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Special Correspondence of the Sunday Journal.

MONTEVIDEO, January.—One of the sights of Montevideo which the traveler must not miss is the "Cementario Central," or principal cemetery, situated a long way from the city's busy center, near its south beach, within sound of the murmuring sea. Though its natural beauties are not so great as those of Greenwood, Mount Auburn, Spring Grove, and many other cities of the dead in the United States, and though a few tombs in each of the latter may equal any of these in point of elegance, yet, taken as a whole, there is nowhere in North America such an aggregate display of wealth in any one burial ground—such luxurious interment of dust to dust—as here. This is by all odds the finest in South America, its nearest rival being the splendid cemetery of Santiago de Chili—both in startling contrast to the horrors of many bone-strewn Campos Santos we have shuddered at on this southern continent. Montevideo's "Field of Saints," (the literal rendering of the common name, Campo Santo) has a monumental entrance and a very costly and elaborate chapel, which alone represent the expenditure of a million dollars. The chapel has an ornamental dome, floors and inner walls of purest marble, a beautiful alabaster altar, candelabra and ornaments of gold and silver, and a basement of equal elegance wherein some of the more illustrious dead—such as bishops and Presidents—are interred. The cemetery is divided into three sections and surrounded by walls twenty-five feet high, being a continuous series of vaults, one above another, each vault having an opening just large enough to let in a casket. Each of the innumerable little niches is fronted by a marble tablet, bearing in letters of black or gold the names of those whose mortal remains were deposited inside. So precisely alike are all of them, save the slight difference in lettering, that if it be true spooks walk abroad at "the witching hour when grave-yards yawn," it must be as perplexing for each to find his especial niche again as for the occupants of those endless rows of red brick houses with marble steps, alike as so many peas in a pod, that characterize certain streets in Philadelphia and New York, to distinguish their own doors when coming late from club or caucus in the befuddled condition that sometimes confuses shoe-buttoners with latch-keys.

RENTING THE RESTING-PLACES.

To reach the upper cells, coffins are wound up means of a portable step-ladder and elevator combined, a creaking apparatus that swings, and jolts and bumps the cadaver about in a shocking manner, while the pall-bearers skip up the ladder to receive it and shove it into the narrow receptacle. The whole surface of the walls is garlanded with fresh flowers and hung with wreaths of immortelles and decorations made of black and white beads and long streamers of ribbon, all of which show to the best advantge against the white marble facing. But, alas! As everywhere else in Spanish America, the vaults are not owned absolutely by families, but are rented for a term of years, or for as long a time as the friends continue to pay a stipulated amount per annum, so that the helpless dead are not sure of a "long home," however much display of wealth may be made at the time of interment. In case the family move away, or die without having left provision in their wills concerning the grave for all time to come, or from failure to pay the rent from any cause, the remains are evicted and dropped into the common pit, and the vault rented to other comers.

The ground floor, so to speak, of the vast cemetery is fully occupied with private or family vaults (owned, not rented), all of them very costly and elaborate, with narrow, well-paved streets between. Such an array of splendid monuments and exquisite works of art, executed by the sculptors of Rome and Milan, may perhaps be equaled in some European cemeteries, but certainly nowhere else in the Western world. The vaults are all built up from the ground, of marble or alabaster, bake-oven shape or in the form of temples, and most of them have plate-glass doors back of the gilded gates of open wrought-iron, plainly showing the interior. The inner walls are covered with pictures and other adornments, profusely decorated with flowers in costly vases, and everywhere are crucifixes and burning candles. I noticed several tombs furnished like parlors, with carpeted floors and upholstered furniture, and in one was a startling oil painting of the Blessed Virgin seated on a raft, which floated in a sea of flame, engaged in the philanthropic work of pulling souls out of purgatory. The agony depicted on the faces of the poor things in torment, who are pleading for succor with uplifted arms, is warranted to haunt the most hardened for many a day, and a forcible argument in favor of masses for the dead is set forth in the Virgin's attitude, who is portrayed as watching the prayers on earth and effecting rescues accordingly.

I do not imagine that Uruguayans mourn their dear departed more deeply than the people of other parts of South America, where cemeteries are neglected. It is merely a matter of fashion; in Montevideo the style has gone to such extremes that not unfrequently families impoverish themselves in making the irresponsible dead keep up a gruesome rivalry, vieing with one another in pious luxury and magnificence of surroundings. Considering the crowded space, the vegetation of this cemetery is remarkable. Besides the usual yews, and willows, and cypress trees, there are blossoming shrubs of many kinds, while the multitude of garlands and boquets of cut flowers, continually renewed, burden the air with their fragrance; and the distant voice of the sea sounds like a requiem.

FLIRTATION AT THE OPERA.

According to the ways of life—"from grave to gay, from lively to severe"—most strangers on the route to town, after a visit to the cemetery, are driven around by the great opera-house, Teatro Solis, the pride of Montevideo. It is an enormous building, with a pillared portico in front and a pair of huge oval wings, the whole covering an entire square. One of the wings serves as a splendid wine and billiard saloon; the other contains the National Museum. On the second floor of the main building is a foyer of truly "magnificent distances," furnished with tables and chairs for those who wish to smoke and drink. The ovel-shaped auditorium is very handsome, capable of seating four thousand people, with five tiers of boxes decorated in red, white, green and gold. The fourth circle is the cazuela (gallery), reserved for ladies alone, after the peculiar fashion of all Spanish-American countries, as well as old Spain. Not even an archbishop or a dictator could gain admission to the sacred precincts of the cazuela; and night after night it is filled with the beauties of Montevideo, escorted thither by their husbands, fathers or brothers, who leave them at the door, and go away to spend the evening as they like elsewhere, or take seats in the gentlemen's gallery above, but being dead sure to return before the close of the performance to see their ladies safely home. Though men may not enter the charmed circle, no jealous rules can be rigorous enough to control the southern propensity to flirtation, which, like murder, "will out," the more surely because of the mistaken notions of seclusion, handed down from their Moorish ancestors, that environ aristocratic females. It is said that most of the matches of Montevideo are made—not in heaven, as the old saw goes—but in this gallery, though the ladies have no chance to extend their flirtations beyond the point of meeting eyes and telegraphic communications with fans, and flowers, and handkerchiefs, a language natural to youth the world over, as birds know how to build their nests without instruction. Though a gentleman dare not speak to the fair enslaver whom he has been staring out of countenance night after night at the opera, he can follow at a respectful distance when the author of her being hurries her home, discover where she resides, and thenceforth prance before her windows and become her shadow when she goes to church or promenades in the plaza. The mischievous god "laughs at locksmiths" in Uruguay as elsewhere; and though a lover may not call upon the object of his devotion, he manages it somehow—possibly with the more eagerness and success because no opportunity is afforded for acquaintance before marriage.

To the fifth circle men only are admitted. Near the door are some queer-looking latticed boxes, which remind one of certain windows in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. Inquiry developed the fact that these are set apart for the use of persons in mourning, who wish to alleviate their woe with divertisement without being seen of men. Tickets to the parquette cost from $3 to $4 each, in gold, and light opera—Italian, French or Spanish, with really good music—is the rule. Here, unlike the custom of Santiago, Valparaiso and Lima, the ladies nearly all wear hats or bonnets, and dress in silks or satins of gorgeous colors, few being bareheaded, and none in either black or white. There are three other fine theaters in Montevideo—the San Felipe, Cibils and Politeama—the last named being exclusively devoted to opera-bouffe.

SUPPORTED BY A LOTTERY.

Another of the handsomest edifices in Uruguay's capital is the Hospital de Caridad, three stories high and three hundred feet long, situated in the Calle Viente ye Cinco de Mayo, "25th of May street," covering more that an acre of ground and containing beds for 350 persons. It is one of the richest hospitals in the world, and, strange to say, is entirely supported and maintained by a lottery. Its beds are nearly always full, and the patients are cared for by the Hermanas de Caridad—"Sisters of Charity," an organization similar to the "Brothers," who are doing such good work in Terra del Fuego and other heathen countries. This hospital owes much of its popularity to the means of its maintenance, the lottery being the favorite institution, next to the church, of every South American. In every city one meets men, women and children on the streets selling lottery tickets, as commonly as one sees news-boys selling papers in the United States. Every day in the year, from early morning till late at night, the ubiquitous venders wander about the street, thrusting tickets into the faces of passers-by, and crying, "Cincuenta mil pesos para manana. Cincuenta mil la mos suerte. Tenemos el bueno, caballero. Tenemos enteritos, senor; tenemos quintos tambien"—"$50,000 for to-morrow. The prize is $50,000. We have the winning number, sir. We have complete tickets and quarters also." The scheme of the lottery is as follows: There are seven drawings every month, the grand prize at one time being $50,000; at another, $25,000, and at another $12,000. What is called a "complete" ticket (un enterito) sells for $10 in gold; and it consists of five quintos (fifths), which may be bought separately at the rate of $2 each. At every drawing twelve thousand complete tickets are issued, or 66,000 quintos; and there are twelve hundred prizes. Should all the tickets be sold the tickets would amount to $120,000, while the amount devoted to prizes would be $90,000, thus leaving to the Hospital de Caridad a clear profit of $30,000—not a bad income in a single month, showing that in this case "charity begins at home." How many people are impoverished by spending their all for lottery tickets and wind up as recipients of charity in the hospital that has absorbed their funds, I am unable to say. The lottery craze, like gambling, is a vice that grows upon the victims, and all Spanish-Americans, male and female, rich and poor, are addicted to it. The Loteria de Caridad has a handsome building downtown, where its manifold business is transacted. It reaches to the remotest parts of the republic, tickets being sold in every village and hamlet, and even in Brazil and the Argentine Republic. It is astonishing how many are disposed of every month. Of course the entire $120,000 worth are not sold every time, but the hospital runs the same chance as other people of winning prizes with the unsold numbers.

Not far from the Caridad is the British Hospital, a plain, substantial structure, which cost $40,000, and can accommodate about seventy-five patients. The attending physicians and nurses are all English-speaking Protestants, and many a travel-worn Anglo-Saxon owes his life to their ministrations.

AT THE POSTOFFICE.

Another important institution of Montevideo in which most travelers are interested is the postoffice. It occupies a rather handsome edifice built expressly for the purpose, and is tolerably well conducted, considering that it is managed by the natives, whose rule of life is the transposed axiom, "never do to-day what can be put off until to-morrow." Among its several queer features is the open court-yard, into which you go to post your letters. There is an opening beside the letter-boxes, with the word "inutilization" painted in big letters above it, and behind the opening stands a clerk whose business it is to "inutilize" or obliterate the stamps upon letters, and you must present them to him before dropping them in the box. What would happen to the letters if you did not do this I cannot tell. The clerk takes his own time for it, finishes his conversation with some other employe before paying reluctant attention to you, meanwhile smoking his cigarette; then he stares at you curiously, reads the superscription on the letter, evidently speculating upon its contents, weighs it on his hand, and finally condescends to put a blotch of ink on the big blue square of the Uruguayan stamp.

By the way, have you ever seen the flag of Uruguay? In my opinion it is the prettiest in the world, next to the stars and stripes of "God's country," and the sky-blue and white stripes of Argentina. This is also in alternate stripes of blue and white, with a full-rayed golden sun in the upper corner nearest the staff, where the square of stars appears in the American banner.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Proposed Change in the Soldiers' Monument.

Brookville American.

We do not believe that the people of Indiana will look with favor upon the proposition of Hon. William H. English to change the character and significance of the soldiers' and sailors' monument now in course of erection at Indianapolis. The original idea was to perpetuate in bronze and stone the memory of Indiana soldiers and sailors. There was no thought or purpose in the movement to honor Republicans or Democrats as such, but Mr. English proposes to change the original design and give the monument partisan features by adding the statues of prominent Republicans and prominent Democrats as such. Must we show our partisanship even in our monuments, which we hope will last for ages? Singularly enough the Indianapolis News, which sets itself up as a model in non-partisan spirit, favors the proposition of Mr. English, and in the light of its more recent history we are amazed that it does not propose to mount a rooster alongside the eagle.

Silence That Could Be Cut.

New York Press.

The conversation flagged a little at a recent high tea held within the select circle of the One Hundred and Fifty, and one of the guests—a practical joker, by the way—said, facetiously:

"Evidently we are at a loss for a subject to keep the conversation going. Let us talk about the genealogy of our families."

Strange to say, this suggestion, instead of loosening the tongues of the company, acted like the traditional wet blanket, and the silence that followed became so thick that it could have been cut with a butter knife.

Barred Out.

Washington Post.

No man with a goatee was ever elected President of the United States. Go to, Governor Gray. Go to a barber-shop.

EVERYBODY IS AN ARTIST

At Least According to the Modern Acceptance of this Much-Abused Word.

Indianapolis Not Yet Ripe for Delsartism or Other Equally Foolish Fads—Something About Mr. Edmund Russell.

Art is defined as anything done by human skill—the opposite of nature. The definition of the word is growing to such a degree that any one who pursues any occupation, whether of what is so-called a refined character or not, is called an artist. One naturally supposes art to apply only to what are known as the fine arts, as painting, sculpture, engraving or music—those productions which appeal to the sentiments of imagination or taste. There is a free and broad sense for art as there is for work. A person skilled in any particular department of employment is an artist, even a man who can shave another man's face to a nicety advertises himself as a tonsorial artist; or one who applies himself to the other extreme and improves fingers and toes, also joins the ranks as an artist. There seems absolutely no limit to the professions.

Words come, go, reign or are deposed the same as kings, queens or street-railroad presidents, their time varying the same as that of a personality.

Just now "art" and "artist" carries the day with a varying degree of excellence.

We Are All Artists.

The men of a minstrel show are burnt cork artists, and the variety stage scintillates with "lightning change" artists, character sketch artists, song and dance artists. Every man, woman and child in the company is an artist (according to the posters.) Skill in any direction is commendable, whether natural or brought about by the most trying methods. All who pose as artists are not skilled. The title, if so it may be called, is so often assumed by persons who rush into publicity with an idea that the name or signature "artist" will bring them fame, and with that money. So-called artists are merely a group in the long procession which passes before our doors, invades our drawing-rooms, and reigns triumphantly over the range in the kitchen. The name artist calls for high wages or a salary. The name "lady" used to mean lady—a gentlewoman. Then lady grew, and was adopted by every woman of low degree, until it nearly lost its significance. To the thinking mind lady will always mean what was originally intended. To the ordinary mind "lady" is any woman who dresses up. Artist means much the same thing.

SLOW AND POKY.

Indianapolis has been called slow and poky, provincial and various other fossiliferous terms, even by persons who live in the place, make their living here, have their friends and will probably die here. To such one can say, with the Emperor of Germany, "if you do not like it, you can move away." There is no law forbidding such an one to come or go. Go to New York and be whirled to the top of the Grant monument in the elevator. Possibly the town is not as lively since last Sunday as it might be. Everyone knows there are no Parisian parks or art galleries, no great statues and many other evidences of wealth, but one thing can be said, it has not so gullible a public as some of the places which persons who bemoan its lack of patronage of the arts and progressive spirit point to.

The place is unique, and it can be judged by no other place, nor can any other place be compared to it.

Theater managers say that it is considered a good place in which attractions can be brought out with a degree of certainty as to whether a performance is to be successful or not. Managers of attractions value the dramatic criticism which they secure from the press. Good presentations at the theaters rarely lack patronage, even when they come in as rapid succession as Mr. Ingersoll, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Miss Yokes. There is very little loose cash in Indianapolis to be wasted on inferior or ridiculous things. The place is not one conducive to the healthful growth of fads.

NOT A SUCCESS.

Delsartism has never been a success, notwithstanding the several attempts to make it so. Even the smaller part, physical culture, has but few devotees. Teachers can scarcely make a living, and a plain and simple one at that, out of it. The physical training classes fade and die for lack of patronage. Mrs. Jenness Miller gave several talks on the subject, and about

Delsartean Suggestion for the Hon. "Jim" Rice.

"dress," and though she had quite an audience, by invitation, there are so few to follow any of her suggestions that one has almost forgotten what she said or even what she was here for. Such fads in this city are like the aurora borealis—few and far between.

The last to pose as a Delsartean was Mr. Edmund C. Russell, and some persons feel inclined to censure the press because it did not fall down and worship. One feminine admirer even went so far as to card a paper, saying:

The press of a city largely influences public opinion, and as Indianapolis is not celebrated for its patronage of the arts, for its progressive spirit, it can ill afford to bring contempt on itself by its wholesale ridicule of such a man of brains, such an artist, as Mr. Edmund Russell. It is provincial in the extreme, showing an utter lack of knowledge of the subject or the inability to appreciate such talent.

When this city affords a class of people who are wealthy and have nothing better to do than to follow every new fad, then it may be able to appreciate this man. Any one who enjoys the superficial will enjoy Mr. Russell's talks, just the same as one enjoys a gracefully written novel. He was delightful to watch, a perfect study of grace, expression and of the hundred and one delicate touches which women admire. One young woman of this city, who has traveled abroad, scorned the attentions of some young men of this city, who are compelled to work, upon her return. She would be able to appreciate Mr. Russell. To women falls the duty of making a home comfortable, and attractive. Mr. Russell gave valuable hints for the accomplishment of this duty. When he said our parlors