Anglo-American Memories

IX.

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WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I.

London, March 20.

It was in the winter of 1860-'61 that the Massachusetts allies of the Southern Slave Power made their last effort. Spite of Webster's death, with whom died the brains of the party and its vital force, these men were still powerful in Boston. The surrender of Anthony Burns in May, 1854; the birth of the Republican party at Worcester in July of the same year, the election of Henry Wilson as Governor, the cowardly assault in the United States Senate on Charles Sumner by Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, in 1856—these events had indeed stirred the people of Massachusetts into revolt against the Slave Party in this Free State.

But there had come a lull. There was still hopes that a conflict between North and South might be averted, and that politics might do the work of arms. Franklin Pierce was President, but Banks had been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives at the first session of the Thirty-fourth Congress in December, 1855. Mr. Blaine said that marked an epoch, and he described it in his brilliant "Twenty Years of Congress" as "a distinctive victory of the Free States over the consolidated power of the Slave States."

But the Republicans were slow in coming to power, and their nomination of Frémont in 1856 sowed distrust among the sounder men of the party. Buchanan's election seemed to confirm the ascendancy of the South, and the mind of Boston, or at any rate of State Street, reverted to commercial politics. The Abolitionists were as much under a cloud as ever. From 1857 to 1860 things seemed to be going backward. The Harpers Ferry business alarmed the ingrained conservatism of Boston, and though the hanging of John Brown shocked a good many merchants and bankers, they could not understand, and were far from approving, Brown's scheme or Brown's methods. The state of feeling in Boston was, in short, confused, and the emotions of 1854 had gone to sleep.

The crisis came in December, 1860. The Abolitionists tried to hold an anti-Slavery convention in Tremont Temple, on the anniversary of the hanging of John Brown, or the day after. They do not seem to have expected trouble; at any rate, they took no sufficient precautions to keep the peace and keep control of their own meeting. A "broadcloth mob"—the phrase long since became classic in Boston—occupied the hall in force, captured the platform peacefully, elbowed the Abolitionists off it, appointed their own chairman, Mr. Richard S. Fay, and passed their own resolutions. "Broadcloth," said Phillips, "does not make a gentleman." The convention was summoned to consider "How shall American slavery be abolished?" The John Brown anniversary was thought a suitable day for the discussion of that question, but Brown's death was referred to simply as "too glorious to need defence or eulogy." When Mr. Fay, the ringleader of the mob, thinking his work done, had departed, Mr. Frank Sanborn, the lawful chairman, resumed his place, and would have held the lawfully summoned meeting. Then the mob leaders, Mr. Murray Howe now at their head, made a fresh attack. The police sided with them and the Mayor cleared the hall.

There is a little confusion of dates. Brown was in fact hanged December 2, the fateful day of Austerlitz and of the Third Napoleon's coup d'état. But these events in Boston occurred, I think, on the 3d. The men who had been driven out of Tremont Temple by the mob of which the Mayor finally took command, reassembled in the evening, very quietly, in a little hall in, I think, Belknap street, on what was impolitely known as Nigger Hill, not far from the rather aristocratic Mount Vernon street. Wendell Phillips, to an audience of perhaps three or four hundred,—all the place would hold,—made an unreported speech, red-hot with wrath. A little more than a year before, November 1, 1859, a fortnight after Brown's attempts and while he lay in prison waiting to be hanged, Phillips had spoken in Brooklyn, and announced that the lesson of the hour was insurrection. But he weakened the force of that counsel by adding that the age of bullets was over; it was an insurrection of thought—like that of the last thirty years—he still had in mind. Now, here in Boston, and not for the first time nor for the last, he was face to face with forces which were not intellectual nor moral, but forces of violence. Phillips could not readily shake off the influences of his whole public life. He still believed in "moral suasion." He was presently to learn that moralities and the counsels of peace were a poor defence against men prepared to back their opinions with revolvers. But even after the hanging of Brown, at his grave in North Elba, Phillips could say: "I do not believe slavery will go down in blood. Ours is the age of thought."

Perhaps the meeting of December, 1860, marks the beginning of his conversion; but by no means its completion. He had long been used to mobs and mob law. But now the lesson was being pressed home.

A memorable evening to me because from it came my acquaintance with Phillips, whom I had never met. Under the spell, I suppose, of his passionate eloquence, I went home and wrote him a letter, and I explained that I was a Whig, that my family and friends were Whigs, that I belonged in a hostile camp, but that I thought there ought to be free speech in Boston, and I would do what I could for that cause and for him if he would say what. I was, as most young, or old, men of Massachusetts then were, against slavery, especially in Massachusetts, but not an Abolitionist.

The next day, about noon, the door of my law office in State street opened and Phillips walked in. Without a word of preface he said: "You wrote me a letter?" "Yes." "Will you come and see me at my house this evening and we will have a talk? This morning I have not a moment." Again I said yes and the door closed and he was gone. Often as I had seen Phillips on the platform it seemed to me I had never seen him till then. A clear, strong, dry north light came in at the windows and illuminated his face and figure. He had the bearing of a man to whom authority and sweetness of nature belonged in like degree. He has been called a thousand times the Apollo of the platform. An Apollo he was not except in graceful dignity and demeanour. If his masculine beauty appeared to derive from Greece, it had become Græco-Roman, and finally borrowed its blond coloring from some Scandinavian Balder.

So careless was he of mere conventionality that while he stood in the doorway, or just inside, the soft light gray felt hat he wore—since known as a Homburg hat—remained on his head. When I reminded him of it long after, he said, with a laugh: "Well, you did not ask me to sit down." "No, you gave me no time." I mention it because, with his hat on and his hand on the door, his manner and bearing were of a grave courtesy like none other. And in this transitory attitude, just on the wing, there was a serene leisureliness as if to hurry were unknown to him. His eye took in everything in these ten seconds. There was not a word beyond what I have repeated; a purely business call to make an appointment. But I knew when he had gone that another influence had come into my life, stronger for the time than all others.

I went in the evening, as I had been bidden, to the little house in Essex street, where Phillips chose to live; as if to reach the breadth of the gulf that he had put between himself and the world into which he had been born; a world of easy circumstances if not wealth, and bound together by a hundred social ties, nearly all of which he had broken. Phillips had what at that time would be called wealth; for which he had other uses than mere expense or comfort. A narrow door opened into a narrow hall, out of which climbed narrow stairs, with a narrow landing half way up where the stairs turned, and at the top a still narrower passage to the door of the parlour. Inside, the same impression of restricted space; a room perhaps 16 feet by 14, and plainly furnished; a worn carpet on the floor, a large shabby sofa at the end nearest the door opposite the fireplace. Phillips was sitting on the sofa. He rose and held out his hand: "It's very good of you to come. I am afraid I was abrupt this morning." Then he plunged, almost at once, into the situation, with a forecast of what he thought likely to happen. "Not much if anything, till the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in January. That, I dare say, they will try to break up. Lincoln has been elected President and Andrew Governor. You know what I think of Lincoln. But Andrew I know well, and I do not believe mob law will be allowed to rule while Andrew is Governor." He had already described Andrew in Tremont Temple: "For the first time within my memory we have got a man for Governor of Massachusetts, a frank, true, whole-souled, honest MAN." Alas! Andrew was to disappoint him bitterly in this one matter of free speech, though in no other.

"But you are to speak in another fortnight at the Music Hall," I said. "Do you think they will let you alone then?" "Why," said Phillips, "that's on a Sunday,"—as if that would matter to men whose passions, interests, animosities, all led them to silence the orator whom they thought, honestly enough from their point of view, a public danger. He asked me if I had heard anything. I had not, but when Phillips told me he was going to speak on "Mobs and Education" I answered, "But that's a challenge."

"They can take it as they like," he replied, quite softly and coolly, adding: "If you hear anything perhaps you'll let me know."

Our talk lasted late, turned on some personal matters; then drifted far away to national issues, and much else. I thought Phillips, if anything, more eloquent in talk than in oratory, yet with never a sentence which had in it the ring of the platform. He was direct, simple, persuasive, and luminous. His frankness surprised me, but he told me afterward he had made inquiries and thought it safe to be frank. No doubt, he saw that mine was a sincere devotion, and perhaps he was aware of the enchantments he wove about whom he would. At any rate, he gave me his confidence from the start.

During the next fortnight I saw many men among my Whig acquaintances. They made no secret of their purpose to break up that Sunday meeting at the Music Hall. Soon these rumours became public. When the subject of Phillips's discourse was announced, the rumours spread, and grew more menacing. The police felt themselves called on to take notice of what was likely to happen. Phillips, long used to dealing with mobs, seemed to think the police superfluous. Some of us who had looked into the matter, well knew they were not. Seeing Phillips from day to day, I asked him again and again to promise his friends one thing, viz., that he would put himself and leave himself in their hands. He still thought we were making too much of a slight danger, but finally he promised. There had been mobs in Boston before this, where the police and the mob had acted together. They so acted when Richard S. Fay and Amos Lawrence, and Murray Howe and their friends broke up the Anti-Slavery Convention in Tremont Temple on the morning of December 3d—this same month. And it was that mob from which Phillips was to take his text on this Sunday. A piquant situation; if it had not been something much more serious; with all the materials of a great tragedy.

This time the mob leaders, whoever they were, had changed their tactics. They did not propose to capture the Music Hall or prevent Phillips from speaking. He was to be dealt with outside. None the less did the police and Phillips's friends, unaware of details, take measures to guard the interior. The police were in force in the lobbies and passages and at the exterior approaches to the platform; but out of sight. Scores of them were in the building, and a much larger force in waiting hard by. The platform, which ran from one side of the hall to the other at the south end, was garrisoned by Phillips's friends, armed. The enemy also were armed, and no man could say what that Sabbath morning might bring forth. Naturally, we did not know of the decision of the mob leaders—all in broadcloth—to postpone their assault till the meeting was over. We expected trouble inside and were ready for it. I said as little as possible to Phillips of what I thought likely to happen. I well knew that if he were told there was any peril in freedom of speech, his speech would be freer than ever.

He always believed in personalities. "In such a cause as ours you must at all hazards rouse attention. Men whose minds are made up against you will listen to a personal attack when they will listen to nothing else. If I denounce the sin they go to sleep, but when I denounce the sinner they wake up." There was to be no going to sleep on this eventful Sunday. The speech on "Mobs and Education" is perhaps the most personal, and the most merciless, of all Phillips's speeches. The Tremont Temple rioters had delivered themselves into his hands. He knew every man among them and the joint in every armour. Many of them were there on Sunday. You saw the arrow leave the platform and sink deep in the quivering flesh. The cheers were soon mingled with hisses. The air grew hot. But the majority were there to hear, and the hisses were silenced. There were passages of burning eloquence; of pathos; of invective, that tore its way through all defences.

"I have used strong words. But I was born in Boston, and the good name of the old town is bound up with every fibre of my heart. I dare not trust myself to describe the insolence of men who undertake to dictate to you and me what we shall say in these grand old streets."

Thus spoke the aristocrat, the Bostonian proud of Boston and of his own descent from six or seven generations of the Boston Phillipses; an aristocracy equal to the best. His contempt for the Fays and the rest of the "cotton clerks" was largely a contempt for the plebeian. Plebeians, to the Boston mind, most of them were. Fay is pilloried forever in this speech; and others are pilloried.

I will quote one passage, not from Phillips, but a passage from Edward Everett on free speech which Phillips himself quoted toward the end of his discourse. I quote it because Phillips used often to say that American oratory had few finer examples to show:

"I seem to hear a voice from the tombs of departing ages, from the sepulchres of nations that died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity, by the awful secrets of the prison house where the sons of Freedom have been immured, by the noble heads which have been brought to the block, by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjure us not to quench the light that is rising on the world. Greece cries to us by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes, and Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully."

It is not often that a great orator opens his heart to us about the merits of a rival, or whispers to us any one of the secrets of his own or another's eloquence. I cannot remember whether Phillips ever paid to Everett in public the tribute I have often known him pay in private. If he had lived in an age when issues were less vital, or less deadly, he might have found in Everett a model. But Everett has no passion, and passion is an element in almost all Phillips's speeches. And passion, of quite another kind, fierce, vindictive, murderous, he was to meet in another ten minutes. G. W. S.

PASCUAL CERVERA DEAD

Commander of Santiago Fleet Expires at Puerto Real.

Puerto Real, Spain, April 3.—Vice-Admiral Pascual Cervera, who commanded the Spanish fleet in the battle of Santiago, died here this afternoon.

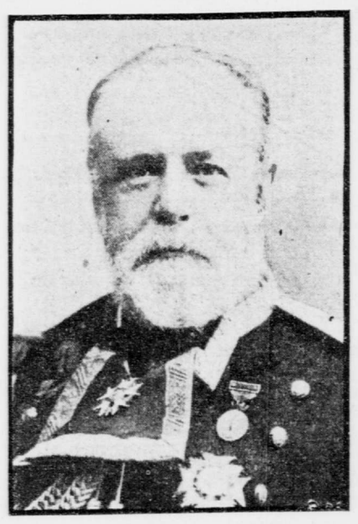
The members of the admiral's family were present at his bedside, as was also Rear Admiral Eulate, who was commander of the Vizcaya at Santiago.

Admiral Cervera, in his last hours, asked that no military honors be paid him. He showed great fortitude and begged his relatives not to grieve. He retained consciousness until within a few minutes of his death, which was due to heart disease.

King Alfonso has telegraphed his condolences.

Pascual de Cervera y Topete, Conde de Jerez, Marquis de Santa Ana, was born in the province of Jerez, where his father, Carlos de Cervera, was a man of large wealth, owning several estates, and was known as one of the richest wine merchants of Spain. Cervera's mother was Marie Porpete, a daughter of Count Porpete y Velle, of the royal family of Spain.

He entered the Naval Academy at San Francisco when eighteen years old, and was graduated three years later, in 1854, and was afterward attached to several different training ships to prepare himself for naval warfare. In 1859 he experienced his first campaign. In the expedition sent out by Spain against Morocco he was promoted to be first lieutenant for his services. He was next attached to an expedition sent to Cochin China, in 1862. Afterward he was attached to the Spanish Legation in Washington, and subsequently was made a captain



ADMIRAL CERVERA.
Who died yesterday.

in the Spanish navy, and placed in command of a ship and sent to Peru, where war was in progress. He remained there only a short time, when the Ten Years' War in Cuba broke out, and Spain found it necessary to recall her fleet from Peru in order to engage in a blockade of Cuban ports. In the course of the Ten Years' War Admiral Cervera was recalled from Cuba and made Secretary of the Navy in the Spanish Cabinet.

When he again entered active service in the navy he was created an admiral and placed in command of the Pelayo, the first and only first class battleship in the Spanish navy. Its construction was undertaken and carried out under his suggestions. He was at the head of the Spanish naval commission sent to London to confer with similar commissions from other European powers regarding marine affairs.

For several years Spain had counted him her foremost naval commander, as well as a leader in affairs of state, and when resort was had to arms to settle the Spanish-American differences he was placed in command of the fleet which the Spanish government intended should ravage the Atlantic Coast of the United States. Cervera knew that to attempt such an undertaking would be folly. He had repeatedly warned his government that its campaign must be defensive or it would necessarily be disastrous. But his advice was ignored. When he sailed from Cape Verd his orders were simply to sail for the Antilles, calling at some neutral port for information and then going to Porto Rico or Cuba, as he might think best, and doing there whatever his "skill, discretion and courage" might suggest.

How he crossed to Cuba and got into Santiago Harbor unobserved, and how in the attempt to escape therefrom his fleet was destroyed, is a story too fresh in the mind of every American to need retelling in detail here. The admiral, with his fleet of seven ships that had been bottled up in Santiago Harbor since May 19, made a bold attempt to escape on the morning of July 3, 1898, passing around the sunken Merrimac, but it was a hopeless effort. The Spanish torpedo boats Furor and Pluton were attacked by the improvised American torpedo boat Gloucester (formerly the yacht Corsair) and were destroyed by shots from her rapid firing guns. The cruisers Infanta Maria Teresa, Almirante Oquendo and Viscaya were engaged as soon as they emerged from the harbor by the armored cruiser Brooklyn, under Commodore Schley; the Oregon, the Iowa and the Texas, and after a few shots had been exchanged the three Spanish cruisers were forced to run for the shore, where they were burned and blown up within four miles of the harbor entrance. The cruiser Cristobal Colon kept on, hoping by her superior speed to escape, but the Oregon and the Brooklyn chased and captured her about fifty miles from Santiago. Before the Americans boarded her the Spaniards opened all the sea valves, and this caused the ship to fill and sink. No injury was done to any of the American ships, and only one American was killed and only three others were wounded. The Spanish loss was 6 ships, 300 killed, 150 wounded and 1,800 taken prisoners. Admiral Cervera was slightly wounded, and, with other Spanish officers, was cared for on board the Iowa. The prisoners were brought to the United States later.

In his own description of the destruction of his flagship and his rescue from death at that time, Admiral Cervera said:

The enemy's fire produced terrible damage on board the Infanta Maria Teresa, destroying the elements of defence—among others, the net for protection against fire. In this critical moment the captain of the ship, Señor Concas, fell wounded, and it was necessary to withdraw him, I taking command of the vessel because it was impossible to find the second commandant. Immediately afterward they reported to me that my cabin was burning, in consequence of an explosion. The fire soon became very great, and ignited other parts of the ship. I gave orders to my aid to flood the after magazines; but it was impossible. Dense clouds of smoke impeded walking in the passages and practising any kind of operations. In this situation I could think only of beaching the ship, and did so, running aground on Punta Cabrera.

The contest was impossible on our side, and there was nothing more to be done but to save as much as we could. I thought to lower the flag, but that was not possible on account of the fire, which prevented all operations. In these anxious moments two boats came to the aid of the Maria Teresa, into which a number of us jumped. Those that were not dying were saved with nothing. The Marie Teresa lowered a small boat, which sank before it could be of any service. Subsequently the men on this ship succeeded in launching a steam launch, but this also sank after making one voyage to the beach. I succeeded in saving myself, with the aid of two sailors, all of us arriving on board the American ship Gloucester naked.

Although whipped at sea, Admiral Cervera conquered his captors by his winning and gracious personality, his unaffected dignity, composure and kindness of heart, and he carried back with him to Spain the cordial respect and good wishes of all the American people.

Admiral Cervera and other Spanish prisoners of war arrived in Portsmouth on the steamers Yale and Harvard, formerly the St. Louis and the St. Paul, in July, 1898. The admiral and his surviving officers, after remaining a week, were sent to Annapolis, where they were quartered until arrangements were made to send them to Spain at the close of the war. The admiral returned to Portsmouth early in September and rejoined the sailors who had been held there. All the Spaniards, with the exception of fifteen, who died in camp and were buried on Seavey's Island, sailed on the steamer City of Rome for their own land on September 12.

Admiral Cervera made many friends while in this country. On one occasion, when passing through Boston, he was enthusiastically cheered by crowds which assembled at the railroad stations. During his last visit to Portsmouth he was the guest of honor at a complimentary dinner given by the citizens. On the eve of his departure for Spain Admiral Cervera thanked the Americans for their kindness in the following letter:

Portsmouth, N. H., September 11, 1898.
To the President of The Associated Press.

My Dear Sir: To-morrow I sail for Spain, and I wish to say to you, as the representative of the greatest news association in the United States, that I sail with my heart full of gratitude for the sympathy shown me by the people of this country.

My farewell, then, takes with it every assurance that the memory of this sympathy I shall warmly, actively conserve during the rest of my life.

I take advantage of this occasion to subscribe myself as your faithful and obedient servant, who kisses your hand. PASCUAL CERVERA.

At the time of the sinking of the Merrimac and the capture of Hobson and his men, Admiral Cervera offered to exchange the men. It was his generous treatment of Hobson and his men that laid the foundation for Cervera's popularity in America. The admiral, since leaving this country, had occasionally written to friends in this city. It is estimated that his autograph can be found in five hundred Portsmouth homes.

After his return to Spain his conduct in the battle of Santiago was made the subject of an inquiry by special court martial. On July 7, 1899, he was acquitted and formally liberated.

In February of 1901 the Queen Regent of Spain signed a decree appointing Rear Admiral Cervera a vice-admiral. From that time he lived in peace and comparative luxury. In addition to his salary as vice-admiral, he received a large salary as head of a big mining interest on the Mediterranean Sea and as president of a line of steamships running between Mediterranean and English ports. He occupied a luxurious house in Puerto Real, a fashionable suburb of Cadiz.

JOSEPH BAMFORD, SR.

Paterson, N. J., April 3.—Joseph Bamford, sr., head of the Bamford Silk Manufacturing Company, died this morning at the age of seventy-four years. He came here from England thirty years ago and started in the silk business on a small scale. He became one of the largest ribbon manufacturers in the country. Mr. Bamford left three sons, who will continue the business.

DR GEORGE O. BARCLAY.

Philadelphia, April 3.—Dr. George O. Barclay, of this city, who won fame as a halfback on the Lafayette College football team, died in the University of Pennsylvania Hospital here to-day from peritonitis, following an operation yesterday for appendicitis. He was thirty-three years old.

Barclay for a time played on the St. Louis National League baseball team.

MRS. BESSIE ELSBY SCOTT.

Mrs. Bessie Elsby Scott, widow of William Wallace Scott, the miniature painter, died yesterday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Stone, at No. 27 John street, New Rochelle. Mr. Scott died in 1905 at Nantucket, Mass. Besides her daughter, Mrs. Scott leaves a step-daughter, Miss G. H. Scott, also an artist, and a step-grandson, who is a lieutenant in the United States navy.

BARON GWYDYR.

London, April 3.—The death is announced of Peter Robert Burrell, fourth Baron Gwydyr. He was born in 1810, and was the oldest living member of the peerage. He was the son of the Hon. Lindsey Peter Burrell.

Baron Gwydyr's faculties were unimpaired up to the time of his death. He attributed his longevity to moderation in eating and drinking and abstinence from tobacco. He witnessed in his life the coronation of four English sovereigns. In 1870 he succeeded to the barony of Gwydyr on the death of his cousin, Lord Willoughby de Eresby. He was secretary to the Lord Great Chamberlain from 1837 to 1870. He also served as High Steward of Ipswich, and was for many years chairman of the Suffolk Quarter Sessions.

A. CARRUTHERS.

Winnipeg, Man., April 3.—A. Carruthers, a wealthy hide and wool merchant, formerly of Toronto, died here to-day. He was sixty-eight years old.

MME. MODJESKA NEAR DEATH.

Los Angeles, April 3.—Mme. Helene Modjeska, the noted actress, is extremely low. She is unconscious and death is evidently near. Bright's disease is complicated with weakening of the heart.

Late this afternoon Father Steeters, of St. Joseph's Church, Santa Ana, was called to Mme. Modjeska's bedside to administer extreme unction in case the patient regains consciousness. Since last midnight she has been sinking rapidly. For many hours life has been sustained by artificial means.

ANOTHER DAY OF OPERA.

From the size and temper of yesterday's matinee audience at the Metropolitan Opera House, when "Il Barbière di Siviglia" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" were performed, the casual observer might have inferred that entertainments of this kind were of unique rarity in New York. Coming at the end of twenty weeks of opera at this house, and after twenty others, almost equally busy, at the Manhattan, this matinee brought to the theatre a throng of men, women and children that fairly packed every available foot of space within its ample walls. There was an air of festivity and enthusiasm that was reflected in the acting and singing of those on the stage, and both Rossini and Mascagni fared well at their hands. Mr. Bonci and Mr. Caruso were both in the casts, and the latter's presence, after a month of illness, may have had much to do with the enormous number of the auditors. Mr. Bonci, too, had his special tribute of applause, and so did the others concerned, among them Miss Destinn, who was the heroine of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

"Tannhäuser," in the evening, was also heard by a fine audience, and, under Mr. Hertz's direction, it went with authoritative eloquence. The cast was familiar except for the Venus of Mme. Kaschowska, which disclosed this singer's knowledge and intelligence. Mr. Burrian, Mme. Morena and Mr. Goritz were in excellent form and spirits, and what they did was fully appreciated.

THEATRICAL NEWS.

Mr. Sothern has found occasion to deny again the intimation that he will lend his talents to the New Theatre when it is formally opened. The present opportunity was afforded him by an announcement that he and Miss Marlowe were to reunite for a short season of revivals, beginning May 15 at the Academy of Music. Mr. Van Dusen, manager of that playhouse, said he was not aware of any such bookings.

Mrs. B. P. Cheney (Julia Arthur) has given $250 for a box at the benefit performance for Clara Morris, which will be held April 16 at the New York Theatre. Daniel Frohman, treasurer, received Mrs. Cheney's check yesterday.

On next Saturday the run of "The Traveling Salesman" at the Gaiety Theatre will be terminated. On the following Monday night J. E. Dodson will come forth in a play called "The House Next Door." Herbert Standing, Thomas Findlay, Ragan Hughston, A. T. Hendon, Mabel Roebuck, W. J. Kelley and Fania Marinoff will be in the cast.

Klaw & Erlanger have acquired for production next season a play called "Rebecca," written by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Norman Hackett will appear at the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, Cal., on April 10 in "Classmates."

MME. CALVE WILL REST IN FRANCE.

Mme. Emma Calvé, the singer, who sailed for Cherbourg yesterday on the American liner St. Louis, laughed heartily when told of a rumor that she contemplated teaching.

"No, no, that is wrong," she said. "I will sing, sing for some time, because I am too young to teach yet. I shall return in the fall to appear in Italian and French opera. I shall have several new parts, one of them in an opera by Massenet. My concert season, just closed, was a great success, but I did have trouble once with my throat while in the South."

Mme. Calvé will go to her villa in France for a rest.

A WEDDING.

John Purroy Mitchel, Commissioner of Accounts, and Miss Olive Child, daughter of Franklin D. Child, were married yesterday by the Rev. Joseph H. Smith at the home of the bride's parents, No. 7 West 92d street. The wedding was a quiet one, because of the recent death of Mr. Mitchel's father.

"Van Asten's Visitor," by Allan Braghampton, a story of a "doctored" will, in next Sunday's Tribune.

COLUMBIA "GRADS" DINE

ALUMNI HONOR TO DEAN.

Five Hundred at Birthday Dinner for John Howard Van Amringe.

VAN AM.

Awake, O Muse; there's work for you and me.
The Early Eighties sound their C. Q. D.
For Poesie,
And for a theme they offer us to-night
No merely mundane thing, nor topic trite,
But ask us that we sound with all our art
Fit honor to a great and noble heart.
You know him well, O Muse, for in thy ken
Hath come full knowledge of all godlike men.
A friend of Zeus and all th' Olympian crew,
Beloved Van Am can't be unknown to you—
Yet if he be less known than Father Zeus is,
The fault's not his, but yours, Queen of the Muses.
—John Kendrick Bangs.

These words of John Kendrick Bangs expressed the feelings of five hundred Columbia graduates who gathered at the Waldorf last night for the dinner arranged by the Society of the Early Eighties in honor of Dean John Howard Van Amringe, '60, who has just completed fifty years as a teacher in the university.

But we love Van Am from our heart and soul;
Let's drink to his health, let us finish the bowl;
We'll swear by Van Am, through fair and through foul,
And wish him the top o' the morning.

Dean Van Amringe sat half concealed behind a massive loving cup of silver presented by "his boys" and listened to nearly five hundred of them chant this and other verses. Speeches laudatory of him by some of the best known men who have played a part in the life of the city had preceded the presentation of the cup, but it remained for Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of the university, to pay what was perhaps the most graceful tribute of the evening to the venerable and venerated dean. "May our beloved friend live a thousand years," he said, "and may I live a thousand years myself—less one day—for I would not want to live a single day and know that Dean Van Amringe had passed away."

Ex-Mayor Low said that two men stood out preeminently in his life, and one of them was Dean Van Amringe. He touched on the close relations which had existed between the dean and those who came before him. Nothing, he said, did the dean like better than to pluck some brand from the burning, turn back into the right path some young fellow who had gone astray.

Charles P. Sawyer set the keynote when he closed his brief introductory speech by quoting Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Boys, We're Twenty To-night," and then introduced James Duane Livingston, '80, with the simple words, "Boys, here's 'Jim.'"

Dean Van Amringe had a birthday yesterday, but what one it was is a guarded mystery. Mr. Sawyer hazarded seventy-five as his guess; others raised the estimate to eighty, but last night the dean was twenty, with the rest of them.

Julien T. Davies, '66, ended his remarks by presenting to the venerable dean a $500 silver loving cup as a gift from all the diners, and Mr. Sawyer handed the guest of honor a parchment scroll on an ebony mounting with the signature of every one of the 550 alumni on it.

Professor Charles F. Chandler told of the influence of the School of Mines, and how its graduates had set a standard all over the world—in the Western States, in Africa, in Burmah, India, and in Europe. Everywhere one went, he said, the American engineer was found, and chief among them was always the Columbia man.

Dean Van Amringe, when his turn came to speak, just before Mr. Davies presented the cup to him, said:

There is no music so melodious to my ear, so satisfying and uplifting to my heart, as that which proceeds from the tuneful lips of the alumni of Columbia. It gives me, at least I hope it will give me, the courage, not to say the hardihood, to sustain myself in this, the most delightful, as it is the most embarrassing, of my academic experiences. Surely nothing could be so grateful to the sensibilities of a college or university professor as the good will of such men as you, who were once his students and have remained his friends, and my embarrassment is great inasmuch as, in looking back over my term of service, I cannot find, though I have sought long and anxiously, a reasonable ground of this, to me, amazing, touching and exalting occasion.

As I listened to the kind, the more than kind and too appreciative references to days that are gone and my part in them, as I sat here enthralled by the rhythmic cadences of Brother Bangs's verse—Bangs's ravin' which entitles him to a place in the Hall of Fame by the side of Poe—I became somewhat confused, and am now a little uncertain as to whether I am attending a birthday party or a wake. On pinching myself, however, I find that I still feel, that I am not really dead but only in a hypnotic trance, from which I hope to emerge on Monday morning, able to go on yet a little while in this good world and in this best of universities.

I have been told that a mild interest has been created among you concerning the number of years I have so far consumed in making my pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave. I shall pluck the heart out of that unimportant and trivial mystery. You are—I know because I taught you—you are enamoured of formulas, and I will give you an easy and well balanced one. I am older than I feel and younger, perhaps, than I look; add these together, divide by two, make correction for latitude and the variation of the needle, and you have the result exact to within a few minutes. So fades the darkening cloud away!

James Duane Livingston, president of the society, presided. Seated with him at the speakers' table were the guest of the evening, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, '82; Charles F. Chandler, John W. Burgess, Frederick A. Goetze, William H. Burr, Seth Low, '70; Julien T. Davies, '66; George Waddington, '60; John B. Pine, '77; E. Henry Lacombe, '63; Justice P. Henry Dugro, '76; Isaac N. Seligman, '76; Rudolph Tombo, jr., '98; William Fellowes Morgan, '80; Charles P. Sawyer, '81; William Curtis Demorest, '81; Robert Arrowsmith, '82; Charles Buxton Going, '82; Girard Romaine, '82; George H. Barnes, '83; Justus A. B. Cowles, '83; Georges Renault, '83; John Kendrick Bangs, '83; Herbert Livingston Satterlee, '83; Daniel E. Moran, '84; J. Foster Jenkins, '84; Charles Tabor, '84, and Edmund A. Hurry, '90.

Julien T. Davies, discussing "Alumni Representation," said:

Nor will alma mater fail greatly to profit by this new relation. Reciprocity is the law of life, and the act of giving leads instantly to the act of receiving.

Alumni representation in the board will quicken the interest of the alumni generally in the university, and results will be quickly accomplished in many material ways. Even alma mater, divine being that she is, must have bread and meat with which to sustain life, and the more she becomes an object of thought and interest to her many thousand alumni the more will they realize and minister to her many needs.

Not the least important result to be sought is that our alumni will consider it an obligation to send their sons and grandsons to Columbia's halls, and with the increase of dormitories and athletic facilities the inclination toward other universities of those who belong to us may be happily and naturally checked.

John Kendrick Bangs then read his birthday poem in honor of Dean Van Amringe. The last stanza of the twenty-odd ran thus:

But bring no letters vain to me
To deck my autograph,
I seek no gaudy Ph. D.
Or other parchment chaff;
But let me have writ 'neath my name,
All free from hollow sham,
In characters of living flame—
"O. K.
Van Am."

"Van Asten's Visitor," by Allan Braghampton, a story of a "doctored" will, in next Sunday's Tribune.

THE WEATHER REPORT.

Official Record and Forecast.—Washington, April 3.—There has been a great fall in pressure from the plains states westward into the plateau region, but as yet without precipitation, except from Montana westward.

It will be warmer Sunday in the central valleys and the upper lake region, and warmer Monday in the lower lake region and the Atlantic states. It will be colder Sunday in the Rocky Mountain region and along the east slope; colder Sunday night or Monday in the central West, and on Monday in the Ohio Valley, the upper lake and west lower lake region.

Forecast for Special Localities.—For Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, fair to-day; Monday, increasing cloudiness and warmer, with rain in afternoon or night; moderate northwest winds, becoming variable.

For Eastern New York, partly cloudy to-day; Monday, increasing cloudiness and warmer, probably rain by night; moderate west winds, becoming variable.

Local Official Record.—The following official record from the weather bureau shows the changes in the temperature for the last twenty-four hours, in comparison with the corresponding date of last year:

	1908.	1909.		1908.	1909.
3 a. m.	32	44	6 p. m.	34	45
6 a. m.	31	43	9 p. m.	32	43
9 a. m.	33	45	11 p. m.	31	42
12 m.	35	43	12 p. m.	30	—
4 p. m.	36	46			

Highest temperature yesterday, 46 degrees; lowest, 42; average, 44; average for corresponding date of last year, 33; average for corresponding date of last thirty-three years, 43.

Local forecast: Partly cloudy to-day; increasing cloudiness and warmer Monday, probably rain by night; moderate westerly winds, becoming variable.

DESCRIBES SEATTLE EXPOSITION.

The passenger department of the Northern Pacific Railway Company has just issued a fifty page pamphlet relating to the Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition, which will be held at Seattle from June 1 to October 16. It contains half-tone illustrations depicting scenes around Seattle, including the important buildings on the grounds of the exposition, information and a map.

NEW CUP FOR EACH PASSENGER.

The individual paper drinking cup, which Dr. Darlington, Commission of Health, has been testing this winter at department headquarters, has been adopted by the Lackawanna Railroad.

Passengers on the Lackawanna limited have commented on a small nickel-plated device adjacent to the water cooler. Closely nested within a tube are a hundred or more dainty white drinking cups, which once drawn forth and used, cannot be replaced, but must be discarded or carried away.

PROMINENT ARRIVALS AT THE HOTELS

BELMONT—Mr. and Mrs. Grange Sard, Albany. BUCKINGHAM—W. H. Richardson, Boston. EMPIRE—F. Alvarez, Cazuas, P. R. HOLLAND—Colonel Le B. C. Colt, Bristol, R. I. MANHATTAN—G. H. Holland, Chicago. PLAZA—Marquis Guglielhom, Rome. ST. REGIS—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Young, Bernardville. WALDORF - ASTORIA—J. C. Bradford, Nashville, Tenn.

Married.

Marriage notices appearing in THE TRIBUNE will be republished in the Tri-Weekly Tribune without extra charge.

VOGELSANG—BAXTER—On Saturday, April 3, 1909, at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 333 West 86th st., by the Rev. Robert Weeks, Emmelin Weeks, daughter of George S. and Emmelin C. Baxter, to Erwin Vogelsang.

Notices of marriages and deaths must be indorsed with full name and address.

Died.

Death notices appearing in THE TRIBUNE will be republished in the Tri-Weekly Tribune without extra charge.

Chamberlin, May B. W.
Clark, Nellie.
Cohen, Caroline.
Cole, Allan.
Edgerton, Lois J.
Gale, George E.
Gesner, Henry W.
Halsey, Henry B.
Knowles, Joseph R.
Legg, Sarah A.
Lewis, Lester.
Lloyd, Gilbert.
Ludlum, Anna S.
Lukeman, Catherine.
Rand, Jasper R.
Riggins, John N.
Robinson, Wesley A.
Sackett, Sarah E.
Smith, Alice.
Weed, Elizabeth.

CHAMBERLIN—On Saturday, April 3, 1909, at her residence, No. 411 Convent ave., May B. Woodcock, beloved wife of Dr. Frank W. Chamberlin. Notice of funeral hereafter.

CLARK—At the Thompson House, Lake Mahopac, N. Y., on Saturday, April 3, Nellie, wife of Emerson Clark. Funeral services at St. Joseph's Church, Mahopac, at 10:30 a. m. Monday.

COHEN—On Saturday, April 3, 1909, Caroline, widow of the late Solomon L. Cohen, in the 75th year of her age. Funeral from her late residence, No. 306 Lexington ave., on Monday, April 5, at 10 o'clock a. m. Kindly omit flowers.

COLE—At Linden, N. J., April 2, 1909, Allan Cole, aged 68 years. Funeral services will be held at his late residence, Washington ave., Linden, N. J., on Sunday evening, April 4, at 8 o'clock. Train leaves Cortlandt st., New York, 6:45 p. m.

EDGERTON—Suddenly, on Friday, April 2, Lois Jenett, in her 93d year, widow of the late Thomas H. and beloved mother of Mary A. Edgerton. Services at her late residence, No. 319 Stuyvesant ave., Brooklyn, Monday, April 5, 7 p. m. Relatives and friends invited to attend. Interment at Franklin, Delaware Co., N. Y.

GALE—George Emery, beloved husband of Sarah Ensign, son of the late William M. Gale, brother of Mrs. William Fuller Osborne, of Brooklyn, and Loring R. Gale, of Galeton, Penn. Services will be held at his late residence, No. 1906 Albemarle Road, Brooklyn, at 3 o'clock p. m., Monday, April 5, 1909.

GESNER—At Linden, N. J., April 3, 1909, Henry Wallace Gesner, aged 72