THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

SATURDAY, MAY

BOND OF STEEL

Will Connect the Three tericas in Commercial Intercourse.

WORK OF SURVEYORS.

n Park Being Transformed om a Swamp to a Paradise

HE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR

enders Ask Too Much and Succeed in Getting Nothing.

KE FAMINE IS AT LAST BROKEN

RESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] 160, May 20.—General Thomas O. a former Chicagoan, who held the nited States Minister to the Ar-Republic during the administra-Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Ard who has since been identified with merican railway enterprises, is in trying to interest capitalists in the erican Railroad, General Osborn is no visionary scheme. The South ins say they are anxious to have it brough, the Governments in the States vicing with each other in rality of their concessions and f land, and he firmly believes that will be a reality within the next

mite down the Amazon Valley has good as abandoned by the engineers of its swamps, its impenetrable forits treacherous bogs, and instead the probably run from Mexico along oast through the Isthmus of Pan-

ourse Through South America. it will swing in a southwesterly di-

and round the source of the Amastriking the high plateau it will rough Lima, Peru, the northwest f Bolivia, skirt Lake Titicaca and ugh Sucre, the western capital of Thence it will extend to Buenos ed continue south along the Atlan-

outh American Governments are g to contribute money to carry out me, but their land grants are phely rich. On the strength of these ey will have to be furnished by prividuals. One grant is of every league through Paraguay, there ver 7,000 zeros in each league, covforest wood. General Thompson road, when built, is sure to pay, erve as a medium of exchange for merican manufactures, which now such America by way of European ed South American hardwoods and which reach this country by this

ress of the World's Fair Work. orid's Fair people have bestirred

ces and preparations for the big going rapidly forward. The lower ackson Park, where the bulk of the ocuted is the scene a ivity. That is the one that in the of Chicago has not been Up to the present it has been of wild prairie, with roads igh, along which a carriage could down to the luke shore; and pic unds with dancing platforms and ods as shelter from the rain, laid was swampy and wet, with re attractive vegetation than grass. Now a force of from 500 to is at work there with plows and A narrow gauge railroad has down there in sections, so that laid at short notice in mny rerection, and over this the soil is retimins of dump cars drawn by

the lake shore is a group of queer-structures, half tents and half which have been thrown up for modation of those men who do not ones in Chicago. They are built ough to accommodate 40 men each, iks arranged around the four walls i. like the berths in a limited but not quite so luxurious in their

scription of the Tent-Shapties.

canvos walls are reinforced with walls, and the interstices are filled aw, and still further to keep out the breeze a stove is found in each which the smoke curls lazily out a rusty piece of stovepipe protrudugh the canvas roof. In the center roup of tents is a big stretch of canfunniting boss" is lord and king madde is another row of tents, in e horses and mules are kept. bace is fast changing its character,

be space for the Government buildbeen made level, and is about ready The Ingoons, which look interesting in the paper plans, are raped out, and a long, low mound of ith a narrow-gauge railroad running top of it, will before long be known ded island. It is broadening out aming better shape every day under densed influence of the railroad dump s mules and the Italian grandee noblemen and Irish kings who

her stepped up to one of these mer had a strike down here a short tim

in t you."

was the reply, "we did, but it did, and now the bosses are having it rown way. We get \$1.50 a day and a bours. The strike was for \$1.75 a or Leaders Overreach Themselves,

men asked too much and got noth. ery day 40 or 50 men came here after They are taken on, some of them, y stay a few days and then go away. lives down here worse than a hog no comfort in it, and the work i rd. I'm going to quit myself in a

cheme of a minimum rate of wages is being agitated by unions, finds haver among Chicago people. The tion is that the directors of the Fair extracts shall insert a clause requircontractors to pay at least a certain The intention is to avoid disputes secure the rights of the men against ate competition. The matter has advanced beyond the committee

progress of the Pittsbury carpenters s viewed with great interest here, ght-hour day and the increase of having been won here, the local are deeply interested to have the on at all points, because they under-erfectly well that a failure in Pittssans that eventually they will have

on fight to wage again. sws in Pennsylvania has induced a umber of Pittsburg men to come to , and one familiar with Pittsburg | wagon.

Pittsburgers Thick in Chicago.

Over on Lake street Louis Marks, who used to hold forth at Tunnel street and Wylie avenue, Pittsburg, has opened a place which runs all night, and accommodates the fair sex as well as the boys.

"What a difference there is between this place and Pittsburg," he said the other day. "There you wouldn't dare to let a woman arms into your control of the ome into your saloon. Here it's all right, There you wouldn't dare to sell a bottle of pop on Sunday; here we do business on Sunday the same as the rest of the week. They're entirely too straight-laced back

there."
The incoming Republican Mayor, by the way, has begun a policy with reference to saloons which is the very opposite to that which prevails at Pittsburg. Henceforth every applicant for license whose character for peace and order is vonehed for by the Police Department, gets his license, no matter whether his saloon is in the residence district on any Mayor Washburge takes. district or not. Mayor Washburne takes the position that he has no discretion in the matter, and hence that all remonstrances will be unavailing. In this respect he differs from his Democratic predecessor, who, on being satisfied that a proposed saloon in a residence district would be a nuisance, refused the license. Sooner or later Mr. Washburne's course is bound to create a great uproar among the most orderly element of the community.

Plenty of Coke in Prospect.

The coke famine from which the manu-cturers of Chicago have been suffering for the last few weeks is about to end. To-day the first shipment of Connellsville coke came in. That is, the first shipment for this general market, for the Illinois Steel Company, which is a large stockholder in Connellsville coke works, has been receiving small shipments right along ever since the first resumption of work.

The inconvenience caused by the lack of fuel has been considerable. The Calumet furnaces in South Chicago have been obliged to shut down, but business was dull anyhow, and the loss has not been great from their idleness. The Illinois Steel Company has been required. pany has been running a part of its furnaces right along, drawing on the large supply of coke which it always carries and filling it up from what shipments it has been able to stain. Numerous smaller establishments have been obliged to resort to West Virginia for coke, and some of the Pocahontas coke from Southwestern Virginia has come

in, but not enough to cut any figure.

Whether the West Virginia coke workers will be able to hold on to the new patrons they have obtained during the strike, remains to be seen. The opinions of coke men on that point vary considerably. If the broker with whom you happen to be talk-ing is interested in West Virginia coke, he will say that that article has made great and manent gains. From a Connellsville man the very opposite statement will be obtained. James W. Ellsworth, who deals more largely in Connellsville coke, per-haps, than any other broker, said this after-noon that the strike could have no permanent effect on its hold on the Chicago mar

What Might Have Happened.

"West Virginia coke has been resorted to aly as a makeshift. It would be different if the workmen had succeeded. If the cost of producing Connellsville coke had been increased by an increase in miners' wages and an eight-hour day, it would be doubtful whether it could hold its own in this market against the competition of West Vir-

ginia coke.
"I was in Pittsburg last Thursday, and the outlook then was very encouraging. On that day they had shipped 300 cars to points west of Pittsburg, most of which me to this market. A shipment of coke has come to Chicago to-day, the first for the general market since the strike began. The shipments will keep on increasing grad-ually until things will be as they were be-fore the strike."

The price of Connellsville coke is \$5 per

on to furnacemen, and \$4 90 to deal

WILKIE'S resume of recent events that will find a place in history is a feature of THE DISPATCH every Sunday. It is in-

BOUND TO SEE THE HANGING.

Spectators Resort to Mob Violence to Witness the Execution.

BROKEN BOW, NEB., May 22,-Albert Havenstine, murderer of William Ashley and Hiram Boten, was hanged at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon. When the trap was sprung, Havenstine's body shot down six feet. There was a snap and a groan, and the body fell to the ground. The rope had broken. Havenstine, half conscious, was at once picked up by the Sheriff and his deputies and brought back on the gallows. The rope was doubled and the trap again sprung. This time his neck was broken and death

was apparently painless.
Fully 5,000 people had gathered from the sarrounding country, but in order to wit-ness the hanging were obliged to resort to mob violence. A stockade 16 feet high had been erected around the gallows just outside the fail. The crowd made a dash at the frail structure, and in a twinkling it was in 1888-89. completely torn down, exposing the gallows to view. As soon as this was accomplished the crowd became orderly, and Sheriff Jones conducted the prisoner from the jail. He was accompanied by Father Haley and retained his composure to the last.

ANOTHER FINE PROGRAMME

Prepared for Those Who Attend the Free

Organ Recitals at Carnegie Hall. At the fifty-third free organ recital in Carnegie Hall to-day the soprano soloist will be Miss Mittie Weeden, soprano of the "Brimstone" Church choir. The following programme has been prepared by Organist Wales;

Russian March	Scotson Clar
Intermezzo	E. Meyer-Helmon
Sweet and Low	Barnto
Minuet	Joseff
Potpourri, "Daughter o	f the Regiment"
	Donizett
Overture, "La Macaren	"
Vocal, "Fiddle and J".	Mrs. Goodev
Operatic waltzes (med	ley)
Gizella Schottisch	E. Corre
Serenata	Moskowsk
1001 Nights' Waltzes	Straps
Vocal, "Love's Proving	"F. Loh
Overture, "Tancredi"	
The second secon	THE WAY THE WAY TO SELECT THE PARTY OF THE P

HELD FOR A COURT TRIAL.

Why John F. Allen Was Not Discharged by Alderman McMasters.

The case of T. C. Pitcairn versus John F. Allen for the alleged lareeny of certain written instruments containing the testinony in the divorce proceedings of Merrinan versus Merriman, was up for a hearing before Alderman McMasters yesterday. The only witnesses examined were Daniel Snyder and Mrs. Merriman. Snyder testified that he was with Allen

n Pitcairn's office and saw Allen take the papers referred to. Mrs. Merriman, in her ony, said Allen, had told her that he had the testimony in his possession. Alderman McMasters, on the strength of this testimony, held Allen for trial at court.

PECULIAR ACCIDENT IN ALLEGHENY

A Young Man Drives a Pin in His Leg While Brushing His Clothes,

Michael Halloran, 18 years old, residing at 373 Rebecca street, Allegheny, met with a peculiar accident yesterday afternoon. While engaged in brushing his clothing the brush struck a pin that was sticking in his trousers and the pin was driven into his leg clear to the head.

Efforts to get the pin out proved vain, and the young man was removed to the Allegheny General Hospital in the patrol

people runs across well-known faces at every SMALL IMPROVEMENT

Noted by Bradstreet and Dun in the Commercial Situation.

TRON IS NOW IN BETTER DEMAND.

A Probable Cessation of Gold Exports Gives Cause for Hope.

WINDOW GLASS TRADE AT PITTSBURG

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.) NEW YORK, May 22 .- There is no evidence of a general or marked improvement in sales of staple merchandise this week. Special telegrams to Bradstreet's, covering nearly all of the more important centers of trade, leave no doubt that business generally has gone forward about as reported for several weeks past, quietly, with disappointing results in some regions, only fairly satisfactory returns in others, and perhaps relatively the best reports from the North western spring-wheat country, where high prices for farm products have enabled interior storekeepers to remit promptly and stimulated trade generally. Late rains have done the growing crops much good, rendering the expected heavy harvest of cereals more probable. This is the most favorable

feature of the week. The Iron and Coal Trade.

Crude iron is in somewhat better demand at St. Louis, Cincinnati and Philadelphia, but not enough to strengthen prices. Barbed wire and nails are weaker. Anthracite coal is not quite so active, and is weaker. Lumber generally is quiet, labor and building trades troubles continuing to have a noticeable effect. Whisky is active at Cincinnati, but 2e lower, and cotton and hides are dull and heavy. Sugar, at last accounts is 16c lower at San Francisco, and tin plates have declined there on heavy importations Live stock are lower on restricted demand, and provisions are fairly steady.

Bank clearings at 58 cities for the week ended May 21 amount to \$1,131,871,417, a decrease from this week last year of 19.5 per decrease from this week last year of 19,5 per cent. At 57 cities, New York's total excluded, a decrease of 9 pet cent is shown. The heavy decline, as compared with this week last year, is due to a decrease at New York of \$229,300,000, at Boston of \$52,900,000, and at Philadelphia of \$14,000,000.

Business failures in the United States number 200 against 186 last week and 186 this week last year. this week last year. The total from Jan-uary 1 to date is 4,815 against 4,627 last

The Present Financial Situation

Gold shipments have not made money tight at New York, though loans on time are restricted. The inflow of funds from the interior continues. Sales of bills against the \$7,000,000 gold exported this week have lowered the exchange to a point which will prevent further shipments, unless the Bank of England continues to offer a positive pre-mium for specie. Later advices indicate that the Bank of England has reduced its premium for gold.

This is reflected in the speculative share

market, which is strong and improving, with a fair amount of foreign buying of stocks. The rains, the crop prospects and the hopefulness in railroad circles also have a bullish influence on speculation.

a bullish influence on speculation.

Net railway earnings for March show great irregularity and only a small gain over last year, a season when large gains were numerous. The Southern Pacific and coal roads make relatively the best showings, while the Southwestern trunk lines and Granger roads show the heavier decreases. or three months the Eastern roads show a large loss in net, owing to increased operating expenses.

A Statement of Railroad Earnings.

The net earnings of 120 roads for March ggregate \$15,462,304, a gain of nine-tenths of 1 per cent, while gross earnings increased ve-tenths of 1 per cent. For the quarter the earnings of 145 companies aggregated \$52,518,383, a gain of nearly 42 per cent over he quarter last year, which in turn increased 11 per cent as compared with three months

Wheat advanced 3 cents during the week on the reports of retardation of the new erop and heavy export demand, though subequent rains tend to produce weakness. The Atlantic coast has been exporting more heavily than for months past, notably New York and Montreal. Pacific coast shipments are slackening, and new crop wheat there will be a fortnight late. Exports (including flour as wheat) are heavy this week, equaling 2,499,744 bushels, against 2,373,994 bushels this week a year ago, and two-thirds as much in each of the like weeks in 1889 and 1888. From July 1 to date, 47 weeks the United States (exclusive of Montreal) have exported 87,998,498 bushels of wheat (and flour), against 97,429,000 bushels in a like share of 1889-90 and 78,515,680 bushels

Wheat in England and America.

The Beerbolon and Bradstreet combined total of stocks of wheat in farmers' hands. United States and England, and available supplies in the United States and Europe, and stocks affoat for Europe, equal 150,000,000 bushels, against 184,000,000 bushels May I, 1890, and 157,000,000 bushels May 1, 1889. Drygoods are selling very slowly at Boston, but are moving freely at New York. Favorable weather has enlarged the re-sort-ing demand for cotton and wool dressgoods, Western and nearby buyers are taking most freely. The Southern demand is slow, as

Wool is weak, and Ohio and Michigan fleeces are lower, as are also low grade Australians. A preference for Australian wool is forcing dealers in fine domesties to shade

Toronto advices report no improvement in general trade, with the fruit business very in general trade, with the fruit business very active and collections poor. Dispatches from Montreal report trade quiet, with a moderate sorting-up demand in drygoods and hardware. The Dominion reports 45 business failures this week, against 30 last week, and 28 this week last year. The total unber from January 1 to date is 852

against 768 last year. R. G. Dun & Co.'s Version.

R. G. Dun & Co. say: The continued outgo of gold has a depressing influence. The fall in the prices of all commodities has been about 2.8 per cent in two weeks. The local money market is fairly supplied at moderate rates, as other Eastern and Western markets are, almost without exception, but at a few Southern points money is close or tight, and much caution in extending credits prevails. The Treasury has paid out during the week but \$600,000 more than it has taken in, of ordinary currency, but has also put out \$200,000 more of fractional silver. At most places trade seems healthy, and there is not more than the usual com-

plaint about collections.

The iron business is rather weakened at Pittsburg by the prospect of increased sup-plies, and is very dull at Cleveland, but somewhat more demand is seen at New York and Philadelphia for various forms of anufactured iron. Steel mils do not share the improvement and are flat; nor is structural iron active, on account of the arrest of building, but there is more demand for plates and bar, which has been sold for \$1.65 and now commands \$1.721/2.

Coal, Wool and Drygoods.

The coal business is still threatened by production far beyond the agreement, and prices do not seem to warrant the ad-vance proposed for June 1. The woolen industry is waiting, without any improve-ment in goods to justify the demand for higher prices on new wool, though there is cheering activity in flannels. At

til the Davis failure was announced, but was then checked, though it is not believed that prices or credits will be affected beyond a few days. Hides are dull, with some concessions, and the boot and shoe trade is generally dull. At Philadelphia collec-

generally dail. At Philadelphia contestions are very bad in groceries.

Pittsburg notes that railroad orders are held back waiting for crop results, and while window glass does well, flint glass has slack business. At Cleveland drygoods, groceries, hardware and shoes improve fairly, but machinery, lumber, iron ore and clothing are dull. At Cincinnati the tobacco trade is brisk, but the carriage trade is not quite up to last year's. Detroit notes good prospects, but the margins are close.

At the Western Metropolis. At Chicago drygoods sales exceed last year's considerably, as do rates of clothing, and there are very fair country orders for shoes. Wool receipts gain over last year 50 per cent, corn 33 per cent, and dressed beef, cheese, butter and hides gain, but in cured meats there is a decline of 50 per cent, and lard, flour and barley are off 33 per cent. Crop reports at Chicago are very satisfactory, and the same is true at St. Paul, Omaha, and many other points where the recent rains have made wonderful improvement. Indeed, one rain was probably worth some hundreds of millions to the country, for extensive droughts seemed near. Trade at Western cities is quiet but very hopeful. At the South also crop re-ports are highly satisfactory, and trade is only fair, or even sluggish now. In general it may, be said that the crop outlook has rarely been brighter than it is now, and this gives the strongest reason for hope that any present depression in trade will be tem

BLAINE'S BOLD STAND.

SOME INSIDE HISTORY OF THE LATE DISPUTE WITH ITALY.

The Secretary Refuses to Be Dictated to by Any Foreign Government-No Orders From Italy Allowed-Rudin; Invited to

Do as He Pleases, NEW YORK, May 22 .- A copy of the Italian green book, sent by Baron Fava to Prof. Allesandro Oldrini, has reached here. It gives the history of the diplomatic dispute between the United States and Italy, including the documents submitted to the

Italian Parliament by Marquis Rudini. These documents cover the period from the lynching in the parish prison up to March 28, when Baron Fava left Washington for Rome. Consul Corte's dispatch from New Orleans to Rudini, informing him of he lynching, appears at the opening of the book. Next comes a dispatch from Fava to the Italian Government, confirming the facts and asking that a protest be sent to the United States Government. Then follow Rudini's replies, one to Corte, advising him to apply to the local authorities for redress and protection, and the other to Fava in-structing him to enter a formal protest.

structing him to enter a formal protest.

In an interview with Baron Fava, which is also spread upon the pages of the book, Secretary Blaine says the United States will not receive orders from any forming government, and that he will stand by the Constitution. Baron Fava replied that neither his government nor any other country would be convinced that the internal laws of the United States were an obstacle in the way of justice. Mr. Blaine reiterated that he could not change the Constitution, and the Baron replied that, such being the case, he was sorry to be obliged to tell him that the moment had come for Italy to affirm the inutility of its representative in

Washington.

Baron Fava then produced the dispatch from Premier Rudini recalling him, which Mr. Blaine read, and then said eagerly: "All right, and we will recall our representative from Rome." Baron Fava ex-pressed the hope that this would not be done, and Mr. Blaine said he would speak the President and reply before dinner.

Baron Fava cabled his government that Mr. Blaine not having replied as promised, he called on him again, and Mr. Blaine complained that he was being hurried in a manner contrary to diplomatic usages. "I do not recognize the right of any government," he continued, "to tell the United States what it should do. We have never States what it should do. We have never received orders from any foreign power, and we will not begin now. Please inform Marquis di Rudini that the Federal Government cannot give the assurance which he requires, and that it is a matter of total indifference to me what persons in Italy may difference to me what persons in Italy may think of our institutions. I cannot change them, still less violate them. You assure me that four Italian subjects have been assacred, but I have my doubts on that point. Still, I do not contest their nationality, but while I ask for time, you want an official declaration on the spot. Well, I will not do anything of the kind, and you may do as you please.

BESSIE BRAMBLE has come to the conclusion that Napoleon was a mighty mean man in the home circle. Incidents of his private life make up her letter for THE DISPATCH to-morrow.

SANITARY MEASURES NEEDED.

The Ruins of the Seventh Street Fire Getting Worse Every Day.

No. 3 Engine Company was busy yester day pumping the water from the cellars of burned buildings on Seventh street. The firemen did not at all like the job, as the smell from the putrefying bacon, etc. was very strong.

When Superintendent Baker, of the Board of Health, stated that there was no smell from the buildings he must have been speaking from hearsay, for yesterday afternoon a corps of men were busy removing some of the debris, and as they laid bare the animal matter a stench arose from the piles of refuse which would have done credit to a bone factory in point of strength, but that it was more harmful. The residents are loud in protest against the nuisance, and they declare that sanitary measures should be at once taken.

ALL the news of Europe in Bright Cable Letters in THE DISPATCH to-morrow

Didn't Live Long at the Farm

Santio Marchio, an inmate of the City Poor Farm, died at that institution yesterday morning of consumption. He was sent to the Farm only 24 hours previous to his death. He came from Italy, has been in Pittsburg during the past 31/2 years and has Pittsburg during the past 5/2 years and has a wife and family residing in Italy, to whom he has been sending all his earnings. Owing to this he was penniless when taken sick, and through efforts of friends he was ad-mitted to the Farm. He lived at 22 Tunnel

retired back of the grand stand and proceeded to amuse themselves in a quiet game of "craps." Superintendent Muth and De-tective Glenn happened to espy the festive sports and sent them to the lockup in the patrol wagon.

Delusions of a Demented Man

John Bryan was arrested for refusing to pay his fare on a West End street car. He was sent to jail for five days yesterday morning by Alderman Succop, but the Warden refused to receive him, as he showed evidences of insanity. He claimed that heaven would be located at lock No. 3, on the Monongahela river, and made several other astonishing assertions.

LIFE OF JENNY LIND.

Extracts From the Memoir of the · World's Greatest Singer.

HOW HER GIFT WAS DETECTED.

When Found Out She Took Refuge Under the Piano, and Was

The memoir of Jenny Lind, just issued in England, will be read with avidity wherever the Pall get the following is taken: It was the

"Crocitus, my first dear old singing m u s ical gifts of the

child; and this detection left a profound mpression on the child herself, as if she, oo, then first made a discovery of what was in her. The story formed her earliest distinct memory. Coming up from the country to the town, she was struck by the music of the military bugles that daily passed through the street; and one day, when she fancied herself alone in the house, she crept to the piano on which her half-sister used to practice her music, and, with one finger, strummed out for herself the fanfare which she had caught from the soldiers. But the grandmother was at hand, and hearing the music, called out the name of the half sister, whom she supposed it to be; and little Jenny, in terror at being found out, hid under the square piano; she was so small that she fitted in perfectly; and the grandmother, getting no answer to her calls, came in to look, and presently discovered her, and dragged her out, and was astonished and said: "Child, was that you?" And Leave in terrest to the state of the said of t you?" And Jenny, in tears at her crime, confessed; but her grandmother looked at her deeply and in silence, and when the mother came back she told her, and said: "Mark now words, that child will bring you help." And after that the neighbors used to be called in to hear her play. As she told the story in later years she would reproduce most vividly the frightened look of the child creeping away to hide, and the significant look of the wonderstruck grand-mother as she took in that it was in hed the tiny creature of 3 years old who had played the tune. She never forgot the historic fan-

Passing over her education at the Government expense, and her mother's dislike to the stage—a distaste to be felt later on by Jenny Lind herself, as everyone knows —we come to the explanation of her dramatic power. She took speaking parts, it appears, while still quite young, showing "in her acting a quick perception, a fire and feeling, far beyond her years." It is needless to follow the artist's budding career step by step—let us see what Herr Josephson wrote in his diary (Berlin, 1845):

Meyerbeer was altogether enchanted with Jenny's singting, and embraced her at the end of the rehearsal. January4: Rehearsed again in the morning. I drove back with Meyerbeer and Jenny. I begged the maestro that I, too, might be allowed to express my thanks for his beautiful opera, and he answered me in a very gracious manner. He is a most polite man: something of the courtier; something of the man of genius; something of the man of the world, and has, in addition, something fidgety about his whole being. Before reproducing the opera with Jenny Lind he called upon her, to the best of my belief, at least a hundred beauty Jenny was extremely successful in her debut as *Vielka*. Her singing was beautiful, her acting full of genius, life and beautiful, her acting full of genius, life and fire. The applause was spontaneous and enthusiastic. Her nervousness, which had kept her practicing the whole afternoon and again before the beginning of the opera, was not noticed by anyone; neither did it prevent her either from singing or acting her very best. The public was enchanted, and Meyerbeer happy.... Where the moving principle is the nobility of art... the public sees this, and is astonished and firstinated. How she will be missed when she is gone!

How she will be missed when she is gone! The Poet Bunn as Bogie. Of the really great Alfred Bunn, the famous poet and lessee of Drury Laue, Mille. Lind, through some complex events which are related at length in the book, had quite a horror. Ignorant of what tribu-lation she was laying in store for herself, Jenny Lind, in a



Jenny Lind on the Stage.

to appear in London under Mr. Bunn's auspices. The worry of the controversy which followed her attempt to cancel the contract induced a serious illness. The Lon-don engagement continued to be a nightmare for many months, Mr. Bunn threatened the songstress with all kinds of legal pains and penalties. Mrs. Grote was employed as intermediary; but still the songstress' dread Three Sports Taken Unawares.

Charles Kennedy, William Centre and Al.
Price, a trio of young men, attended the ball game at Exposition Park yesterday afternoon, and when the rainstorm came up they noon, and when the rainstorm came up they retired back of the ground of the great man went on growing. At last, after many heart searchings, and after Mendelssohn and Mr. Chorley had laid their heads together, with a view of persuasion, Jenny Lind agreed to visit London—but under the management of Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theater, not of Mr. Bunn, of Druge Lane. Thus mainfully was the year Her Majesty's Theater, not of Mr. Bunn, of Drury Lane. Thus painfully was the way paved for one of the most solid artistic triumphs associated with Jenny Lind's name—her appearance with overwhelming success at Her Majesty's.

The excitement of the public on Tuesday, the 4th of Mny, 1847, exceeded anything that had ever been witnessed by the oldest frequenter of Her Majesty's Theater. From an early hour in the afternoon the colonnade

an early hour in the afternoon the colonnade in the Haymarket was thronged by a crowd of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, waiting patiently to secure good places in the pit, which was in those days a much frequented part of the house. The file of carriages seemed interminable. When the doors were opened at 7:30 the crush was terrific. Ladies were fairly carried off their feet and pressed against the barriers with a force

which neither they nor their protectors had power to resist. In a few minutes the honse was completely filled. Neither in the pit, nor even in the 3-shilling gallery, could standing from be found at any price for the disappointed applicants who continued to disappointed applicants who continued to besiege the doors, and many of those who had succeeded in effecting an entrance were wedged into corners from which the stage was invisible. Queen Victoria was one of the most enthusiastic auditors.

Her Last Opera-Barnum's Engagement. It would be too gigantic a task to record here the succession of triumphs in opera which followed that first night of wild en-

thusiasm. Let us pass on, then, to the singer's last appearance in opera: DRAGGED FORTH BY HER GRANDMOTHER With what feelings did Mile, Lind see the With what feelings did Mile. Lind see the curtain descend for the last time on the thrilling scene in "Roberto il Diavolo," in which, as she herself narrated in after years, she "stood at the man's right hand, and the fiend at his left, and all she could think of was how to save him?" * * * That the last round of applause, the last wild shout from pit and stalls and gallery and boxes was absolutely nothing to her, we know well enough. It could not but be less than nothing. She was too well accustomed to it all. ing. She was too well accustomed to it all.

* * * The stage had really been her schoolroom ever since she was 10 years old, and its
ceaseless round of monotonous hard work
was as prosaic as the routine of the schoolroom to a jaded governess.

Her retirement from the operatic stage was succeeded by a triumphant series of concert appearances, which have now be-come matter of history—the last, by the way, being so lately as 1883, at Malvern, and, fittingly enough, on behalf of a char-ity. The following passage is now invested with a melancholy interest, which it did

not possess at the time it was written: We must credit Mr. Barnum with being the first to take the true mensure of the capabilities for proper pleasure which the mechanical advances of the age had opened out; and more than that, with having had the courage to make a tremendous venture on the strength of his own calculations of what had become feasible. The American tour of Jenny Lind was one of the very earliest manifestations of this modern characteristic. And, moreover, it signalized the acteristic. And, moreover, it signalized the extension of scale which the immense size of the United States would introduce into the imagination of Europe.

The Bible and the Sunset.

We may well conclude our glimpses of Mdme. Goldschmidt by the following ex-tract, than which, even though to many per-sons it may seem to indicate a tinge of the morbid, is undoubtedly pretty and thorough-

ly characteristic:

Once an English friend found her sitting on the sands, with a Lutherau Bible open on her knee, and looking out into the glory of a sunset that was shining over the waters. They talked, and the talk drew near to the inevitable question. "Oh, Mdme, Goldschmidt, how was it that you ever came to abandon the stage, at the very height of your success?" "When, every day," was the quiet answer, "it made one think less of this" (laying a finger on the Bible) "and nothing at all of that" (pointing out to the sunset) "what else could I do?" The answer is obviously dramatic, not literal. She was interpreting the inner experience which, for her, justified the original step, and which made it impossible to regret it. ly characteristic:

DR. NEWTON'S ANSWER,

HE REPLIES TO HIS ACCUSERS BY ASKING FOR AN INQUIRY.

A Vigorous Letter Sent to Bishop Potter Defining His Position-The Evils That Fall on the Church From Heresy Trials -A Firm Stand Taken. NEW YORK, May 22.-The Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton has sent a letter to Bishop

Potter in which, after referring to reports sent abroad respecting his religious utterances and to the petition for an investigation sent the Bishop by a number of Epis-copal ministers, he asks the Bishop for a speedy trial, so that he may vindicate himself. Among other things Dr. Newton Having defined my interpretation of our great creed to my own people as clearly as I

great creed to my own people as clearly as I could three years ago, and those utterances having passed unchallenged at the time by my fellow Presbyters, I had hoped that quieter days were opening, wherein I should be free for the constructive work to clear the way in my own ministry. Wresting my words of three years past from their context, and reading into them that which they do not contain, I am made so heinous a heretic that any means are deemed justifiable to crowd me out of the Church which I have served with my best energies for a guarter of crowd me out of the Church which I have served with my best energies for a quarter of a century. I feel sure that before a competent body—a body of men intellectually capable of understanding their own creeds, with enough of the judicial mind to enter sentence on the evidence submitted—I can apply justify my loyality to the Nicara amply justify my loyalty to the Nicene Creed, and thus vindicate my intellectual

I am quite aware of the ungenerous taunt to which I lay myself open in preferring this request—a taunt so familiar to me in the days gone by. The facts of the past will bear me out in the assertion that, while bear me out in the assertion that, while never dreading an ecclesiastical trial, I have never courted one; but, on the contrary, have done all in my power consistent with self-respect to avoid such a scandal; bearing much that has been very trying in order to keep the peace. If I thus acted eight years ago, when an acquittal was a foregone conclusion, nothing having been even imputed to me contradictory of any affirmation of the two great creeds which are our only authorities, candid men should now hold me free from the suspicion of seeking the pale halo of a nineteenth century martyrthe pale halo of a nineteenth century martyr

dom.

I am not blind to the dangers of such action as that which I join with my accusers in asking you seriously to consider. As it seems to me, however, there may be even worse evils for a constitutional church than a heresy trial. One of these more serious evils appears to me to be the free resort to extra legal means in order to work up the evils appears to me to be the free resort to extra legal means in order to work up the religious rancor under which a Presbyter is impeached, tried and condemned without a hearing before judge or jury.

When such lawlessness prevails, may it not be well to lead it on into the legal action in which alone can the Church be saved from the reproach of an ecclesiastical lynching. Otherwise, what is to be expected, save that we shall suffer from that most cruel of all despotisms, the tyranny of public opinion, under which the clergy will be terrorized, honest thought be banned, sincere utterances be silenced, and an era of mental cowardice and moral hypocrisy open upon us in our Church, which has hitherto rejoiced in the liberty of law.

MRS, GRIMWOOD, the woman who heroism at the disaster at Manipur has as-tonished the civilized world, will describe

her experience during the terrible battle in

THE DISPATCH to-morrow. KNIGHTS TEMPLAR FOR ERIE.

A Special Train on the Pittsburg and Lake Eric Road to Convey Them. seventeenth annual conclave of the Grand

fitted out for the occasion.

Lodge. They will go via the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad on a train especially

Why Not Get the best for your money. If we do not show it, won't ask your patronage. Our line of baby carriages, bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes, balls, bats, croquet, hammocks, tennis racquets, tennis sets, lawn swings, boys' wagons, trunks, traveling bags, etc., is the largest shown in the city. Our prices unequaled and seldom met. TTS JAMES W. GROVE, Fifth avenue.

fit to their trade when they handle such first-class beer as the Iron City Brewing Company's, Telephone 1186. HUNDREDS of rolls oil cloth from 20e; yard to the best grades, at Welty's, 120 Federal street, 65, 67, 69 and 71 Park way.

SALOONE PREPERS soon discover the ben-

Imported Gowns Will be sold on Monday and Tuesday, May 25 and 26, at just half price to close out spring stock. LADIES SUIT PARLOR, D 29 Fifth avenue.

A Night at the Grand Chartreuse.

La vie d'un bon Chartreux doit etre

The above is the legend that is painted on the door of every cell occupied by a monk of the silent Order of Carthusians. To pray always for those who never pray; to pray for those who have done you wrong; to pray for those who sin every hour of their lives; to pray for all sorts and conditions of 'men, no matter what their color, no matter what alvation. Such is the chief duty of the Chartreux. That the lives of these men is a continual prayer would seem to be an undoubted fact; but they are more than thatthey are lives of silence, that must not be broken, save under exceptional circumstances. Time has

been when they were surrounded by their families, their friends, when perhaps they had ambitions like other men, hopes like other men, and, it may be, have given their love to women. But then some-thing has happened to change the current of their lives, the course of their thought: the mundane world has become distasteful, and with heavy hearts and weary feet they have sought the lonely monastery, and, having once entered, the door has closed upon them forever. Henceforth the horizon of their world is the monastery wall; and the only sounds they will hear save the wind when it howls, or the thunder when it rolls, are the eternal tolling of the bell, and the wail and eternal tolling of the bell, and the wail and chant of the monotonous prayers. It is difficult to understand how men, young, rich, well-favored, can seclude themselves in this busy and wonderful age; and renouncing all the pleasures and gaiety of the world, take upon themselves sofenn yows of chastity and silence, which, once taken, are devoutly kept. To God and God's service they dedicate themselves; and though on the earth, they are scarcely of it. They live, but for them it is the beginning of eternity; the passion and fret of the world will never more disturb them, and their one will never more disturb them, and their one longing is to change the finite for the in-finite. It is surely no ordinary faith that impels men to Enter Into a Living Death

of this kind, nor is it fanaticism, but a devotion too deep for words, too mysterious for ordinary comprehensions to grasp. One must go back to the eleventh century for the beginning of the history of this strange order. It was founded by St. Bruno, of Cologne, who imposed upon his votaries "Solitude," "Si-lenea" and "Fasting." For above 800 years the Carthusians have been true to their saint, and wherever they have estab-lished themselves they have lived their lives of silence, knowing nothing of the se-ductive and tender influence of women, or the love and sweetness of children; dying, when their time came, without a pang of regret at leaving the world, and with noth-ing to perpetuate their memories, save a tiny wooden cross, on which a number is painted. But in half a dozen years or so

the cross rots away and is never renewed, and the dead brother is referred to no more. The lonely convent of the Grande Char-treuse is as old as the order, although it has undergone considerable change. It is now a great building, occupying a considerable extent of ground, but originally it must have been a single small house. It stands in a defile, in a region of utter loneliness. Gradually it has grown and expanded, and in order to protect it against the attacks of thieves and marauders, it is surrounded by a massive wall that is loopholed and embrasured. For what purpose it is difficult to say, for these monks would never take human life, not even to save their own. So far, however, as I have been able to learn there is no record of the convent having been seriously attacked during any period of its history. But in the Revolut 1792 the monks were cruelly expelled, and their most valuable library was destroyed. They separated in little groups, and found refuge in holy houses of their order in different parts of Europe, until the restoration of 1815—that memorable year—when they reunited and returned to their beloved mon astery amid the solitude of the eternal

Mid Scenes of Savage Grandeur. La Grande Chartreuse is situated amid scenes of savage grandeur, 3,800 feet above the sea, at the foot of the Mont Grand Som. ches a height of 6,668 feet, and commands a view of surpassing magnificence. It is in the Department of Isere, France; and eight hours' journey from Grenoble, which is the capital of the Department and famous for its gloves. The nearest railway station is a five hours' journey away, and there is no other human habitation within many miles of the convent. The approaches are by wild and rugged gorges, through which excellent roads have of late years been made, but formerly these gorges might have been held by a handful of men against a host. In the winter the roads are blocked with snow, and between the lonely convent and the outer world there is little communication. In summer the pine woods filled with the music of falling waters, There is a strange absence of bird melody, and the wind sighs among the pines, and moans around the rocks. And yet the

region is one of entrancing beauty, and full of a dreamy repose that makes its influence To this lonely convent I traveled one day in the late autumn, when the falling leaves spoke sadly of departed summer glories, and the shrill blasts that came down the glens were messengers from the regions of ice and snow. I had gone by train to Voiron, between Rives and Grenoble, and thence had tramped through the beautiful gorges of Crossey for five hours. The afternoon had been sullen, and bitterly cold, and the shades of night were fast falling as, weary and hungry, I rang the great bell at the convent gate, and begged for hospitality. A tall, cowled monk received me, but uttered no word. He merely made a sign for me to follow him, and, closing the gate and shooting the massive bolts, he led the way across a court, where I was met by

another monk, who was allowed to break The Rigid Vow of Silence

far that he could inquire of stranger The members of the Grand Lodge of Knights Templar and several commanderies in the affirmative he led me to a third and from this city will leave on Monday morn-ing at 10 o'clock for Eric to attend the to a cell with whitewashed walls. It contained a small bed of unpainted pine wood, and a tiny table, on which was an iron and a jug of hung on the basin crucifix water. A wall, and beneath it was a prie-dieu. The cell was somewhat suggestive of a prison, and yet I am not sure that there was as much comfort to be found in it as a prison cell affords in these humanitarian times.

Everything about the Grande Chartreuse

When all had gone I too went, and made my way back to the cell, where I tried to is of Spartau-like simplicity. There the body is mortified for the soul's sake, and nothing that could pander in the least de-gree to luxurious tastes is allowed.

> cupied by the monks.
>
> When I had somewhat freshened myself up by a wash, I went into the corridor where my attendant was waiting, and, following him in obedience to a sign he made, I traversed a long, lofty, cold passage, with I traversed a long, lofty, cold passage, with bare walls and floor. At the end of the passage there was carved in the stone the Latin inscription, stat crux dum volvitur Latin inscription, stat crux dum volvitur in life, to shut themselves off from all that and beautiful in the world, in

none in this echoing chamber, with its whitewashed walls and shadowy recesses, from which I half expected to see the spirit forms of dead monks glide. Taking my seat at a small, bare table, a silent brother placed before me a bowl of thin vegetable soup, in which some chopped eggs floated. Fish followed, then an omelette, and the whole was washed down with a bottle of excellent red wine. It was a no matter what their color, no matter what their creed; to pray that God will remove doubt and skepticism from the world, and open all human eyes to the way of faith and open all human eyes to the way of faith and open all human eyes to the way of faith and open all human eyes to the way of faith and open all human eyes to the way of faith and the steep of the monks themselves. Meat of every kind is rigorously interdicted, that is, the flesh of animals in any form. Each brother

Only Gets Two Meals a Day. They consist of hot water flavored with They consist of hot water flavored with egg; vegetables cooked in oil; while the only drink allowed is cold water. The monks do not cat together except on Sundays and religious fete days, when they all sup in the refectory. On other days every man has his meals alone, in the solitude of his cell, and but a brief time is allowed him, for it is considered sinful to spend more time in eating and drinking than is absolutely necessary to and drinking than is absolutely necessary to swallow down so much food as will hold keep themselves healthy, even on such meager diet as that I have meationed, is proved by the monks of the Grande Chartreuse, for they enjoy excellent health, and generally live to a green old age. Even the weak and delicate grow strong and hardy under the severe discipline. The rasping friction of the nervous system, which annually slays its tens of thousands is calm and peaceful, and the austerity of ing and hopeful faith. It is a brief preparaworld where man's sin is known no more. Surely nothing else but such a faith could sustain mortal beings under an ordeal so

trying. divided into categories of "Fathers" and "Brothers." The former wear robes of white wool, cinctured with a girdle of white leather. Their heads and faces are closely shaven, and the head is generally envel-oped in a cowl, which is attached to the robe. They are all ordained priests, and it is to them the rule of silence, solitude and fasting, more particularly applies. The fasting is represented by the daily bill of fare I have given, and it never varies all the year round, except on Fridays and certain days

in Lent, when, poor as it is it is still further reduced. The solitude consists of Many Hours Spent in Prayer in the loneliness of the cell, and the silence in the loneliness of the cell, and the stlence imposed is only broken by monosyllabic answers to questions addressed to them. Sustained conversation is a fault, and would be severely punished. Aspirants for the Fatherhood have to submit to a most trying novitiate, which lasts for five full years. After that they are ordained, and from that moment they renounce the world with all its least they are ordained. they renounce the world, with all its lur-ing temptations and its sin. Their lives henceforth must be strictly holy in accordance with the tenets of their religion. The Brothers are the manual laborers, the hewers of wood and drawers of water. They do everything that is required in the way of domestic service. They wear sandals on their bare feet, and their bodies are clothed in a long, loose, brown robe, fastened at the waist by a rope girdle. On both branches of the order the same severe regime is compulsory, but on Fridays the Brothers only get a morsal of black bread and a cup of cold water. The attention to spiritual duties is all-absorbing, and under no circumstances must it be relaxed. Matins commence in the chapel at 12 o'clock at night, and continue until about 2 o'clock.

After a short rest, the divine service is renot attend the matins at one some sleep others pray. And it is doubtful if among the religious orders of the world anything more solemn and impressive than this midnight service could be found. To witness it was my chief aim in going to the convent, and so I left my cell after a short sleep, and proceeded to the chapel as the deep-toned bell struck 12 with sonorous sounds that rolled in ghostly echoes along lofty corridors. The passage thre which I made my way was a vast one, and a solitary lamp ineffectually struggled to illumine the darkness. I groped along until I reached a door that swung silently open to my touch. Then I stood within the chapel, where all was silent, and a Cimmerian gloom reigned. Far in the depths of the darkness was a glimmering, star-like lamp over the altar, but its beams, feeble and struggling, revealed nothing, it only accentuated the pitchy blackness all around. The feeble lanterns of the monks one to every third stall, were invisible from my position. Everything was suggestive of a tomb far down in the bowels of the earth -the silence, the cold, the damp earthy smell that filled one's nostrils, all seemed to indicate decaying mortality. Suddenly, with startling abruptness, a single voice

A Plaintive, Monotonous Chant.

Then others took up the cadence with a mouning wail that gradually died away until there was unbroken silence again. There was something strange and weird in this performance, for the impenetrable darkness, the star-like lamp, the wailing voices of unseen figures, seemed altothat I could not repress, for the monning and wailing appeared to be associated with death rather than life. There was nothing in the whole ceremony indicative of joy or hope, but rather their converse-sadness and despair. Throughout those weary hours the wailing chant and the silence alternated. I wanted to go away, but could not. Some strange fascination kept me there, and I recalled some of the wonderful descriptive scenes in Dante which were irresistibly suggested. My imagina-tion was wrought on to such an extent that I pictured vast gloomy space as filled with unquiet spirits condemned to torture; and the lamp as typical of the one ray of hope that told them that after a long period of penance they should pass from the gloom of woe to the lightness and joy of eternal day, when their anguish should cease forever and rest be found. At last, to my great relief, I saw the beams of a new morn steal in at the chapel windows. The bowed forms of the cowled monks were faintly discernible, kneeling before the altar, where still burned the watch-lamp. One by one they rose and flitted away like shadows; no sound came from their footfalls, no from their garments. Warmly clad though

and was cramped with the position I had maintained for hours; for I had been fearful of moving snatch a few hours' sleep, but it was all in vain, for my mind seemed as if it had been upset by a strange and terrible dream. Although I have had a wide and varied ex-As I was to learn afterward, even such barren comfort as is afforded by this "Visitor's Cell" is unknown in the cells ocperience of men and manners in all parts of the world, I never witnessed such a strange was like a nightmare picture, a poem evolved from a distorted imagination. I say a poem because it had the elements of poetry in it, but it was the poetry of in-effable human sadness.

Truly it is singular that men can so

we reached the refectory. The great hall or supper room was cold, barren and dismal. Everything looked ghostly and dim in the feeble light shed by two small swinging lamps, that seemed rather to emphasize the gloom than dispel it. Comfort there was