The Sunday Herald.

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GATH'S LETTER.

Tourist Notes of the Shenandoah and Monocacy Valleys.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BALTIMORE, MD., May 8, 1880.

Warm weather advises us of the main reflection on our climate: that the summers try men's souls. Why add politics to the heat? So I have been plunging off in the country in a road wagon, looking at the natural man.

THOUGHTS OF JOHN BROWN.

Having visited the resorts of John Brown in the mountains of Maryland recently, and mentioning it to Hon. Amos Townsend, Congressman from Cleveland, he said: "I knew John Brown very well. About 1857 he had a scheme of buying and selling wool almost as grand in its character and melancholy in its results as his raid on Harper's Ferry. His idea was to grade the native wools, taking out the finer qualities and then the coarser, and assorting them so as to get a better average of prices. He failed, and a good many of his creditors had some time in getting their money. I was a year or two getting mine. I believe that Brown or his moneyed partner ultimately paid the debts, but the partner, I think, was a victim to some extent. The firm style was Perkins & Brown."

"Brown was absolutely honest, wasn't he?"

"I think he was. But always visionary. In business as in war he was unsafe, not looking at things in the light of their own excuses."

"Did he impress you when you knew him?"

"Yes. He made the impression of a homely, strong, native man, an old-fashioned, sound American. After I knew him in Ohio I was on his tracks next in Kansas."

"What were you doing in Kansas?"

"Why, I lived at Mansfield, Ohio, when John Sherman was a member of Congress. Sherman was appointed one of three on a committee to go to Kansas and investigate the troubles there. I was one of his constituents and supporters, as I have been ever since. Sherman made me marshal of the committee, and I rode two or three thousand miles over Kansas, having some interesting and pretty dangerous scenes and incidents, of which I have now no time to speak. John Brown's performances in Kansas made a good deal of talk before the committee. The next I heard of him he had made the descent on Harper's Ferry. If you look at that event in the light of its historical grandeur preceding the Civil War it is one thing. Look at it in another view, considering its business success and the lives of the poor people he took down there with him, and it was a tremendous piece of folly. His bravery, however, kept it from being ridiculous, and he stands well along in human fame."

I visited Charlestown, W. Va., named for Charles Washington, brother of George.

TURNER ASHBY.

Around John Brown's gallows, in command of the cavalry, was a man who has obtained considerable local reputation, Turner Ashby. He appears, like Tom Bayard, to have got considerable of his fame from his name, the Virginia people being great novel readers, and as they have traced Bayard up to the chevalier they undertake to trace Ashby into the novel of "Ivanhoe." In reality he was the son of a country trader of Alexandria, Va., not disconnected with slave dealing. In childhood young Ashby was an athlete and kept a pet wolf and was a good fox hunter around the Blue Ridge. His farm on the Manassas Gap railroad was called Wolf's Crag. A Whig politically, but a slaveholder, he became unduly excited at the John Brown invasion, which he always held to be the beginning of the war. Ashby raised a few mounted men and rode to Charlestown, and there he met Stonewall Jackson, who had come up with the Lexington military cadets. Ashby performed the useless duty of patrolling the Potomac River, and at the pictures of the hanging of Brown "Porte Crayon" represents him very complimentally. He was particularly incensed at the appearance of a Massachusetts judge at the trial, who not only, to use the language of Ashby's chaplain, a Rev. Mr. Avirett, "came down from his position on the bench, and, combining fanaticism with his conscience, offered violence to the moral law and Christian world, thus giving social aid and comfort to a malefactor on trial for his life, but his wife gave expression to the feeling of sympathy meanwhile by darning the martyr's stockings."

Ashby supported Bell and Everett, but as soon as Virginia seceded, the day after Fort Sumter fell, Ashby gathered his cavalry together, the Mountain Rangers' Company, and left his home never to return. It was Ashby who compelled the evacuation and blowing up of Harper's Ferry. Stonewall Jackson took command of the Ferry and Ashby became lieutenant colonel of a cavalry regiment, in which his brother was a captain. While trying to arrest a political enemy, which was his brother, Dick Ashby, was killed near Cumberland. Turner Ashby then fought in numerous battles in the Valley and was killed near Harrisonburg. His horse had been struck and had sunk down and Ashby undertook to fight on foot, when a musket ball passed through his body and killed him instantly. He was the first efficient rebel cavalryman in the Valley of Virginia. They buried him at Charlottesville, under the eye of Jefferson's Monticello, and later in the war took up his body and buried him in the Stone Wall Cemetery, at Winchester, beside his brother. About two years afterward the grandson of Chief Justice John Marshall, also a fine officer, was shot near Winchester and also interred in the Rebel Cemetery beside the brothers Ashby.

There were some Unionists in this part of the country, and among them was the Hunter family. Andrew Hunter had the finest house at Charlestown, and had been the prosecuting officer of John Brown. David Hunter, his cousin, was an abolitionist and a Regular Army officer, and his cousin, Colonel Strother, a retired Army officer, kept the summer hotel at Berkley Springs, and was the father of the artist, "Porte Crayon." The first of the series of outrages committed on these relatives was the inhuman treatment of old Col. Strother by his relative, August Wolfenstein, a German officer, who died from exposure and the effect of insults on his proud nature. Then David Hunter burned the house of Andrew Hunter, of James M. Mason, and of Congressman Boteler's home. Next Angus Macdonald, aged sixty-five, was captured near Lynchburg, and wagoned and marched the whole length of the Valley, and fell on common prison fare, kept in handcuffs and irons. Macdonald died after his release from the effect of this treatment.

BARBARA FRETCHIE'S TOWN.

Frederick City, the emporium of the Monocacy Valley, was laid out by Patrick Delaney in 1745 with a town site instructed which insisted on wide streets. On the formation of Frederick county it was made the county town, and has ever since been the second city in Maryland. It is a shade older than Georgetown, adjoining Washington, which was not about 1752. Between these places is Rockville, the county seat of Montgomery, which was cleared by the Revolutionary War, after Lord Stirling had fallen at Quebec and Washington had captured Boston. They took off from Frederick county Montgomery to the east and Washington to the west. Of the latter Hagerstown became the seat of justice. Nearly all that is of Maryland in agriculture lies in this mountain region, and it is much behind the adjacent parts of Pennsylvania and even Virginia. Georgetown became a shipping port direct to Europe and the West Indies, and was once the rival of Baltimore. Among its merchant clerks and traders were the Riggs family and George Peabody, both bankers. George Riggs is the wealthiest man in the District of Columbia. Frederick City suffered a great slight when the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, instead of being carried through the town, was engineered some miles south of it, thereby throwing it off on a branch. It has about nine to ten thousand people.

Frederick and Hagerstown were the principal military points in Maryland during the Rebellion. Every time the rebels invaded the State they made for one or the other of these places, and sometimes occupied both in the same campaign. Since the war Frederick has been connected with Baltimore by a direct railroad, but as the new road passes through a rough country the old road still makes better time.

TANEY AND KEY.

There are two distinguished men buried at Frederick, and not one distinguished man living. The former are Francis Scott Key, who was a native of this county, born during the Revolution, but lived in Georgetown, on the Potomac, of whose artillery company he was a member. Some British war vessels that had been menacing Alexandria and Georgetown dropped down the river and gave the artillerists a rest. Its leisure had hardly commenced when Mr. Richard West, one of Key's best friends, came up from Upper Marlborough, in Lower Maryland, and said that his physician at Marlborough, Dr. Beanes, had been carried off by the British. Beanes had assisted to repel some British stragglers who had plundered the town, and for this he was accused of having violated his protection. As Key was a man of superior address, Beanes's friends wanted him to get Beanes's release from the British vessel. President Madison allowed Key to take an official letter and a small vessel and go down to the British fleet, which lay about Tangier Island. Gen. Ross and Admiral Cockburn declined to accede to his request at first, but as they had letters from some wounded British at Bladensburg speaking of their humane treatment, Ross said: "Though he does not deserve it, I will let Beanes go after I have completed a military movement. But until that time I will discharge neither him nor you; we are going to attack one of your towns, and you must stay with us till the fight is over." So Key and his associate were put on the frigate Surprise, commanded by Sir Thomas Cockburn, which with the other vessels went into the action of Fort McHenry. There Mr. Key saw the whole battle during the night when the bombardment was going on, and in the morning they strained their eyes to see if the flag shivered over the little earthen fort. When they beheld it and heard that the British had failed in the attack their joy was great, and Mr. Key, in the cutter, necessarily had on the ship where he was a stranger and particularly avoided after the British defeat, began to write the "Star Spangled Banner." He was put off at Baltimore when the British were about to re-land, and he finished the poem at his hotel in that city soon after he arrived. It was at once struck off by a Baltimore printer and circulated about town. GATH.

OLIVE LOGAN.

New Opera by a French Composer—Musical Audiences in London and Paris—Artists Waiting for an Opening in America—American Plays and Players in London—New Music for Old Stanzas—Rich Gifts from Kindly Givers—Projected Visits.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

LONDON, April 17, 1880.

Your musicians are no doubt familiar with the name, and probably with the score itself, of Massinet's grand opera, "The King of Lahore." I went to Covent Garden to hear it the other night. An interesting sight indeed are the London Grand opera-houses, from the instant one reaches the curbstone in front of them up to the moment one is seated. Neither Paris nor New York has anything like so fine to offer, viewed merely as a spectacle. The Paris Grand Opera House is the most magnificent monument dedicated to music of modern times, and if there was anything more splendid in the past there are no relics of it left. But what a vile audience one meets at the superb house on the Boulevards! You know the Parisian expression, "Sundayfied cooks." I think it is the aptest phrase one can imagine to designate this vulgar crowd of red-handed men and women, loaded with tawdry and cheap finery—coarse broad cloths, shiny silks, dirty gloves—exactly the same crew one sees at the Porte St. Martin when they are playing the most blood-thirsty dramas. The admission to the best seats (except the boxes) is only a couple of dollars, and among such an amusement-loving people as the French, and such a thrifty lot, doing business with a multitude of English and American rich fools, whom they bleed as they like, these minions of the tape-measure and the boot-heels can easily afford to go. There is positively no department, no respect for the conventional in dress, nothing. The last time I went I found that the man sitting next me in the stalls was my hair-dresser! He wore a faded blue linen shirt, no coat, and had on a pair of very soiled pearl gloves. When Mrs. Bell, of California, went one night, wearing full-dress and her $300,000 worth of diamonds, she was so run down by the gaping crowd in the *foyer* (among whom the pleasant rumor circulated that she was Cora Pearl) that she was obliged to leave the place. Then, when you get in the artistic way is simply these two things: A splendid orchestra and magnificent *mise en scene*. The singing is generally very bad, except in those rare cases when a good voice, not yet sufficiently known to the world of art to command its price, is willing to sing at a cheap rate. But in London all is easily magnificent, musically, I gather by the eye, a glory to the ear. I have no earthly object in speaking of the difference, except to present a truthful picture. Splendid audiences are growing ground in England very surely and even rapidly, and it is not impossible that, in a few years from now, going to the opera will be an experience robbed of much of its present brilliancy. I feel that the authorities who have the military in charge are even now objecting to the useless law which renders it imperative that a picked guard from the finest regiments in London should be detailed to parade in front of the opera houses, and in the entrance halls on opera nights. They are merely ornamental, these splendid red-coated fellows, with their handsome shakos, their gleaming arms, and their air of resolution, as they march to and fro like sentinels defending a redoubt; they are of no possible service; in case of disturbance there are plenty of policemen; but they add enormously to the picturesque appearance of the approaches to the opera-houses. And merely from the spectacular point of view I prefer looking at Dukes wearing their orders, peeresses their diamonds, and famed beauties some late invention in fairy-like attire too, hair-dressers in blue shirts and Sundayfied cooks in cheap broadcloth and dirty gloves; don't you? As for the singing, I need not mention it.

Covent Garden has but one intention in that respect: to obtain the best of it, whatever its price.

I do not fancy this new opera, "The King of Lahore," will ever be much cared for by you. It is not remarkably full of tune, and the story, though pretty, is a mere trifle. Yet the fance is an odd one, and one that I do not remember ever to have seen represented on the stage. The young lover dies, and is taken to heaven, the heaven to which good Kings of Jubree go. Angelic ballets, celestial choruses, all fall to reconcile him to this paradise, because his lady love is still on earth. He is permitted to return to her, but merely as a common person, not a King. He accepts, and arrives just in time to save the lady from the machinations of his former Minister of State, etc., and so forth. Of course happiness and full of drama. Yet somehow it is not tepid, as this work is. It "went" with perfect fire from the gorgeous audience assembled to hear it, for this reason: the singers in it are perfectly delicious, though their names have not yet become widely known. The soprano is Mlle. Turolla, a fascinating Italian girl, and this is something rare, for singers of Italian music come from every country under the sun except Italy. She made her first appearance last season, but her method was very crude. She must have worked hard since then, for she has immensely improved; and you would scarcely believe how it enhances the pleasure of listening to Italian operatic singing when the singer is an Italian, and the pronunciation is natural and faultless. The tenor is Giraffa, a Frenchman, Patti's favorite support after Nicolini, a gentlemanly fellow with an agreeable voice; the baritone is Lasalle, a person over whom I predict that your *dilettanti* will go raving mad. I don't know how to describe that voice, that rich, mellow, *rosy-wine-colored* voice, gurgling forth its mellifluous beauty so warmly and so easy that you never let assume to open under the generous flow of its melody. When you add to this enchanting possession enough in itself for all operatic needs) the importance and magnificent dramatic power, I think I have sufficiently indicated that Faure has a dangerous rival in Lassalle.

Next week we shall see Joaquin Miller's play, "The Danites," with McKee Rankin and an American company. The opening afforded play and players is at the Sadler's Wells, that remote little theatre situated away off in the suburban precincts of London, near that renowned old hostelry, "The Angel," which has now degenerated into a mere corner "public," since the fall of coaching days, at which time, doubtless, it was a lounging point for travelers of all classes, bound Liverpool and Manchester way. The theatre is now in the hands of Mrs. Bateman, widow of the eccentric Colonel. Mrs. Bateman, whose first exploitation of the dramatic talent of his two little daughters was made in the "palmy days" of the old National, From what I hear I imagine it is not difficult for any star, English or American, to get an opening with Mrs. Bateman, so long as they are willing to take the risk of not making any money—or rather, perhaps, I should say the certainty of that. The most side-splitting stories are told of the manner in which this theatre is conducted, from the joint effects of natural parsimony and real impecuniosity, by this poor widow with her family of daughters, who are ready to act anything from Lady Macbeth down to Nan, the Good-for-Nothing. I hear of stage-struck counter-jumpers of the neighborhood, callow and pimply, youths of seventeen and eighteen, being allowed to "speak a piece" before the assembled family of infant and aged phenomena, and after an awesome delivery of one of the school-exercise declamation soliloquies being told (as at the minstrels, when the applicant sings "Gayly the Troubadour") "Very well, Mr. Gayly, you're engaged. You may play Macbeth to-morrow night, but, of course, you won't expect any salary?" To the natural remonstrance of Mr. Gayly the Troubadour, the economical Mrs. Bateman replies: "Oh, yes; but if you entered a lawyer's office, or were bound as an apprentice to any trade, you would not expect any wages, would you? No; you would pay your master for being allowed to learn. Now, I excuse you from paying me, and give you an opening; but surely you cannot expect me to pay you?" What the audience expects in this Vincent Crummles-like arrangement is pretty well shown by the laughing, which, to use a quotation which you probably have heard before, is usually "a beggarly array of empty," etc. I am acquainted with the play of "The Danites," but, in view of the approaching production, I read over the novel the other day. Personally, I like Joaquin Miller. He kisses my finger-tips and addresses me as "Lady," of course, as he should, in the first instance. Nevertheless, both ladies and their husbands, object to that mode of salutation, but I must say that I fully recognize the validity of that law of etiquette which decrees that kissing a lady's hand is an act of deference far above that of merely shaking it. Persons who speak to Empresses and Queens kiss the fingers of those ladies; and I wish I dare press some upon a hand-shaker. Miller's poetry I am also fond of, as melody.

As grammar it would (had it been written) never have stood in the senior sophomore class in the Race-street School, where a heedless slip of the tongue which made the periphrastic conjunction, thrown with an auxiliary verb, do service for a true and definite past principle, always brought the ruler sharply down across our poor knuckles, which really were innocent in the matter. But Miller's prose, as exemplified by this second line of "The First Families of the Sierras," is simply shocking in style and substance. I do not think, in all Zola, there is a more hideous piece of naturalism than that relating to the honest hero, when those about him erroneously imagine he has been wounded. Can it be possible any hint of this incident is given on the stage?

Madame Modjeska will appear on the 1st of May in an adaptation of "Camille," called "Heartease," a version made by Mr. Mortimer, of the London *Figaro*, and which has already been presented here without success. The lovely Polish Countess is expected to redeem it, and stamp herself as one of the few great emotional actresses of the day. We shall see. The London public is a curious compound. Strangely enough, Modjeska will only play at morning performances, as matinees are called here (one being quite as accurate as the other and neither correct, since these representations are always given in the afternoon,) a fashion of theatre-attendance which has increased in favor immensely of late here, though the London manager did not take it up until it had long been popular in America. But at the Imperial Theatre (that adjoining the Westminster Aquarium) Miss Litton is giving an afternoon series of Shakespearean revivals, which are viewed by crowded audiences every day. She is now doing "As You Like It," and yesterday reproduced a short scene from the comedy which has long been omitted. This is the Hymen incident, in which the god of marriage comes in with Rosalind and Celia, and the characters sing one of Shakespeare's quaintest stanzas:

"Wedding is great Juno's crown,
O, blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honored,
Honor, high honor, and renown
To Hymen, god of every town."

There are two settings of this verse in existence, one by Dr. Arne and another by Sir Henry Bishop. The one new sung is entirely different, and has been made by that accomplished musician, Mrs. Tom Taylor. The lady's music is melodious and simple—a quiet and semi-religious strain in F. I am sorry to say, however, that Rosalind's first line is a downright crib from Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair."

Presentations have been in order this week. I wonder what goodies turn will come, or young, dear reader? Surely we are deserving enough. How inappreciative people are! Mrs. Bateman was the recipient of a silver gilt dessert service, costing some $3,500, which was made to Mr. Ledger, the proprietor of the theatrical paper called the *Era*, as a testimony of regard from the best members of the dramatic world. Henry Irving made the speech which accompanied the gorgeous gift. What a thing it is to have a successful newspaper which has been running through two or three generations! Mr. Ledger is very rich and lives in a house in one of the terraces overlooking Regent's Park, whose interior luxury is something indescribable. Mr. and Mrs. Ledger have no children, and the one thing lacking in their splendid rooms is that peculiar coziness which indicates one every day and all day. Without it these splendid rooms run the risk of looking like a furniture shop, or exhibition rooms in palaces where the people have cut off the royal families' heads.

The other presentation was just what I should have liked: a purse of five hundred guineas given to an old musician named Wrighton, who is now old and infirm.

Sir Julius Benedict, who, it appears, has taken lessons of Wrighton, made the presentation speech. Mr. Wrighton is the composer (among a number of other things) of that very pretty love-song called "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still."

Genevieve Ward has really made a hit with the piece called "Forget Me Not." I hear she proposes to America with it at once. I wonder if she will take Grace Greenwood's daughter with her, Annie Lippincott, who has been in the cast from the first.

Emily Faithfull is also going out again to lecture on "Modern Extravagance—Its Cause and Cure." Miss Faithfull is an excellent and most worthy woman, but, unfortunately, American ladies have so cultured a sense of the æsthetic in the matter of raiment, I fear they will say that if Miss F. is a personal example of what "the cure" is, they prefer the "modern extravagance." I believe it was a New York wag who started her present *sobriquet* of Captain Cuttle. We are both groundlings and bulkheads, too, who hear it; for we cannot help laughing at it, though it makes us grieve. OLIVE LOGAN.

AMUSEMENTS.

Many of our readers no doubt still remember with lively feelings of pleasure the production one year ago of the fairy spectacle of "Cinderella," given at Odd Fellows' Hall, by the pupils of Professor Sheldon. This year the annual exhibition of this academy, wherein is taught the "poetry of motion," will be at the National Theatre at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, the 14th instant, when "Jack, the Giant-killer," will be given with an excellent cast and a ballet of one hundred children, pupils of Professor Sheldon. Washington's favorite, little Miss Annie Lewis, will assume the character of *Jack*; Lizzie S. Blasland, that of *Jack's* mother; Rosalie Bradford, the *Princess*; Nina Gunton, the *Emperor*; Maggie Lee, the *Fairy*; while the big *Giant* will be taken by a "dark horse" not laid down on the programme. Incidental to the rendition of the piece will be a grand levee at the King's Palace; Minuet De La Cour, composed by Professor Sheldon expressly for the occasion, in which twenty-four masters and misses will participate. Peasant Dance by twenty children. In the third act Grand Ball of the King, during which there will be a march by forty children; Madrilleneo, by eight misses; Sylphide, Flower Vivaldi, Highland Fling, by the class; Gitena, Mabel Cornish, L'Arlei, Mamie Pumphrey; Chinese Dance, by the Misses Emerald Polka Mazurka, Lizzie Stevens, Lillie Baker and Mamie Pumphrey; Village Dance, Ella Ramey; Smolenski, Minerva Sheldon, and Irish Lilt, by the class. This will be one of the most magnificent spectacles ever presented in this city, and should receive the substantial support of the friends of the little ones.

After having once been disappointed we are to have the musical sensation of the year, Genee's famous opera, *Der See Kadet*, under the English title "The Royal Middy." This is the piece which has restored Augustin Daly's fortunes, having run all winter at his theatre in New York to crowded houses. The company is the same which has been so successful in Northern cities, with the substitution of Miss Blanche Chapman as the *Royal Middy*. The other soloists are Miss Henrietta Sennett, mezzo-soprano; Miss Marion Bernard, contralto; Mr. Eugene Clark, tenor; Mr. Herbert W. Archer, baritone; Mr. W. A. Van Hoven, basso, and Mr. Ed. Mack, comic. They are supported by a strong and well-trained chorus and a large orchestra under the capable leadership of Signor L. Operti. This engagement cannot fail to be a notable one, and "The Royal Middy" ought to fill the Ford treasury. The plot is a very lively, comic, and romantic one, turning on the adventures of little Fritz, who, having a wife and an old admirer, finds him promoted to governor of the Royal Naval Academy and wedded to the *Queen*. She is obliged hurriedly to disguise herself as one of his pupils, upon which the fun begins, and from that another serious complication is likely to ensue, until *Lieutenant* ends it by managing to get back into her proper garb, and finally marries *Don Jesandro*, a fabulously wealthy Brazilian.

The attraction for this week at the National Theatre will be Miss Annie Graham, the very fine-looking and attractive artist whose features have been made familiar to us by the usual lithographs, and who, assisted by a strong dramatic company, will render the effective new play, "The Upper Crust," announced as having been written expressly for her. Belot is well known as the author of "Article 47," that exceedingly well-plotted and developed emotional drama which was a favorite with Clara Morris, and this new production is one so appropriately promised to be the fashionable event of the season. It should not be overlooked, and is not likely to be, that Monday night is the only benefit of the hard-working and deserving business manager of the National, Mr. Samuel G. Kinsley, formerly its efficient treasurer. This gentleman's efforts merit recognition from the public.

The coming week at the Theatre Comique promises to be the most attractive of the season. The management has at great expense effected an engagement with Mlle. Fanfan Delay, the famous opera bouffe troupe and Mme. Collona's statue and art troupe and female minstrel company, making two shows in one. The specialty artists are all No. 1 in their line. The company is under the management of Mr. Charles Howard, which is a guarantee that everything is first class. The great burlesque of the "Little Duchess," with the Amazonian March of twelve beautiful young ladies, will be a feature of the entertainment. The company contains nearly forty artists, and the great American quartette appear in the minstrel scene.

If a crowd rushed to Lincoln Hall to hear Ole Bull, who is far past his prime, and who never was a great violinist, what should we expect at the farewell appearance of one who is not only in the fullness of his powers, but who is the greatest of living violinists, and the greatest who has been heard in America for at least a generation. We can honestly say to those who have not heard Wilhelmj that he stands among violinists as Liszt stands among pianists; both are unsurpassed in mastery of their instruments, in power of execution, and certainty of interpretation. Wilhelmj brings some excellent supporting artists with him when he comes to Washington.

The Carroll Institute will give at Lincoln Hall Wednesday evening perhaps the finest of their very excellent entertainments. On this occasion they have secured Right Rev. J. J. Keane, the eloquent bishop of Richmond, who is so beloved here, to deliver an address. Miss Eva Mills, the distinguished soprano, will sing, as will Mrs. Sidney Lanier, Messrs. Wablecker, Kaspar, and Rakemann will add to the musical portion of the programme, and the best talent of the institute to the literary.

Attention is again called to the cruise of that gallant little ship, "H. M. S. Pinafore," at Odd Fellows' Hall, Seventh street, next Thursday and Friday evenings, and matinee Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. Miss Kate Chaseley will assume the character of *Josephine*, and the officers and crew, sisters, aunts, etc., will be selected from our best artists. The performance is for the benefit of the Sons of Jonadab, and therefore should be liberally patronized.

The attraction at Ford's for race week, beginning the 17th, will be the new and interesting domestic drama, "Hearts of Oak," which has met with great success in other cities, and has been so favorably received in New York that the company return there for a spring engagement. Mr. Clay Ford, who has done so much for the theatre-goers of the Capital, takes his annual benefit on the 17th, and the event will therefore be one of double interest.

Capt. Paul Boyton, the intrepid swimmer and amphibious voyager, will give five public exhibitions in the Potomac, at the foot of Eighth street, this week, beginning Tuesday. The history of his life since 1874 reads like the most extravagant romance, yet all is true, and he deserves the encouragement he must be a general desire to see the hero of it all; but besides this he has the practical object of introducing a most useful and humane invention.

The gallant crew, "Pinafore," are again to set sail in this city at Lincoln Hall on Wednesday evening, the 19th. Miss Eva Mills as *Josephine*, Mr. John Fugh as *Ralph*, and Mr. Hay as *Sir Joseph*, with his cousins, sisters, and aunts will swell the chorus in behalf of the worthy object of embarkation, the Academy of the Holy Cross.

Society Chat.

The entertainment given last Monday night at Willard's Hall, under the patronage of Mrs. Ada Duval Mack, was a very creditable and flattering testimony to the lady having the affair in charge. The singing and recitations were of the finest, particularly that of Mr. Warren Vinton.

Miss Alvord, daughter of the Paymaster General of the Army, was married at Ascension Church Wednesday evening last to Dr. Thomas Craig, of the Coast survey. After the wedding a reception was held at the house of the bride's parents, to which only intimate friends were invited.

Mrs. Sargent, nee Hill, wife of Master Sargent, of the Navy, who is now attached to the Ports mouth, will spend the summer at Mount Desert.

Quite a little colony of Washington people will spend the summer at Chalybeate, about a mile from Bedford Springs, Pa.

Mrs. Charlotte P. Ewing, of Philadelphia, arrived in the city yesterday, and is stopping with friends on E street.

Miss Jennie Abert, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Byrne, left for home Friday evening.

Gen. and Mrs. Albert Myer will be at home to friends, by card, to-morrow afternoon from 4 to 7.

Miss Lettie Grasten, of Danville, Va., is visiting her uncle, Dr. Hines, No. 1417 Tenth street.

Miss Carrie Paulding is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Paulding, at Fort McHenry, Baltimore.

Mrs. Nathan Sargent, nee Hill, joined her husband at Fortress Monroe on Tuesday.

Miss Sallie Williams, of Winchester, Va., is on a visit to relatives in this city.

Wall Street's Bulls and Bears.

NEW YORK, May 8.—The Stock Market opened strong and prices advanced ¼ to ¾ per cent., but subsequently reached ½ to 2 per cent. Chicago, Bur. & Q. leading both the advance and the decline in the general list. Northern Pac. was a marked exception to the general market, selling down from 25 to 21¼, and closing at the lowest figure. During the afternoon the speculation was selling weak and irregular, but in the final dealings there was a fractional recovery. The greatest activity was in Erie, the coal shares, Pacific Mail, Lake Shore, and the Southwestern stocks. The transactions aggregated 267,000 shares.

COULISSE CHAT.

E. E. Rice is said to have made $30,000 this season.

Marie Wellesly is playing in sensational drama at a Philadelphia theatre.

The little American donna who was treated so shabbily over here has just achieved a fresh success in London as *Lucia*.

F. C. Bangs is to play *John Strebelow* with the traveling "Banker Daughter" combination of Union Square Theatre next season.

Rose Eytinge has applied at Wallack's for the position of "old woman" for the coming season. She is said to be very poor in England.

Birch and Backus have bought out Wambold's interest in the San Francisco Minstrels. Wambold says he shall never sing in public again.

James E. Murdoch, who has been for many years in retirement, has been playing in a round of sterling comedy at the Philadelphia Chestnut, and attracting select audiences.

The fair Emily Rigl demanded and obtained one hundred dollars a week for her Wallack engagement. "It is a Clara Morris part," said Mr. Wallack, trying to argue her down. "Den yv don't you get Clara Morris to play with it?" asked the fair Emily.

"Capoul, the blonde and interesting tenor—whose romantic release of his fiance, Mlle. Grevey, when he found that a greater future awaited her in the rising political fortunes of her father, is a matter of fact"—is the way a Washington correspondent speaks of him.

Miss Adelaide Neilson, the first living impersonator of Shakespeare's heroines, confesses that she is to be married shortly after the close of her present engagement, and declares that it is positively her farewell to the American stage. She will play a farewell engagement next fall in London and the British provinces. The name of the happy man is not disclosed.

Anna Dickinson is to write her recollections of notable scenes and characters in book form. Her play of "Aurelian" is universally praised by those who have heard it, as one of the finest tragedies ever conceived. It is said to be a superb acting play, but one which would require a fabulous expense to mount and produce it. Several offers have been made by distinguished actors for the play, but the price which the author sets upon it, $50,000, implies that she does not intend parting with it readily. At present Miss Dickinson is giving readings of the play in the Western cities.

L. J. Jennings writes from London to the *World*: "Presently we shall have Sarah Bernhardt here again, for she has resigned at the Francais. Her engagement, I know, is unexpired, but she is very much to go to New York, but does anybody but herself believe that she would "go down" there as she did in London? If she is wise she will pitch her tent here and let the commonwealth of letters and statesmanship sell them at fancy prices. Nobody so gullible as John Bull. It is at least questionable whether his Cousin Jonathan will buy Sarah's wonderful plastic casts at the price of old lumber, but John Bull is of a generous disposition, especially when he fancies he is being "fashionable," and therefore "Mlle." Bernhardt will do well to keep a sharp look-out for that, and a pleasant informal reunion was held, Mrs. Sherman, who had arrived a long health lately, was fortunately able to remain in the parlor all evening without fatigue. The bride was generally considered the beauty of the family, having regular features in the Greek style, and a wonderful mass of golden hair. Though not tall she is vigorous and erect in figure, fond of exercise and action, and with abundant health and intelligence. The young gentleman who has carried off this prize is two years her senior, and graduated from Annapolis in 1869, having served faithfully since on sea and shore with the good word of his superiors. He is now and lately stationed at the Washington navy yard, he is expecting an order to China, which may ere long carry him and his young bride from her parents' home to that distant clime.

The complimentary reception of the Minuette Club at Masonic Temple, Thursday evening, was brilliant, both in attendance and the elegance of the costumes. As this soiree was understood to be the last of the season, the attendance was unusually large. The hall was tastefully decorated, and the committee having charge spared nothing to make their guests comfortable. The following gentlemen were: Messrs. Sears, McCormick, Granger, Smith, Phillips, Schlegel, Furnage, Hurdle, Jones, Sutor, Hewitt, Emory, Robertson, Duff, Schwing, Whitney, McCartney, Stewart, Fox, Lyon, McCormick, Bradley, Bryant, Pralle, Golway, Gibson, Gaier, Leachman, Darnall, Hudson, Downing, Pistorio, Greenwell, Kirk, Scheele, Whiting, Hoover, Hutchinson, Bailey, Pitman, Pruett, Howard, Chandler, McGraw, Krauskopf, Clarke, Fraser, and Reichenbach.

A special meeting of the Thalian Club was held at Mount Pleasant Monday evening last. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers and bunting flags. In the first farce given "Mr. X.," Misses Tulock, Waltz, and Bloss, and Messrs. Sailer, Hughes, and Briggs acquitted themselves very creditably. This was followed by "The Widow's Victim," with Misses Bloss, Jackson, and McCauley, and Messrs. Briggs, Elliott, and Manning as the cast, in which the ladies and Mr. Briggs made a hit in the Clip, carried off the honors of the evening. The house was crowded, and an appreciative audience testified their admiration by rounds of applause. After the entertainment the members repaired with a friend of theirs, J. B. Bloss, where they were handsomely entertained.

The wedding of Miss Annie D. Gray and Mr. J. Bradshaw Beverly took place at Leesburg on Wednesday evening, and was one of the most brilliant affairs that has occurred in that burg for a number of years. The church was crowded with invited guests, and the wedding march was played by Professor Leo Wheat, to which entered the bridal party, consisting of the bride and groom, attended by eight bridesmaids and groomsmen in full dress. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Davis, after which a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother. Many visitors were present from Baltimore, Richmond, Washington, Winchester, and other places.

The marriage of Miss Adah B. French to Mr. Charles L. Sauer was solemnized at St. Paul's English Lutheran Church Wednesday last, at 8 o'clock, in the presence of a large and fashionable audience, Rev. Dr. Domer performing the ceremony. The church was tastefully decorated by the bride's parents, 914 L street, which was attended by a large number of invited guests.

The birthday anniversary of Miss Carrie Tisdel, the fair young daughter of W. P. Tisdel, Esq., was celebrated by a reception at 1324 Thirteenth street yesterday afternoon, beginning at 6 o'clock, to the number of one hundred guests. The parlors of Misses Helen and Carrie, who are growing up into much of that distinction of appearance and beauty which marks their mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbott (née Miss Alice Moseley, of Newburyport) passed the early part of the week at the Riggs House. Miss Poore (daughter of Maj. Benj. Perley Poore) and her cousin, Fred Moseley, a brother of Mrs. Abbott, and the wedding is to take place this fall.

The Misses McKeen, of Terre Haute, Ind., who have been visiting the family of Secretary Thompson, returned home on Saturday morning. They will accompany the family of Secretary Thompson to the Pacific Coast next summer.

Among the weddings to take place this week is that of Mr. Calvin Wittmer, a prominent merchant of the West End, and Miss Marie Kendall, daughter of the late Capt. James T. Kendall, of Fredericksburg, Va.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, who has been confined to her room for three weeks from nervous prostration, is now, happily, convalescent, which will be gratifying news to her many friends.

Miss Hattie Bainbridge, the pretty and accomplished niece of Gen. Paul, of the Army, will be married in Hopkinsville, Ky., Thursday next to Mr. L. O. Cox, a wealthy Western banker.

The warm spell of the past few days will act as a warning to the society people, and a general leaving of town for the watering places will commence about the first of June.

Hon. William A. Russell and family leave for their home in Lawrence, Mass., to-morrow, for the summer vacation, Mr. Russell returning the end of the week.

The engagement of Miss Hattie Riddle, daughter of A. G. Riddle, to Mr. Harry E. Davis, the promising young lawyer of this city, is announced.

Miss Millie Strong, daughter of Justice Strong, was married Thursday last to Mr. W. T. Sloane. Only a few of the most intimate friends were present.

Miss Ellie Byrne will spend a portion of the summer in Kentucky as a guest of her cousin, Miss Jennie Abert, who is now on a visit to Miss Byrne.

Miss Florence Rapley, and her brother, Mr. Randolph Rapley, returned home Friday night from a visit to the Hot Springs and Little Rock, Ark.

The engagement of Miss Whiting, daughter of Commodore Whiting, of the Navy, to Mr. Dering Fosdick, of Cincinnati, is announced.

Miss Anna Williams, the distinguished beauty of Georgetown, who spent the winter with her mother in New Orleans, has returned home.

Mrs. Hayes and daughter, of Yonkers, N. Y., who came on to attend the Sherman-Thackera wedding, left for home Friday evening.

The reception on Wednesday afternoon by Doctor and Mrs. Gallandet was one of the many pleasant social events of the last week.

Mrs. Rogers, wife of Col. Rogers, the President's private secretary, arrived here Thursday last with her youngest children.

Maj. R. L. Shelley and wife have taken rooms for the summer at 1012 Fourteenth street, opposite the Hamilton House.

Miss Sallie Emory, daughter of Gen. Emory, will leave on Wednesday en route for Japan to spend the summer.

Mrs. Page, Miss Lucy Page, Mrs. Bailey, and Mrs. Pollock will leave next week for a year's trip abroad.

Mrs. Gen. Lander has returned from Boston, and in June will sail for Europe with her two sons.

Miss Fisher, of New Jersey, is visiting the wife of Senator McPherson.

Mr. and Miss Snyder, of Georgetown, will go to Mount Desert.

(See second column outs.)

The Yellowstone National Park.

The report of Col. P. W. Norris, Superintendent of the "Yellowstone National Park," just published, will be read with interest, and gives the result of operations for the year 1879. At least 1,000 persons have visited the Park during the past season. It is approached from the south via the Union Pacific to Ogden; thence by the Utah Northern Railroad. From the north via the Northern Pacific Railroad. As will be recollected, the Yellowstone National Park being the largest national park in the world, was set aside and reserved as a public park and pleasure ground by act of Congress of March 1, 1872. It is situated at the sources of the Yellowstone and Missouri and Columbia rivers, in the Territories of Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana, and comprises a territory of 55 by 65 miles, (3,575 square miles,) and its general elevation is from 7,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and numerous of its peaks rise to the height of 10,000 or 12,000 feet. The Park is a country more remarkable for the wonderful phenom