

# Daily Evening Bulletin

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## EVENING BULLETIN.

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(For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

SONGS OF THE WOODS AND STREETS:

BY VICTOR HUGO.

French, English, Germans, Russians, I am almost tempted to add Hottentots and Esquimaux, have admitted that genius embodied in a woman, indisputably exists in France—that a great mind, the mind of George Sand, with all the strength of manly intellect, all the poetry of woman's soul, has reached the pinnacle of intellectual glory. This woman has called Hugo great—this mind, so lofty that it need claim fraternity with none—this being whose only fault is to have tramped upon those conventional forms, the observance of which ever bestows a new dignity upon the highest intelligence, as the "apotheosis of the Greeks adds a fresh poetry to their loveliest statue—this exceptional soul has acknowledged its affinity with that of Hugo, in reviewing the work of that great author upon Shakespeare.

The fame of Hugo is the acknowledgment of genius which must necessarily be awarded by kindred intellect. He is, perhaps, of all authors, the most difficult to translate. Put a bird of Paradise into a dye-pot or transmute Hugo's verses into another tongue: *cela revient auame*. Yet I have attempted to preserve the gay accents of happy affection in the lines to *Jeanne* alone:

Listen to the light heart of the poet's joy how it beats in these lines, and how it tells of spring, of love and of the brightness one heart brings into the life of another:

FOR JEANNE ALONE,

I do not think for an hour  
If steppie or beffry-bells sound,  
I know not the queen by her power,  
I know not the king, tho' he's crowned.

I know not, I frankly avow,  
How high my lord carries his head,  
Or whether the priest's daily mass  
In Greek or in Latin is said.

If you should dance or should weep,  
If imagines our secrets reveal,  
Only one thing do I know,  
My love, which I cannot conceal.

Would you know, Jeanne of my dreams,  
Bringing the swallow-like flight  
Of thy white foot as it gleams.  
Over the streamlet in light?

Would you know what is my pain?  
'Tis that wher' er I abide,  
Jeanne, an invisible chain  
Still brings me back to thy side.

Would you know what is my care?  
It is that conquering part,  
Jeanne, which forever you play  
And make sun or storm in my heart.

Hear me oh! hear me confess  
Jeanne, that more dear to mine eyes  
Is the least flower on thy dress  
Than all the bright stars in the skies!

SEEDLING-TIME, EVE,

It is the time of evening's fall  
And I behold, beside my door,  
The warning day that softly beams  
To tell the laborer's toll is o'er.

Yet on the land, in night mist bathed,  
I see the rugged form with pain  
Of that old man whose weary hand  
Fills up the soil with seed again.

That form arises darkly still,  
And o'er the furrow looms afar;  
I feel how well he knows the days,  
In all their moments, priceless are.

He opens still his hand as now,  
He comes and goes upon the plain,  
While his witness, silent gaze,  
He casts the seed, he sows the grain.

And spreading still its dusky shades,  
Night mingles as its murmur sigh,  
And to the very stars the seed  
By his grand gesture seems to fly.

Hugo, alas! is growing old, though nothing in these Street and Wood Lyric would indicate it. But a great poet never dies; he only rises. Lovers shall sing his verses when that which is earthly of him shall have passed away and he shall have solved the great mystery of death. New poets shall dream his dreams and maidens, awaiting to them their investment.

Judging by the letters and statements received from the various agencies in this city, the soldiers discharged soldiers out of over twenty thousand dollars by making representations, to the effect that, for twenty-five dollars, they would agree to procure for the soldier sixty acres of land on the line of the Great Pacific Railroad Company. Recent developments indicate that the fraud committed by this agency was not supposed, and directed of one, there were over two thousand victims of this great swindling operation, and the number is being daily augmented by applications received in this city, asking that measures may be taken to restrain them from their investment.

CAROLINE A. FOURNIER.

Destructive Fire in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 16.—A fire broke out this morning in Lincoln Hall, a building with three stories, on Franklin street, which communicated to a six-story double building immediately west, and the corner of Lake street. The building was completely gutted. The heaviest losers are Messrs. Whipple & Co., dry goods, \$75,000; Richardson, agricultural implements, \$40,000; J. S. Scammon, owner of the building on Franklin streets, \$50,000. The total loss amounted to about \$250,000, about one-half of which is insured.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have received from Little, Brown & Co., Boston, "The Life of Joseph Warren," by Joseph Frothingham. There were very few of our revolutionary heroes who filled a more important and conspicuous position than the subject of this most interesting biography. Reared, in early life, under the influence of a Christian mother, in a humble New England farmhouse, and educated at Harvard College, he had entered upon the pursuit of the medical profession when the political skies were just beginning to gather the first clouds that were to burst in the storm of the Revolution. He threw himself early into the conflict, and rapidly rose to a pre-eminent position of influence in Massachusetts. Mr. Frothingham traces him, with most interesting minuteness, through all his progressive steps of patriotic devotion to his country, until it was sealed with his blood on the fatal field of Bunker Hill. It is such a history as Americans ponder over with delight. It is the biography of one of the very best representative men our country has produced.

John Campbell, 419 Chestnut street, has published a volume of great historic value and interest to Philadelphians. It is a record of persons who took the oath of allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania during the years 1777 and 1783, with an admirably written history of the "Test Laws" of Pennsylvania, by Mr. Thompson Westcott. Mr. Westcott has made a most important contribution to our historic records, and has done his work in a most creditable manner. As a specimen of typography, this volume is a complete gem. We have seen nothing to surpass this production of Mr. Ashmead's skill, from any American press. Only 250 copies have been printed, of which 75 are in quarto, 25 in folio and the remainder in royal octavo.

M. W. Dodd, New York, has published two more works by the popular authoress of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family." "Winfred Bertram" is a story of modern English life and is marked with all those characteristics of originality which have given such extraordinary success to all the preceding works by the same author.

"The Song without Words," by the same authoress, is a beautiful little volume for children, in which the old story of Bethlehem is woven into an exquisite allegorical form. There is a rare delicacy in the management of the idea of the authoress which will make this pretty little volume as attractive to adults as to the young people for whom it is designed.

"Country Love" is a very prettily printed poem by H. T. Sperry, devoted to the city adventures of a young man from the country. It is written in the loose, rollicking rhythm of the Ingoldsby Legends, and runs into the "Flora McFlimsey" circle of New York society. Perhaps the chief charm of this little volume is in its illustrations, which are by "Gus Hoppin" and in his best style. There are about a score of his inimitable sketches. It is published by Carleton, and for sale by Peterson.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have received from Sheldon & Co., New York, a new tale of Western adventure, entitled "Marion Reece, or the Quest for Fortune." It is by a new author, Henry Sedley, of Boston, and indicates a high degree of talent in this walk of romance. Its scenes are laid in the far West and its interest centres around a company of California emigrants and their adventures in crossing the plains and mountain passes of that section of our country. It is a novel well worth reading.

Carleton, New York, has published "The Prince of Kashna," a curious tale of the West Indies. It purports to be written by a native African Prince, and narrates, in a sort of journal form, his "slave life in the West Indies. It is written with great sprightliness and is a capital picture of life and manners in Jamaica. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have received from A. Roman & Co., New York and San Francisco, a second edition of Hittell's "Resources of California," a very valuable compilation of the agricultural, mining and commercial interests of the Golden State.

**Swindling Soldiers.**

Recently I gave information that the War Department detectives had discovered that certain agents in this city had swindled the government out of over twenty thousand dollars by making representations, to the effect that, for twenty-five dollars, they would agree to procure for the soldier sixty acres of land on the line of the Great Pacific Railroad Company. Recent developments indicate that the fraud committed by this agency was not supposed, and directed of one, there were over two thousand victims of this great swindling operation, and the number is being daily augmented by applications received in this city, asking that measures may be taken to restrain them from their investment.

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REV. HEZEKIAH DUCACHEL, D. D.

Sincere regret was felt by those who, this afternoon, gathered around the tomb made ready to receive the late venerable rector of St. Stephen's church, in this city. He had much endeared himself to his congregation during the thirty-one years of his ministry among us. With a constant zealous interest in theological and ecclesiastical matters, few members of his profession find it possible to entirely avoid any presumption of once as Dr. Ducache has done. He had solid self-respect, and at the same time delicate considerateness for the feelings of others; while he secured the appreciation of those who can value the honest acting out of individual character in reverent recognition of the Divine Law. The divine inculcations of sympathy had to him a practical meaning, and his warm kindness of heart made obedience not difficult; he really rejoiced and truly mourned with those of his flock whom the Great disposer had prospered or smitten.

The writer, one of the first among those who were baptised by him during the initial year of his pastoral care in Philadelphia, can vividly recall a sunshiny Sunday noon, more than sixteen years ago, when, the service being over, some visitors from a distant city proceeded to read a monumental tablet which is attached to the north wall of the church. The Rector made some illustrative remarks upon the character of the person commemorated by the tablet, and turning suddenly to the writer, asked—"Child, do you think they will give me a monument?"

"Sir," was replied, "your monument will be in the hearts of your flock." In truth, this gentleman who was sincerely kind will be kindly remembered by many, but it seems not inappropriate that to one who was their minister during nearly the third of a century, there shall be a permanent external testimonial from his congregation.

It is accordingly now suggested that by subscription there shall be erected to the Rev

Henry W. Ducache a memorial tablet in the church with which he had identified himself.

It is believed that there are none

among the old congregation of St. Stephen's who would not gladly contribute to this purpose.

It is considered that the testimonial ought to be simple in design because

the subject of it loved personal display,

but that it should be the appropriate work

of a good artist, and that it be inscribed as

a tribute of affectionate recollection to

Dr. Ducache from those who have been

members of the congregation of St. Stephen's

church since 1834 and 1853.

William Kirkham, Esq., will receive contributions for this object. It is requested that members of the congregation will circulate the proposition herein made.

**The Freedmen at the South.**

The following extracts from a lady at the

South will be found interesting. Her ac-

count of the freedmen's condition can be

fully relied on:

NOVEMBER 30th, 1865.—I am often asked

"Are the freedmen industrious?"

The question would never occur to one who has

seen the negroes during this period of

the tide of war has changed from slaves to men.

Whoever has contrasted those *grand old*

*Virginia mansions* guiltless of paint and

verdigris and the shabby scenes and thrif-

less plantations of the F. F. V.'s with the

smiling farms and increasing thrift of a

people but three years since kept down by

Providence has ever permitted; a people

who, though struggling against oppressive

laws, the accumulated weight of genera-

tions of servitude and the brutal

example of bad example, are yet the most enter-

prising, most loyal citizens of the "sunny

south" which are equal to us. Are the

"freedom industrialists" but rather

"Will the oppressor condescend to learn of

the oppressed?"

For some time past my lot has been cast at

Acra Town; a York river community of

some two thousand freedmen, living on

abandoned property, rented from Govern-

ment. The negroes are scattered over the

circumstances that each family is allot-

ed an acre of land. The place, neatly laid

out two years since by one of our Generals,

now boasts one pretty good store, besides

several lesser ones, an excellent gristmill,

a boat-builder, several oystermen, carpenters,

planet-sawyers, chairmakers, basket-

weavers.

Their acres are neatly cultivated, and a

wee garden in a

corner of the

house, and a

few flowers in a

pot.

They are

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