mercial prestige has gone down. The recent failure of the great house of Russell & Co., which for 70 years maintained the dignity of American commerce in the East, is a notable event, and might well awaken grave reflections when we recall the other American houses that have fallen, and that Chinese trade which was the basis of the fortunes of an Astor and a Girard. It means, I am afraid, that Chinese merchants have learned Western methods, and beaten us.

Facts About the Missionaries.

The missionary, however, stands on a different footing. Much is written about him—in eulogy and censure. We are told that he goes from hamlet to hamlet with the self-denial of Xavier taking his life in his hands. We are told that he is an ignorant mischief worker doing more harm than good. Neither estimate is correct. The rhetoric of the missionary conference as it sings about Greenland's icy mountains must be accepted with the reserve due to enthusiasm. No one, however, can know the missionary in China without seeing how much sincerity and self-abnegation is given to his work. In many cases, and especially when the medical missionaries have had a chance, the religious results are gratifying. The difficulty in missionary effort is the impossibility of reaching the intelligent classes, the men of authority, the rulers of the small communes.

It is not so much the faith of Christ as the subtleties of faith, not so much a religion as a creed, that is presented by the missionary to the Chinese. It takes so many forms that even if the mind of the Chinaman were receptive, and not suspicious, its presentation would be attended with embarrassments not found among other races, even a people as advanced as the Japanese. Christ is brought to the Chinese in various forms. He comes as presented by our Methodist friends and by Presbyterian friends. In the American field of labor, as I remember it in Peking, there are four different bodies. A certain amount of harmony, as far advanced at least as to make them work in common, has been attained, but no Chinese convert can go far without discovering a difference in church discipline, if not in doctrines. The English have their special missions. Even if English and American Protestants were homogeneous there remain other potent Christian agencies. We have the Russian and the Catholic missions. The Chinaman is asked by the Russian to accept Christ according to the rites of the Greek, and by the French according to those of the Latin Church, the special difference to the Chinese mind being the manner in which the figure of our Savior is arranged on the crucifix.

Politics Hid in Religion's Cloak.

Moreover, and this I always fancied was an obstacle to our American friends, is the fact that behind the Russian and the Catholic propaganda are political aims. The ambition of Russia has ever been a problem for Chinese statesmen. And when the polity of the Russian empire is considered, and it is remembered that this aggressive, warlike power has for thousands of miles a frontier line contiguous to China; that Russia continually presses upon China by what I might call the process of crumbling and attrition, we can well understand the dread of China, its fear for its independence, and how difficult it is not to see the sword of the Cossack beneath the cross of the archimandrite. If the Chinaman were learned in Russian, and I might add French, history, he would have known that the cross was synonymous with the sword, that it was among the pastimes of earlier Popes to divide heathen lands among obedient kings, and that the power which gave the Pacific islands to faithful princes might in Asia be invoked to wider spoliation.

The Catholic missions embody a spirit of intense and sincere proselytism. The priest goes among the people. He adopts their customs, wears their dress, eats their food, learns their language, enters into their habits—becomes Chinese in all but his creed. If he cannot teach the faith in a cathedral he will be content with a hut. This arouses antagonism. An influence so silent and unseen, which permeates rather than flows, is more to be feared than the frank, ostentatious methods of the American and Anglican Churches. Apprehensions are awakened and rumors spread. One impossible story follows another, and among a sensitive, credulous people soon finds acceptance. Take the massacre in Tientsin in 1871, an inexplicable outbreak, causing the death of priests, nuns, consular and diplomatic officials, the sacking of churches and religious houses.

All Caused by False Reports.

It was sad in its consequences to those who suffered as well as the Chinese themselves, for France exacted a swift retribution. Yet it was only a panic—no special dislike to foreigners or foreign creeds, but an ignorant multitude suddedly, as it were, losing its head. The common people had whispered themselves into the belief that Sisters of Charity kidnaped Chinese children; that behind sealed convent walls terrible things were done; that Chinese children were put to death, their eyes taken out and used for medicines; that religion was a screen for cruelty and sin. With a wise government, with good temper on the part of the consular officers, with prudence and a careful observance by them of the antecedent symptoms of popular discontent, these terrible suspicions could have been removed, and even the most ignorant of the Chinese assured of the gentleness, the beauty and the beneficence of the religious influences they were persuading themselves to dread. The priests rested upon their consular representatives, the consuls upon Chinese authorities, and as authorities had a contempt for the missionary work, a contempt which I am afraid was not allayed by their intercourse with the mercantile and official foreigners, they gave no heed, until superstition and fear flamed into massacre and rapine.

When it became my duty to study the relations between the Chinese and the missionaries, the Tientsin massacre, as it was called, was an impressive lesson. In any event, and under the best circumstances, as I used to say to missionary friends, those who follow the cross must at times bear the cross. There is no special dislike on the part of the Chinese to missions. I say special dislikes, because we may as well understand, as a fact underlying intercourse between the Chinese and the foreigner, that they are averse to everything alien, that we are to them an inferior race, and that if by some decree of the Emperor a wall as high as Ararat could be built between China and the Christian world, it would be the most popular edict of his reign.

The Progress of the Orient.

We entered China by battering in the door, and Japan by threats to batter. What we found were not Indians, or Africans, or even the gentle and skilled Aztecs, whose fate is among the mournful problems of our latest civilization, but a subtle, ingenious, gifted race, with a religion, a literature, a philosophy, a code of laws, rites and ceremonies, with artistic methods in a condition of exquisite development. We found that they had already anticipated, in a rude fashion, some of the wonderful discoveries of the secrets of nature, which we claim as the glory of our Western genius. In essential arts and the means of living they had nothing to learn. Their agricultural processes were rude but efficient, more advanced than those among the peasants of Ireland and Spain. They needed nothing from the outside world. More than any nation China contains within itself the resources of empire. Their religion, repellent to those familiar with the gospel as preached from the Mount, had its own beauty and tenderness, and whenever accepted in their completeness the teachings of Confucius would, so far as good and evil were concerned, not be far behind those who followed Jesus of Nazareth.

The Chinaman is a merchant and has the faculty of knowing values and how to acquire values. I am aware that this is among the governing qualities of the gifted Hebrew race. I think I am right in my observation that China is the only country in which a Hebrew never thrived. He there encountered a mercantile intellect superior to his own. When, therefore, the Chinaman came to apply the mercantile standard to the new civilization, to see his moral as well as material profit and loss account—what was the result? China had given the world silk and tea, and the world was happier. It had received cotton goods and opium—cotton goods which could be made in Shantung as cheaply as in Manchester, and opium the curse of the race. The Chinaman's studies had opened his eyes to the fact that opium had been forced upon him by the arms of Great Britain, that the rulers of the Indian Empire might balance the budget of that vast dependency.

Opium the National Curse.

I could not, without apparent extravagance, make clear the bitterness of Chinese feeling upon the opium question. Chinese statesmen, in their many conversations, never referred to it but as men who had been bitterly wronged. "We know," they would say, "what opium means to our people. We know that it is the only habit which has become a national vice. Tobacco they accept in a gentle form, alcohol they dislike. They have no knowledge of the fatal poisons which are called indulgences in European lands. We issue degrees degrading officials and punishing others who give way to opium. We would to-morrow tax it or drive it out of the empire, but how can we do so? It would be war again, as it was war before. And you call this your new faith. You say you come to teach us how to be good, to be better in this life and happier in the life to come. Those are beautiful words, and we listen to them. When we have heard you speak and ask what you bring, we see only opium."

America is not responsible for opium, although there was a time when the influence of an American Minister, if it had been wisely directed, might have given our country a better record than that which it was compelled to endure until the admirable treaty of Mr. Trescot and Mr. Angell. But except among the discerning classes, the Chinese mind has never been trained to distinguish between the various species of foreigners. They are alike to him. Their presence has but one meaning. Opium is the curse of their empire. They must indure it as the penalty of a humiliating war. So long as Christianity and opium are synonymous terms, there will be misunderstanding. Until the opium problem is settled with honor and dignity, and this terrible vice does not come as a part of our holy religion American, and especially missionary influence, must suffer from the bitterness felt toward an evil which China accepts and resents as among the consequences of Christian civilization.

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

A 'SQUIRE'S INTERESTED LENIENCY.

He Allows a Prisoner to Go Scot Free for Fear of Losing a Debt.

MT. KISCO, N. Y., July 4.—This usually quiet village is in a turmoil. A terrible crime has been committed, and the perpetrator has escaped. He did not wait for the law. Neither did the citizens. They organized a lynching party, provided incidentally with tar and feathers as well as a rope. He got away to Connecticut. In this he was assisted by the dereliction of a Justice of the Peace, and feeling runs high in the village against him. Wright Eckert is a farmer, living on the outskirts of the town. He was charged with criminal assault and admitted his guilt. Eckert was arraigned, when the Justice, despite the evidence and the prisoner's confession, allowed him to go, as "he needed a day to decide." Eckert at once left town.

The news of the result of the case spread rapidly among the indignant residents of the village, and a number of them organized into a vigilance committee. One barrel of tar and two bags of feathers were procured, besides a good strong rope and a convenient post in the center of the village which was selected in case it was needed. The party then started for Eckert's house, which is within a short distance of the railroad station. They broke in the door. Mrs. Eckert begged that they would spare her and her children. She denied that her husband was in the house. It is said that Eckert is in Bridgeport. Some went so far to-day as to assert that the action of the justice was due to the fact that Eckert owed him a bill of $20, and that he was afraid to lock the prisoner up for fear he would not get his money. Lawyer Adams not only acted as counsel for the town, but also for the prisoner. It was due in a great measure to his action that the prisoner was allowed to escape.

A CURIOUS TRADITION.

The Name of Lyon Stricken From the Declaration of Independence.

BALL GROUND, GA., July 4.—There is a curious tradition in the Lyon family, of this place. Captain P. H. Lyon says that the first of the family to come to this country were four brothers, one of whom was his great-grandfather. They settled in Virginia and North Carolina. When the struggle with Great Britain for liberty came at last one of them became very prominent and was honored by his fellow citizens sending him as a delegate to the Continental Congress.

While in Congress the independence of this country was declared and the Declaration of Independence was signed, he being one of the signers. It seems that he was an enthusiastic rebel in his hatred toward the mother country, and very anxious that that power be crushed at once.

About the end of the disastrous campaign of 1776 he became so exasperated at what he termed Washington's vacillating policy and weak methods of dealing with the enemy that he made a very bitter attack in Congress on the Commander in Chief. In a few days came the brilliant victories at Trenton and Princeton.

This success of our arms put Delegate Lyon in a bad box. Washington's friends, smarting under the scoring they had received, determined on revenge. The test of loyalty to the colonial cause was, "Are you loyal to Washington?" and, of course, as he was not, he was in for it. A motion was made to expel him from the congress, and after a strong debate was carried.

Not only was he expelled, but his name was erased from the Declaration of Independence. Curious, was it not?

And, if true, still more curious that history does not mention the incident!

WHISKY SPOILS A WEDDING.

The Bridegroom Comes Intoxicated and Is Ordered Out by His Betrothed.

NEW YORK, July 4.—Mrs. Agnes North, a young and pretty widow, the daughter of Francis J. Oakes, a wealthy resident of the Steinway section of Long Island City, was to have been married Tuesday afternoon to Samuel Bell. The bride was ready at the appointed hour and the minister was waiting, but the bridegroom failed to appear. A messenger was sent to his residence, but he was not at home. The minister and assembled guests began to get anxious and the unfortunate young woman's family had about decided to inform the guests of Mr. Bell's failure to be on hand, when the missing bridegroom entered.

The person he met first was Mr. Oakes, who at once saw he was in no condition to act as a principal at a wedding. Mr. Oakes frowned with indignation and ordered the young man from the house. Bell started in to argue the matter with his intended father-in-law. The discussion was becoming heated and the guests, who had crowded into the hallway, were fearful that Mr. Oakes would throw the young man out, when there was a rustle of skirts on the stairs and Mrs. North appeared. Without a moment's hesitation she pointed a gloved hand toward the front door. "Leave the house," she commanded, "and never let me see you again." Without demurring, Bell followed her instructions. As the door closed upon the form of her intended husband the young woman swooned and had to be carried to her room.

Those Leaving the City

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Blaine.

A GROUP OF GRAVES

In Which Lie a Family Famous in Western Pennsylvania History.

TOMBS OF THE BRACKENRIDGES.

Important Literary Work of the Elder Judge and His Talented Son.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD NEAR TARENTUM.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

HERE is an interesting group of graves just within the gates of Prospect Cemetery at Tarentum. The names upon the stones are those of a family celebrated in the history of Western Pennsylvania, and the epitaphs beneath them are of the same classic character which made the literary works of two members of this family so enduring as the marble that marks their last resting places.

Upon one of the tombstones is this inscription: "Henry Marie Brackenridge—traveler, author and jurist—Departed this life January 18, 1871, aged 85 years and 10 months. A man of honor, truth and merit. A friend to those in adversity."

Buried beside the Judge is his wife Caroline, who passed away in 1852. At the very foot of her grave is another mound of earth marked by a tombstone of exactly the same size, the inscription carved in the marble in identically the same style of lettering as the Judge's and his wife's. It reads as follows:

Tomb of a Faithful Servant.

"Leah Orbison, a faithful servant in the Brackenridge family for over 36 years, departed this life March 10, 1869, aged about 76 years.—"Then Peter opened his mouth and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."

Leah Orbison was a colored woman, and she often remarked that when she died she wanted to be buried at the feet of her old "missus," whom she fairly worshiped. And there she rests to-day.

Not only did Judge Brackenridge outlive his wife nearly 20 years, but he buried his son while he himself was still hale and hearty. The son's grave is on the left of the father's tomb, and the inscription on the stone reads:

BENJAMIN MORGAN BRACKENRIDGE,
Died 1862, aged 33 years.
Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines;
Shrines to no code or creed confined,
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Nucleus of the Mind.

Back of B. M. Brackenridge's tomb are two other graves, one marked thus: "Edward Stiernen, M. D., chemist, botanist and mineralogist; died March 27, 1868." Mrs.

The Brackenridge Homestead.

Stiernen is interred alongside the doctor, and only a year and a half ago their daughter was laid to rest beside the grave of B. M. Brackenridge.

First Foreign Woman Naturalized.

Dr. Stiernen was a cultivated German, who came direct from Bremen to take the position of chief chemist in the soda works located near the Brackenridge homestead. Benjamin M. Brackenridge wooed and won the daughter, Cornelia, and married her. She was one of the first foreign women to be naturalized in the United States. Her husband dying so soon, and an immense estate coming into possession of herself and children at the death of Judge Brackenridge, she became noted as one of the keenest business women in Allegheny county. She was indeed a blessing to the community in which she lived, and no woman in the valley of the Allegheny was loved quite so much as Mrs. B. M. Brackenridge. Her son, Henry M. Brackenridge, is now the proprietor of the old estate.

One other grave in the Brackenridge lot is marked by a beautiful piece of sculpture. It is the tomb of Mrs. Cornelia McKelvy, the daughter of Mrs. B. M. Brackenridge, who died in 1882. Her husband, J. Erastus McKelvy, is a prominent member of the Pittsburg bar. In the center of this group of tombs arises a plain marble shaft, upon which is cut the names of all those interred in the lot. A circular hedge row of pine incloses the sacred plot of ground.

Judge Hugh Henry Brackenridge.

But the head of this family is not buried here. That was the famous Judge Hugh Henry Brackenridge. His connection with the great Whisky Insurrection, and his magnificent career as a lawyer and a writer, has familiarized his name to all students of the country's history west of the Alleghenies. It is only with his literary work that this article will deal, and in that connection it is worth while stating that the first efforts of his pen were so vigorous as to inaugurate in Pennsylvania the once-popular custom of attempting to horsewhip an editor. In 1776 Judge Brackenridge was editor of the *United States Magazine*, at Philadelphia. He had written some severe strictures of the celebrated Lighthorse Harry Lee, and censured him for his course toward George Washington. General Lee, in a rage, called at the office in company with some of his aids, with the intention of assaulting the editor. He knocked at the door, while Brackenridge, looking out of the upper story window, inquired what was wanting.

"Come down," said Lee, "and I'll give you as good a horse-whipping as any rascal ever received."

"Excuse me, General," replied Brackenridge, "I would not go down for two such favors."

The Old Homestead Still Stands.

Much of the private library and manuscripts of Judge H. H. Brackenridge descended to his son, Judge Henry Marie Brackenridge, whose grave at Tarentum is described above. H. M. Brackenridge came into possession of the large estate still held by the family above Tarentum, and his old homestead, built nearly 70 years ago, still stands on the shore of the river, and is occupied by the great grandson of the original Judge, one of the best-known business men in the valley.

Judge Henry H. Brackenridge was also a distinguished literateur, and one day last week I was privileged to spend an afternoon in the library left by the two most polished writers Allegheny county ever produced. H. M. Brackenridge devoted much of his literary labors to reproducing the best works of his father, with notes, explanations and additions. Perhaps the most taking thing that H. H. Brackenridge ever wrote was a book entitled "Modern Chivalry." He had passed through the scourge of public opinion in the Whisky Insurrection, and he had dealt with treacherous politicians of that early day. "Modern Chivalry" appeared two years after the great insurrection of the Monongahela valley, and in its pages are discovered many traces of those troubled times.

What Prompted the Book.

"His object," says the son, "was to write something that would indoctrinate the people themselves on the subject of government, and correct those errors into which their almost boundless state of freedom would be apt to lead them. Dry dissertations like those of Montesquieu and others would do for the learned, but would not be read by one in ten thousand of the people. He at first thought of a form like Butler's 'Hudibras,' but concluding that this would not be so likely to be read as prose, he determined to try the plan of Gervantes in his 'Don Quixote.' His hero, Captain Farrago, is no mad man, however, but simply an eccentric."

This book came out in a period when the literature of America was young. In writing it Brackenridge had another object in view, and that was to establish a style. He sacrificed the sense of the story he was writing for the sake of language. He proposed to make "Modern Chivalry" a model of good writing, and he dared critics of that period in this language: "It is true Homer has been criticised by Zoilus and Aristotle, but the one contented himself with pointing out defects, the other beauties. But Zoilus has been censured, Aristotle praised, because in a model there can be no defect.

Censure Would Be Absurd.

"I have no objections therefore to any praise that may be given to this work, but to censure it or blame must appear absurd; because it cannot be doubted but that it will perfectly answer the end proposed. If

In the Brackenridge Burial Ground.

hereafter any author of supereminent abilities should choose to give this style of mine a body, and make it the covering to some work of sense, as you would wrap fine silk round a beautiful form, so that there may be not only vestment but life in the object, I have no objections."

Other of Judge H. H. Brackenridge's books included, "Adventures of Major O'Reagan," "Law Miscellanies," and almost countless contributions to magazines and newspapers of a century ago. His most valuable contribution, however, to history was the volume "Incidents of the Whisky Insurrection," published in 1795. But in 1852 Judge H. M. Brackenridge published the best work on that bitter episode in our local history which we have at the present day. It was a most complete history of the insurrection written up impartially, and many of the more rabid statements and strictures were stricken out of the first Judge Brackenridge's book.

Historic and Narrative Work.

The second Judge Brackenridge also wrote a history of the War of 1812, which is one of the most reliable records extant. He was secretary of the Government commission which made a voyage of exploration to South America on the frigate Congress, and in 1822 his interesting narrative of this voyage was published by an English house, and was extensively read in America.

"Louisiana" was the title of another perfectly written volume of H. M.'s travels.

The present occupants of the old Brackenridge mansion still have the desk on which the literary productions of H. M. Brackenridge were indited. The library contains autograph copies of nearly all the two Judges' books, many of which are penciled on the margin by the last Judge as to interpretations and definitions. The grounds surrounding the mansion are handsome, and within such a comfortable retreat one can readily understand the source of inspiration and leisure back of the polished diction of a Brackenridge.

L. E. STOPIEL.

A GREAT DETERIORATION.

Comparative Loss of $25,000,000 in the Treasury Last Month.

WASHINGTON, July 4.—The form of the debt statement has been changed so often, and this newest form adopted by Secretary Foster is so puzzling, that Uncle Sam would need to be an expert accountant to get anything like a clear idea of the appalling rapidity with which he is running behind in his financial position. Fortunately, however, a very fair idea of the current deterioration can be obtained by an analysis of the national receipts and expenditures of last month in comparison with those for June, 1890.

With a reduction of $5,915,042 in revenue and an increase of $18,986,720 in expenditures, the month shows a deterioration of $24,601,762. In June, 1890, the revenue exceeded the expenditures by no less a sum than $22,905,508. Last month the expenditures exceeded the revenue by $1,996,253.

ON THE SILVER QUESTION.

The London News Thinks Good American Crops Will Stave It Off.

LONDON, July 4.—The *News*, in its financial article to-day, gives the opinion of a leading American financier visiting London, to the effect that the prospective large crops and good prices in America will so enlarge business that there need be no fear of an early lapse to silver as a standard.

The *News* coincides with this opinion, and says that this view is proved by the increased prices of grain and cotton in America.

SECOND EXCURSION TO ATLANTIC CITY

Via the Picturesque B. & O. R. R.

On Thursday, July 16, 1891, via Washington, D. C., Baltimore and Philadelphia. Excursion tickets for the round trip ten dollars ($10), tickets good for ten days, and good to stop at Washington City returning. Special trains, with Pullman parlor and sleeping cars and day coaches, will leave B. & O. depot, Pittsburg, at 8:15 A. M. and 9:20 P. M. For detailed information address or apply to E. D. SMITH, Division Passenger Agent, Pittsburg, Pa.

Of Interest to Mothers.

The success of Mrs. Annie M. Beam, of McKeesport, Pa., in the treatment of diarrhoea in her children will undoubtedly be of interest to many mothers. She says: "I spent several weeks in Johnstown, Pa., after the great flood, on account of my husband being employed there. We had several children with us, two of whom took the diarrhoea very badly. I got some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy from Rev. Mr. Chapman. It cured both of them. I know of several other cases where it was equally successful. I think it cannot be excelled, and cheerfully recommend it." WSU

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Blaine.

THE MUSIC WORLD.

A Glorious Fourth Recalls How the Youngest Nation Has Made

PROGRESS IN THE YOUNGEST ART.

World's Fair Plans, Mascagni at Berlin and Clarence Eddy Here.

SOME GENERAL NEWS AND COMMENT

Yesterday was at least a major "Fourth," if, indeed, it cannot be properly called augmented in comparison with previous celebrations. Out at the new Schenley park, which the newer bridge makes so easily accessible, there was music galore, sandwiched in among the speeches, the sports and the fireworks. Four bands were scheduled for the whole day in the various sections of the big pleasure ground. In the morning's formal programme every other number was given to the May Festival chorus or the Great Western Band. Only about one-third of Mr. Retter's singers turned out, but they sang sweetly the good, old national tunes that expressed the sentiment of the day more completely than the most eloquently spoken words could possibly do.

The glorification of our free institutions and their founders and of our great material progress formed, of course, the dominant strain in the speeches. The gifted orators seemed to know, however, that in music the "Fourth" is only the sub-dominant, and therefore said less about our advancement in this and the other arts.

Maybe that was wise. The fine arts are the product of a nation's maturity and we are too young a people to be able to court a comparison with our older brothers as to our absolute achievements in this department. Nevertheless, even in the youngest of the arts this youngest of the great nations has advanced with longer strides than any other, albeit she has not yet got quite so far along.

We have already produced some composers of whom we need not be ashamed. Such names as Paine, Bristow and Buck, among the elders, and MacDowell and Chadwick, among the younger men, occur instantly to mind. Musical writers like Thayer, Apthorp, Merz and Krehbill stand to our credit. Our artists, especially the singers, now occupy a large share of the world's attention. The field of musical education is being more and better cultivated, until now our teachers rank with the best masters of Europe for most purposes. Among the steady stream of foreign musicians and artists attracted hither by the round dollars in which we so liberally express our musical appreciation, we have kept for our own such men as Seidl, Thomas, Damrosch, Zerrahn, Rummel and Joseffy, and our next season will find Xaver and Philip Scharwenka, Jadassohn and Adolph Brodsky among other famous musicians. The quality and quantity of musical activity are constantly increasing, and throughout it all runs more and more the trend toward distinctively American characteristics.

Even such a hasty generalization as the foregoing paragraph shows clearly the existance of a musical culture altogether marvellous in a nation which in less than six-score years has established its independence of foreign rule, confirmed its stability against internal attack, and made good its dominion over the boundless natural resources of this great, new continent. Under such conditions the mere struggle for existence as a people and as individuals would seem to be enough, the creation of our entire material civilization much more than enough, to occupy that brief space of history—leaving all that we have gained in music and kindred lines, which can only flourish after all these other things have been done, to be accounted as just that much beyond all reasonable expectation.

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Music at the Columbian Exposition.

This connection is an appropriate one for considering the plans for the musical features of the World's Fair, which should be a worthy celebration and exemplification of all that has been accomplished on the continent whose discovery 400 years ago is to be then commemorated. The opportunity is a great one for musical America, and many suggestions have been made. The ideas advanced by Mr. S. G. Pratt, indorsed by the authority of Mr. Theodore Thomas, under whose actual direction the music at the fair will be, are thus spoken of by Chicago *Presto:*

Mr. Pratt's principal suggestion is that singers should be brought from each State to form a national choral union and that each State should have its own choral organization complete and intact, the Governor of the State to be the honorary President. He does not think it advisable to employ celebrated solo singers for the occasion. Mr. Pratt further advises that a national chorus once formed should be maintained and great festivals of the same character as those which he proposes should be given at the World's Fair, be held triennially or decennially. This, at first sight, seems to be a formidable proposition, but as the plan for the chorus at the Fair develops, it is possible that a permanent chorus of this kind will not be so difficult to organize and maintain as it seems. There is great need in the United States for the organization and maintainance of choral organizations, which have a powerful influence on the national character, and it is quite possible that the organization of a chorus for the World's Fair will give an impetus to choral singing in the United States.

Then the Boston *Herald* says: Of the many rumors that have flown eastward from Chicago relative to the plans for the World's Fair in 1892 none was more interesting to the student of national artistic development than that concerning the scheme for a musical competition. The plan has not yet been fully settled upon nor even discussed in detail, but in a general way it is safe to say that prizes of some sufficient amount of money will be offered for several musical compositions of different kinds, two for instrumental works, a symphony and a suite, and two for choral, and oratorio and some lighter work, like a cantata.

Though there is plenty of time for completing arrangements for suitable musical features, these two ideas, which all will recognize as of first importance, are of a nature that demands action at once. Such a choral scheme cannot be organized in a day; it needs all the time that can be had. The same is true of the competition. There must be plenty of time for the composers to learn of the offer and then ample time for the best work to be done. Drafts on the Muse are not generally honored on sight; the best works have to wait for the spirit to move.

Good Music Need Not Be Hard.

Dr. George F. Root, addressing the graduating class of a Chicago conservatory, made a needed plea for simple music, music suited to the appreciation of all. Here is a fragment that goes to the root of the matter:

"But," it may be said, "we wish to give good music, not trash." So you should, but there are two things to be said on that subject; first, there is the true and genuine, and the crude, untasteful and incorrect, at every grade, from the simplest to the most difficult. There is as much "trash" at the Wagner grade as at the lowest. Not that Wagner has given us trash—I hold him to be true and genuine. Second, that which is true and genuine on every grade is the "good music" —the other is the trash, be it difficult or simple.

The phrase "good music" is much used to designate music of some difficulty, and "trash" is often indiscriminately applied to all simple music.

This is a grave error which it ought not to be difficult to see.

And yet untold numbers of people are continually deterred from musical pleasures and benefits because of this same grave error, thinking that great difficulties have to be overcome before anything truly good in the performance or in the appreciation of music can be attained.

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Rustic Chivalry Seen in Berlin.

A personal letter from Mr. Ethelbert Nevin, dated at Berlin June 16, contains the following interesting comments on the little opera that just now has all Europe by the ears:

The musical interest of the week has been centered in Angelo Neumann's production of "Cavalleria Rusticana," by the young Italian composer, Mascagni.

Perhaps it is unfair to criticise so unique a creation on one hearing, but one cannot help being impressed—and impressions are some times interesting. The whole tone of this curious one act music-drama is morbid and far-fetched. There is very little musical purity in it; a great deal of sensation, and still more of beautiful, rich and wonderful instrumentation.

The work strikes one as being immature; the composer gives promise of much greater and more musical music. It is—to the musician—well worth a hearing, but the lover of music had better save his ducats and go to hear the "Barber of Bagdad," by Cornelius.

Mascagni deserves no end of praise and encouragement for his invention and his orchestral construction, but there is nothing that one can take away and enjoy afterward. When music loses that power, it has lost much; it deals essentially with our emotions, and emotions for the moment are not nearly so wholesome and nourishing as emotions that bear thought, that improve and help in time.

I hear Bote & Bock have paid 40,000 marks for the publishing rights for Germany and Austria. I can't conceive of anything more dreary than a pianoforte potpourri of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and I hope Bote & Bock will come out ahead financially.

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A Midsummer Organ Recital.

The new organ of the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church—a three-manual instrument, exceptionally complete, which cost in the neighborhood of $8,000—will be formally inaugurated by a recital next Thursday evening. The organist will be Mr. Clarence Eddy, who has probably "opened" more organs than any other man in the country, and who needs no commendation to the local public. From Chicago also comes the assistant singer, Miss Christine Nielson, a young contralto of much repute in the West. The following programme will be observed:

1. (a) Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue.....Thiele
   (b) Andantino.....Chauvet
   (c) Capriccio.....Lemaigre
2. (a) Prelude to "Otho Visconti".....Gleason
   (Arranged by Clarence Eddy.)
   (b) Fantasie on the Portuguese Hymn. (New).....Grison
   (Dedicated to Clarence Eddy.)
3. Aria, "Awake, Saturnia," (Semele)....Handel
   Miss Christine Nielson.
4. Overture to "William Tell" (By request.) .....Rossini
   (Arranged by Dudley Buck.)
5. (a) Romance, Evening Star." } Tannhaeuser.
   (b) Pilgrim's Chorus. } .....Wagner
   (Arranged by Clarence Eddy.)
6. Songs: (a) Ich Groll Nich.....Schumann
   (b) The Birch Tree } .....Grieg
   (c) Good Morning }
   Miss Christine Nielson.
7. (a) March of the Magi Kings } .....Dubois
   (b) Tocatta in G major. }
8. (a) Harvest Home (new).....Spinney
   (b) Largo (Arr. by S. B. Whitney)....Handel
9. "The Song That Reached My Heart"..Jordan
   Miss Christine Nielson.
10. War March of the Priests (Athalie)..... .....Mendelssohn
    (Arranged by W. T. Best.)

Crotchets and Quavers.

THE Royal Academy of Music, Stockholm, has had a medal struck in memoriam of Jenny Lind.

NICODE's symphonic poem, "Ode to the Sea," for orchestra with chorus, was recently given at the Berlin Philharmonic concerts. It is considered one of the great productions of the year.

THE Brooklyn Choral Society will enlarge its chorus of 300 to 500, and will give three concerts in the Brooklyn Tabernacle next winter. Mr. Mortimer Wiske remains as conductor of the society.

MARIE RITTER-GOETZE, the favorite contralto of the Metropolitan Opera House last season, has come back from Europe to sing at the Newark and Milwaukee festivals and a few other concerts this month.

IT is reported that Montegriffo has been engaged by Charles E. Locke as leading tenor of the Emma Juch Grand Opera Company. Locke's perseverance is great. But then he probably has now nothing to lose; he is a burglar-proof Locke, and, being poor, he seems determined to be always with us.

MASCAGNI has finished his new comic opera on the subject of "L'Ami Fritz" of Erckmann-Chatrian. The work has been completed in less than two months. The new opera contains three acts; its title is "Suzel," and we are told it breathes the perfume of love and is replete with fine sentiments.

AT the last concert given by the Philharmonic Society in Stockholm Adolph Jensen's oratorio, "Jephtha and His Daughter," with orchestral accompaniments; Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "Phaeton," and Grieg's "Olav Tryggvason," for solos, chorus and orchestra were performed. The conductor of the society is Mr. Andreas Hallen.

TERESA CARRENO made a phenomenal success with E. A. MacDonell's D minor piano Concerto at the recent meeting of the Tone Artists' Society in Berlin. Such critics as Ehrlich, Tappert and Otto Lessmann praised enthusiastically the brilliant playing and unqualifiedly indorsed the Concerto as being one of the important works of its class published lately. Carreno has had great success everywhere with it on the Continent.

AT the Handel Festival just held at Crystal Palace, London, the chorus consisted of 750 sopranos, 698 tenors and 790 bassos, a total of over 3,000 singers. The band numbered 560 executants, made up of 114 first violins, 106 seconds, 85 violas, 72 violoncellos, 61 double basses, 13 flutes, 9 clarionets, 14 oboes, 12 bassoons, 3 double bassoons, 10 horns, 7 trumpets and cornets, 8 trombones, 3 tubas, 3 kettledrums, 1 grosscaisse and a great organ in the skillful hands of A. J. Eyre, organist, to accompany. August Manus was the conductor.

THE London correspondent of the *American Art Journal*, speaking of the Carl Rosa Company's poor balance sheet this year, says: "Miss Zelie de Lussan, for example, now receives a salary of $600 per week, a larger sum than has ever before been paid to an artist on tour in English opera. The expenses are, however, save as to Miss de Lussan, now to be cut down." That speaks well for our American singer and serves to show moreover, how hard a place to fill is that which the lamented Carl Rosa created for himself.

ACCORDING to the London *Lancet*, music possesses distinct medical properties, acting as a tonic to the nerves and "refreshing the vascularity of every organ." There are not a few organs about this town, however, whose "vascularity" seems to grow worse the more you try to treat them musically. Even a big allopathic dose of oil doesn't cure them, and the rest-cure only makes them worse. Music committees need to be told that nothing but heroic surgical treatment, constantly applied by a skilled organ doctor, can keep a fine instrument in good health and the organist in good temper.

ONE of the most interesting parts of Mr. Wilson's "Year Book" is the excellent index, because it shows at a glance the comparative popularity in America of various composers. Some of the Americans, like Paine, Foote, Buck, McDowell and Chadwick, have a good showing. It is encouraging to see Bach with 18 entries, but the fact that Franz has only five indicates the weakest point of our musical culture—the shameful neglect of German *Lieder* in our concert halls. The most striking lesson given by the index, however, is a most utter disappearance of Italian music. Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini and Verdi together have only 29 entries, while Wagner alone has 183.—*New York Post.*

THE cable dispatch recently printed in a morning cotemporary purporting to give the list of Mr. Abbey's engagements for his season of Italian opera was an utter absurdity on its face. Neither Mr. Abbey nor any other manager would think of engaging Scalchi, Trebelli and Giulia Ravogli, three contraltos of acknowledged first rank. Neither would he engage the two baritones, Lasalle and Maurel. The company given in the dispatch referred to would make it an absolute certainty that the plucky impresario would meet with ruin. Mme. Albani's American agent announces that she has signed a contract with Mr. Abbey. This makes it look probable that the list furnished by the Associated Press was correct. It comprised the names of Albani, Emma Eames and Melba, Capoul, and the De Reszke brothers.—*New York Times.*

MR. HOWARD PEW, the genial press agent for Gilmore's Band, writes THE DISPATCH in a jubilant strain, not altogether without reason, as follows: "The popularity of Mr. P. S. Gilmore has just been again demonstrated in New York by his making a great success of the promenade concerts in the Madison Square Garden, a place which seats from 12,000 to 15,000 people. The Strauss Orchestra was there last summer when the garden company lost an enormous amount of money. Similar concerts were attempted by the Seidl Orchestra, Cappa's Band, etc., with disastrous results. Gilmore, in his usual enthusiastic way, has made his season of a month a conspicuous success, which drew to a close on Thursday evening, with a sort of jubilee concert. On Saturday, his band opened its fourteenth consecutive season at Manhattan Beach, where it will remain during the summer, and go to the St. Louis Exposition again in September, which will be the eighth season in that city."

COST OF COMFORTS

Are Less in Philadelphia Than in Any Other Large City.

HOW THE MIDDLE CLASS LIVES.

Making the Dollars Reach in Table Service and in Dress.

A CHEAP WAY TO SPEND THE SUMMER

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Philadelphia is delightfully peculiar in its artistic homes, its table service, and its good taste in dress. Persons coming from other cities observe and contrast the quiet, modest, refined homes of the Quaker metropolis with those of the wide-awake, bustling cities of the West. Philadelphia is considered slow and away behind in many particulars, but not when her firesides are in consideration. Then she is far to the front.

The residences of the wealthy are especially beautiful. Money combined with culture makes them paradises. But the thousands of dwellings, whose owners have only modest bank accounts—if they have any at all—are the ones where the peculiarity of seeming luxury is the most noticeable. It is the pride of almost every family here to have its habitation tastefully furnished and it is done with remarkably small outlay. Good jud