

# Daily Evening Bulletin

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

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AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Of Philadelphia, S. E. Corner Fourth and Walnut Sts.

Invitations for Weddings, Parties, &c. issued in a superior manner.

DEAD. GALLIGHER—On the 13th instant, Sarah, wife of Patrick Gallagher, aged 53 years. She died at her residence, 14th and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, on the 13th instant, after a short illness, caused by apoplexy.

COLOGATE & CO.'S Aromatic Vegetable Soap, combined with Glycerine, is recommended for Ladies and Infants.

PARADE SCIENTIFIC COURSE at LAFAYETTE COLLEGE. The next term commences on THURSDAY, September 10.

PHILADELPHIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY. NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—In pursuance of resolutions adopted by the Board of Directors, a meeting of the stockholders of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company will be held at the City Hall, Philadelphia, on Wednesday, July 15, 1868.

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WAGNER'S NEW OPERA.—Letters from Munich to Paris contain brilliant accounts of the great musical event of the year, the first representation of Wagner's *Meistersinger* of Nuremberg.

## EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

### SHORT NOTES BY A SUMMER TOURIST.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.) Kellogg-Nielsen-Tittens. LONDON, June 20th, 1868.—After scattering through St. James Park, during last evening's long twilight, I emerged by the steps beneath the Duke of York's column into the area above Trafalgar Square, and passing the Crimean monument, strolled along Pall Mall, peering into the vast bay windows of the palatial club houses, in affectionate remembrance of my quondam friend, the late Major Pentennis. Many a bald pate alone through the great plate glass like a glancing billiard ball. How peacefully those great nabobs must spoon down their brick bats, snobs and snuff the genial Redwinder, now that Thackeray's canonic pen lies dry of ink!

"Covent Garden, to-night!" "La Favorita!" "Mlle. Pauline Lucas!" Then—"Drury Lane (Her Majesty's)!" "Le Nozze di Figaro!" "Kellogg-Nielsen-Tittens."

"St James Hall, Piccadilly!" "Rubinstein-Saintly-Platt; in a Trio of Beethoven!"

An's between three friends of hay! Pity my perplexity, dear BULLETIN, I feel like smashing the three tolling carriers whose gregarious sympathies had brought these stunning attractions simultaneously in collision with mine eyes. Should I throw overboard the wretched Favorita, even with Luca among the valances? But a few moments of consideration sufficed to decide that question affirmatively, and the mental performance narrowed to the two classical performers. It was to be the final appearance of the pianist, Rubinstein, whose performances, if the London papers criticize justly, have fallen slightly short of public expectation; but when should I evict the extraordinary cast of the "Marriage of Figaro" again? So I turned my footstep through a labyrinth of minor streets toward Covent Garden, and decided the perplexing question in favor of the latter, while standing midway between the two theatres.

Suddenly I found myself pursued by crowds of shrieking females, persistently bawling now "Favorita Opera Book!" on one side, and anon "Marriage of Figaro!" on the other. "Buy a book, sir; do, do buy a book; only sixpence; all the words and the music!" I took up a defensive posture, and shouted no more, my face bright and left like a puppet, as I retreated before the raid toward the portals of Old Drury; yet onward came the hungry, half-naked crowd, like the great swarm of screaming sea gulls that fly out in the wake of incoming steamers near Queenstown, in quest of the offals of the ship. One of the furies—a gin-faced, wicked looking creature, persistently followed me to the threshold of the opera house, until a policeman roughly hurled her to the rear.

Entering the auditorium, I found it well filled and our old acquaintance, Arditi, marshaling his forces for the overture. The Drury Lane Theatre is neither handsome nor comfortable, but the mind fires with a train of odd, classic associations, and in passing Garrick, Clive, Glyn, Bracegirdle and Peg Woffington in rapid review, you little rec of the difference between these narrow straight-backed seats and those luxurious stasies in our own Academy of Music at home. Neither is there visible the elegance of dress—nor, may I add, that universality of female beauty, which, when bedecked with flashing jewelry, at times causes our own paragon, paragon circle and gal-tobny to seem like a vast snowdrift with its glittering ice-points twinkling in the rays of the noon-day sun. I am not speaking of the words of candor, moreover, when I pronounce Arditi's orchestra inferior to that of the New York Philharmonic Society, or to the one employed by Ullman, when he produced the *Huguenots*, with the great cast of Fornes, Poinso, Laborde & Co., some years ago. But the curtain rises. Enter Gaspar as "Figaro," more rotund of body and florid of complexion than we saw him in Philadelphia; and with him our own Clara Louise Kellogg; the "Susanna" of the cast, whose popularity here is very great. Gaspar mouths his text, but acts cleverly enough. His light baritone has not gained strength with increasing corporeal development, and the sprightliness, vocal purity and facile execution of our American cantatrice shuts hopelessly from him all possible chance of sensation in the opening duet. Clara Louise sweeps the board of every obstacle, until a small door opens and enter Mlle. Christine Nielsen, a sprightly, lithe, beautiful blonde from the land of the Norsemen, the *Cherubino* of the evening. How her soft blue eyes light up with genial mirth as her pretty little feet trip down toward the other two artistes amid thunders and ever-increasing thunders of applause. How gracefully she swings the rich, satin-lined mantle, though negligé over her well-rounded shoulders, as she stoops to gather a brace of advance bouquets! There is a school-girl artlessness in all of her actions that prepossesses at once, much like the charming naïveté of Piccolomini when we first saw her in America. Now, dear BULLETIN, I am not about to pronounce Nielsen the best singer I have ever heard. My own tendency is rather to that species of old fogyism which prompts musical connoisseurs to hold out some early ideal. You may hear such as these exclaim: "Ah! your Faropos, your Labordes, your Jenny Lindas, may be all very fine, but, my enthusiastic greenhorn, you never heard Mrs. Wood in the *Sonnambula*!" In like wise would I steadily throughout my career opposed Boston to all new comers, and I still maintain her lasting superiority. However, I do aver that Mlle. Nielsen possesses the purest and tenderest soprano voice I have ever been good fortune to hear, so far as relates to mere quality. She has not the power as to some early ideal. You may hear such as these exclaim: "Ah! your Faropos, your Labordes, your Jenny Lindas, may be all very fine, but, my enthusiastic greenhorn, you never heard Mrs. Wood in the *Sonnambula*!" In like wise would I steadily throughout my career opposed Boston to all new comers, and I still maintain her lasting superiority. However, I do aver that Mlle. Nielsen possesses the purest and tenderest soprano voice I have ever been good fortune to hear, so far as relates to mere quality. She has not the power

## POETICAL

### Tombs and Howell Cobb Delighted With the Democratic Nominations.

At 8 o'clock last evening, the Democrats, according to previous notice, held a popular meeting at David's Hall. The simple announcement that Robert Toombs and Howell Cobb would address the meeting was all sufficient to arouse the heart of Democracy. When the popular favorites entered the hall, they found at least three hundred patriots already seated to greet the old champions who led them in the past. And they were greeted with a shout that had in it the "ring of the old general," the enthusiasm already expressed in the past. And they were greeted with a shout that had in it the "ring of the old general," the enthusiasm already expressed in the past.

## AFFAIRS IN HAYTI.

### Progress of the Revolution.

JACQUE, Wednesday, June 24, 1868.—Our dates from Port-au-Prince reach us on Tuesday. The beleaguering forces amounting to 6,000 men, while Salnavé was reduced to 500 partisans. The revolution has become so popular that every man from 15 to 60 has taken arms. The beleaguering Generals are pressing the city more and more.

## LETTER FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.) An artist-correspondent engaged in a comfortable carriage-drive through the mountain regions of New Hampshire, sends us the following sketches of the towns, &c., on his route: LITTLETON, N. H., July 9.—Very many Philadelphians are now probably thinking of the White Mountains and the two days of hard travel necessary to reach them. As I have traveled over a part of the distance—from New Haven to this point—in a much less expeditious and quite as comfortable manner as is usually the case, I have time to spare, noting the attractions of many places in the Connecticut River Valley, which are too thoughtfully given the go-by. To a person from any other section of the country, the thickly-settled and picturesque one of New England excites a peculiar interest. Its undulating surface permeated by the farmer into creditable productiveness of various grains, tobacco and vegetables; its fine trees spared by him to cluster by homestead, dairy and spring, or run irregularly through the road; and, lastly, the scattered villages or towns which he makes his purchases and sells produce, villages which in many cases give him his only idea of life in communities; these are all distinctive in their character and attractive to agricultural, tourist or philosopher.

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## CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE AND THE DEMOCRATS.

WASHINGTON, Monday, July 13th, 1868.—A few facts regarding Chase and the New York Convention have become known to me, and which I feel sure the public will desire to know. The platform agreed upon by him and some of the magnates of the Democracy, upon which he agreed, and upon that, to become Chief Justice of the United States. He has been very successful in his efforts to secure his nomination, and it is believed that he will be elected.

## THE THIRD PARTY.

### From Poughkeepsie.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 15.—At three different parts of this city, yesterday, the thermometer marked 40 degrees in the shade. The mercury in Dan Rice's tent marked 114 degrees. Stewart Douglas, of Kingston, dropped suddenly in Delaware street, and died in twenty minutes. A farmer at Red Hook dropped dead in the street.

## COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

LAWSTON, Maine, July 15.—The Commencement at Bates College took place to-day. Honorary degrees were conferred as follows: A. M. Rawson Burns, of London, D. D.; Roy George H. Ball, of Buffalo. E. P. Whipple will deliver an oration before the literary societies this evening.

## FACTS AND FANCIES.

THE TAMMANY GRAVE YARD. EPITAPH ON WINFIELD SCOTT HAMCOCK. Here rests, in a half-dend, half-living condition, A very good soldier but poor politician; General Winfield Scott Hancock, his triple great name, Each member of which has been soundly by Fame. He was grand when assailing an enemy's battery, But weak when a Johnson aimed at him with flattery. That's a fatal discharge, quite sufficient to d—n any Commoner man; but when also came Tammany, Beguiling the hero with cunning temptation, And telling him he might be head of the nation, He surrendered, who never surrendered before, And then he was slaughtered by friends of Seymour.

## FIFTH EDITION

### BY TELEGRAPH.

## LATEST CABLE NEWS.

### LATER FROM WASHINGTON.

## Reduction of the Army.

By the Atlantic Cable. LONDON, July 15.—The Committee of the House of Commons, to which was referred the proposition to buy the Prince of Wales a suitable residence in Ireland, have reported favorably on the subject.

## Missouri Contested Election Case.

(Special Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.) WASHINGTON, July 15.—The bill for the reduction of the Army, which was referred to the Military Committee of the Senate to-day, consolidates the present force into thirty regiments of infantry, eight of cavalry, and four of artillery, with an aggregate of 26,000 men.

## The Indian Appropriation Bill.

(Special Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.) WASHINGTON, July 15.—The Senate was engaged on the Indian Appropriation bill most of the afternoon.

## North Carolina Congressman Sworn In.

(Special Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.) WASHINGTON, July 15.—Hon. David Hewitt, of North Carolina, was to-day sworn in, and took his seat as a member of the House.

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