over the ice of the Ohio River. This was the first point of the story as it formed in her mind, and for the model of Uncle Tom she took the husband of a former slave-woman employed in her own family. The first part of the work written was the death of Uncle Tom. The scene, it is said, framed itself in her mind as she was at the communion table in the church in Brunswick, and it overcame her so completely that she burst into tears and had to leave the church. This scene she wrote down and the book then took form rapidly. After two or three chapters had been written, they were sent to an Abolitionist paper published in Washington, "The National Era." Weekly instalments were forwarded from that time until the story was finished. As a serial it attracted more attention, perhaps, than might have been expected from the unpopularity of the periodical, which printed it. A young Boston publisher, John P. Jewett, saw some of the early numbers and asked to publish the whole in book form. After a while he began to fear that the story was getting too long for one volume, and he wrote to the author to remind her that two volumes on so delicate a subject might be fatal to success. Mrs. Stowe replied that she did not make the story; it made itself, and she could not stop until it was done.

This feeling of inspiration was strong in her mind up to the end of her life. While at Sag Harbor some years ago an old sea captain came up to shake hands with her, saying:

"I am glad to shake hands with the woman who wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

"But I didn't write it," replied Mrs. Stowe.

"You didn't! Who did, then?"

"God wrote it. I merely did His dictation."

SUCCESS AND POWER OF THE STORY.

The book was published on March 20, 1852. Ten thousand copies were sold in a few days and over 300,000 copies, it is said, were in circulation within a year. Its extraordinary moral and political effect is now a commonplace of history. A thrill of horror and indignation ran through the North, and the rage of the slaveholders flared out in their effort to keep the story out of the mails in the South. It had done what years of agitation had failed to do in bringing home to the indifferent masses at the North the true meaning of the Southern slave system. No account of the causes that led to the outbreak of the Rebellion and the quick response the North made to the first gun fired on Sumter can be complete in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" does not have an important place.

In England, too, the book had an enormous sale and a marked political effect. Within a year after its first appearance eighteen London publishing houses had taken it up, and forty editions had appeared. Translations were made, sooner or later, into nearly twenty languages. Among these were the Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish, Magyar, Polish, Portuguese, Spanish, Modern Greek, Russian, Servian, Siamese, Swedish, Wallachian and Welsh. In French and German several distinct versions were published. In this country the book has had a steady sale for over thirty years. The story was put on the stage, too, in over twenty different forms, and has been played times almost without number. Unhappily, the author had no royalty from any one of these dramatized forms, and got no income whatever from them.

MRS. STOWE'S OTHER WRITINGS.

The success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" turned Mrs. Stowe's attention to literary work as a profession, and she became a most prolific writer. In 1853 she visited England and the Continent, and on her return she wrote her "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." "Dred; A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," published in 1856, followed in the line of her first book, but proved only a moderate success. A new vein was struck in her stories about the old New-England country life, pictures of a time whose manners and types are now almost extinct. "The Minister's Wooing," published in 1859, was the first of these new stories. It appeared in installments in the "The Atlantic Monthly," and when issued afterward in book form made a notable hit. To "The Atlantic Monthly" she also contributed "The Pearl of Orr's Island" and "Agnes of Sorrento," two stories generally regarded as inferior to her other books of fiction. Her "Men of Our Times," a biographical work, appeared in 1868. The next year she went back to the life of old New-England in "Oldtown Folks," a delightful picture of thought and feeling in the Massachusetts of the eighteenth century. Sam Lawson's Fireside Sketches" is another book in this field.

In 1869 a book was published in England, entitled "My Recollections of Lord Byron and Those of Eye Witnesses of His Life," supposed to have been written by the Countess Guiccioli. It contained some severe criticisms of Lady Byron. Partly in reply to these Mrs. Stowe wrote "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life," published in 1869. This piece of work was treated rather harshly, and Mrs. Stowe replied to her critics in "Lady Byron Vindicated." "Pink and White Tyranny," "My Wife and I," "Palmetto Leaves," "Betty's Bright Idea" and "Footprints of the Master" all appeared between 1871 and 1877. Among her other well-known works are "Our Charley; or, What to Do with Him," and "Poganuc People: Their Loves and Their Lives." Mrs. Stowe also wrote "A Peep into Uncle Tom's Cabin, for Children," "The Christian Slave," "Uncle Sam's Emancipation," "Geography for My Children," "Queer Little People," "Daisy's First Winter, and Other Stories," "The Ravages of a Carpet," "The Chimney Corner," "Little Pussy Willow" and "Bible Heroines." She once prepared a "Reply on Behalf of the Women of America to the Christian Address of Many Thousand Women of Great Britain," and she wrote some religious poetry. Her first published work, written in 1834, was a sketch, entitled "Uncle Tim," which appeared in "The Mayflower," and attracted considerable attention to her as a writer of rare promise.

HER SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

The seventieth anniversary of Mrs. Stowe's birthday was celebrated on June 14, 1882, at the home of ex-Governor Claflin, in Newtonville, the garden party given in honor of the occasion being attended by a notable gathering of literary people. After an hour or two of social enjoyment the guests gathered about a platform, on which Mrs. Stowe was seated, with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, A. Bronson Alcott, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, J. T. Trowbridge and other well-known writers. Then followed short remarks by H. O. Houghton, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Holmes, Professor Stowe, Judge Tourgee and the Rev. Edward Beecher. Poems were read by Dr. Holmes, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the Rev. Freeman Allan (Mrs. Stowe's son-in-law), Charlotte Fiske Bates, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, J. T. Trowbridge and Mrs. James T. Fields, and at the close of the exercises Mrs. Stowe made a brief speech, in which she said: "I thank you all for the kind expressions of feeling you have offered to me. If any of you have a doubt, or a sorrow, or a pain—if you doubt about this world, just remember what God has done—that the great suffering of slavery is gone. I see this every day. I walk about every day and I see the people grow richer and richer. The colored people have their faults as well as their virtues, and we must be patient; but they are steadily improving. Let us never doubt of the future of this people, but believe that anything that ought to happen is going to happen."

From Dr. Holmes's poem these verses are taken:

If every tongue that speaks her praise
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet
Of mingling accents harsh or sweet
From every land and tribe would—but
The polyglots of Babel.
Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian and Manchoo
Would shout, "We know the lady."
Know her! Who knows not Uncle Tom?
And her he learned his gospel from
Has never heard of Moses;
Full well the brave black hand we know
That gave to Freedom's grasp the hoe
That killed the weed that used to grow
Among the Southern roses.
Her lever was the wand of art,
Her fulcrum was the human heart
Whence all unfailing aid is;
She moved the earth! Its thunders pealed,
Its mountains shook, its temples reeled,
The blood-red fountains were unsealed,
And Moloch sunk to Hades.

After their removal to Hartford, Mr. and Mrs. Stowe travelled extensively in Europe, where they had a large acquaintance among men distinguished in the theological and literary world. After the war they spent part of their winters in Florida.

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. STOWE.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WRITES OF HER IN HER ANDOVER HOME.

From McClure's Magazine.

To the stranger visiting Andover for a day, there will long be pointed out, as one of the "sights" of the Hill, the house occupied by Mrs. Stowe during the time of her husband's professorship in the Seminary. As a house it was very difficult; but Mrs. Stowe has always had the home touch in a beautiful degree.

In fact, my chief impression of those years when we had the rich opportunity of her vicinity consists in occasional glimpses of lovely interiors over which presided a sweet and quiet presence, as unlike the eidolon which Andover Seminary seemed to have created for itself of this great and gracious lady as a spirit is unlike an old-time agitator. To tell the truth—which perhaps is not necessary—I dimly suspected then, and I have been sure of it since, that the privilege of neighborhood was but scantily appreciated in Andover, in the case of this eminent woman. Why I do not know. She gave no offence, that I can recall, to the peculiar preferences of the place. The fact that she was rumored to have leanings toward the Episcopal Church did not prevent her from dutifully occupying with her family her half-a-pew in the old chapel. It was far to the front, and her ecclesiastical delinquencies would have been only too visible, had they existed. A tradition that she visited the theatre in Boston when she felt like it sometimes passed solemnly from lip to lip, but this is the most serious criticism upon her which I can remember.

I have since found suspicion blossoming into a belief that the vagueness of arithmetic which led to an insufficient estimate of Mrs. Stowe's value, or at least to a certain bluntness in our sense of the honor which she did to Andover by living among us, sprung from the fact that she was a woman.

Andover was a heavily masculine place. She was used to eminent men, and to men who thought they were so, or meant to be, or were thought to be, by the ladies of their families and the pillars of their denomination. At the subject of eminent women the Hill had not arrived. I have sometimes wondered what would have been the fate even of my mother had she lived to work her power to its bloom. And Mrs. Stowe's fame was clearly a fact so apart from the traditions and from the ideals that Andover was puzzled by it. The best of her good men were too feudal in their views of women, in those days, to understand a life like Mrs. Stowe's. It should be remembered that we have moved on since then so fast and so far that it is almost as hard now for us to understand the perplexity with which intelligent, even instructed men used to consider the phenomenon of a superior woman as it was then for such men to understand such a woman at all. Let us offer to them the width of sympathy and fineness of perception which they did not always know how to offer to the woman.

My personal remembrances of Mrs. Stowe are those of a young girl, whom she entertained at intervals, always delightfully, in the long parlor running the width of the stone house, whose deep embrasured window-seats seemed to me only less wonderful than the soft and brightly colored, rather worldly looking pillows with which those attractive nooks were generously filled. There were flowers always, and a power of ivy made summer of the eternal Andover winters in the stone house; and there were merry girls and boys—Mrs. Stowe was the most unselfish and loving of mothers—and there were always dogs, big and little, curly and straight; but in some form the big life, with its gracious reaction on the gentleness and kindness of family life, abounded in her house. It was an open, hospitable house, human and hearty and happy, and I have always remembered it affectionately.

An amusing instance of the spirit of the stone house comes back to me from some far-away day when I found myself schoolmate to Mrs. Stowe's youngest daughter. This a little descendant of genius and of philanthropy was bidden to write a composition, an order which she resolutely refused for some time to obey. But the power above her persisted, and one day the child brought in a slip of paper a few inches long, on which were inscribed these words only:

"Slavery is the greatest curse of human nature."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not written in the stone house at Andover. But the awful inscription of a great grief was cut in the quivering flesh and blood of a mother's heart. The sudden and violent death of a favorite son—which made of "The Minister's Wooing" an immortal outcry to mothers bereaved—occurred, if I am not wrong, while Mrs. Stowe was among us.

One of the prettiest pictures which I have of Mrs. Stowe is framed in the everglades of Florida. Her home at Magnolia offered a guest room in which one could pass a night of such quiet as paradise might envy. The house, I remember, was built about a great live oak, and the trunk of the tree grew into the room, the walls being cleverly adjusted to the contour of the bark. Through the open windows the leaves drifted silently, falling about the room, the floor, the bed, as they pleased. One slept like a hamadryad, and waked like a bird in a bough.

Into this nest of green and peace I had (I remember it with shame and contrition) the hardiness of heart and bluntness of courtesy to intrude a pile of proofsheets. It was my first book of verses. The volume was in press. I was in misery of doubt about the venture. In the State of Florida my hostess was the only accessible person whose judgment could help me, and fate had thrown me on her sweet charity with my galleys. The publishers at the North, a thousand miles away, were hurrying me. There was not a day to lose, if I had made a grave blunder; and I mercilessly read the verses to her, beseeching her advice and criticism.

It would be hard to forget the sweetness, the patience and the frankness with which she gave herself to my cruel request. I remember how she curled herself up on the bed beside me, like a girl, with her feet crossed under her, and listened gently. The live-oak leaves fell softly about us, and the St. John's River showed in glimpses, calm, coffee-colored, and indifferent, between the boughs. The utter silence of a Florida wilderness compassed us. My own voice sounded intrusive and foreign to me as I read. Nothing could exceed her kindness or her wisdom as a critic. I had made one rather serious mistake in one of the poems—a fault of taste which I had overlooked. She called my attention to it so explicitly, yet so delicately, that I could have thanked her with tears. "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath" than she was to me that day.

The most beautiful story which I ever heard about Mrs. Stowe I have asked no permission to share with the readers of these papers, and yet I feel sure that no one who loves and honors her could refuse it, for I believe that if the whole of it were told it might live to enhance the nobility of her name and fame as long as Uncle Tom himself. It was told me, as such things go, from lip to lip of personal friends who take pride in cherishing the sweetest thoughts and facts about those whom they love and revere. During the latter part of her life Mrs. Stowe has been one of those devout Christian believers whose consecration takes high forms. She has placed faith in prayer, and given herself to the kind of dedication which exercises and cultivates it. There came a time in her history when one who was very dear to her seemed about to sink away from the faith in which she trusted, and to which life and sorrow had taught her to cling as only those who have suffered and doubted and accepted can.

This prospect was a crushing grief to her, and she set herself resolutely to avert the calamity if, and while, she could. Letter after letter—some of them thirty pages long—found its way from her pen to the foreign town in which German rationalism was doing its worst for the soul she loved. She set the full force of her intellect intelligently to work upon this conflict. She read, she reasoned, she wrote, she argued, she pleaded. Months passed in a struggle whose usefulness seemed a pitiable hope, to be frustrated in the effort.

Then she laid aside her strong pen, and turned to her great faith. As the season of the sacred holiday approached, she shut herself into her room, secluding herself from all but God, and prayed as only such a believer—as only such a woman—may. As she had set the full force of her intellect, so now she set the full power of her faith, to work upon her soul's desire. One may not dwell in words upon that sacred battle.

But the beautiful part of the story, as I have been told it, is that a few weeks after this a letter reached her, saying only: "At Christmas time a light came to me. I see things differently now. I see my way to accept the faith of my fathers; and the belief in Christianity, which is everything to you, has become reasonable and possible to me at last."

DR. J. L. CHEVALIER.

Dr. Jacob Lewis Chevalier, an old resident of New-Brunswick, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank A. Oliver, in Albany-st., Tuesday night.

Dr. Chevalier was born in Switzerland, and came to this country when six years old. He was a dentist by profession, but has not practised for twenty years. He leaves a large family of sons and daughters, all of whom are married. He was eighty-four years old.

GLEASON ANSWERS HIS ACCUSERS.

LONG ISLAND CITY'S MAYOR PROTESTS THAT HE IS A NATURALIZED CITIZEN.

Patrick Jerome Gleason, Mayor of Long Island City, still holds the fort, although his political enemies have declared that they have discovered conclusive proof that he is not an American citizen. Not only is Mr. Gleason still Mayor of the city on Newtown Creek, but he is ambitiously reaching out for the Governorship of the State. His opponents evidently fear that it is "do or die" with them now, and that if they do not succeed in "downing" the indomitable Patrick at once, he may, in the course of time, reach the Presidential chair. At any rate, they have been particularly active of late, and the charges which they have made against the Mayor are large in number and portentous in their nature.

The principal charge now made against Mayor Gleason is that he is not entitled to the office he holds because he was not a citizen of the United States when he was elected. In substantiation of this claim Gleason's opponents have produced a number of affidavits of James W. Lamb, who declares that he has been a lifelong friend of Mr. Gleason. In his affidavits Lamb declares that in October, 1867, Gleason, having then been in this country five years without declaring his intentions or securing his first papers, came to this city, and, with the aid of a professional witness named McCaffery, applied for and received full citizenship papers in the Superior Court by swearing that he had come to this country when he was not eighteen years old, whereas, as alleged, he was more than twenty-one at the time of his arrival.

Lamb then goes on to say that in 1882 the New-York Supreme Court gave a decision declaring naturalization papers issued by the Superior Court in 1867 and 1869 to be invalid on the ground of fraud. Lamb then says that in 1884 he came with Gleason to this city, where the latter made a declaration of his intentions and obtained his first papers in the Superior Court. He also declares that a complete search of the records of every court of naturalization in the State shows that final papers have never been issued to Patrick Gleason, who made the declaration in 1884.

Mayor Gleason has a copy of a baptismal certificate which shows that he and his twin