

her mission was returning home to her husband. Among the Americans were a Brooklyn boy, who is going down to be a station agent at Matabachin on the Panama railroad; a Mr. W. H. Nash of Chicago and a Mr. T. J. Kennedy of Florence, New York, who are bound for La Paz, Bolivia, where they will open some big gold mines which Kennedy, who is a mining engineer, has discovered, and a large party of both sexes who are going in this way to San Francisco. We had an old sea captain named Humphreys from Hingham, where Secretary of the Navy Long lives, in the Frisco party, and also an American traveling salesman or two for South America.

Last, but by no means least, were Bishop Warren of the Methodist church, who is on his way to Chile to examine into the state of the missions there, and Mr. Murphy of the state department, who is here in Colon to take the place of the consul who was drowned within a few miles of where I am now writing, while out on a pleasure sail a few weeks ago. The bishop had his family with him and was also accompanied by some Chilean lady missionaries who are returning from their vacations to their fields or work. The party, altogether, was a pleasant one. The bishop was a mine of story and information, for he has traveled all over the globe. As we left New York and sailed southward and passed Cape Hatteras, he pointed out the fact that we were in the warm waters of the gulf stream, that wonderful river of the ocean which has a volume 3,000 times as great as the Mississippi, and which, flowing across through the North Atlantic to the North sea, is the hot-water pipe which carries the heat from the tropics which keeps warm Great Britain and Ireland. As we crossed this, the bishop recalled the story of the angry Yankee captain who, when denouncing England for its sympathy and aid to the South during our civil war, said: "You English had better look out, for after President Lincoln has settled this trouble we will send the army south and cut a channel for the gulf stream through the Isthmus of Panama and thus freeze your two little islands into an iceberg."

As we crossed the gulf stream the air grew perceptibly warmer, and as we sailed on its outer edge down toward the Caribbean sea we soon came into summer heat. The first land we saw was the island of San Salvador, where Columbus landed after his thirty-five days' voyage from Spain in his little vessel which was just one-thirtieth as large as ours. He thought he had discovered the eastern coast of Asia and had no idea that that little island was the outpost of another hemisphere. The morning following we saw a light house standing among a grove of palm trees and were told that we were looking at Bird Rock Island, one of the Bahamas, and then drifted on south until the bleak and rocky coast of western Cuba came into view. We skirted this, keeping about four miles away from the shore, so as to be out of the danger limits, as provided by the Spanish regulations of war. We saw no sign of fortifications or fighting. Our next land was on the east of us. It was the mountains of Haiti, which we kept in sight for hours, and then lost them to see nothing but the blue waters of the Caribbean until at 4 p. m., seven days out from New York, we got our first glimpse of the Isthmus of Panama, that wonderful little strip of earth and rocks which ties together the two great continents of North and South America. At first it was only a thin, hazy line of blue in the western horizon. Then the blue deepened. We saw low hills rising one above another, and little islands coming up out of the water along the shore. A little later we were in sight of the low houses and the great wharves of Colon, with great

palm trees which line the beach at the right shaking their giant fan-like leaves and apparently waving a welcome to us as we came to anchor.

Colon is intended to be the eastern end of the Panama canal. I will treat fully of this work in another letter after I have gone over the route and have seen the work which is now being done on the central and western end of the isthmus. Here at Colon you see only the extravagance of the first board of engineers, who almost ruined a large part of the peasantry of France. The town of Colon, which now has about 5,000 people, was built largely by the French, and its beautiful cottages are now weatherbeaten, rusty and rotten. Architecturally speaking, this is as ragged a place as you can find on this hemisphere. Everything is going to seed. There is a market house here made of iron which would be large enough for Washington city, but there were not more than fifty people in it when I visited it the middle of this morning, and the rain came down in streams from the holes in its roof of corrugated iron. The Panama railroad seems to own the town. Its tracks run through the main street, and outside of them at the east of the city it is almost impossible to go to any place without traveling over the rusting and rotting debris of cars, dredges and other machines which were brought here at a cost of millions and found to be worthless, or were soon allowed to become so. There is a part of the town known as the French Quarter. This is on a neck of land which was built out to form a breakwater at the eastern mouth of the canal. The most expensive houses were erected here, the wood being brought from the United States. Ferdinand de Lesseps had one of the houses, which cost, it is said, about \$100,000, and his son another almost equally expensive. Soon after I landed I hired a carriage of a highway robber in the shape of a Jamaica coachman, and drove out to see these houses. They have never been occupied but for very short periods and they are now dilapidated. The road to them is through a beautiful grove of palms, and the settlement itself is about as near paradise in its beautiful green as any place upon this earth. The sea washes it on either side and a cool breeze almost always blows.

The people here are one of the queer mixtures that you sometimes find on the outposts of civilization, where for some reason or other money is to be made. The wharf at which we landed made me think of the docks of New Orleans. Nine-tenths of the people on it were mulattoes or negroes, and most of them spoke English with a cockney accent. The other tenth were Spaniards, who looked like Creoles. The negroes were from the English island of Jamaica. They have come here to work on the canal, and seem to be about the only people who can stand the miasmatic climate. I found a lot of such people at a market stand on the beach and photographed one of them as she was coming toward me with a bunch of bananas on her head. Then there are a lot of Chinese here. They run all sorts of stores, act as money changers and do, I am told, the largest part of the mercantile business of the isthmus.

Among the chief business of the isthmus are those which have to do with the cemeteries and hospitals. I have been told here again and again that I ought to visit the hospitals and the great cemetery on Monkey Hill. Panama has fine hospitals and cemeteries, and all along the line of the railroad you will find, I am told, populous graveyards. I have never seen a Chinese cemetery before outside of China, but the isthmus has them and the graves are many. There have been too many Chinese deaths in fact to allow the bones being carried back to China. Many of

the Americans who are now employed on the railroad have been here for years, and some of them say the climate agrees with them. Nearly every one I have so far met, however, tells me he has had a siege of yellow fever and there is little doubt but that the isthmus has a score of Americans under ground to every one who is now living upon it.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## MUSIC IN CHICAGO.

Chicago, March 2nd, 1898.

Perhaps no people in the world are more fond of music than are we of the city of the Great Salt Lake; and knowing the love which exists in the hearts of my fellow Utahns for the divine art, I send herewith a sketch of the musical world of Chicago. There is so much of a musical nature in the windy city that my letter will be necessarily somewhat lengthy.

The first season of opera in Chicago was in 1850, at Rice's theater. La Som nambula was the opening bill with orchestra and chorus. A good audience assembled. Music, Heavenly Maid, was having full sway, and all went well until the third act, when an alarm of fire was given, and an hour later the place was burned to the ground.

After many disappointments, Chicago heard her first opera in 1853, when Lucia was produced. Adelina Patti and Ole Bull made their first appearance here during the same year in concert. In 1854 the New York Italian opera company appeared, playing a brief engagement, limited, in fact, to one night. Since that time artists almost innumerable have been heard in Chicago.

The Apollo Club of Chicago is said to be the leading choral organization of the United States. In 1872 George F. Upton, the eminent critic of the Chicago Tribune, formed the choral society which has since assumed such an important position. It consisted at that time of thirty male members, with Silas G. Pratt as musical director, who was shortly succeeded by N. W. Dohn. In 1875 William L. Tomlins was secured as musical director, and when opportunity afforded he instituted a mixed chorus. The Apollos have produced a great many oratorios. They have presented the Messiah over twenty times, and have a record of about fifty oratorios and other selections produced, many of which have been given several times. The Apollo club is a self-sustaining institution, and its receipts, for the year 1896 were \$15,000.

William L. Tomlins, conductor, artist, teacher and present director of the Apollo club, is a man of great personal magnetism. As a chorus master he possesses great genius, and the degree of excellence attained by the Apollos is due to his work of the past twenty years.

The Chicago Conservatory of Music and Dramatic Art is located in the magnificent Auditorium building; with Steinway pianos for the teachers and students. Perhaps no institution in America can boast of such a nucleus of noted instructors, and still it is an unendowed school of art. The conservatory numbers among its instructors, Leopold Godowsky, pianist; Clarence Eddy, organist; Max Bendix, violinist; Arturo Marescalchi, baritone, and S. E. Jacobsohn, F. E. Gleason, Anna Morgan, Edward Dvorak and other musicians of less prominence. The artistic strength of this institution can be immediately seen when it is remembered that Godowsky is one of the foremost pianists of today; that Eddy is the greatest American organist, that Marescalchi is a great baritone of operatic fame, not to mention the names of Dvorak, Jacobsohn, Gleason, and the several others who compose this cluster of conservatory instructors.