

THE DAILY CRESCENT... PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING... MONDAY EXCEPTED...

TERMS: Single copies, 10 cents; Quarterly, \$4; Six months, \$10; Annual, \$18...

ADVERTISEMENTS: First insertion, 10 cents per square; Second, 8 cents; Third, 6 cents...

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Continued from previous page, detailing rates for various ad types.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS, ETC.

Four more murders in Texas. Eugene Cicardis trails. Louisville has two sets of police on duty.

Poor little Prince Alfred has been shot in the back by an Australian Peasant.

Thanks to the officers of the steamer Lavaca for Florida papers.

Bull Run Russell's so-called novel is not a success.

A French savant undertakes to prove that Solomon's Temple was furnished with lightning rods.

The London Times is getting notorious for the blunders in its parliamentary reports.

Thanks to the officers of the steamships S. Mary and Josephine, for Texas papers.

The people of Marshall, Texas, are accused of selling eggs by the bushel.

The Richings, Booth, McVicker and Mrs. John Drew are in Philadelphia.

The Georgia press make loud complaints of radical friends at the late election. It is charged that 600 illegal votes were polled at Macon.

Geo. Ellis, opposite the Postoffice, has Kelley's Weekly, Chimney Corner, Literary Album and the New York Ledger.

Queen Victoria's oldest daughter, wife of the Prussian crown prince, is now the mother of six children.

It is said that Senator Yates would rather see Andrew Johnson succeed by Ben-Zion than Ben Wade.

We are indebted to the publishers for the May numbers of those excellent monthlies, the Galaxy, Lippincott's and Public Spirit.

Mr. Morton Peto and Mr. Lawrence Oliphant have resigned their seats in the English parliament.

Our friends and quondam associate in journalism, Mr. Charles N. Golden, will accept the thanks of the corps for generous wedges of his bride loaf, as Tom Hood was wont to call wedding cake.

The president's counsel do not consider Butler a "thing of beauty," but they are unanimous in admiring him to be a "jaw forever."

The Memphians were to formally honor the memory of the Confederate dead yesterday. Today is the time which has generally been agreed upon for that duty.

Col. S. N. Moody is out in Texas superintending the erection of light signals all over the length and breadth of the Lone Star State. "By your shirts at Moody's."

Butler denies the letter written to Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, soliciting his influence to get him the war office after the secretary's death, with his sanction and knowledge.

The Desert News is alarmed lest Paris fashions should be introduced among the Mormon women, and is started at the possibility of a saint being obliged to pay the clothing expenses of a dozen wives.

Eugenie sneezed twice while entering a recent court ball, and the Paris papers ferociously rebuke the servants for leaving a window open somewhere. Perhaps her majesty had imprudently handed damp teapots.

The Brandon (Miss.) Republican has adopted the plan of publishing an occasional poetical contribution for the purpose of showing the writer what a fool he or she is. He has undertaken a hopeless mode of curing hopeless cases.

Among funny theatrical wants published in one of the London papers is the following: "Wanted for the summer months, a good juvenile and light comedian, first heavy man; parties accustomed to the sensation drama preferred, that can keep sober for their business."

Mrs. Sarah Nicholson Moore, formerly of Baltimore, died recently at Trieste, aged seventy-seven. Few American naval officers have been in Trieste for the last forty years, who have not enjoyed the generous hospitality of her house.

Among the performers in the "White Oak" is a pretty little woman, dressed in neat frock coat, sitting on a chair, who attracts the attention and admiration for the spirit and humor with which she invests the character. No one to see her thus would suppose (what is true) that she is the fond and proud mother of a pair of twins only six weeks old. —Louisville Courier, 23.

A young Indian maid, visiting a flouring mill in Winona, Minnesota, surreptitiously got hold of the stencils and decorated her white blanket with "Ellsworth's choice" in bright, red letters, after which she strutted down street, to the eventual horror of the bachelor Ellsworth who owns the mill.

When Mr. Bancroft was retiring from Count Bismarck's ball on the 21st of the evening he encountered the king, whom he supposed had already left on the staircase. His majesty stood talking with him a quarter of an hour. The subject of it was the impeachment of President Johnson, in which the king is said to take a deep interest.

A portion of the Palantine Hill has been purchased by the emperor of France from the ex-king of Naples. It is a mine of artistic wealth, ceasing with statues, altars, ornaments and rich marbles. Signor Rosa, to whom the excavations on this site are intrusted, has just discovered a large altar, bearing an inscription stating that it was erected by Caelus Domitius Calvinius, twice vice consul, B. C. 63 and 40.

The queen of England, as seen while out on a drive recently, is described as looking thinner than of old, somewhat red of face, with a quick, observant glance of all that was going on around, as if the slight stroke had as fresh and new. She was dressed in plain black, and since every one took off their hats to her, even a stranger might have known that the lady was the queen of the realm of England.

Our social system in England, writes the London correspondent of the New York Times, breeds snobs quicker, as I begin to perceive, than any other system known on the earth. My friend Smith, for instance, hitherto an excellent fellow, died the night before last with a duke. Yesterday when I met him, he adopted a tone which nearly froze me to the marrow, until by a singular stroke of good fortune a noble earl by my acquaintance passed me on the opposite side of the street, and nodded to me, by which merciful chance I was immediately restored to Smith's favor. This is neither an imaginary nor an exceptional instance. It happens every day to some one or other here in London. Dine with a great man and none of your former friends are good enough for you afterward. And I say that this is a feeling—I proclaim it here whenever I get the chance, and rejoice over the anger which it occasions—that I never met with in all my travels in America, and which, if a man exhibited there would, I believe, result in his being laughed out of decent society.

We in England have our little ways, and moralists like Thackeray make no impression upon them, and never will. I can tell you what will do it though—popular suffrage! When workmen are in power an empty die will not compel much reverence.

FEW WORDS TO A FATHER.—Take your son for a companion whenever you conveniently can; it will relieve the already over-burdened, anxious mother of care. It will gratify the boy; it will please the mother; it certainly ought to be a pleasure to you. What mother's eye would not brighten when her child is fondly cared for? And when his eye kindles, his heart beats and his tongue prattles faster and faster with the idea of going with father, "does he not share her little boy's happiness, and is not her love deepened by her husband's consideration, so just, and yet too often so extraordinary? It will keep him out of places, society and temptation into which separately you might enter. It will establish a sympathy, esteem and love between you. It will give you abundant and very favorable opportunities to impart instructions, to infuse and cultivate noble principles, and to develop and strengthen a true manhood. It will enable him to "see the world," and to enjoy a certain liberty which may prevent that sudden licentiousness which often results from a sudden freedom from long restraint.

The best way to economize in these hard times, is to buy a Grover & Baker sewing machine, and do your own work.

THE WHOLE THING A FRAUD.

CITY HOWTEL, NEW ORLEANS, APRIL 27.

I told them not to nominate me, but they do not care for that; they are not to be deterred by the "coming man," and must see. I protested with tears in my eyes (which they forced it) I would be compelled to forego all private considerations and sacrifice myself, my time, my influence, my city money, upon the altar (action) of my country! On this hint I spoke. "Make no gaudy capital," I said, "but know me as I am, the Duke of Arizona." I was not all the niggers in the ward to vote for me, without a dissenting voice. I felt no interest in the matter except the love I bore my country, so I determined to bore my country (men) for votes.

One of my constituents, who was somewhat white, said, holding me by one ear and the only button hole left in my coat by the Republican party—says he: "My name's Jim; and I kin count most of the votes in my ward; I'll go for yer and get all the niggers in the ward to vote for yer too, if you'll only give me a share of the loaves and fishes."

Said I, "My friend, as for the first, you can loaf as much as you please; as for the 2d, don't do too good for me." This ended the loaf and fish business with him.

But, finally, along came another chap, a friend of mine. I know he was a friend of mine by a remark he made; said he, patting me on the shoulder, "I know you, I know you, I know you, you're a good feller and mean well, but that won't win; you're a regular nominated candidate of our party, the only party as represents true sentiments of love for this our distracted and distracted country; as a candidate we have assessed you \$250."

Says I, grasping him by the hand, and shaking it warmly, "I'm delighted to hear it, for I ain't been able to get rid of my money fast enough." Going to the abundance I have on hand. I'll give you a check at once."

And I gave him a check on Jacob Barker's bank. Grasping him by the hand, I exclaimed, with passionate emotion, "there is the sum twice told; bluish not to take it—'twas dearly won."

When looking at it, he put it into his bosom, and said, "My friend, we are organized and we shall carry this election, and come to New Orleans; we've got dead loads of colored gentlemen who are registered in the out of town parishes who love their country and the old flag; and after voting in the country parishes, they will vote for you, and come to New Orleans and vote on affidavits for you and all our loyal and married candidates." 'Twill be a proud day for you, my friend, when you can stand upon the battlements of the new Jerusalem, with a crown of glory encircling your brow, and the keys of the Almighty in your right hand, and a vote for the Constitution in your left. I say it will be a proud day for you then to stand up and say in the words of the 7th clause of the Constitution of our beloved Union, "I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that you shall come down upon the rebel-copperhead-democrats like a Hammer!"

He seized my hand, and left me. Registration day came, and I stood up to the door and shook hands with a lot of my constituents, who were all sun-burnt. As I did so, I felt a thrill of patriotism rush through my veins, and I raised my hand and putting the cap upon my head, I said, "I am different constituents, I said, in solemn accents, to my Republican friend beside me, (in the words of Hamlet):

"Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing."

"What's that, my lord?"

"Dost thou think Alexander looked off this fashion on the earth?"

"'Tis so, my lord."

"And swiftest so? Poh!"

And I took my hat from off my colored constituents, washed them (not the constituents, although they needed it, but my hands) and entered the register's office. There I found 5 fellows sitting at desks, with pens behind their ears, and I asked them to walk up and give me a receipt, "I am white." He asked me about 400 questions and told me to hold up my right hand and swear. I held up my right hand and he made me swear that I was never a U. S. officer and never a member of the descendants of Ham, for they shall come down upon the rebel-copperhead-democrats like a Hammer!"

Registration day came, and I stood up to the door and shook hands with a lot of my constituents, who were all sun-burnt. As I did so, I felt a thrill of patriotism rush through my veins, and I raised my hand and putting the cap upon my head, I said, "I am different constituents, I said, in solemn accents, to my Republican friend beside me, (in the words of Hamlet):

"Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing."

"What's that, my lord?"

"Dost thou think Alexander looked off this fashion on the earth?"

"'Tis so, my lord."

"And swiftest so? Poh!"

And I took my hat from off my colored constituents, washed them (not the constituents, although they needed it, but my hands) and entered the register's office. There I found 5 fellows sitting at desks, with pens behind their ears, and I asked them to walk up and give me a receipt, "I am white." He asked me about 400 questions and told me to hold up my right hand and swear. I held up my right hand and he made me swear that I was never a U. S. officer and never a member of the descendants of Ham, for they shall come down upon the rebel-copperhead-democrats like a Hammer!"

Registration day came, and I stood up to the door and shook hands with a lot of my constituents, who were all sun-burnt. As I did so, I felt a thrill of patriotism rush through my veins, and I raised my hand and putting the cap upon my head, I said, "I am different constituents, I said, in solemn accents, to my Republican friend beside me, (in the words of Hamlet):

"Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing."

"What's that, my lord?"

"Dost thou think Alexander looked off this fashion on the earth?"

"'Tis so, my lord."

"And swiftest so? Poh!"

And I took my hat from off my colored constituents, washed them (not the constituents, although they needed it, but my hands) and entered the register's office. There I found 5 fellows sitting at desks, with pens behind their ears, and I asked them to walk up and give me a receipt, "I am white." He asked me about 400 questions and told me to hold up my right hand and swear. I held up my right hand and he made me swear that I was never a U. S. officer and never a member of the descendants of Ham, for they shall come down upon the rebel-copperhead-democrats like a Hammer!"

Registration day came, and I stood up to the door and shook hands with a lot of my constituents, who were all sun-burnt. As I did so, I felt a thrill of patriotism rush through my veins, and I raised my hand and putting the cap upon my head, I said, "I am different constituents, I said, in solemn accents, to my Republican friend beside me, (in the words of Hamlet):

"Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing."

"What's that, my lord?"

"Dost thou think Alexander looked off this fashion on the earth?"

"'Tis so, my lord."

"And swiftest so? Poh!"

And I took my hat from off my colored constituents, washed them (not the constituents, although they needed it, but my hands) and entered the register's office. There I found 5 fellows sitting at desks, with pens behind their ears, and I asked them to walk up and give me a receipt, "I am white." He asked me about 400 questions and told me to hold up my right hand and swear. I held up my right hand and he made me swear that I was never a U. S. officer and never a member of the descendants of Ham, for they shall come down upon the rebel-copperhead-democrats like a Hammer!"

Registration day came, and I stood up to the door and shook hands with a lot of my constituents, who were all sun-burnt. As I did so, I felt a thrill of patriotism rush through my veins, and I raised my hand and putting the cap upon my head, I said, "I am different constituents, I said, in solemn accents, to my Republican friend beside me, (in the words of Hamlet):

"Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing."

"What's that, my lord?"

AMUSEMENTS.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night.

The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OLD FELLOWS' PICNIC TO-DAY.—The forty-ninth anniversary of the organization of their fraternity will be celebrated to-day at the Fair Grounds by the Old Fellows' Picnic. The occasion will be a picnic. Combining charity and benevolence with the pleasures of the occasion, they propose to devote the receipts derived from admission fees to the most worthy object of assisting the Widows' and Orphans' Society, and to a picnic. Every preparation and forethought which can add to the enjoyment of visitors has been made by the managers. There will be music and refreshments ad libitum, in addition to which the Turnverein will perform a dramatic comedy. The Turnverein will perform a dramatic comedy. The Turnverein will perform a dramatic comedy.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van Hullen, Dupin and Theodor, who won new laurels on the 12th of last night.

THE OPERA.—The Opera House never contained a more brilliant or appreciative audience than it did last night. Early in the morning every seat was taken, and at eight the house was unoccupied. This great and last composition of the immortal Meyerbeer was interpreted by those excellent artists, Messieurs Audibert and Seguin, and Mrs. Picot Lechevalier. Van