STEPHENS IN GOTHAM.

The Professor Writes to His "Dear Little Family of One Thousand Singers."

CAPTIVATED BY OPERATIC PRODUCTIONS

Melba was Glorious, Salera was Divine, Orchestra was Perfect, Nordica the Same Queen of Song as of Yore.

Prof. Evan Stephens writes an interesting letter to this paper from New York under date of December 15th, addressing through it, a coterie of friends whom he affectionately designates as "My dear little family of one thousand singers." He then proceeds in say so about:

It is promised that I would try and share the pleasure of my vacation with you through the medium of the press at home as far as possible and I hereby endeavor to fulfill that pledge to the best of my ability. A speedy and delightful run on the Union Pacific and if it carries connections treated us from Salt Lake to Chicago in exactly two days and nights. Passing Evanston and Rock Springs reminded me of the trip to the World's Fair, and what wonderful hours of people and bands of music were out on to greet us this time as then. Besides I was lured with a very different musical and the time to the walking upon me at the period with a peculiar sensation of a very musical composition composed and lauded in for the contest of song and poetry taken for the Milwaukee Eisteddfod. I regret all lost time as we drew along in passing judgment upon each and trying to do full justice to the delightful entertainment. But very few compositions in all for the Salt Lake Eisteddfod, or Milwaukee Eisteddfod, a simple one. And a number of them are very good.

"At Omaha we found Jack Frost in full control and he had no longer was very little, milder in Chicago where the beautiful parade and lakes in the park had all disappeared and transformed into skating rinks with thousands of merry lads and lassies engaged in mazey dances on the ice like gnomes of old. I knew we approaching Chicago we were met by a relative of my accompanying friend whose unfailing kindness made a home for us home a veritable home to everyone who finds himself under their roof. And that does not mean a few hours or days but it means a week or two who stop over at Chicago know. We had such a royal time here that we were loth to leave.

"Sat. in the Chicago and reached the very narrow of my journey-several times. Our two days here were spent in sitting in a corner of the Big breakfasting city. Those who have never seen the Big may imagine our surprise when the Big hit us. Despite and Fort Douglas is the point of the West. mountains all closely built up, in the present with good one-story business houses, some as high as eight-story. Mr. Cornish bank buildings are placed directly on top of the Big and completely darkened the crowded streets below them. A railroad one hundred like one continuous bridge over which the people or cars, some street car runs on the ground below it with hundreds of vehicles of all sorts, pedestrians dodging in and out like ants disturbed in a great ant hill; every part of the journey and wind falling four, sixty-feet points to us if you opened your mouth fully ground dust. This is a partial picture of Chicago.

"Everybody is in a rush; and so worry. Who could calmly tread the way and such a habit of confusion? Still we stole away one day and half an hour—one hour at the great Catholic church Sunday evening listening to Mascagni's great music. Beautiful music fairly well sung; the soprano Mrs. Gerhardt, the Mayor, was especially good; she rather sang it tenor good in spots; been hard and incomprehensive; the chorus possibly thirty in number—very good. Then an hour on Monday in the art gallery a few very pleasant moments with our old genial successful friend Tedhalmer and a couple of my many Welsh friends. The tower and Chicago was "done."

"I could not muster up sufficient courage to revisit the World's Fair grounds and look for the vanished White City, a thing of memory only. Tuesday morning we were accompanied to the depot in carriages by my friends, the Misses Taylor. Two as bonnie lassies as ever stepped out of a Scotch mist. With many a kind wish and "God speed" we boarded the train for Washington. On how I longed for a big mountain or some lake, and through great groves of trees, now bare and thorless but pictures of beauty in the spring. Now passing we are away down south in "Old Virginia," or rather West Virginia, going down the beautiful Cheat River valley. Tuesday we reach Washington and are at once surprised with its cleanliness and beauty. It is all paved with asphalt and nearly as well kept home and door yard. Three months the well known and classic Washington will remain under my care given white structures of our noble Republic setting off most charming vistas, the Capitol being the center with rays between. Trees everywhere. The great park with its monuments, walks, trees and buildings stretched along for a mile and more in the shape of a long oval in the other, the river Potomac like a great ribbon bordering the whole picture.

"Now we were being drawn slowly up five hundred feet to the top of the Washington Monument, a marvelous place where we got a glorious view. Our invoiled one day here was extended to four. We could not leave the place with ease. Then there were a score of places to visit. Now a visit to the White House. The President and family were in the city. We have lived in the White House with the President and his cabinet and have met in the Houses of Representatives and Senate. I was seated on the simple grounds that my family is now in Congress. Having departed one of my tickets for a seat in the Congressional library, we called and were entertained with the thousands of all the Congressional library, as called and were charmed with the thousands of all the Congressional library, the Art Gallery, the Main Capitol city, the Congressional library, the Congressional library, all of endless reserve. At night we attended the Grand Italian Opera company in Faust. It had a good Mephisto, a rather bad Margarita, a good Faust and a splendid order of chorus. These people had fairly good voices—so might call them good as a whole. They did some fine work in the various fashion, but lacked volume. Fine work.

"Here's the evening in Washington was so glorious that it seemed to me the earth in such bad low elevation.

"Melpomene was playing in a theater here and we heard her in Camille and Lady Macbeth. The latter was too much for me. Fine actress as she is for French account in the South role was beyond human endurance. I over to the opera to witness I Pagliacci, the story of fully four chosen opera which was really very well done. After a delightful five days here we left last Sunday morning for New York City. I was born on Sunday. Our train was Sunday. Opera, Rigoletto and Juliet, also on Monday Faust with Melba as Juliet, Salera as Romeo, Dellaquila as the Friar, Alberto as Mercutio etc. And to a person of my turn of mind it was worth a trip across the continent to witness and hear Melba. Melba was glorious, but Salera was divine—the finest tenor I have ever listened to. Magic accompanied orchestra (highly instrumental) perfect.

"Friend Marsh, myself and Will met and devoured the most exquisite dreams

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

it is said that the great French master Gounod is not known as the composer of music for other than I shall think of him as the author of Romeo and Juliet. Wednesday night we heard and saw Wagner's Valkyrie, opera. The Walkyrie, with Nordica, Kamus and a great cast of noted soloists. Nordica is the same Queen of Song as of yore. Her voice was when she appeared under the auspices of the Tabernacle choir in Salt Lake and Nordica is a close sister to Melba in her operatic and a very lovely woman. The opera is tremendous, orchestra first, and last perhaps in importance, and the same singers. The scenery in the last act, too, is and the music with great phenomenal power. Some fine scenery, the mountain peaks and great streaming flames shooting up from the crowns of the mountains and surrounding the sleeping Brunhilde (Nordica). Then an anthem on such a night is a dream also. We super Dante's Inferno (Gustave Doré) gallerie (there are five in all) fairly abloom with diamonds and beautiful gems of rarest colors which sparkle and glow every where in them, for the special purpose of exhibiting their perfect adornment, a veritable fairy land of light and sparkle and with brilliant gems. No wonder there is a fascination to the possessors of fine gems to be ever adding to their stock. As a member for myself, I find that the conductor here is a star, and even comes out on the stage between acts to share the applause and curtain calls of the other leading characters. The audience seems to amuse them selves by calling out the conductor about ten times between the acts.

We are all living at the same house as we do day at breakfast, and Mrs. Forsman—and by the way, only half a block from the Vanderbilts and many other millionaires. The great Central park is at our very doors, and though it is cold, we have a royal time it, as well as at our home where I am visiting teacher, just for contrast, with Mrs. Viola Pendleton and Hanson. They owners on the 15th will arrive. I shall be sorry to leave that home and friends will come to me on the rate of six an hour, with a day or three per hour. How would that be for a name or two?

"Well, I must stop. It is a good place, is it not? Let me hear what you are all doing and the usual news of home, so that we may at least enjoy our position from a choral standpoint. They tell me there is a good deal of music in Toronto to us. I will try and see for myself and write again. EVAN STEPHENS.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

The New York Presbyterians exploit Success Young as if they thought that, in a grandson of Brigham Young, who could add them to Splitting Mormonism, they had a pearl of great price.

The Mormon logic as it appears to the Presbyterians is polygamy. To "Close" the infamy thing is Secretary. There is no possible similarity between the two topics. The fact that both parties deal in the Presbyterians on one side and Mr. Hon. Young on the other, both bedfastened, it would appear, have joined their forces against the mormon enemies is evidence only of the fact that the Presbyterians are ready to use any kind of a well instrument to make a blow against Mormonism. My friend defended in a case in point at home.

If the Presbyterians were putting Young forward as a living manifestation of the degrading influence of polygamy upon men and women, they might make a point possibly. That is, Young is a product of polygamy. Young's parents were polygamists on the maternal side. His father and mother were polygamists. Young himself appears to have drawn anything from his grandfather, and in telling back from Mormon to Presbyterian theology for head of life he is unchangeably stigmatized. That is clearly a physiological argument against polygamy. But monogamy produces better men. Therefore the argument is no good. There is nothing to be said against polygamy that may not be said against monogamy, when we consider both philosophically.

As to Mr. Young's fear of a Mormon revival, he is apparently fearful lest that for many thousands of years the governments of the world were overthrown and even Christianity, in the greatest body, was in danger of utterly until recently. If he would read the history of those thousands he would see that the church of God is made up of the people and that the Catholic church cannot secure the least temporal or spiritual power in the world. Mr. Young seems to have a very low idea of the power of the church. Christianity is worth to us, in comparison with this only "Christian" body, more than all the world, and more than all the world.

If the time should ever come when the Church should be in such a position as to be a power in the world, it will be brought to pass by men and women and children universally, we would have a powerful church, and that it is more acceptable to God, which I time will come, and that which it has come the hard self to the