

Daily Evening Bulletin.

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.

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OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

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THE WIFE.

An Idyl of Bearcamp Water.

Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold
That tawny incans in their garden grow,
Heavy with sunshiny droops the golden rod,
And the red pennons of the carnation-flower
Hang motionless upon their upright stalks.
The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,
Wing-weary with its long flight from the South,
Has yet scarcely scanned the maple leaf
With faintest motion, as one sits in dreams,
Confesses it. The locust by the wall
Stabs the moon-silence with his sharp alarm.
A single bayonet down the dusty road
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep
On the leaden top. Against the neighboring hill,
Ruddled along the stone wall's shady side,
Without a shadow, a woman remembered
Defied the dog-star. Through the open door
A drowsy smell of flowers—grey heliotrope,
And white speck-clover, and shy mignonette—
And faintly in, and silent chorus lends
To the pervading symphony of peace.

No time is left for hands long overgrown
To take their strength, and (unto Him be praise)
Who giveth quietness, and His sleep is strain
Of years that did the work of centuries.
Have ceased, and we can draw our breath once
More,

Fresh and full. So, you harvesters
Make glad their nooning underneath the elms
With tale and riddle and old snatch of song,
I lay aside grave themes, and idle play
With fancied horrors, from remembered hills
That beckon to me from the cold blue North.
And yet not idly all. A farmer's son,
Front of field, food and harvest-craft, and feeling
All water the possibility of life.

Of labor and privation, and the bare
And colorless realities of life
I watch the possibilities of life
The rugged outlines touched and glorified
With mellowing haze and golden-dusted mist.
Our woman should be equal to his home
Set in these fields, purple-walled—
A man to match his mountains, not a drudge
Dull as the cloud he turns. I find would teach
In this light way the blind eyes to discern,
The cold hand, the bright hand, the common things,
Beatitudes of beauty; and the more things,
Pay somewhat of the mighty debt I owe
To Nature for her ministry of love
And long benediction. With the rocks
And woods and mountain valleys which have
been

Solace in suffering, and exceeding joy
His best moments, I would leave some sign,
When I am but a memory of his years,
That I have loved him. Happily in the years
That wait to take the places of our own,
Whispered upon some breezy balcony
From the mountain lake in the moon
Sleeps dreaming of the mountain, fair as Ruth,
In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet
Of Boaz, even this little life of mine
May some day be a blessing to his heart,
Or make a light one lighter for his sake.

We held our siding way above
The river's edge, and shivered with the breeze,
By homesteads old, with wild-fungus barns
Swept through and through by swallows—
By maple orchards, bells of pine
And larches climbing drier
The mountain slopes, and, over all,
The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-range
With gaps of brightness riven—
How through each pass and hollow streamed
The perching lights of heaven.

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down
From far celestial fountains,
The short sun dropping, large and low,
Behind the wall of mountains!

We drove before the farm-house door,
The farmer called to Mary,
Bareheaded, with white apron, she came,
White-aproned from her dairy.

Her air, her smile, her motions told
Of womanly contentment,
A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness.

An lurching gate that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance,
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance.

Before her queenly womanhood
How dared our landlord utter
The petty errand of his need
To buy her fresh-burned butter?

She led the way with housewife pride,
Her goody store disclosing,
Full tenderly the good things,
With snow-white hands disposing.

Then, while across the darkening hills
We watched the chattering glory
Of sunset on our homeward way,
The landlord told her story.

From school and ball and route she came,
The city's fair, pale daughter,
To drink the wine of mountain air
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

Her step grew firmer on the hills
That watch our homesteads over;
On check and lip, from summer fields,
She caught the bloom of clover.

For health comes sparkling in the streams
From cool Chocorus stealing,
There's iron in our Northern winds,
Our pulses are trees of healing.

She sat beneath the broad-armed elms
That skirt the gentle west-wind weave
The grass with shadow and shadow.

Bede her, from the summer heat,
To share her grateful cooling,
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

Framed in its damp, dark looks, his face
Had nothing true or common—
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness
And pride beloved of woman.

She looked up, glowing with the health
The country air had brought her,
And laughing, said, "You lack a wife,
Your mother lacks a daughter."

"To mend your frock and bake your bread
You do not need a lady;
Behold among these brown old homes
Is some one waiting ready—"

"Some fair, sweet girl, with skillful hand
And cheerful heart for those who need,
Who never played with ivory keys,
Or danced the polka's measure."

He bent his black brow to a frown,
He set his white teeth tightly,
"It is well," he said, "for one like you
To choose for me so fitly."

"You think, because my life is rude,
I take no note of sweetness,
I tell you love has naught to do
With meanness or unsteadiness."

"I tell you love has naught to do
With meanness or unsteadiness,
It stirs with throbs of passion.
No leave of pride or fashion
When silken zone or homespun frock
It stirs with throbs of passion."

"You think me deaf and blind; you bring
Your winking green and blue,
As fresh as if from cradle-time
We two had played together."

"You tempt me with your laughing eyes,
Your check of sundown's blushes,

A motion as of waving grain,
A music as of thrushes.

"The playing of your summer sport,
The spells you weave around me,
You can not, with your wind,
Nor leave me as you found me."

"You go as lightly as you came,
You're fitly in the west wind,
What care you for these hills will close
Like prison-walls about me?"

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,
Or daughter to my mother,
Who loves you loses in that love
All power to love another!"

"I dare you pity or your scorn,
With pride your own exceeding;
I fill my heart into your lap
Without a word of pleading."

She looked up from the waving grass
So archly, yet so tender,
"And if I find you mine," she said,
"Will you forgive the lender?"

"Nor frock nor tan can hide the man:
And see you not, my farmer,
How weak and cold a woman waits
Behind this silken armor?"

"I love you; on that love alone,
And not my worth, presume,
Will you not trust for summer fruit
The tree in May-day blooming?"

Alone she hanged overhead,
His half-sung words straining,
Looked down to see love's miracle—
The giving that is gaining.

And so the farmer found a wife,
His mother found a daughter;
There looks no happier home than hers
On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our door is stiff with life with her
And flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our doors are brighter blooming,
And all about the mountain hills,
Is sweeter for her coming.

We send the squirrel to General Court;
He takes his young wife thither;
No pruder man Election-day
Rides through the sweet June weather.

So spake our landlord as we drove
Beneath the deep hill-shadows,
Below us wreaths of white fog walked
Like ghosts the haunted meadows.

Sounding the summer night, the stars
Dropped down their golden plummets;
The pale arch of the Northern Lights,
Rose o'er the mountain summits.

Until, at last, beneath its bridge,
We heard the Bearcamp flowing,
And, where, though I felt it often,
The welcome inn-lights glowing.

And welcome on the landlord's tale,
We were down thought I of often
To rugged farm-life came the gift
To harmonize and soften.

If more and more we found the truth
Of fact and fancy plighted,
And culture's charm and labor's strength
In these hill-homes united—

The simple life, the homely hearth,
With beauty's sphere surrounding,
And blessing toll where toll abounds
With graces more abounding.

RASH STEPS.

LXXXII.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

MONTEMARTE.

In trying to grasp at one view a whole city,
you seek its hills. At Paris, if you are in the
eastern part, you mount the uplands beside the
Vincennes; if towards the north, you place your
self where the winds arrive to twist the creaking
mills, on the steep cliffs of Montmartre. Then,
the hurrying streets, reduced to caravans of ants,
are all beneath you. Whither are these light
multitudes flocking? They are hastening to
where you stand; for you are standing among
the graves.

Whether from Montmartre or Père Lachaise,
as your eye wanders over the pale-yellow city
with its gilded spires, you have an impulse to
say, come up hither, all you graceful, wise and
musical metropolitans, and let me, particularly,
to a man who is a tourist, particularly, these
names, Montmartre, Montparnasse, Père La-
chaise, suggest his surest inn, his most reliable
hospitality, the only doors he is certain will open
to him. What was the motto written for the
necropolis of Canosa? *O traveler, here is where
you must get down!*

Last Saturday, being the 8th of this December,
I took the occasion of some funeral obsequies to
the poet Méry to examine for the first time the
pale marble of Montmartre, written over with
so many names that are yet living in the world's
ear. It is not my purpose to describe at any
length the ceremonial accorded to Méry. A poor
man of letters, who came up years ago from his
warm and noisy streets of Marseille to try his
harp in the Paris salons, the poems he chanted
and the fame he won are too exclusively French
to awaken any interest across the sea. They
dedicated a statue, a bronze Muse of heroic
height, who holds her harp suspended while she
lays her hand upon the works of the poet,
the *Neapolian in Egypt*, the *Heva*,
the Heva, the *Nizani*, the *Florida*.

A friends hardly won, I suppose, among the
jealous literary ranks in strange and cold city—
stood around the tomb and watched the poet's
medallion head, while a Paris' journalist, George's
Bell, pronounced the eulogy. After that, as a
second orator, a Marsellais, paid a short tribute
of regret and friendship to his compatriot, and
laid a wreath over the name, while his cheeks
were wet with tears. Then the little group dis-
persed, each leaving on departure such a fare-
well token as he thought meet. An employe,
laden down with overhanging flowers, held a
wreath to each person, while for the less roman-
tic and more orthodox, a priest stood ready with
a *goupillon* or holy-water brush, that any who
chose might bedew the grave with the consecrated
tears of the church. Soon all were gone,
and Durand's dark muse remained alone to
weep over the laurel-heaped poetic clay. It was
not an imposing occasion, but it was decent and
respectful and showed how gracefully the
French genius adapts itself to the requirements
of any pagan, even a modest one! It seemed
to me that the heart of the stranger minstrel
might have warmed a little, even under that cold
earth, to find that he had come to Paris and
gained a hundred friends who would visit him
after he had ceased to entertain them.

To approach the cemetery I left the Boulevard
de Clichy by a short avenue, completely bordered
with shops for the sale of tributes to the dead.
You are familiar with something of this kind in
the approach to Greenwood. At either necropo-
lis the mourner is invited by the cry of the

tradesman, making ghostly merchandise at the
very temple of his grief.

—Monsieur, models of tombs of every caprice,
the last expression of novelty and taste—deign to
throw your eye over these. All these samples are
our own exclusive patent. Accept our address,
at the *incognoscible* *Widow*, Avenue

But among these heaps of abominable booty,
Paris offers an article that is not yet fully com-
prehended in America. This is the immortal,
or memorial wreath, not necessarily made of the
crip yellow or black flower which gave it the
name, but of feathers, of fringed tulle, of beads,
of artificial *penises*, or of stamped iron. Some
Parisians are very thrifty in their grief, and the
keen shopman recommends to you a wreath that
is warranted to last with little change from one
Fête des Morts to the next. As I approached the
gate I was the object of great attention from
these spectators in plenty. Happening to be
rather soberly dressed, and unbecomingly like a
valet propitior, no one doubted that I wished to
hang my arms with garlands.

This, Monsieur, is especially chaste. The
wreath is made of Italian laurels and bay, and the
circular space inside is filled with a mirror,
against which reposes (!) a lovely crucifix in blue-
crist.

Another, a rather stately woman-merchant in
black velvet, confidently displayed a kind of dark
portier's cap, set with silver letters: *Ma Thais*,
ma Phryne, *ma vie*, *mon âme!*

The rich mourner purchases costly flowers, or
long chains formed of interlocked wreaths, with
which a whole manuscritum may be garlanded.
The wretched poor, for the husband or first-born
child who lies undistinguishable in the common
fosse, pays a few sous for a black stuffed ring
wound round with a spiral of silver thread. Soon
after entering I saw a poor woman kneeling
upon the steps of the great cross that rises from
an intersection of the principal alley.

The pedestal was a green hill of wreaths, cast there
in memory of these poor nameless dead, and this
old mourner was dimly weeping over a wreath
she had just added to the heap, studded with the
name, in black immortelles, *Victor! Victor!* The
triumphal appellation unexpectedly reminded me
of the early Christian epithets of Roman mu-
seums, where you sometimes see it stated that
the down soul had *conquered* on the calendar
sides of such a month.

I have no quarrel with the customary French
overlaid flower. It is not graceful, but it is
become classic, and has acquired a certain fune-
ral perfume that every one recognizes. But to im-
itate it with beads or velvet or any substitute
chosen because it is imperishable, or what is
constantly seen on the weathered tombs, to erect
a little glass shed expressly to keep it from the
weather, is pitiful and almost comical. If flowers
on a grave intend anything, they intend that their
fragrant shall be preserved whenever needful. The
forlorn pride of grief that its sweets shall be
ephemeral, its strewnments virginal, but replaced
often than the dew. The strength of the burial
perfume that every one recognizes. But to im-
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perfume that every one recognizes.

However, Baron Hausmann, whose ambition
has made him a little cynical, and who wants to
sweep all the city graveyards into some grand
and distant repository, has calculated the date of
tears, very much as Buckle would have done had
he thought of it. The Prefect of the Seine tells
us that no tomb is visited after it is forty years
old.

THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE WHITTIER FAMILY.

Among the spots I love to visit above all
others, is the little Friends' Burying Ground, in
Amesbury, Massachusetts, where my ances-
trical kin, and honored parents, and the ashes of
the beloved Whittier family. Here the great
Poet will, in the Lord's own good time, in al-
probability, add another mound to the family in-
terment, which will be a spot of intense and
sacred interest to succeeding generations to
visit and re-visit, to behold
where the dust lies of him who has stirred mil-
lions to tune the praise of liberty. In the family
tomb, with its low tombstone, marks the spot
where the youngest sister, Elizabeth H. Whittier,
lies interred—died 9th mo. 3d, 1864, aged 48
years. She was tenderly beloved by her brother,
and she was sweetly united to him in sisterly
affection and sympathy. The adjoining grave is
that of the oldest sister, Mary W. Caldwell, who
died 1st mo. 7th, 1861, aged 54 years.

The next interment is the beloved mother, who
departed this life 12th month 27th, 1857, a de-
voted Christian woman, and much attached to
the Society of Friends, of which she was a long
consistent member. The fourth grave is that of
the poet's father, a consistent Friend, and much
loved by his neighbors and citizens generally.

Some one has written to me that he had been
in the hearts of his townsmen, as
he had their entire confidence as a truly honest
man.

Moses Whittier is the next in the list of graves.
He was uncle to the poet, on his father's side.
He died 1st month 22d, 1824, aged 69 years.

The next interment is that of the beloved Aunt
Mercer E. Husey, who departed this life 4th
month 14th, 1846, aged 69 years. She entered
largely into the family-circle as a co-worker in
every good thing. Her name will not fade
from the poet's fame; its significance
has been truly kept to many of his poems.
His sister's name, in his "Snow-Bound," is
most touching:

"Next the dear Aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear—
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Forsaken denied a household mate;
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in Love's unselfishness,
And welcome wherever she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income,
And womanly atmosphere of home."

E. M. H.
SPRING GARDEN INSTITUTE, 12th mo. 26, 1867.

SONG.

Rich notes from a contralto voice
Loving, laughing eyes,
Some one listening to those notes—
Sunlight in the skies.

Sad notes from a contralto voice,
None to listen to those notes—
Twilight in the skies.

Not sound from that contralto voice,
Closed for aye those eyes,
Some one plining for those notes—
Darkness in the skies.

Glad notes from a contralto voice,
Some one dreaming hears those notes—
Dawn in the skies.

"Moiwani," in *Dublin University Magazine*.

A startling gentleman lately went to hear a
well-known lecturer, and was highly pleased,
He remarked afterwards, as evidence of the
attention of the audience: "It was so e-still,
you could have p-p-picked up a p-p-pin."

THE YEAR.

IMPORTANT EVENTS OF 1867.

WAR ON EVERY CONTINENT.

President's Quarrel with Congress

Year of the Vetoes.

Accident, Incident, Crime, Legisla-

tion, Shipwreck, Diplomacy,

Disaster and Death,

&c., &c., &c.

January.

1. President Johnson held the usual levee at
the White House.

2. The Legislature of Pennsylvania convened.

3. Napoleon delivered his New Year's speech to
the Chamber of Deputies at the Tuilleries. It was of
a pacific character.

4. The Anniversary of President Lincoln's
Emancipation Proclamation was celebrated gen-
erally throughout the United States.

5. Financial panic in Havana. A number of
Pennsylvanians were arrested in Belfast, Ireland.

6. French official journals promised the evacua-
tion of Mexico on the first of March. An extra-
ordinary session of the Austrian Reichsrath was
convened to give Hungary a constitution.

7. The Italian Party of Action call for a movement
to annex Rome to Italy. An amendment to the
constitution of Ohio is introduced, giving women
and negroes the elective franchise. It will be of-
fered to the people at the next election.

8. England is visited by the heaviest snow-
storm known for many years. Congress de-
prived the President of the power to issue a
general amnesty.

9. The President vetoes the bill giving suffrage
to the negroes of the District of Columbia.

10. The President is asked to give Spangler,
Booth's accomplice, a new trial. Mr. Ashley, of
Ohio, is charged President Johnson, in the
House of Representatives, with various crimes and
misdoings, preferring articles against him.
The matter was referred to the Judiciary Com-
mittee.

11. It is announced that the British government
has asked whether the United States will submit
the Alabama claims to arbitration. The anni-
versary of the battle of New Orleans is celebrated in
both the United States and England. The Dis-
trict of Columbia Suffrage bill is passed in both
Houses of Congress over the President's veto.

12. The President sent to Congress a list of the
rebels arrested during the year.

13. The Freedmen's Bureau is informed of ter-
rible outrages perpetrated upon negroes in Texas.
French and English journals contain excited
articles on the threatened impeachment of the
President.

14. The English League met in Washington
to-day.

15. The Turkish government calls for 150,000
men to quell the insurrection in Crete. Gar-
ibaldi is said to have gone to the island of Ca-
preira. Gen. Crook creates a large body of In-
dians.

16. The majority of the Judges of the U. S.
Supreme Court declare the test oath to be un-
constitutional.

17. A number of physicians appointed to ex-
amine the murderer Newton Chapman, declare
him insane.

18. The President nominates Ex-Senator Cowan
Minister to Austria, viz. Moly, resigned.

19. General John M. Schofield is inaugurated
Governor of Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, to-day.

20. He made a lengthy address, reviewing Pennsylv-
nia's military record during the war, and promising
improvements in her various institutions during
his administration.

21. Advice received of a panic in Hong Kong.
A cholera epidemic, of Maryland, remains two run-
away negroes in the custody of the military.
Hon. Simon Cameron was to-day elected U. S.
Senator from Pennsylvania.

22. A Fenian convicted in Canada. Large fire
at Elmira, N. Y.

23. Intense cold throughout the country. Ad-
vices from Mexico show affairs to be unintelli-
gibly mixed. It appears, however, that a com-
bined force of the U. S. and Mexican troops are
about to be made. In Congress to-day, Senator
Sumner declared it to be the duty of Congress to
defend the people from the assaults of the
President.

24. The Conservatory of the White House in
Washington was to-day destroyed by fire, with
many rare and valuable plants. Terrible snow
fall in Ireland. A large body of Fenians
in Ireland to-day appeared near Dublin.

25. A large number of officers who were in the
United States army and left unsettled accounts
when they met the rebels, have applied for
their back pay. The Senate has just passed a bill
refusing all such applications.

26. The first session of the new German Par-
liament was formally opened by the King of
Prussia on Saturday.

27. California has been visited by a terrible snow
storm.

28. A national election was held in Georgetown,
D. C., to-day, at which negroes voted for the first
time.

29. A large number of the bishops of the Epis-
copal Church have issued a "declaration" against
Ritualism.

30. Governor Brownlow of Tennessee issues a pro-
clamation calling out the militia to protect the
law.

31. The Reform resolutions were introduced in the
English House of Commons yesterday, and sup-
ported by Mr. Disraeli.

32. The difficulty between the writ of *habeas corpus*
has been suspended for three months longer.

33. A prominent Fenian, McCaffrey, was arrested
in Dublin to-day.

34. The difficulty between Mr. Burton and the Pres-
ident of Colombia has been arranged.

35. King William of Prussia is announced as Em-
peror of Germany.

36. Congress to-day appropriated \$68,000 for the
Philadelphia Naval Asylum, and \$88,000 for the
Philadelphia Navy Yard.

37. The English Government has withdrawn
its reform resolutions, and promised to lay before
Parliament a regular reform bill.

to duties on Hawaiian imports. He sends to
Congress a report of his removal from office.

1,500 Greeks left Athens to-day, to aid the
Creoles.

4. A Commission is appointed to investigate
the Fort Phil. Kearney massacre. It ac-
cused that 3 officers and 90 men were killed.
Minister Romero asserts that the story of the
bombardment of Mazatlan is false.

Serious labor riots are occurring in France.
Prince Napoleon received Gen. Dix at the Pa-
lais Royal.

5. An individual named McCracken has written
from Europe, giving the names of our Ministers
and Consuls whom, he asserts, have spoken dis-
respectfully of Mr. Johnson's administration.

To-day a Grand Jury of Washington indicted
John H. Surratt for aiding in the murder of Pres-
ident Lincoln.

The English Parliament was opened by the
Queen to-day.

6. United States gunboat has just returned
from the West Indies, with Assistant Secretary
Seward, who, it is understood, has been negotiat-
ing for the purchase of one or more islands.

7. A disastrous fire in Baltimore. \$200,000
worth of property destroyed.

8. The French and Belgian troops are rapidly
leaving Vera Cruz for Europe.

9. The Legislature of Wisconsin ratifies the
Constitutional Amendment.

10. Minister Burton has had a difficulty with Pres-
ident Mosquera of Colombia, and has left Bogota.

11. A disastrous fire, involving a loss of \$1,000,000,
occurs in Mobile, Ala.

12. The Committee appointed to investigate
the New Orleans massacre reported to-day to
Congress.

13. An immense reform demonstration, the largest
ever known in England, took place to-day in
London.

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