

# Daily Evening Bulletin

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

F. L. FETHERSTON, Publisher.

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**EVENING BULLETIN.**  
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By F. L. FETHERSTON, Editor.  
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GIBSON PEACOCK, CAREER SOUTHER, J.  
F. L. FETHERSTON, J. W. WILSON,  
THOMAS J. WILLIAMSON.

**MARRIED.**  
BROWN—ELLIOT—In the 25th inst., by the Rev. Isaac Brown, of the 25th inst., Lewis V. Brown, of Philadelphia, to Maria, daughter of the late John Elliot, of Southampton, Northamptonshire, England. No cards.

**DIED.**  
FACON—On the 25th inst., Hester, wife of Thos. Facon, at Germantown, of consumption, aged 72. Buried at the 25th inst., at 10 o'clock.

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On the 25th inst., at 10 o'clock, the remains of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, Mass., who died at her residence, 229 Walnut street, on Saturday morning, the 27th inst., at 10 o'clock.

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**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**  
"Later Lyrics," by Julia Ward Howe, Boston—J. E. Tilton & Co.—Step by step Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has reached a place among "the few and first" of the American poets of the present decade. The reader who reflects on the full significance of this assertion must admit that a work by any one, who deserves such praise, is at any time worth knowing. It is a declaration that among more than thirty millions of people, there are a dozen, certainly not more than twenty, persons whose memory, as preserved in their works, will be in ages nearer and, in a certain sense, dearer to truly cultivated persons than that of the greatest statesmen or generals of our time. We do not realize it, but it cannot be denied that every man or woman, who has gained a place in the poetic pantheon of his country, has thereby proved that he or she is the first among several thousands in regard to the development of a faculty which, in the opinion of the only persons whose opinion is worth having, takes the lead as regards all active exertion of refined intellect. Let any one look over the literary history of the last four hundred years and he will be surprised at finding how abiding is the reputation of even very inferior poets. The forests of science, history, or theology, are swept away by time, but the green and wild flowers of poetry bloom on undisturbed. Many thousands of men are at this day striving with all their might to attain a celebrity which, after all, when won, will be merely evanescent as compared to that of any of our better poets. The reflection should have the effect of inspiring somewhat more respect for the members of the gentle craft than the majority of the public grants them.

Such reflections struck us with redoubled force, when on opening Mrs. Howe's new volume of poems, our glance rested on the Battle Hymn of the Republic, which has attained in the highest sense the proud distinction of having become a historical and national ballad. Through the late war for Emancipation and the Union, it was sung far and wide from Maine to California, from the far North to the Gulf.

"Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord," He that dwelleth in the vineyard where the grapes of wrath are stored; He has gloriously and in the lightning of his terrible swift sword, His truth is marching on."

Had Mrs. Howe written nothing more than this grand variation on the old John Brown refrain, her poetical celebrity would have been well assured. "Our Country" became however hardly less known during the war—the reader will recall it from the opening verses:

"Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,  
Do not deck our girls in gay delirium,  
And solemn marches all the night,  
Weave but the flag whose bars to-day  
Troop'd heavy o'er our early dead,  
And hallow'd with the names of brave and true,  
For orchards that must earn their bread."

Stern earnestness, as of a terrible and lowering cloud, lit by the lightning flashes of "Puritanic fanaticism," as it was once called, of fustian to call the great element which has redeemed and regenerated our country, are decided characteristics of these poems of the war. Where they are graceful they are truly feminine, where they are strong and serious they are very manly indeed—a comment which will apply with great justice to all of Mrs. Howe's songs. "Our Country" and "The Battle Hymn," are broad and grand in conception—in them as in so many more, we hear that true organ tone so often imitated and so seldom attained—especially by women.

The second division of this volume embraces "Lyrics of the Street," the first of which, "The Telegrams," is an admirably framed series of imaginary messages.

"Thus the living and dying daily  
Thrust forward their words and words,  
While still on dog's nose and rat's tail,  
Sit scolding the little birds."

Each of these lyrics of the street is a beautiful lyric picture, while the whole forms an exquisite collection, which may be regarded as a single poem. It is to be regretted that the writer did not, by a few bold and happy touches, fuse the whole into one. The intelligent or poetic reader will indeed do this, almost unconsciously; but the mass, to whom suggestive art is a sealed mystery, will lose the unity, which might have been directly apparent.

Enter ye, and "Heavenly Verses," lyrical romances," in which the love, yearning and death of a young girl are set forth in a series of poetic hints—often times most musical:

"I will lead you, dream-enchanting,  
Where the fairest grasses grow;  
I will lead you, dream-enchanting,  
Where the fresh winds pipe and blow."

Calms and dignity, a certain religiously toned purity and grace, and well-ordered forethought as regards all dramatic or picturesque effects, characterize the Poems of Study and Experience with which the remaining two-thirds of this volume are filled. It would be difficult to find, at the present day, any simply secular poet whose writings indicate so little merely earthly passion or sensuous impulse, as Mrs. Howe's. To give them from a social point of view the highest of praise which can possibly be awarded by the American public, and one without which no character is popularly regarded as truly great, we would say that these poems are morality itself—images of Purity in ice by moonlight. The reader who reflects on the difficulty of writing poems of true excellence which shall become universally liked, without employing a trace of the most tempting *ad captivandum* element, will feel from this that no small gift of self-conscious strength and refined and refining discipline has been allotted to one whose works are impregnated with varied merits. It was not needed to give Eric warning—his dwelling is in humble valleys and not on the stately hill-tops.

Something should be said of Mrs. Howe's

as an original writer—a point by the way which few contemporaries ever succeed in justly determining of their compeers. When we read as from afar off that the same brain which inspired "Heavenly Verses," has not been entirely unconscious of Mrs. Browning, and while "A Wild Night" smacks of Longfellow—as every sea poem in the "eight-six" measure must—we cannot in conscience avoid insisting that as regards great mental characteristics, Mrs. Howe possesses an originality which renders a few and extremely trifling defects of form such as these "coincidental accidents" of no real consequence. Beyond this the reader who would know more of these poems must read for her, or himself.

Praise is due to Messrs. Tilton & Co., for the very beautiful typography, paper and binding of this book.

Messrs. Carlton & Porter, New York, have just published several valuable additions to their catalogue which are for sale by Perkins and Wiggin, of this city. "The Centenary of Methodism" by Rev. Abner Stevens, LL. D. is a history of Methodism in America, prepared in anticipation of the celebration of its centenary jubilee which is to be held this year. In a compact form, the author has succeeded in presenting a very complete summary of the history, theology, literature, missionary work, &c., of this large branch of the American Church, which now numbers, nearly two million persons.

"A Visit to Aunt Agnes," and "The Children and the Lion" are two beautiful prints of English juveniles, very handsomely illustrated with five engravings, which will be very popular with little ones. Carlton & Porter also publish the fourth of their series of "Question Books" for Sunday Schools, completing the study of the Old Testament. These little text-books are very extensively in use in the Methodist Sunday Schools.

Under the title of "Mosaics of Human Life," J. B. Lippincott & Co., have just published a very pretty volume of extracts, prose and poetry, illustrating the various phases of human life. The authoress, Elizabeth A. Thurston, has done her work beautifully well, and under the captions of "Betrothal," "Wedded Life," "Babyhood," "Youth," "Single Life" and "Old Age," she has grouped her selections together in such a way as to present a most sprightly and readable volume. As the title indicates, there is a rare blending of light and grave tints in these "Mosaics," and it is just such a book that one loves to dip into here and there in a leisure hour, sure to meet many things to touch the feelings or to amuse the fancy.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have also published a second series of "Drifted Snow-Flakes," by Mrs. Hamilton. The first series of these poetic selections of religious poetry, has met with a degree of success, and accomplished an amount of good, in its ministrations amongst the bereaved and suffering that gave ample encouragement for the preparation of this second volume. Many of the poems of the new volume appear in print for the first time in "Drifted Snow-Flakes." The whole selection is marked with judgment and good taste, and will be gladly welcomed by those who have become familiar with its predecessor.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just published "Cora Belmont," a new novel by an anonymous author. It is the story of a young Kentuckian, whose adventures are divided between Kentucky, Washington and Philadelphia. Many of the scenes and situations are marked with considerable literary ability, although the book, as a whole, comes fairly within the category of sensational romances.

**THE CRUISE OF THE TICONDEROGA.**  
The Voyage from the Delaware to Fayal—Affairs on the Island—Arrival at Lisbon.  
(Correspondence of the Phila. Evening Bulletin.)  
F. S. STEARNS' SLOOP OF WAR TICONDEROGA, under the command of Captain FAYAL, arrived here on the 8th inst. We made the passage in thirteen days from Delaware Bay, encountering the very worst weather. Just think, nine gales of wind, none of your small potato fellows, but regular old veterans.

According to the Department regulations, we were not to set steam after getting fairly to sea, except in a case of emergency. So we put out fires on the 28th of November, and made all sail. Such sailing! We went every way but the right one. The ship reminded me of a dog with a pack of fire crackers tied to his tail. She rolled—she pitched—she wallowed. The wind and sea increasing very fast, she became almost unmanageable and every once and a while would fall into the trough of the sea, and take sea after sea on her decks. The Captain stuck manfully to his task of trying to sail her, but our yards breaking did not stay parting and rigging sleeking badly showed that if we kept on we would much longer we would wreck ourselves completely aloft. So after two days trial, steam was ordered and we arrived as above. We are hard at work at repairing damages.

Fayal Island is one of the Azores or Western Islands, situated in the North Atlantic Ocean, twenty-two hundred miles from Philadelphia, and nearly due east of it. It belongs to the Kingdom of Portugal, and is of volcanic origin. The principal town is situated at the base of a volcanic mountain, 3,000 feet high, on the southeast side of the island. The town looks very pretty and neat as you approach from the open sea; but the illusion is dispelled when you get into it, for it is very dirty. It is guarded by a small stone fort, mounting about twenty twelve 18 and 24-pounders in barbette. It is a very solemn looking affair, and I can very readily say that one shot from our 11-inch Dahlgren would knock one fourth of it into pieces. There are about eighty Portuguese soldiers stationed on the island, very clean and fine looking men, wearing a chocolate colored uniform, trimmed with narrow red lace and a three-cornered cap; they carry a carbine; they invariably

salute all our officers, no matter if you pass but twenty times on the same day—which appears well for the discipline. We visited the flag of Portugal with twenty-one guns the day after we arrived. It was promptly returned by the fort with a like number. There were two Generals for the island, one military and one civil. The military one visited our ship, and was received with the honors and salute due his rank. He ex-pressed great admiration for the American people. The American Consul also visited us, and received a salute of seven guns. Mr. Dabney, our Consul, is the wealthiest man in the island, and owns over half of it. He has represented our interests here over thirty years. He, with his two sons, Messrs. John and Samuel Dabney, seem to be more popular than the officials, for whenever they walk on the streets, everybody, men and children, bow and take off their hats to them. But they deserve it. I assure you, humble, hospitable and benevolent are hardly expressive terms to apply to these noble gentlemen. And the United States have a Consul here they may be proud of. His house, servants, and everything else, was at our disposal. We played croquet on the beautiful lawn before the house, with some young ladies from Boston, staying with the Consul's family. It is a lovely place, and the scenery is magnificent. I must not forget to mention the delightful walk I took with Mrs. D. to see her upper park and garden on the mountain. The Sagittelle (she has still another one higher up). It is a lovely place, and commands a fine view of the island of Pico opposite, whose grand volcano rears its lofty and capped peak, 7,000 feet in the air. They had just left when the mariner's miles at sea. I saw in the garden what perhaps would astonish you at home (this is no sailor's yarn)—a hedge of camellias of about fifty feet high, in every way. I saw at one glance fully a thousand camellias of the purest white, and of great size. I could have picked an armful, which, in Philadelphia, would be worth a good deal more than \$50. They require no care but a little pruning in the spring. Our breakfast table has been decorated every morning for our passengers. Luxurious dogs, are we not?

The island is visited in the summer with severe shocks of earthquakes. Back of Mr. Dabney's house is a convuls house, where the family take refuge when the waves are usually severe for fear of their own house falling—a thing that has never happened, but it is a precautionary measure. There are no public buildings, except a school in the city. There is a small theatre, but the proprietor only opens it about once in two years, with a company from Lisbon.

The streets are full of beggars, who follow you with piteous faces, begging for alms. We to the person who gives to them, as he will be all the way every day. I saw the same gang. Some of our tender-hearted officers bestowed freely the first day they landed, although I advised them not to do so. They were all very kind, and I am sure they were sorry they ever gave any.

The most amusing thing is to go donkey riding. The United States Navy has a uniform on their donkeys, sitting sideways on a kind of circus pad, with no stirrups, and the style for both sexes. The donkey drivers follow after their backs, sticking them in the flanks with a sharp nail on the end of a pole, accompanying it with the most hideous cries and an exclamation which we call "Fayal, Fayal, sack kee, O." I do not pretend to say it is so, as I am not a Portuguese, thank my lucky stars. No amount of running or riding will give you any idea of the way the donkey drivers follow after their backs, sticking them in the flanks with a sharp nail on the end of a pole, accompanying it with the most hideous cries and an exclamation which we call "Fayal, Fayal, sack kee, O." I do not pretend to say it is so, as I am not a Portuguese, thank my lucky stars. 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