

CHAPTER XXI.

CLOSING SCENES, 1870-1889.

LITERARY LABORS.--COMPLETE LIST OF PUBLISHED BOOKS.--FIRST
READING

TOUR.--PEEPS BEHIND THE CURTAIN.--SOME NEW ENGLAND CITIES.--A
LETTER

FROM MAINE.--PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT READINGS.--SECOND TOUR.--A

WESTERN JOURNEY.--VISIT TO OLD SCENES.--CELEBRATION OF
SEVENTIETH

BIRTHDAY.--CONGRATULATORY POEMS FROM MR. WHITTIER AND DR.
HOLMES.--

LAST WORDS.

Besides the annual journeys to and from Florida, and her many interests in the South, Mrs. Stowe's time between 1870 and 1880 was largely occupied by literary and kindred labors. In the autumn of 1871 we find her writing to her daughters as follows regarding her work:--

"I have at last finished all my part in the third book of mine that is to come out this year, to wit 'Oldtown Fireside Stories,' and you can have no idea what a perfect luxury of rest it is to be free from all literary engagements, of all kinds, sorts, or descriptions. I feel like a poor woman I once read about,--

"Who always was tired,

'Cause she lived in a house
Where help wasn't hired,'

and of whom it is related that in her dying moments,

'She folded her hands
With her latest endeavor,
Saying nothing, dear nothing,
Sweet nothing forever.'

"I am in about her state of mind. I luxuriate in laziness. I do not want to do anything or go anywhere. I only want to sink down into lazy enjoyment of living."

She was certainly well entitled to a rest, for never had there been a more laborious literary life. In addition to the twenty-three books already written, she had prepared for various magazines and journals an incredible number of short stories, letters of travel, essays, and other articles. Yet with all she had accomplished, and tired as she was, she still had seven books to write, besides many more short stories, before her work should be done. As her literary life did not really begin until 1852, the bulk of her work has been accomplished within twenty-six years, as will be seen from the following list of her books, arranged in the chronological order of their publication:--

1833. An Elementary Geography.

1843. The Mayflower.
1852. Uncle Tom's Cabin.
1853. Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.
1854. Sunny Memories.
1856. Dred.
1858. Our Charley.
1859. Minister's Wooing.
1862. Pearl of Orr's Island.
1863. Agnes of Sorrento.
1864. House and Home Papers.
1865. Little Foxes.
1866. Nina Gordon (Formerly "Dred").
1867. Religious Poems.
1867. Queer Little People.
1868. The Chimney Corner.
1868. Men of Our Times.
1869. Oldtown Folks.
1870. Lady Byron Vindicated.
1871. The History of the Byron Controversy (London).
1870. Little Pussy Willow.
1871. Pink and White Tyranny.
1871. Old Town Fireside Stories.
1872. My Wife and I.
1873. Palmetto Leaves.
1873. Library of Famous Fiction.
1875. We and Our Neighbors.

1876. Betty's Bright Idea.

1877. Footsteps of the Master.

1878. Bible Heroines.

1878. Poganuc People.

1881. Dog's Mission.

In 1872 a new and remunerative field of labor was opened to Mrs. Stowe, and though it entailed a vast amount of weariness and hard work, she entered it with her customary energy and enthusiasm. It presented itself in the shape of an offer from the American Literary (Lecture) Bureau of Boston to deliver a course of forty readings from her own works in the principal cities of the New England States. The offer was a liberal one, and Mrs. Stowe accepted it on condition that the reading tour should be ended in time to allow her to go to her Florida home in December. This being acceded to, she set forth and gave her first reading in Bridgeport, Conn., on the evening of September 19, 1872.

The following extracts from letters written to her husband while on this reading tour throw some interesting gleams of light on the scenes behind the curtain of the lecturer's platform. From Boston, October 3d, she writes: "Have had a most successful but fatiguing week. Read in Cambridgeport to-night, and Newburyport to-morrow night." Two weeks later, upon receipt of a letter from her husband, in which he fears he has not long to live, she writes from Westfield, Mass:--

"I have never had a greater trial than being forced to stay away from you now. I would not, but that my engagements have involved others in heavy expense, and should I fail to fulfill them, it would be doing a wrong.

"God has given me strength as I needed it, and I never read more to my own satisfaction than last night.

"Now, my dear husband, please do want, and try, to remain with us yet a while longer, and let us have a little quiet evening together before either of us crosses the river. My heart cries out for a home with you; our home together in Florida. Oh, may we see it again! Your ever loving wife."

From Fitchburg, Mass., under date of October 29th, she writes:--

"In the cars, near Palmer, who should I discover but Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fields, returning from a Western trip, as gay as a troubadour. I took an empty seat next to them, and we had a jolly ride to Boston. I drove to Mr. Williams's house, where I met the Chelsea agent, who informed me that there was no hotel in Chelsea, but that they were expecting to send over for me. So I turned at once toward 148 Charles Street, where I tumbled in on the Fields before they had got their things off. We had a good laugh, and I received a hearty welcome. I was quickly installed in my room, where, after a nice dinner, I curled up for my afternoon nap. At half-past seven the carriage came for me,

and I was informed that I should not have a hard reading, as they had engaged singers to take part. So, when I got into the carriage, who should I find, beshawled, and beflowered, and betoggled in blue satin and white lace, but our old friend ---- of Andover concert memory, now become Madame Thingumbob, of European celebrity. She had studied in Italy, come out in Milan, sung there in opera for a whole winter, and also in Paris and London.

"Well, she sings very sweetly and looks very nice and pretty. Then we had a little rosebud of a Chelsea girl who sang, and a pianist. I read 'Minister's Housekeeper' and Topsy, and the audience was very jolly and appreciative. Then we all jogged home."

The next letter finds Mrs. Stowe in Maine, and writing in the cars between Bangor and Portland. She says:--

MY DEAR HUSBAND,--Well, Portland and Bangor are over, and the latter, which I had dreaded as lonesome and far off, turned out the pleasantest of any place I have visited yet. I stayed at the Fays; he was one of the Andover students, you remember; and found a warm, cosy, social home. In the evening I met an appreciative audience, and had a delightful reading. I read Captain Kittridge, apparently to the great satisfaction of the people, who laughed heartily at his sea stories, and the "Minister's Housekeeper" with the usual success, also Eva and Topsy.

One woman, totally deaf, came to me afterwards and said: "Bless you. I come jist to see you. I'd rather see you than the Queen." Another introduced her little girl named Harriet Beecher Stowe, and another, older, named Eva. She said they had traveled fifty miles to hear me read. An incident like that appeals to one's heart, does it not?

The people of Bangor were greatly embarrassed by the horse disease; but the mayor and his wife walked over from their house, a long distance off, to bring me flowers, and at the reading he introduced me. I had an excellent audience notwithstanding that it rained tremendously, and everybody had to walk because there were no horses. The professors called on me, also Newman Smith, now a settled minister here.

Everybody is so anxious about you, and Mr. Fay made me promise that you and I should come and spend a week with them, next summer. Mr. Howard, in Portland, called upon me to inquire for you, and everybody was so delighted to hear that you were getting better.

It stormed all the time I was in Portland and Bangor, so I saw nothing of them. Now I am in a palace car riding alongside the Kennebec, and recalling the incidents of my trip. I certainly had very satisfactory houses; and these pleasant little visits, and meetings with old acquaintance, would be well worth having, even though I had made nothing in a pecuniary sense. On the whole it is as easy a way of making money as I have ever tried, though no way of making money is

perfectly easy,--there must be some disagreeables. The lonesomeness of being at a hotel in dull weather is one, and in Portland it seems there is nobody now to invite us to their homes. Our old friends there are among the past. They have gone on over the river. I send you a bit of poetry that pleases me. The love of the old for each other has its poetry. It is something sacred and full of riches. I long to be with you, and to have some more of our good long talks.

The scenery along this river is very fine. The oaks still keep their leaves, though the other trees are bare; but oaks and pines make a pleasant contrast. We shall stop twenty minutes at Brunswick, so I shall get a glimpse of the old place.

Now we are passing through Hallowell, and the Kennebec changes sides. What a beautiful river! It is now full of logs and rafts. Well, I must bring this to a close. Good-by, dear, with unchanging love. Ever your wife.

From South Framingham, Mass., she writes on November 7th:--

Well, my dear, here I am in E.'s pretty little house. He has a pretty wife, a pretty sister, a pretty baby, two nice little boys, and a lovely white cat. The last is a perfect beauty! a Persian, from a stock brought over by Dr. Parker, as white as snow, with the softest fur, a perfect bunch of loving-kindness, all purr and felicity. I had a good audience last evening, and enjoyed it. My audiences,

considering the horse disease and the rains, are amazing. And how they do laugh! We get into regular gales.

E. has the real country minister turn-out: horse and buggy, and such a nice horse too. The baby is a beauty, and giggles, and goos, and shouts inquiries with the rising inflection, in the most inspiring manner.

November 13. Wakefield. I read in Haverhill last night. It was as usual stormy. I had a good audience, but not springy and inspiring like that at Waltham. Some audiences seem to put spring into one, and some to take it out. This one seemed good but heavy. I had to lift them, while in Framingham and Waltham they lifted me.

The Lord bless and keep you. It grieves me to think you are dull and I not with you. By and by we will be together and stay together. Good-by dear. Your ever loving wife,

H. B. S. November 24. "I had a very pleasant reading in Peabody. While there visited the library and saw the picture of the Queen that she had painted expressly for George Peabody. It was about six inches square, enameled on gold, and set in a massive frame of solid gold and velvet. The effect is like painting on ivory. At night the picture rolls back into a safe, and great doors, closed with a combination lock, defend it. It reminded me of some of the foreign wonders we have seen.

"Well, my course is almost done, and if I get through without any sickness, cold, or accident, how wonderful it will seem. I have never felt the near, kind presence of our Heavenly Father so much as in this. 'He giveth strength to the faint, and to them of no might He increaseth strength.' I have found this true all my life."

From Newport she writes on November 26th:--

"It was a hard, tiring, disagreeable piece of business to read in New London. Had to wait three mortal hours in Palmer. Then a slow, weary train, that did not reach New London until after dark. There was then no time to rest, and I was so tired that it did seem as though I could not dress. I really trembled with fatigue. The hall was long and dimly lighted, and the people were not seated compactly, but around in patches. The light was dim, except for a great flaring gas jet arranged right under my eyes on the reading desk, and I did not see a creature whom I knew. I was only too glad when it was over and I was back again at my hotel. There I found that I must be up at five o'clock to catch the Newport train.

"I started for this place in the dusk of a dreary, foggy morning. Traveled first on a ferry, then in cars, and then in a little cold steamboat. Found no one to meet me, in spite of all my writing, and so took a carriage and came to the hotel. The landlord was very polite to me, said he knew me by my trunk, had been to our place in Mandarin,

etc. All I wanted was a warm room, a good bed, and unlimited time to sleep. Now I have had a three hours' nap, and here I am, sitting by myself in the great, lonely hotel parlor.

"Well, dear old man, I think lots of you, and only want to end all this in a quiet home where we can sing 'John Anderson, my Jo' together. I check off place after place as the captive the days of his imprisonment. Only two more after to-night. Ever your loving wife."

Mrs. Stowe made one more reading tour the following year, and this time it was in the West. On October 28, 1873, she writes from Zanesville, Ohio, to her son at Harvard:--

You have been very good to write as often as you have, and your letters, meeting me at different points, have been most cheering. I have been tired, almost to the last degree. Read two successive evenings in Chicago, and traveled the following day for thirteen hours, a distance of about three hundred miles, to Cincinnati. We were compelled to go in the most uncomfortable cars I ever saw, crowded to overflowing, a fiend of a stove at each end burning up all the air, and without a chance to even lay my head down. This is the grand route between Chicago and Cincinnati, and we were on it from eight in the morning until nearly ten at night.

Arrived at Cincinnati we found that George Beecher had not received our telegram, was not expecting us, had no rooms engaged for us, and

that we could not get rooms at his boarding-place. After finding all this out we had to go to the hotel, where, about eleven o'clock, I crept into bed with every nerve aching from fatigue. The next day was dark and rainy, and I lay in bed most of it; but when I got up to go and read I felt only half rested, and was still so tired that it seemed as though I could not get through.

Those who planned my engagements failed to take into account the fearful distances and wretched trains out here. On none of these great Western routes is there a drawing-room car. Mr. Saunders tried in every way to get them to put one on for us, but in vain. They are all reserved for the night trains; so that there is no choice except to travel by night in sleeping cars, or take such trains as I have described in the daytime.

I had a most sympathetic audience in Cincinnati; they all seemed delighted and begged me to come again. The next day George took us for a drive out to Walnut Hills, where we saw the seminary buildings, the house where your sisters were born, and the house in which we afterwards lived. In the afternoon we had to leave and hurry away to a reading in Dayton. The next evening another in Columbus, where we spent Sunday with an old friend.

By this time I am somewhat rested from the strain of that awful journey; but I shall never again undertake such another. It was one of those things that have to be done once, to learn not to do it again.

My only reading between Columbus and Pittsburgh is to be here in Zanesville, a town as black as Acheron, and where one might expect to see the river Styx.

Later. I had a nice audience and a pleasant reading here, and to-day we go on to Pittsburgh, where I read to-morrow night.

I met the other day at Dayton a woman who now has grandchildren; but who, when I first came West, was a gay rattling girl. She was one of the first converts of brother George's seemingly obscure ministry in the little new town of Chillicothe. Now she has one son who is a judge of the supreme court, and another in business. Both she and they are not only Christians, but Christians of the primitive sort, whose religion is their all; who triumph and glory in tribulation, knowing that it worketh patience. She told me, with a bright sweet calm, of her husband killed in battle the first year of the war, of her only daughter and two grandchildren dying in the faith, and of her own happy waiting on God's will, with bright hopes of a joyful reunion. Her sons are leading members of the Presbyterian Church, and most active in stirring up others to make their profession a reality, not an empty name. When I thought that all this came from the conversion of one giddy girl, when George seemed to be doing so little, I said, "Who can measure the work of a faithful minister?" It is such living witnesses that maintain Christianity on earth.

Good-by, We shall soon be home now, and preparing for Florida. Always

your own loving mother,

H. B. S.

Mrs. Stowe never undertook another reading tour, nor, after this one, did she ever read again for money, though she frequently contributed her talent in this direction to the cause of charity.

The most noteworthy event of her later years was the celebration of the seventieth anniversary of her birthday. That it might be fittingly observed, her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston, arranged a reception for her in form of a garden party, to which they invited the literati of America. It was held on June 14, 1882, at "The Old Elms," the home of Ex-Governor Claflin of Massachusetts, in Newtonville, one of Boston's most beautiful suburbs. Here the assembly gathered to do honor to Mrs. Stowe, that lovely June afternoon, comprised two hundred of the most distinguished and best known among the literary men and women of the day.

From three until five o'clock was spent socially. As the guests arrived they were presented to Mrs. Stowe by Mr. H. O. Houghton, and then they gathered in groups in the parlors, on the verandas, on the lawn, and in the refreshment room. At five o'clock they assembled in a large tent on the lawn, when Mr. Houghton, as host, addressed to his guest and her friends a few words of congratulation and welcome. He closed his remarks by saying:--

"And now, honored madam, as
"When to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea northeast winds blow
Sabean odors from the spicy shore
Of Arabie the blest,'

so the benedictions of the lowly and the blessings of all conditions of men are brought to you to-day on the wings of the wind, from every quarter of the globe; but there will be no fresher laurels to crown this day of your rejoicing than are brought by those now before you, who have been your co-workers in the strife; who have wrestled and suffered, fought and conquered, with you; who rank you with the Miriams, the Deborahs, and the Judiths of old; and who now shout back the refrain, when you utter the inspired song:--

"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.'

* * * * *

The Almighty Lord hath disappointed them by the hand of a woman."

In reply to this Mrs. Stowe's brother, Henry Ward Beecher, said: "Of course you all sympathize with me to-day, but, standing in this place, I do not see your faces more clearly than I see those of my father and my mother. Her I only knew as a mere babe-child. He was my teacher and

my companion. A more guileless soul than he, a more honest one, more free from envy, from jealousy, and from selfishness, I never knew. Though he thought he was great by his theology, everybody else knew he was great by his religion. My mother is to me what the Virgin Mary is to a devout Catholic. She was a woman of great nature, profound as a philosophical thinker, great in argument, with a kind of intellectual imagination, diffident, not talkative,--in which respect I take after her,--the woman who gave birth to Mrs. Stowe, whose graces and excellences she probably more than any of her children--we number but thirteen--has possessed. I suppose that in bodily resemblance, perhaps, she is not like my mother, but in mind I presume she is most like her. I thank you for my father's sake and for my mother's sake for the courtesy, the friendliness, and the kindness which you give to Mrs. Stowe."

The following poem from John Greenleaf Whittier was then read:--

"Thrice welcome from the Land of Flowers
And golden-fruited orange bowers
To this sweet, green-turfed June of ours!
To her who, in our evil time,
Dragged into light the nation's crime
With strength beyond the strength of men,
And, mightier than their sword, her pen;
To her who world-wide entrance gave
To the log cabin of the slave,

Made all his wrongs and sorrows known,
And all earth's languages his own,--
North, South, and East and West, made all
The common air electrical,
Until the o'ercharged bolts of heaven
Blazed down, and every chain was riven!

"Welcome from each and all to her
Whose Wooing of the Minister
Revealed the warm heart of the man
Beneath the creed-bound Puritan,
And taught the kinship of the love
Of man below and God above;

To her whose vigorous pencil-strokes
Sketched into life her Oldtown Folks,
Whose fireside stories, grave or gay,
In quaint Sam Lawson's vagrant way,
With Old New England's flavor rife,
Waifs from her rude idyllic life,
Are racy as the legends old
By Chaucer or Boccaccio told;
To her who keeps, through change of place
And time, her native strength and grace,
Alike where warm Sorrento smiles,
Or where, by birchen-shaded isles

Whose summer winds have shivered o'er
The icy drift of Labrador,
She lifts to light the priceless Pearl
Of Harpswell's angel-beckoned girl.
To her at threescore years and ten
Be tributes of the tongue and pen,
Be honor, praise, and heart thanks given,
The loves of earth, the hopes of heaven!

"Ah, dearer than the praise that stirs
The air to-day, our love is hers!
She needs no guaranty of fame
Whose own is linked with Freedom's name.
Long ages after ours shall keep
Her memory living while we sleep;
The waves that wash our gray coast lines,
The winds that rock the Southern pines
Shall sing of her; the unending years
Shall tell her tale in unborn ears.
And when, with sins and follies past,
Are numbered color-hate and caste,
White, black, and red shall own as one.
The noblest work by woman done."

It was followed by a few words from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who
also read the subjoined as his contribution to the chorus of

congratulation:--

"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 beat
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 Mantchoo
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."

"When Archimedes, long ago,
Spoke out so grandly, 'Dos pou sto,--
Give me a place to stand on,
I'll move your planet for you, now,'--
He little dreamed or fancied how
The sto at last should find its pou
For woman's faith to land on."

"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."

"All through the conflict, up and down
Marched Uncle Tom and Old John Brown,
One ghost, one form ideal;
And which was false and which was true,
And which was mightier of the two,
The wisest sibyl never knew,
For both alike were real."

"Sister, the holy maid does well
Who counts her beads in convent cell,

Where pale devotion lingers;
But she who serves the sufferer's needs,
Whose prayers are spelt in loving deeds,
May trust the Lord will count her beads
As well as human fingers.

"When Truth herself was Slavery's slave
Thy hand the prisoned suppliant gave
The rainbow wings of fiction.
And Truth who soared descends to-day
Bearing an angel's wreath away,
Its lilies at thy feet to lay
With heaven's own benediction."

Poems written for the occasion by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. Allen (Mrs. Stowe's daughter), Mrs. Annie Fields, and Miss Charlotte F. Bates, were also read, and speeches were made by Judge Albion W. Tourgee and others prominent in the literary world.

Letters from many noted people, who were prevented from being present by distance or by other engagements, had been received. Only four of them were read, but they were all placed in Mrs. Stowe's hands. The exercises were closed by a few words from Mrs. Stowe herself. As she came to the front of the platform the whole company rose, and remained standing until she had finished. In her quiet, modest, way, and yet so

clearly as to be plainly heard by all, she said:--

"I wish to say that I thank all my friends from my heart,--that is all. And one thing more,--and that is, if any of you have doubt, or sorrow, or pain, if you doubt about this world, just remember what God has done; just remember that this great sorrow of slavery has gone, gone by forever. I see it every day at the South. I walk about there and see the lowly cabins. I see these people growing richer and richer. I see men very happy in their lowly lot; but, to be sure, you must have patience with them. They are not perfect, but have their faults, and they are serious faults in the view of white people. But they are very happy, that is evident, and they do know how to enjoy themselves,--a great deal more than you do. An old negro friend in our neighborhood has got a new, nice two-story house, and an orange grove, and a sugar-mill. He has got a lot of money, besides. Mr. Stowe met him one day, and he said, 'I have got twenty head of cattle, four head of "hoss," forty head of hen, and I have got ten children, all mine, every one mine.' Well, now, that is a thing that a black man could not say once, and this man was sixty years old before he could say it. With all the faults of the colored people, take a man and put him down with nothing but his hands, and how many could say as much as that? I think they have done well.

"A little while ago they had at his house an evening festival for their church, and raised fifty dollars. We white folks took our carriages, and when we reached the house we found it fixed nicely.

Every one of his daughters knew how to cook. They had a good place for the festival. Their suppers were spread on little white tables with nice clean cloths on them. People paid fifty cents for supper. They got between fifty and sixty dollars, and had one of the best frolics you could imagine. They had also for supper ice-cream, which they made themselves.

"That is the sort of thing I see going on around me. Let us never doubt. Everything that ought to happen is going to happen."

Mrs. Stowe's public life ends with the garden party, and little more remains to be told. She had already, in 1880, begun the task of selection from the great accumulation of letters and papers relating to her life, and writes thus to her son in Saco, Maine, regarding the work:--

September 30, 1880.

MY DEAR CHARLEY,--My mind has been with you a great deal lately. I have been looking over and arranging my papers with a view to sifting out those that are not worth keeping, and so filing and arranging those that are to be kept, that my heirs and assigns may with the less trouble know where and what they are. I cannot describe (to you) the peculiar feelings which this review occasions. Reading old letters--when so many of the writers are gone from earth, seems to me like going into the world of spirits--letters full of the warm, eager,

anxious, busy life, that is forever past. My own letters, too, full of by-gone scenes in my early life and the childish days of my children. It is affecting to me to recall things that strongly moved me years ago, that filled my thoughts and made me anxious when the occasion and emotion have wholly vanished from my mind. But I thank God there is one thing running through all of them from the time I was thirteen years old, and that is the intense unwavering sense of Christ's educating, guiding presence and care. It is all that remains now. The romance of my youth is faded, it looks to me now, from my years, so very young--those days when my mind only lived in emotion, and when my letters never were dated, because they were only histories of the internal, but now that I am no more and never can be young in this world, now that the friends of those days are almost all in eternity, what remains?

Through life and through death, through sorrowing, through sinning,
Christ shall suffice me as he hath sufficed.
Christ is the end and Christ the beginning,
The beginning and end of all is Christ.

I was passionate in my attachments in those far back years, and as I have looked over files of old letters, they are all gone (except one, C. Van Rensselaer), Georgiana May, Delia Bacon, Clarissa Treat, Elisabeth Lyman, Sarah Colt, Elisabeth Phenix, Frances Strong, Elisabeth Foster. I have letters from them all, but they have been long in spirit land and know more about how it is there than I do. It

gives me a sort of dizzy feeling of the shortness of life and nearness of eternity when I see how many that I have traveled with are gone within the veil. Then there are all my own letters, written in the first two years of marriage, when Mr. Stowe was in Europe and I was looking forward to motherhood and preparing for it--my letters when my whole life was within the four walls of my nursery, my thoughts absorbed by the developing character of children who have now lived their earthly life and gone to the eternal one,--my two little boys, each in their way good and lovely, whom Christ has taken in youth, and my little one, my first Charley, whom He took away before he knew sin or sorrow,--then my brother George and sister Catherine, the one a companion of my youth, the other the mother who assumed the care of me after I left home in my twelfth year--and they are gone. Then my blessed father, for many years so true an image of the Heavenly Father,--in all my afflictions he was afflicted, in all my perplexities he was a sure and safe counselor, and he too is gone upward to join the angelic mother whom I scarcely knew in this world, who has been to me only a spiritual presence through life.

In 1882 Mrs. Stowe writes to her son certain impressions derived from reading the "Life and Letters of John Quincy Adams," which are given as containing a retrospect of the stormy period of her own life-experience.

"Your father enjoys his proximity to the Boston library. He is now reading the twelve or fourteen volumes of the life and diary of John

Q. Adams. It is a history of our country through all the period of slavery usurpation that led to the war. The industry of the man in writing is wonderful. Every day's doings in the house are faithfully daguerreotyped,--all the mean tricks, contrivances of the slave-power, and the pusillanimity of the Northern members from day to day recorded. Calhoun was then secretary of state. Under his connivance even the United States census was falsified, to prove that freedom was bad for negroes. Records of deaf, dumb, and blind, and insane colored people were distributed in Northern States, and in places where John Q. Adams had means of proving there were no negroes. When he found that these falsified figures had been used with the English ambassador as reasons for admitting Texas as a slave State, the old man called on Calhoun, and showed him the industriously collected proofs of the falsity of this census. He says: 'He writhed like a trodden rattlesnake, but said the census was full of mistakes; but one part balanced another,--it was not worth while to correct them.' His whole life was an incessant warfare with the rapidly advancing spirit of slavery, that was coiling like a serpent around everything.

"At a time when the Southerners were like so many excited tigers and rattlesnakes,--when they bullied, and scoffed, and sneered, and threatened, this old man rose every day in his place, and, knowing every parliamentary rule and tactic of debate, found means to make himself heard. Then he presented a petition from negroes, which raised a storm of fury. The old man claimed that the right of petition was the right of every human being. They moved to expel him. By the

rules of the house a man, before he can be expelled, may have the floor to make his defense. This was just what he wanted. He held the floor for fourteen days, and used his wonderful powers of memory and arrangement to give a systematic, scathing history of the usurpations of slavery; he would have spoken fourteen days more, but his enemies, finding the thing getting hotter and hotter, withdrew their motion, and the right of petition was gained.

"What is remarkable in this journal is the minute record of going to church every Sunday, and an analysis of the text and sermon. There is something about these so simple, so humble, so earnest. Often differing from the speaker--but with gravity and humility--he seems always to be so self-distrustful; to have such a sense of sinfulness and weakness, but such trust in God's fatherly mercy, as is most beautiful to see. Just the record of his Sunday sermons, and his remarks upon them, would be most instructive to a preacher. He was a regular communicant, and, beside, attended church on Christmas and Easter,--I cannot but love the old man. He died without seeing even the dawn of liberty which God has brought; but oh! I am sure he sees it from above. He died in the Capitol, in the midst of his labors, and the last words he said were, 'This is the last of earth; I am content.' And now, I trust, he is with God.

"All, all are gone. All that raged; all that threatened; all the cowards that yielded; truckled, sold their country for a mess of pottage; all the men that stood and bore infamy and scorn for

the truth; all are silent in dust; the fight is over, but eternity will never efface from their souls whether they did well or ill-- whether they fought bravely or failed like cowards. In a sense, our lives are irreparable. If we shrink, if we fail, if we choose the fleeting instead of the eternal, God may forgive us; but there must be an eternal regret! This man lived for humanity when hardest bested; for truth when truth was unpopular; for Christ when Christ stood chained and scourged in the person of the slave."

In the fall of 1887 she writes to her brother Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher of Brooklyn, N. Y.:--

49 FOREST STREET, HARTFORD, CONN., October 11, 1887.

Dear Brother,--I was delighted to receive your kind letter. You were my earliest religious teacher; your letters to me while a school-girl in Hartford gave me a high Christian aim and standard which I hope I have never lost. Not only did they do me good, but also my intimate friends, Georgiana May and Catherine Cogswell, to whom I read them. The simplicity, warmth, and childlike earnestness of those school days I love to recall. I am the only one living of that circle of early friends. Not one of my early schoolmates is living,--and now Henry, younger by a year or two than I, has gone--my husband also. [Footnote: Professor Stowe died August, 1886.] I often think, Why am I spared? Is there yet anything for me to do? I am thinking with my son Charles's help of writing a review of my life,

under the title, "Pebbles from the Shores of a Past Life."

Charlie told me that he has got all written up to my twelfth or thirteenth year, when I came to be under sister Catherine's care in Hartford. I am writing daily my remembrances from that time. You were then, I think, teacher of the Grammar School in Hartford. . . .

So, my dear brother, let us keep good heart; no evil can befall us. Sin alone is evil, and from that Christ will keep us. Our journey is so short!

I feel about all things now as I do about the things that happen in a hotel, after my trunk is packed to go home. I may be vexed and annoyed . . . but what of it! I am going home soon.

Your affectionate sister,

Hattie.

To a friend she writes a little later:--

"I have thought much lately of the possibility of my leaving you all and going home. I am come to that stage of my pilgrimage that is within sight of the River of Death, and I feel that now I must have all in readiness day and night for the messenger of the King. I have sometimes had in my sleep strange perceptions of a vivid spiritual

life near to and with Christ, and multitudes of holy ones, and the joy of it is like no other joy,--it cannot be told in the language of the world. What I have then I know with absolute certainty, yet it is so unlike and above anything we conceive of in this world that it is difficult to put it into words. The inconceivable loveliness of Christ! It seems that about Him there is a sphere where the enthusiasm of love is the calm habit of the soul, that without words, without the necessity of demonstrations of affection, heart beats to heart, soul answers soul, we respond to the Infinite Love, and we feel his answer in us, and there is no need of words. All seemed to be busy coming and going on ministries of good, and passing each gave a thrill of joy to each as Jesus, the directing soul, the centre of all, 'over all, in all, and through all,' was working his beautiful and merciful will to redeem and save. I was saying as I awoke:--

"'T is joy enough, my all in all,
At thy dear feet to lie.
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.'

"This was but a glimpse; but it has left a strange sweetness in my mind."

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Missouri Compromise, repealed,

Mohl, Madame, and her salon,

Money-making, reading as easy a way as any of,

Moral aim in novel-writing, J. R. Lowell on,

"Mourning Veil, The,"

"Mystique La," on spiritualism,

NAPLES and Vesuvius,

"National Era," its history, work for,

Negroes, petition from, presented by J. Q. Adams,

New England, Mrs. Stowe's knowledge of, in "The Minister's Wooing,"
life pictured in "Oldtown Folks,"

New London, fatigue of reading at,

Newport, tiresome journey to, on reading tour,

Niagara, impressions of,

Normal school for colored teachers,

"North American Review" on "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"

North versus South, England on,

Norton, C. E., Ruskin on the proper home of,

"OBSERVER, New York," denunciation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"

"Oldtown Fireside Stories," strange spiritual experiences of Prof. Stowe, Sam Lawson a real character, relief after finishing, date of in chronological list, in Whittier's poem on seventieth birthday "With Old New England's flavor rife,"

"Oldtown Folks," Prof. Stowe original of "Harry" in, George Eliot on its reception in England, picture of N. E. life, date of, Whittier's praise of, "vigorous pencil-strokes" in poem on seventieth birthday,

Orthodoxy.

"Our Charley," date of.

Owen, Robert Dale, his "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World" and "The Debatable Land between this World and the Next;" H. B. S. wishes George Eliot to meet.

PALMERSTON, Lord, meeting with.

"Palmetto Leaves" published; date.

Papacy, The.

Paris, first visit to; second visit.

Park, Professor Edwards A.

Parker, Theodore, on the Bible and Jesus.

Paton, Bailie, host of Mrs. Stowe.

Peabody, pleasant reading in; Queen Victoria's picture at.

"Pearl of Orr's Island, The;" first published; Whittier's favorite;
date of.

"Pebbles from the Shores of a Past Life," a review of her life
proposed to be written by H. B. S. with aid of son Charles.

Phantoms seen by Professor Stowe.

Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart, writes poem on H. B. S.'s seventieth
birthday.

"Philanthropist, The," anti-slavery paper.

Phillips, Wendell, attitude of after war.

"Pink and White Tyranny," date of.

Plymouth Church, saves Edmonson's daughters; slavery and; clears Henry Ward Beecher by acclamation; calls council of Congregational ministers and laymen; council ratifies decision of Church; committee of five appointed to bring facts which could be proved; missions among poor particularly effective at time of trial.

"Poganuc People;" sent to Dr. Holmes; date of.

Pollock, Lord Chief Baron.

Poor, generosity of touches H. B. S.

Portland, H. B. S.'s friends there among the past; her readings in.

Portraits of Mrs. Stowe; Belloc to paint; untruth of.

Poverty in early married life.

Prescott, W. H., letter to H. B. S. from, on "Dred."

"Presse, La," on "Dred."

Providential aid in sickness.

"QUEER Little People."

READING and teaching.

Religion and humanity, George Eliot on.

"Religious poems," date of.

"Revue des Deux Mondes" on "Dred."

Riots in Cincinnati and anti-slavery agitation.

Roenne, Baron de, visits Professor Stowe.

Roman politics in 1861.

Rome, H. B. S.'s journey to; impressions of.

Ruskin, John, letters to H. B. S. from, on "The Minister's Wooing;" on his dislike of America, but love for American friends.

Ruskin and Turner.

SAINT-BEUVE, H. B. S.'s liking for.

Sales, Francis de, H. W. Beecher compared with.

Salisbury, Mr., interest of in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Salons, French.

Sand, George, reviews "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Scotland, H. B. S.'s first visit to.

Scott, Walter, Lyman Beecher's opinion of, when discussing novel-reading, 25; monument in Edinburgh.

Sea, H. B. S.'s nervous horror of.

Sea-voyages, H. B. S. on.

Semi-Colon Club, H. B. S. becomes a member of.

Shaftesbury, Earl of, letter of, to Mrs. Stowe.

Shaftesbury, Lord, to H. B. S., letter from; letter from H. B. S. to; America and.

Skinner, Dr.

Slave, aiding a fugitive.

Slave-holding States on English address; intensity of conflict in.

Slavery, H. B. S.'s first notice of; anti-slavery agitation; death-knell of; Jefferson, Washington, Hamilton, and Patrick Henry on; growth of; résumé of its history; responsibility of church for; Lord Carlisle's opinion on; moral effect of; sacrilege of; its past and future; its injustice; its death-blow; English women's appeal against; J. Q. Adams' crusade against; gone forever.

Slaves, H. B. S.'s work for and sympathy with; family sorrows of.

Smith, Anna, helper to Mrs. S.; note.

Soul, immortality of, H. B. S.'s essay written at age of twelve: first literary production; Addison's remarks upon; Greek and Roman idea of immortality; light given by Gospel; Christ on.

South, England's sympathy with the.

South Framingham, good audience at reading in.

"Souvenir, The."

Spiritualism, Mrs. Stowe on; Mrs. Browning on; Holmes, O. W., on; "La Mystique" and Görres on; Professor Stowe's strange experiences in; George Eliot on psychological problems of; on "Charlatanerie" connected with; Robert Dale Owen on; Goethe on; H. B. S.'s letter to George

Eliot on; her mature views on; a comfort to doubters and disbelievers; from Christian standpoint.

Stafford House meeting.

Stephens, A. H., on object of Confederacy.

Storrs, Dr. R. S.

Stowe, Calvin E.; death of first wife; his engagement to Harriet E. Beecher; their marriage; his work in Lane Seminary; sent by the Seminary to Europe on educational matters; returns; his Educational Report presented; aids a fugitive slave; strongly encourages his wife in her literary aspirations; care of the sick students in Lane Seminary; is "house-father" during his wife's illness and absence; goes to water cure after his wife's return from the same; absent from Cincinnati home at death of youngest child; accepts the Collins Professorship at Bowdoin; gives his mother his reasons for leaving Cincinnati; remains behind to finish college work, while wife and three children leave for Brunswick, Me.; resigns his professorship at Bowdoin, and accepts a call to Andover; accompanies his wife to Europe; his second trip with wife to Europe; sermon after his son's death; great sorrow at his bereavement; goes to Europe for the fourth time; resigns his position at Andover; in Florida; failing health; his letter to George Eliot; H. B. S. uses his strange experiences in youth as material for her picture of "Harry" in "Oldtown Folks;" the

psychological history of his strange child-life; curious experiences with phantoms, and good and bad spirits; visions of fairies; love of reading; his power of character-painting shown in his description of a visit to his relatives; George Eliot's mental picture of his personality; enjoys life and study in Florida; his studies on Prof. Görres' book, "Die Christliche Mystik," and its relation to his own spiritual experience; love for Henry Ward Beecher returned by latter; absorbed in "Daniel Deronda;" "over head and ears in diablerie;" fears he has not long to live; dull at wife's absence on reading tour; enjoys proximity to Boston Library, and "Life of John Quincy Adams;" death and note; letters from H. B. S. to; on her illness; on cholera epidemic in Cincinnati; on sickness, death of son Charley; account of new home; on her writings and literary aspirations; on success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" on her interest in the Edmonson slave family; on life in London; on visit to the Duke of Argyle; from Dunrobin Castle; on "Dred;" other letters from abroad; on life in Paris; on journey to Rome; on impressions of Rome; on Swiss journey; from Florence; from Paris; on farewell to her soldier son; visit to Duchess of Argyle; on her reading tour; on his health and her enforced absence from him; on reading, at Chelsea; at Bangor and Portland; at South Framingham and Haverhill; Peabody; fatigue at New London reading; letters from to H. B. S. on visit to his relatives and description of home life; to mother on reasons for leaving the West; to George Eliot; to son Charles.

Stowe, Charles E., seventh child of H. B. S., birth of; at Harvard; at

Bonn; letter from Calvin E. Stowe to; letter from H. B. S. to, on her school life; on "Pogonuc People;" on her readings in the West; on selection of papers and letters for her biography; on interest of herself and Prof. Stowe in life and anti-slavery career of John Quincy Adams.

Stowe, Eliza Tyler (Mrs. C. E.), draft of: twin daughter of H. B. S.

Stowe, Frederick William, second son of H. B. S.; enlists in First Massachusetts; made lieutenant for bravery; mother's visit to; severely wounded; subsequent effects of the wound, never entirely recovers, his disappearance and unknown fate; ill-health after war, Florida home purchased for his sake.

Stowe, Georgiana May, daughter of H. B. S., birth of; family happy in her marriage; letter from H. B. S. to.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher, birth and parentage of; first memorable incident, the death of her mother; letter to her brother Charles on her mother's death, incident of the tulip bulbs and mother's gentleness, first journey a visit to her grandmother, study of catechisms under her grandmother and aunt, early religious and Biblical reading, first school at the age of five, hunger after mental food, joyful discovery of "The Arabian Nights," in the bottom of a barrel of dull sermons, reminiscences of reading in father's library, impression made by the Declaration of Independence, appearance and

character of her stepmother, healthy, happy child-life, birth of her half-sister Isabella and H. B. S.'s care of infant, early love of writing, her essay selected for reading at school exhibitions, her father's pride in essay, subject of essay, arguments for belief in the Immortality of the Soul, end of child-life in Litchfield, goes to sister Catherine's school at Hartford, describes Catherine Beecher's school in letter to son, her home with the Bulls, school friends, takes up Latin, her study of Ovid and Virgil, dreams of being a poet and writes "Cleon," a drama, her conversion, doubts of relatives and friends, connects herself with First Church, Hartford, her struggle with rigid theology, her melancholy and doubts, necessity of cheerful society, visit to grandmother, return to Hartford, interest in painting lessons, confides her religious doubts to her brother Edward, school life in Hartford, peace at last, accompanies her father and family to Cincinnati, describes her journey, yearnings for New England home, ill-health and depression, her life in Cincinnati and teaching at new school established by her sister Catherine and herself, wins prize for short story, joins "Semicolon Club," slavery first brought to her personal notice, attends Henry Ward Beecher's graduation, engagement, marriage, anti-slavery agitation, sympathy with Birney, editor of anti-slavery paper in Cincinnati, birth of twin daughters, of her third child, reunion of the Beecher family, housekeeping versus literary work, birth of second son, visits Hartford, literary work encouraged, sickness in Lane Seminary, death of brother George, birth of third daughter, protracted illness and poverty, seminary struggles, goes to water cure, returns home, birth of sixth

child, bravery in cholera epidemic, death of youngest child Charles, leaves Cincinnati, removal to Brunswick, getting settled, husband arrives, birth of seventh child, anti-slavery feeling aroused by letters from Boston, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," first thought of, writings for papers, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appears as a serial, in book form, its wonderful success, praise from Longfellow, Whittier, Garrison, Higginson, letters from English nobility, et seq.; writes "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," visits Henry Ward in Brooklyn, raises money to free Edmondson family, home-making at Andover, first trip to Europe, wonderful success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" abroad, her warm reception at Liverpool,; delight in Scotland; public reception and teaparty at Glasgow; warm welcome from Scotch people; touched by the "penny offering" of the poor for the slaves; Edinburgh soirée; meets English celebrities at Lord Mayor's dinner in London; meets English nobility; Stafford House; breakfast at Lord Trevelyan's; Windsor; presentation of bracelet; of inkstand; Paris, first visit to; en route for Switzerland; Geneva and Chillon; Grindelwald to Meyringen; London, en route for America; work for slaves in America; correspondence with Garrison, et. seq.; "Dred"; second visit to Europe; meeting with Queen Victoria; visits Inverary Castle; Dunrobin Castle; Oxford and London; visits the Laboucheres; Paris; en route to Rome; Naples and Vesuvius; Venice and Milan; homeward journey and return; death of oldest son; visits Dartmouth; receives advice from Lowell on "The Pearl of Orr's Island"; "The Minister's Wooing"; third trip to Europe; Duchess of Sutherland's warm welcome; Switzerland; Florence; Italian journey; return to America; letters

from Ruskin, Mrs. Browning, Holmes; bids farewell to her son; at Washington; her son wounded at Gettysburg; his disappearance; the Stowes remove to Hartford; Address to women of England on slavery; winter home in Florida; joins the Episcopal Church; erects schoolhouse and church in Florida; "Palmetto Leaves"; "Poganuc People"; warm reception at South; last winter in Florida; writes "Oldtown Folks"; her interest in husband's strange spiritual experiences; H. B. S. justifies her action in Byron Controversy; her love and faith in Lady Byron; reads Byron letters; counsels silence and patience to Lady Byron; writes "True Story of Lady Byron's Life"; publishes "Lady Byron Vindicated"; "History of the Byron Controversy"; her purity of motive in this painful matter; George Eliot's sympathy with her in Byron matter; her friendship, with George Eliot dates from letter shown by Mrs. Follen; describes Florida life and peace to George Eliot; her interest in Mr. Owen and spiritualism; love of Florida life and nature; history of Florida home; impressions of "Middlemarch"; invites George Eliot to come to America; words of sympathy on Beecher trial from George Eliot, and Mrs. Stowe's reply; her defense of her brother's purity of life; Beecher trial drawn on her heart's blood; her mature views on spiritualism; her doubts of ordinary manifestations; soul-cravings after dead friends satisfied by Christ's promises; chronological list of her books; accepts offer from N. E. Lecture Bureau to give readings from her works; gives readings in New England; warm welcome in Maine; sympathetic audiences in Massachusetts; fatigue of traveling and reading at New London; Western reading tour; "fearful distances and wretched trains"; seventieth

anniversary of birthday celebrated by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; H. O. Houghton's welcome; H. W. Beecher's reply and eulogy on sister; Whittier's poem at seventieth birthday; Holmes' poem; other poems of note written for the occasion; Mrs. Stowe's thanks; joy in the future of the colored race; reading old letters and papers; her own letters to Mr. Stowe and letters from friends; interest in Life of John Quincy Adams and his crusade against slavery; death of husband; of Henry Ward Beecher; thinks of writing review of her life aided by son, under title of "Pebbles from the Shores of a Past Life"; her feelings on the nearness of death, but perfect trust in Christ; glimpses of the future life leave a strange sweetness in her mind.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher, twin daughter of H. B. S.

Stowe, Henry Ellis, first son of H. B. S.; goes to Europe; returns to enter Dartmouth; death of; his character; his portrait; mourning for.

Stowe, Samuel Charles, sixth child of H. B. S., birth of; death of; anguish at loss of; early death of.

Study, plans for a.

Sturge, Joseph, visit to.

Suffrage, universal, H. W. Beecher advocate of.

Sumner, Charles, on "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; letter to H. B. S. from.

Sumter, Fort, H. W. Beecher raises flag on.

"Sunny Memories"; date of.

Sutherland, Duchess of; friend to America; at Stafford House presents gold bracelet; visit to; fine character; sympathy with on son's death; warm welcome to H. B. S.; death of; letters from H. B. S. to, on "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin"; on death of eldest son.

Sutherland, Lord, personal appearance of.

Swedenborg, weary messages from spirit-world of.

Swiss Alps, visit to; delight in.

Swiss interest in "Uncle Tom".

Switzerland, H. B. S. in.

Sykes, Mrs. See May, Georgiana.

Talfourd, Mr. Justice.

Thackeray, W. M., Lowell on.

Thanksgiving Day in Washington, freed slaves celebrate.

"Times, London," on "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; on Mrs. Stowe's new dress; on "Dred"; Miss Martineau's criticism on.

Titcomb, John, aids H. B. S. in moving.

Tourgée, Judge A. W., his speech at seventieth birthday.

Trevelyan, Lord and Lady; breakfast to Mrs. Stowe.

Triqueti, Baron de, models bust of H. B. S.

Trowbridge, J. T., writes on seventieth birthday.

"True Story of Lady Byron's Life, The," in "Atlantic Monthly".

Tupper, M. F., calls on H. B. S.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," description of Augustine St. Clair's mother's influence a simple reproduction of Mrs. Lyman Beecher's influence; written under love's impulse; fugitives' escape, foundation of story; popular conception of author of; origin and inspiration of; Prof. Cairnes on; Uncle Tom's death, conception of, letter to Douglas about facts, appears in the "Era," came from heart, a religious work,

object of, its power, begins a serial in "National Era," price paid by "Era," publisher's offer, first copy of books sold, wonderful success. praise from Longfellow, Whittier, Garrison, and Higginson, threatening letters, Eastman's, Mrs., rejoinder to, reception in England, "Times," on, political effect of, book tinder interdict in South, "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," Jenny Lind's praise of, attack upon, Sampson Low upon its success abroad, first London publisher, number of editions sold in Great Britain and abroad, dramatized in U. S. and London, European edition, preface to, fact not fiction, translations of, German tribute to, George Sand's review, remuneration for, written with heart's blood, Swiss interest in, Mme. Belloc translates, "North American Review" on, in France, compared with "Dred," J. R. Lowell on, Mrs. Stowe rereads after war, later books compared with, H. W. Beecher's approval of, new edition with introduction sent to George Eliot, date of, Whittier's mention of, in poem on seventieth birthday, Holmes' tribute to, in poem on same occasion,

Upham, Mrs., kindness to H. B. S., visit to,

Venice,

Victoria, Queen, H. B. S.'s interview with, gives her picture to Geo. Peabody,

Vizetelly, Henry, first London publisher of "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"

WAKEFIELD, reading at,

Walnut Hills, picture of, and old home revisited,

Waltham, audience inspires reader,

Washington, Mrs. Stowe visits soldier son at,

Washington on slavery,

Water cure, H. B. S. at,

"We and our Neighbors," date of,

Webster, Daniel, famous speech of,

Weld, Theodore D. in the anti-slavery movement,

Western travel, discomforts of,

Whately, Archbishop, letter to H. B. S. from,

Whitney, A. D. T., writes poem on seventieth birthday,

Whitney, Eli, and the cotton gin,

Whittier's "Ichabod," a picture of Daniel Webster,

Whittier, J. G., letter to W. L. Garrison from, on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," letter to H. B. S. from, on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," on "Pearl of Orr's Island," on "Minister's Wooing," poem on H. B. S's. seventieth birthday,

Windsor, visit to,

Womanhood, true, H. B. S. on intellect versus heart,

Woman's rights, H. W. Beecher, advocate of,

Women of America, Appeal from H. B. S. to,

Women's influence, power of,

ZANESVILLE, description of,