

DEDICATION OF NATIONAL MUSEUM

Structure Will Hold Collection which Should Equal Any on Earth in a Few Years—Something About the Plan and Scope of the Work.

By CHARLOTTE M. CONGER.

It is apparent to all those who took part in the inauguration of the new building for the National Museum on Thursday afternoon that this institution has come to a splendid maturity which promises as splendid a future, since it is finally installed in a building, not only adequate for its present needs, but with reserve space for increase and development.

Looking about at the many collections, walking through corridor after corridor filled with cases in which are displayed exhibits illustrating the different sciences, various forms of life, social and religious customs, and standing before the pictures, which are the beginning of a national gallery, it hardly seemed possible that a museum but little more than a half century old has come to such rank and importance.

Few people outside of the Capital, even those interested in scientific work, have any idea of the scope of this institution, its place in the scientific world, or that some of its collections are superior to any similar ones in existence. Educated Americans, students even, ignorant regarding the resources of the Museum, have crossed the ocean in search of material which lay at their very door. Such was the young ethnologist who made a pilgrimage to the University of Berlin, there to visit an authority in his branch and to examine the ethnological collection of American Indians.

"Go back to your own home," said the gruff old scientist to his would-be disciple; "go back to your own men and your own collection in the National Museum at Washington. We have nothing to equal their American Indian exhibit over here, nor have they in London. A fine ethnologist you'll make, not knowing your own authorities."

Plan of Early Origin.

The plan for a national museum originated as far back as 1788 in connection with a proposed Federal university which was much exploited in those days, but never materialized. Later on, in 1806, to be exact, Joel Barlow, preacher, speculator, political agitator, man of letters, one time American Minister to France, and the author of the Columbiad, which was to prove the great American epic, but survives only as a literary curiosity, and one of the most picturesque characters of his time, developed a plan for a national institution. His ideas were taken from the natural history and art museums of France, where he had resided for some time, and he was as enthusiastic in advocating this plan as he was in pushing every other project he attempted.

The young republic, however, was torn with too many political troubles at that time to consider its scientific and art interests, and Barlow's scheme came to nothing. The seed he planted lay dormant for many years, but it finally germinated and more than three decades after bore fruit, for in 1822 a national institute was actually established.

The author of this organization was the Hon. Joel Roberts Poinsett, of North Carolina, who at the time was Secretary of War in President Van Buren's Cabinet. Mr. Poinsett had had a most interesting career. He had passed a number of years in Great Britain as a student of medicine and the natural sciences at the University of Edinburgh, and as a cadet in the military academy at Woolwich. His travels had taken him to both Central and South America, and he had represented his country as minister at the Mexican court when Iturbide was Emperor.

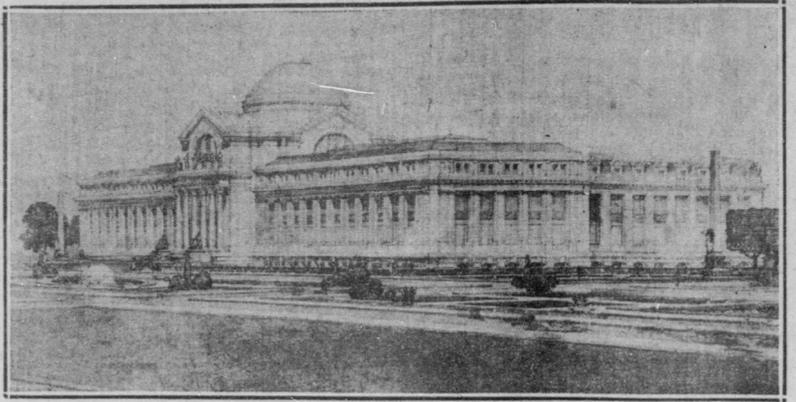
He had, too, served in the lower house for two terms, and was easily one of the best informed and broad-minded statesmen of his day, but, above everything else, he was a scholar and a student, and the crowning effort of his life was the founding of the National Institute, the last effort, as well, for shortly after this he retired to his estate at Statesburg, N. C., where he died ten years later.

Poinsett the Organizer.

Joel Poinsett is set down here as the organizer of the National Institute, for, although there were many others associated with him—there were at one time more than a thousand members on the rolls of the Institute—he was the moving spirit, the devoted pioneer who made the Institute possible.

The National Institute was incorporated by Congress in 1822 for a term of twenty years, "and no longer, unless Congress shall by law prolong its existence. Congress, however, made no law "to prolong its existence, and it was dissolved at the end of that twenty years and its collections, which included many valuable works of art, deposited with the Smithsonian Institution. Previous to this a collection of models and natural products, which had, until then (1828) been in the custody of the Commissioner of Patents, was placed in the Smithsonian, which already possessed the Smithsonian cabinet, an interesting and really scientific collection of minerals included in the founder's bequest.

There is a general misunderstanding of the relations of the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum. The beginnings of the Museum have been named above. Its object, in the simple words of the first Secretary of the Smithsonian, Prof. Henry, "is the establishment of a collection of specimens of nature and art which shall exhibit the natural resources and industry of the country, or present at one view the materials essential to a condition of high civilization which exists in the different States of the American Union; to show the various processes of manufacture which have been adopted by us, as well as those in other countries; in short, to form a great educational establishment, by means of which the inhabitants of our own country, as well as those of foreign lands who visit our shores, may be informed as to the means which exist in the United States for the enjoyment of human life in the present and their improvement in the future. The Smithsonian Institution, on the other hand, does not offer the results of its operations to the physical eye, but presents them to



National Museum, which was opened to the public last Thursday.

the mind in the form of new discoveries, derived from new investigations and an extended change of new ideas with all parts of the world."

Governed by Smithsonian.

The National Museum is governed by the Smithsonian Institution, but supported by appropriations made by Congress and dispensed by the Smithsonian authorities. The Smithsonian, as is well known, is maintained by funds bequeathed to the United States by John Smithson, the natural son of the Duke of Northumberland and "Elizabeth," as her son describes her, "the heiress of the Hungersfort of Studley and niece of Charles, the proud Duke of Somerset."

"The injustice he felt at the circumstance and despite the demands upon him has been always resourceful and seemingly tireless. The completion of the new building satisfies for the moment Mr. Rathbun's ambition for the Museum, and he has directed the installation of the exhibits with keen satisfaction, with real pleasure, in fact, which accounts for the ease with which he has mastered the task.

Mr. Rathbun's connection with the Museum dates back to 1878 when he was a scientific assistant in the Fish Commission from which post he was gradually promoted until he was made assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and director of the Museum in 1889. He has been in the Museum so long that he seems almost a part of it, a part of it, in truth, a valuable part. He knows every nook and cranny, every exhibit within its walls, and although his first scientific work was in zoology, he is as familiar with one department as with another.

There is nothing of the crabbed scientist about the director of the National Museum. His good nature is unfailing and he is never vexed or put out by meaningless questions and many, oftentimes stupid, demands made upon him by inconsiderate laymen. Mr. Rathbun has one indolency and only one, so far as his friends know, he will not sit for his photograph and no pleading or threat will move him from his position in this regard. When it was suggested to him the other day that if he would not consent to be photographed a composite picture of the most desperate and noted rogues in the country would be made and printed as his, he urbanely and smilingly responded he thought that would do very well.

Difficult to Describe.

He does not object to pen pictures being made of him, for the reason probably that it would avail nothing to object, but it is not an altogether easy matter to make a pen picture of the assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution that would really express the man. For no matter with what cunning an ambitious scribe might describe his figure, features, expression, and characteristics he would be likely to fall in giving those delicate and subtle touches that would give a proper idea of the delicate sense of humor and spirit of fun that lie hidden beneath his scientific cloak. Dissect a seemingly serious statement Mr. Rathbun may make and one is apt to find a joke at the heart of it. This sense of humor is, perhaps, the reason why the onerous duties of Mr. Rathbun's position have seemed so light for him to carry, that his capacity for work, hard work, which is almost a passion with him.

The chief thing of interest to the Museum staff just at present—the chief thing next, of course, to the new building—is the National Gallery of Art, its own child, by the way, which has been nurtured so carefully in the last few years that it has grown by leaps and bounds. Its rapid growth brings to mind a plant kept under glass until a certain period in its existence and then transplanted to the open air, when it develops rapidly, almost abnormally. The nucleus of the National Art Gallery has been accumulating in the Museum since the collection of the National Institute, which contained many valuable works of art, was deposited with it in 1822.

Since then it has received additions from many sources. A most important bequest was that made by Harriet Lane Johnston, the niece of President Buchanan and one time mistress of the White House, its mistress, in fact, when the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, visited this country. A lifelong friendship was formed at this time between the beautiful young American girl and the heir to the British throne which endured until Mrs. Johnston's death, and some of the treasures she bequeathed to the Museum were gifts from various members of the royal family of England, with whom, as well as with King Edward, she was ever a favorite.

Many Gifts Housed There.

The Charles L. Freer collection, which is known to art lovers, will remain in Mr. Freer's custody until his death, but the collection of William T. Evans, which consists of more than a hundred pictures of American artists of established reputation, is already in possession of the Museum. There are other gifts from individuals. The loan collection of Mrs. Tuckerman and the Moran historical collection, which is loaned by Theodore Sutro, of New York, altogether a remarkable exhibit for the beginning of a national gallery, which will develop along the best line, since all acquisitions are first passed upon by a committee made up of such distinguished authorities as F. D. Millet, president; Frederick Crowninshield, representing the Fine Arts Federation, of which he is president; Edward Blashfield, representing the National Academy of Design; Herbert Adams, representing the National Sculpture Society, of which he is president; and William H. Holmes, of the Smithsonian Institution, secretary of the committee.

The present collection is now hung in the lecture hall of the Museum, which has been divided up into several small galleries by screens and especially arranged for its display. But this is only a temporary arrangement, for the Museum will soon require the use of its lecture hall, and if the collection grows in the next five years as it has in the last five it will need an entire building for its own use. Mr. Freer has already provided for the erection of a gallery, but the

sum of half a million he has set aside for this purpose will not be available until after his death.

Mr. Rathbun has written a most interesting and comprehensive history of the National Gallery, giving its story from the foundation of the National Institute, which took the initial steps toward the creation of a national gallery, down to the present time. This book, which is well printed on fine paper, tastefully bound, and handsomely illustrated, will prove a valuable addition to the art history of America.

CATHOLIC WOMEN'S MEETING.

Discussion Centers Around Distributed Reproductions.

The Catholic Women's Circle held its regular meeting with Mrs. Coope, 705 Eleventh street northwest. Discussion centered around the distributed reproductions of various artists, among which were Bernardino Luini's "Madonna Enthroned," "The Saviour," and "Adoration of the Shepherds;" V. Verestchagin's "The Prophecy" and "Holy Family;" W. C. T. Dobson's "The Good Shepherd;" Jan Vermeer's "Christ with Mary and Martha;" G. von Hoell's "Mary, the Mother of Love;" Arthur Hughes' "Nativity;" William Holman Hunt's "Light of the World;" Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Annunciation" and "Girlhood of the Virgin Mary;" Tissot's Bible pictures, and G. Dabufe's angelic musicians, known as the "Ave Maria," forming part of the triptych representing the "Annunciation," which was sent to the exhibition of the Champ de Mars a few years ago.

M. Dubufe visited yearly and borrowed from the island at Capri its horizons and its terraces covered with vines outlined against the blue sky for the background of his great work, "The Life of the Virgin."

REFERENCE SYSTEM PLANNED.

Movement Started at Meeting Friday of Housekeepers' Alliance.

A movement has been started by the Housekeepers' Alliance to establish a better reference system for household workers. At the meeting Friday at the Columbian Women's Building, the secretary, Mrs. Alice E. Whitaker, opened the discussion by stating that householders remain practically alone in representing unorganized effort and interest. Through the committees on household economies in national federation clubs there is an attempt to attract the interest of housekeepers, but club leaders acknowledge this needs with the least enthusiasm of all branches of work planned by the general federation.

A resolution was adopted protesting against exposure of food, and asking that bakers in the District be required to wrap each loaf of bread in paper. The alliance announces a social evening, with an address by Dr. Wiley, on April 6, at the home of Mrs. Appleton P. Clarke.

EDUCATION IN ORIENT.

An interesting talk on the education of women in the far East was given at Chevy Chase Seminary by Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, whose enthusiasm for the possibilities of the foreign mission field has long since attracted public notice. Mrs. Foster showed the practical value of educational and Christian influences in elevating the condition of the Oriental women. The value of the information she gave concerning women of Japan, China, and India was appreciated. The lecturer was assisted by Miss Elizabeth Pierce, who gave vocal selections.

ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Frank E. Buckland Gives Vivid Snapshot Word Picture.

Frank E. Buckland spoke on "Along the Mediterranean" at a meeting of the Unity Club Wednesday night at Sixth street, with President L. H. Patterson in the chair.

His vivid snapshot word pictures carried his auditors along from Gibraltar, through the old capital cities of Moorish Spain, to white-robed Cadix by the blue sea, thence down to turbulent Tangiers, across the waters to Naples, to Alexandria and Cairo, and on to the Holy Land, to the ruins of the great Ephesian Temple and to Constantinople.

The balance of the programme consisted of a piano solo by Master Nash, which was well played. Mrs. Rosa L. Townsend sang "Don't You Cry, Ma Honey" to her own accompaniment. A vocal solo, "Garden of Roses," was given by Mrs. C. Harris, accompanied by Miss Helen M. Foraker, with an encore, "To the End of the World with You." A piano solo, "Melody, in F," was finely rendered by Miss Foraker, and encore, "Cavalleria Rusticana." Miss Grace Ross inimitably recited a little Irish ghost, and as an encore a dark dialect piece, winning much applause.

The secretary was instructed to write a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Ellen Vockey Seifert in the death of her husband. The meeting closed with the announcement of an illustrated lecture on "Panama," by Public Printer Donnelly, next month.

FRENCH ARCHITECT TALKS.

M. Camille Enlart's Lecture Enjoyed by Notable Audience.

M. Camille Enlart, director of the Museum of the Trocadero in Paris, gave his fourth and last lecture to the Washington group of the Alliance Francaise, at the Washington Club, 170 I street, on Tuesday evening. M. Enlart has given his whole life to the study of architecture.

Members who heard his lectures will never forget his description of the architecture and of the life of the monks from the ninth to the fifteenth century; the city in the middle ages; the castles and the feudal life.

He brought before his hearers the treasures of his museum which show the whole history of French architecture, foreign influence on French architecture, and the French influence on foreign art. He presented the masterpieces of the thirteenth century, the equals of any Grecian statuary. He also explained the meaning of a great number of bas-reliefs found in the different cathedrals and churches. In the audience last Tuesday were Mme. Jusserrand, the French naval attaché and Mme. Benoist d'AZY, M. Peretti de la Rocca and M. Tailhand, of the French Embassy; Mrs. Charles R. Shepard, Mr. S. F. Emmons, Mr. H. G. Crocker, Mrs. John Hay, Mrs. S. Cooby, Mr. G. O. Totten, Jr., Mr. W. D. Winwood, Mr. L. Limoges, Mme. Ed. Bimond, Mr. Wallis, Mr. Carter, Mr. Rene Samson, Mr. R. J. Biggs, Jr., and Mrs. G. S. Miller, Jr.

The next and last lecture of the season will be delivered on April 12, by M. Charles Le Verrier, grandson of the famous astronomer of that name. M. Le Verrier is a professor of literature and philosophy at the College Chaplain in Paris.

ODD FELLOWS TO CELEBRATE.

Ninety-first Anniversary of Founding of Order.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the District is making elaborate preparations for celebrating the ninety-first anniversary of the founding of the order. The growth of the organization during the past year has been wonderful, and its numerical strength is greater by many thousands than any other secret or fraternal organization. All the lodges of this jurisdiction have banded together in an effort to make the celebration the grandest in its history.

The ceremonies will be held in Odd Fellows' Temple, on Seventh street, April 25, and the committee in charge have arranged for a gentleman of national reputation to be the speaker of the evening, together with several members of Congress, who are members of the order, to take part in the ceremonies.

The programme will consist of speeches, musical numbers, and an array of talent, winding up with a reception and a grand ball, for which a large orchestra has been engaged.

Talks on Alexander the Great.

The Woman's National Press Association held its regular meeting Friday evening at the home of the president, Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, who presided. After an hour of important business, a paper was given by Miss Katherine Montgomery Dabney on "Alexander the Great."

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

DO YOU keep a birthday book?

The coming and passing of a birthday, and the receiving of half a dozen birthday letters that meant quite as much to me as any of my gifts, has filled me anew with an appreciation of the kindly custom of keeping a birthday book to remind one of one's friends' birthdays.

I do not believe in the exchanging of gifts with as large a circle for birthdays as at Christmas. A birthday seems to me an occasion which should be remembered by gifts only by the family or one or two closest friends. But I do think it is a beautiful custom to keep the date of all one's friends' birthdays and send them a word or two of greeting as they pass the yearly milestones.

It only need be a line or two, wishing him, in substance, the top of the morning on his birthday and happiness for the year to come.

It's just the thought that some one remembers and cares that this is an especial day for you that counts.

I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again," said a wise person once.

Now I'm quite positive that somehow he must have been thinking, among other things, of the keeping of birthday books. Aren't you?

I met a friend of mine who is an optician the other day and noticed that he gazed at me in a peculiar manner.

"Would you mind telling me what's the matter?" I asked after enduring the scrutiny as long as I could. "Is my hair coming down or is there a smut on my nose?"

"Neither," he laughed, "but will you please take your glasses off for a moment and let me look at them?"

I did, explaining that I had had a great deal of trouble with my eyes lately and was intending to go to the oculist to have them examined for stronger lenses.

"You don't need 'em," he said. "Here's your eye trouble right here," and he showed me how the glasses had become twisted so that they did not set in relation to the eyes at all as they should.

Glasses are ground on a certain axis, and when they get twisted off this axis, as they frequently do, much of their efficiency is lost.

He straightened them to the proper angle and my eyes have been better ever since.

If your eyes bother you at any time, instead of just promising yourself to go to your oculist and have them tested for stronger glasses some time in the dim future, why not go right off now to the optician and make sure it isn't some little thing about the set of your glasses that is to blame? RUTH CAMERON.

WALKS AND TALKS

By JULIUS CHAMBERS.

Representative Albert Douglas, of the Eleventh Ohio district, introduced in the House of Representatives recently a bill making an appropriation to erect a monument in Washington to one of the most superb specimens of manhood ever known to me. I refer to J. A. MacGahan, born in Perry County, Ohio, a newspaper correspondent, who in one year's time earned for himself the imperishable title of "The Liberator of Bulgaria." Clippings from the London Daily News printed in the winter of 1876 and 1877 describing the horrors of the Bashi-Bazouk massacres in Bulgaria lie before me as I write. The pen pictures that MacGahan drew were sufficient to stay the hand of Premier Disraeli, who was Oriental in his sympathies, and already had the best ships of the British navy in the Sea of Marmora and outside the Dardanelles ready to aid the Sultan of Turkey. But this young Ohio newspaper man, by telling the absolute truth about the conditions in Bulgaria, was able to prevent interference. In a month after he began his memorable ride through Bulgaria he had put an entirely new aspect upon the so-called Eastern question. England, whose people are sympathetic at heart, and, above all, Christian, had arisen in wordy revolt against the unholy alliance with the "Sick Man of Europe." It is very curious how this all came about, but as I happen to know the whole story it might as well be told here:

Janarius Aloysius MacGahan was born in Irish parents in Perry County, Gen. Bourbaki. As had luck had it, MacGahan did not see any fighting in the war proper, but he returned to Paris when the Commune broke out, and some of his letters descriptive of the terrible scenes during that reign of terror are marvelous. He was arrested and condemned to be shot, but he worked on his copy up to ten minutes of the appearance of the firing party, apparently unconcerned. In the nick of time the American Minister, Mr. Washburn, appeared with a pardon for him.

MacGahan and the writer first met during the height of the Virginia excitement. I was sitting in my room at the Russell House, in Key West, entertaining a lot of naval officers, some of whom are now rear admirals, when the door opened and the figure of a man of middle height, chunky, and with cheeks as rosy as a girl's cheek. He introduced himself as MacGahan. We did not need any further details. I distinctly recall the fact that Commander Cushing, in command of the Wachusett, a wooden corvette, was in the party. He was among the first to greet MacGahan, giving to him a title that forever stuck to him, "MacGahan of Khiva."

The glorious feat of crossing the Kara Kum and Kizil Kum deserts of Central Asia almost alone had been achieved by this intrepid young man—he was only twenty-six—and his praises were at that time being sounded throughout Europe and America. He was quiet and modest, despite his well-earned fame. He came at once the most popular member of the large corps of newspaper correspondents assembled at that wretched outpost of the United States, Key West. He was working upon his book about the Khivan campaign of Gen. Kauffmann, an immortal volume, that afterward appeared under the title of "Campaigning on the Oxus."

That the most valuable of all the friends MacGahan made on that terribly hazardous trip beyond the Aral Sea was young Skobelev, afterward Lieut. Gen. Skobelev, the hero, as a fighter par excellence, of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78.

All that Skobelev ever did for MacGahan was more than recompensed by MacGahan's classic description of Skobelev's attack upon the Gravita redoubt, on the Lofcha road, which will be found in Volume III of the "Daily News War Correspondence" (Tauchnitz edition), pages 88 & 82. Nowhere in the whole range of literature, from Tacitus to Cressy, can such a marvelous description of actual battle be found. "So vivid is it," said Gen. Francis V. Greene to me years afterward, "that one can smell the powder." It is the duty of every newspaper man who cares to know what can be done with a pen amid the carnage of battle to read that chapter of MacGahan's work.

However, I have anticipated. The next time I met MacGahan was on his return from his trip to the arctic regions, where he had gone as a correspondent with Allen Young in the Pandora. That last of all attempts to ascertain the fate of Sir John Franklin had resulted in nothing greater than penetrating Peel Strait to a farther point than had been previously reached. Apparently the Pandora attained very nearly the place at which the veritable trophies of the lost Sir John have since been discovered. Capt. Young was knighted by her most gracious majesty, but such are the rewards of journalism that MacGahan has no content himself with publishing his delightful story of the trip, "Under the Northern Lights." The charming title was suggested by the Russian lady who afterward became Mrs. MacGahan, came to this country after his death, with their son, and recently died here as a working newspaper woman.

A few years after MacGahan's return to London I was rushed off to Madrid because of some sudden complications arising out of the Virginia claims. I was living at the Hotel de la Paz, on the Puerta del Sol. The month was January, the streets were sloppy with sleet and snow. One morning soon after daylight a messenger came to my hotel and awakened me. He was only a "mozo," a servant of the lowest grade. What was worse, he was a Visayan and spoke a language neither Spanish nor French. He finally conveyed the information to me that an "amigo Americano" was in great trouble. I was to go to him at once. Hurriedly dressing, I followed the fellow through street after street, until we finally reached the poorest part of the big city. Climbing a series of steps, left-right, left-right, interminably, I was ushered into a foul-smelling apartment. There stood MacGahan. He was the same

MacGahan I had left only three months before in London. His story was soon told. He had sailed from Villa France or Southampton, I have forgotten which, upon a United States naval vessel for the West Indies, but, stopping at Lisbon for orders, the voyage had been countermanded by the Secretary of the Navy, and he had to return to Paris overland. There wasn't any trouble about getting money. In those days one could get a draft upon the journal we both served cashed anywhere in this world.

The long railway trip through Badajos and Ciudad Real then had begun. His train was due in Madrid about 6 o'clock, but it was far past midnight before he had arrived. The cabman, tired of waiting, had gone. The only conveyance MacGahan could find was a very shabby one. He had engaged it and told the driver to take him to the best hotel, with the result that he was carried to a shabby boarding-house. After a wretched night's sleep, he had been prevented from leaving until an extortionate sum was paid. He had got word to me by sending the man to the American embassy. It was a dull adventure. I settled with the landlady and took my distressed friend to my hotel.

After my return to London, MacGahan one day came into the office very angry. He explained that he had been refused permission by his employer to go to the scene of the troubles in Bulgaria. I suggested that we go into Bouvert street and see John R. Robinson, general manager of the Daily News. Within five minutes after I had introduced him Robinson had agreed to send the American to Turkey.

It was the turning point of his life. Although none of us realized it, he had had a momentous incident. Within twenty-four hours MacGahan had severed his connection with his American employer and was en route for the Western Orient. I never saw him again.

He rode through the burned and pillaged towns of Bulgaria. Everywhere he encouraged the suffering people. He told them, "The Czar will avenge your wrongs!" He stood among the shambles of Batak—and the two-column story is before me as I write—describing the heaps of slaughtered girls exactly as they lay in the public plaza of the village.

The Russians were mobilized upon the banks of the Pruth. Command was given to a grand duke, but the Czar was there for final review. Then followed the war. MacGahan rode with the invading army, first with Grand Duke Nicholas, then with Ghorulka, finally after Plevna, with the redoubtable Skobelev, the Bayard of the Russian forces. As he rode he sent sheaves of letters. He got a broken leg in the Schlipka Pass, but he never went to a hospital, although lamed for life.

He had no time to care for his own sufferings; he had to go to in the holy cause of humanity. "Courage! The Czar, God's agent, will punish!" he said to the Bulgarians. "Vengeance upon the Bashi-Bazouks!" he said to the Russian soldiers before every engagement.

There was one battle in the Schlipka Pass in which hand-to-hand fighting lasted for a mortal half hour, inspired by desire of the Russians to exterminate a band of these Turkish irregulars. When the Bulgarians were added to the Roumanian allies such a thing as a quarter was unknown. Extermination of the Turks was the cry.

MacGahan rode with the advancing Russian hosts. Below the Balkans they entered Adrianople, and finally Skobelev, with MacGahan at his side, reached San Stefano.

It is a beautiful little mosque-clustered suburb of Constantinople. To the northward the minarets, from which the call to prayers is made, could be described, and beyond the great domes of St. Sophia.

From that place MacGahan, on the eve of death, sent a most remarkable and statesmanlike dispatch summarizing the results of the Russian conquest. So impressive was it that Mr. Gladstone, then in the Opposition, had it read in the House of Commons.

Worn out, MacGahan was attacked with spotted fever. His case was seen to be hopeless from the first. His work was done. When the poor fellow died his body was reverently loaded into a boat and carried across the Bosphorus to the little English cemetery at Scutari. He was buried in Asiatic soil, the soil of his beloved Asia. Lieut. Gen. Skobelev, chum of that newspaper correspondent upon the Khivan campaign, was chief mourner at the graveside. Near him stood our own Maj. Gen. Francis V. Greene.

Years afterward a United States man-of-war went to Constantinople and brought the body of J. A. MacGahan back to the land of his parents. He is buried by the side of his parents, near the old home in Ohio. It was a deserved recognition of true worth. Now Representative Douglas, whose wife is a Brooklyn woman, suggests to Congress an enduring statue to this brave, earnest knight-errant of the newspaper. There should not be a negative voice heard from one end of this land to the other.

Bulgaria was redeemed because MacGahan strove and suffered, yea, unto death! Perhaps I should have spoken of MacGahan as the first grenadier rather than the knight-errant of the American newspaper. Under orders from the great Napoleon, the name of Latorre Duverne was kept for years upon the roll of the Imperial Grenadier Guards. Whenever that glorious name was called the sergeant would step forward and answer: "Dead on the field of battle!"

TENNESSEANS TO ORGANIZE.

Residents of Washington Start a Movement for State Society.

At a meeting Friday night of Tennesseans residing in Washington, a movement was started for the organization of a State society. The object is to promote social intercourse, and to bring together sons and daughters of the old Volunteer State. A public meeting will be called for an early date. Prominent Tennesseans will make addresses, and definite steps will be taken to form a permanent organization.

Prof. Jones Lectures To-night.

Prof. Thomas Jesse Jones, of Hampton Institute, who is temporarily assisting at the Census Office, will deliver a lecture to-day at Universalist Church on "Hampton Institute." The lecture will be illustrated. The service will be held at 8 o'clock.