# THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAPH-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1869.

## POEM

Delivered Before the Alumni Association of Lafayette College, July 27, 1809. BY JAMES P. BOYD, CLASS OF '59. Greetings, my friends, in name of all That make these places loved ; What heart refuses to recall, And yet remains unmoved, The thousand joys that once impregned The generous soul of youth, The myriad hopes that dawned and reigned As truth unfolded truth? A span seem all the rushing years: "Twas vesterday we stood, Strong in resolves, weak in our fears, Amid the wise and good, Who, heaven ordained, watched o'er our minds, Taught us, and with us hoped, Tore down from Thought the dark'ning blinds, And Reason's portals oped. . . . . Beyond the realm of home and parents' care The palpitating students humbly dare A life unknown, but which is guarded well By faithful, honest, upright sentinel-

Men who by training early learn to know What to withhold for good, what to bestow, When to encourage thought, when to restrain, How to expand that subtle substance-brain. Their wisdom weighed, their qualities all told, The home now offered brighter than the old, The halls are entered, now the race begins-Will it be run unmarr'd by petty sins ? But witness now the mighty transformation, And see how tumbles every youth's creation :--

> Grim as a confessor He stalks to his task, Gapes at the professor As much as to ask :---"Are you he that stands In loco parentis? If so, then to mischief, My mind fully bent is; How pleasant to ruffle That face all suavity, With wild antic and shuffle Upset all that gravity! I can't bear to be chilled By example so frigid; I shan't hearken to precepts So threadbare and rigid." This doctrine announced, He soon learns to be sly, And the battle that follows Is fought with the eye.

Then feebly, firmly now, a line is drawn Around a science ancient as the dawn That woke on chaos. By it man is taught How worlds are formed, how firmaments are wrought:

The sun is weighed, the planet finds a place, The meteor's guarded in erratic race; Seasons are counted, waves recede and flow, Mountains are levelled, enterprises grow; Nothing too great-it can the world unswing; Nothing too small-it builds the watch's spring, All power, save what Omnipotence reserves, Obedience yields to man, his will observes. O blessed science, key to nature's plan, That opens all her mysteries to man! Thus Newton, junior, with his heart elate, On mathematics would expaniate,

But when down with ennui. Or a fit of home sickness, Dimension soon loses Its length, breadth, and thickness. What cares he for the moon, How it wanes or how waxes, For its phases and hazes, And sharp parallaxes ? He prefers not to join In a solar flirtation : So, "by your leave, sir," Declines declination: And though 'twere a delicate Subject to mention, He believes all is wrong About right ascension. A heart broke in pieces Might enlist his affections, But not black-boarded fractures Called conical sections. How horribly dry and Unmeasured is the chant About axis and angle, Sign, tangent, and secant! Then what sense in correcting. With nice calculation, That orbital freak Yclept perturbation! Will there ne'er be an end To these spheres and ellipses ? How imperfect the system That suffers eclipses! Why fine theories spin On the matter of light. grow dull o'er a subject So cheerful and bright ? The once favored science That filled him with rapture Loses much of its glow In the strife for its capture. Yet the difference is co mmon-So common, in fact, That without the ideal Men seldom would act. Without ultimate hope, Without object or aim, Life's heavy, cold logic Would be limitless pain. Dream on, then, O youth, And murmur and toll-The blaze will grow steady. Let the lamp but have oil.

# NEW YORKISMS.

From our Own Correspondent.

NRW YORK, July 29, 1869. That traditional poor author whose brains have for so many years furnished food to remorseless publishers-and very poor gourmands those publishers must be-is now rejoicing. He laugheth and inviteth all his friends to drink. An association is being gotten up for his especial behoof called

# The Authors' Publishing Association.

The design of it is to examine into the merits of all unpublished works written by its members, to decide which are worth publishing, and to have them published forthwith. If the book so published succeeds, the author is to receive three-fourths of the profits; if it fails, he bears no share in the loss. If this arrangement don't satisfy "Poor Author," he is an angrateful beast, and deserves to have his brains fed upon by remorseless publishers. All the Poor Authors of New York-and their name is legion-are wishing to join this association. The fee is only ten dollars, and those among the first to join will enjoy the blessed privilege of having their books first read and pronounced upon. How many mute, inglorious M.'s and village H.'s will shell out out their ten dollars, it would take the lightning calculator or the new patent adder to compute. Old White Hat Greeley is one of the trustees, or legatees, or assignees-at any rate his position is one of easeconnected with the movement: but the head and front of it I understand to be Mary Kyle Dallas, Mrs. Dallas is the widow of Dallas, the portrait painter (an artist of no mean merit), and is herself one of the pillars of the New York Ledger, where she is engaged at a salary of twenty dollars per week. She writes admirable little stories and poems, possesses a truly French fertility of invention, and considerable power in the individualization of character. These qualities are not apparent in her larger attempts at fiction, however. Knowing probably what it is to have her works refused by the remorseless publishers aforesaid, she is admirably qualified for the position which rumor assigns to her in connection with the Authors' Publishing Association. She is one of the noted literary isms of New York. Some years ago it was with infinite difficulty she could be prevailed upon to do such plain prose work as that necessary in the fashion article of a weekly paper. She was sure she couldn't write prose. Experience has proved since then that her prose, like most people's, pays better than her poetry, and she probably does not regret the hour when she was waited upon and importuned to become a fashion editress-a department, however, which she disdained in her flight to loftier levels.

More About Mr. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart, of whom 1 yesterday retailed a piece of characteristic scandal, has at length succeeded in purchasing the two stores which stand at the northeast corner of Ninth street and Broadway, and the possession of which by him was all that was necessary to make the block complete. When they have been torn down and built upon in a style uniform with the rest of his establishment, the latter will occupy the entire square included between Ninth and Tenth streets and Broadway and Fourth avenue. This is a consummation which this pious and palatial philanthropist has been devoutly wishing for years. The sale has only been effected, however, within the last day or two. Mr. Stewart was so pleased that he immediately drew a check on his cashier for a ten cent postage curreney, saved four cents by getting into a car instead of one of the Broadway stages, rode down to the Fulton street prayer-meeting and stood up to be prayed for.

Central Park has become The Suicides' Paradise. The "rash" and "determined" people who commit the "fatal" deed have begun to discover that its cool retreats and isolated grottoes are among the most charming spots in the world to shuffle off the mortal coil in. Some weeks ago I had occasion to mention a Central Park suicide. Another one occurred there yesterday -at least it is believed to be a suicide. His body was found floating on the surface of the lake, and some sentimental poetry was discovered in his pocket-book. The idea of poetry in a pocket-book ! Poetry and pocket-books are the very last things to have a connection with each other. The name and history of this last suicide remain unknown. Why don't the Park Commissioners enact a law forbidding such things? Mrs. Stanton, in the last number of the Revolution, says that one reason why women ought to wear a dress identical with that of men is the Perfect Disguise of Sex that would ensue-a sound (or is it an unsound?) woman's argument. Let Mrs. Stanton, if she returns to New York in time, go up to Pike's Opera House any evening and determine whether Miss Lucille Western disguises her sex or not as Salan in Paris. Did pantaloons and a frock-coat ever disguise Dr. Mary Walker? Miss Anthony in clerical costume might possibly be taken for a dyspeptic divine; but then dyspeptic divines are so like old maids that there is no telling the difference, excepting by the cut of their clothes.

front. Once ensconced, she found it impossible to get out again, and the workmen built on, heedless of her cries. The Berghian detectives, however, are ubiquitous. The news-or rather the mews-of the cat came to their cars; they took the matter to court; and there it was decided that the cat must be liberated even though it became necessary to tear down the entire front of the building. This alternative was not necessary, however. A small portion only was removed, and when puss was found her ninth life was found all but ready to depart. She was at once taken to Mr. Bergh's headquarters, where, under proper restoratives she recovered, and subsequently gave birth to an interesting family of kittens. Mr. Bergh could not restrain his tears. He has had a large quantity of feculent tirades poured upon him by a venal press, but I hope this act will immortalize him, or at least save him from all further purr-alent abuse. ALI BABA.

# CRTY FTEMS.

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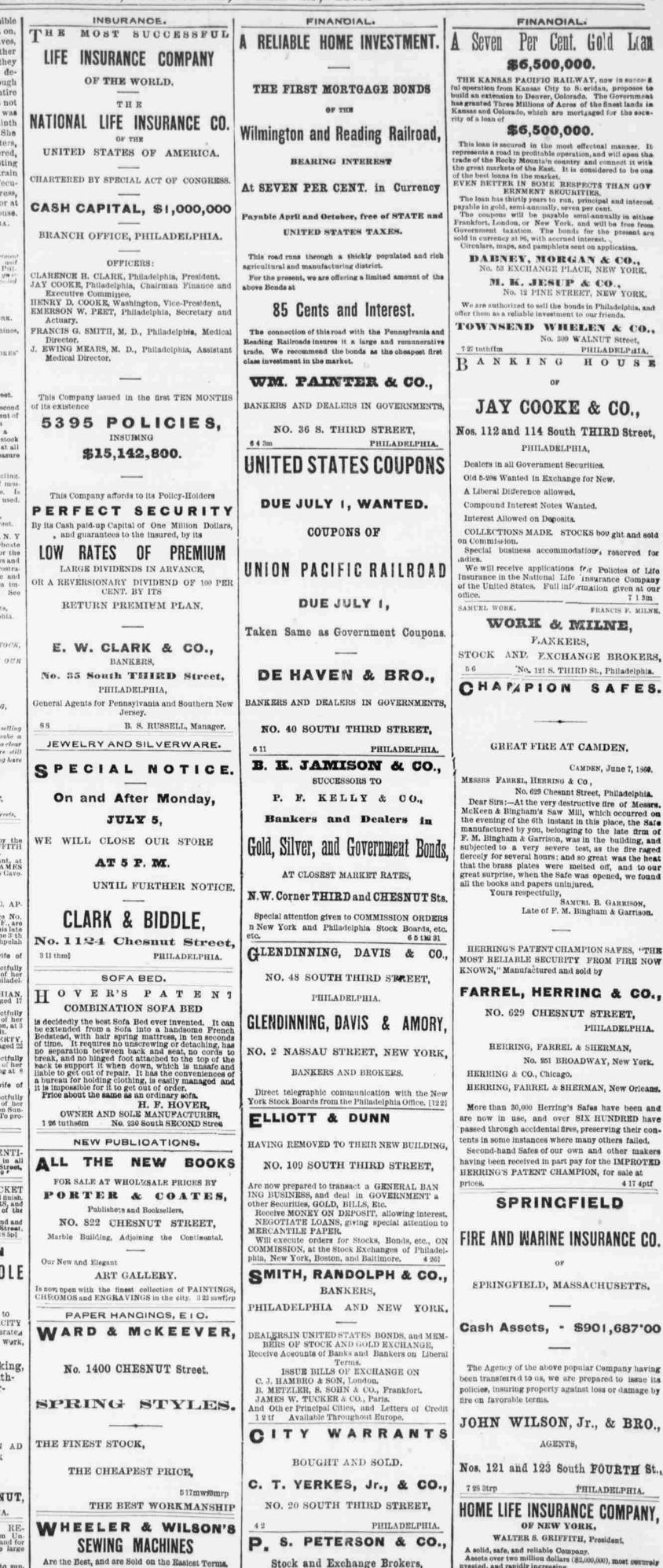
our shelves and tables of the stock with which they are still loaded, notwithstanding the fact that our sales this spring have 60 PER CENT, GREATER

than ever before. WANAMAKER & BROWN,

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MARRIED.

GRIFFITH-JARVIS,-On the 26th instant, by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D. D., ALFRED P. GRIFFITH to Miss LULI JARVIS, both of this city. No cards.



'No. 121 S. THIRD St., Philadelphia.

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Dear Sira :- At the very destructive fire of Messrs. McKeen & Bingham's Saw Mill, which occurred on the evening of the 6th instant in this place, the Safe manufactured by you, belonging to the late firm of F. M. Bingham & Garrison, was in the building, and subjected to a very severe test, as the fire raged flercely for several hours; and so great was the heat great surprise, when the Safe was opened, we found Late of F. M. Bingham & Garrison.

. . . . Another view:

As that, so this its quarter stages hath; The first decade of manhood is the year With freshmen spent, the period of essay, When thought's antennie, ever busy, try Emprise's walls, and cast about for points To pierce the weakest, sallent most to mount. The second, sophomore, when habitude Of business settles o'er the man, drives him \* Within himself, and throws oblivion o'er The thousand sweets which give to life a zest, And make the prize enjoyable when gained. The third is junior-now fruition crowns The years well spent ; a moment's leisure here And there, remission argues from the toll Which now its freight of consequences brings, But wee to him who opportunity Hath lost! The fourth decade, the senior year Of life, upon him rushes like a stream Whose waters, by obstruction angered, tear Along, and to the tumuit ruin add, For him there is no case, no quiet step Into the tomb. The silver hair, the form Bowed down, two-handed clinging to its staff. Are not premonitors of death, so much As Nemeses their vengeance glutting by Recall of years that idleness consumed; Who hath contentment carned by guardianship Of self, by duties rigidly fulfilled, By strict observance of the laws which God Imposes, full of honors glides along Towards the commencement of eternity. A folding of the hands; a prayer, his speech-The dread ordeal passes; and he stands A graduate of the school of life.

Let us Resolve to so pursue our course that when, Alumni of the same great school, Each one's diploma, sealed with Heaven's seal. Shall bear in golden letters this : -"Well done !"

### At Wallack's Theatre

there has been a mess which has resulted in the withdrawal of the Selwyn combination company. Report says that one of the managers there-and report don't specify whether there refers to Wallack's or Boston-took his revenge upon certain of the players, who put on entirely too many airs, by striking them from the payroll of the establishment. Some of the old members of Wallack's company and Miss Effic Germon have appeared in the place of these unfortunate strikists, over whom the inexorable waves of the Wallackian regime have closed, and New York knows 'em no more. On Saturday afternoon

### The "Champion" Palace Car.

the Wahsatch, which last week made the first through trip from California, will commence the repetition of that performance. Until its departure, it is open to the inspection of the public from ten in the morning until six at night. A crowd is always there, and the observer goes away feeling that he has been part of the way to San Francisco, and that he bears off with him a sniff of California climate.

There is some talk of starting here a company similar to the one already started in Chicago. which has for its object

# The Manufacture of Alcohol

from the contents of the sewers. I hope the project will be abandoned. I have heard of whisky bringing a man to the gutter; but in this case the whisky would bring the gutter to the man.

Mr. Bergh has gained a great victory, which is no other than

The Disentombment of a Live Cat. As late as nine days ago some workmen, while constructing the iron front of a new building at No. 49 Walker street, a cat, for no other reason than the satisfaction of feminine curiosity (it was not a tom-cat), crawled into the hollow part of the iron girder that formed the base of the

MCHENRY-CAVENAUGH. On the 22d instant, at the Cathedral, by Rev. Francis P. O'Neill, JAMES MCHENRY to CECILIA L., daughter of James Cave-naugh, Esq., all of Philadelphia.

# DIED.

APPLEGATE.—On the 37th instant, DAVID C. AP-PLEGATE. in the 42th year of his age. The relatives and friends of the family, also Lodge No. 3, A. Y. M., and Decatur Lodge, No. 35, L. O. of O. F., are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, No. 811 S. Eighteenth street, on Friday, the 3 th instant, at 4 o'clock P. M. To proceed to Machpelah Vault.

FOSTER .- On the 27th instant, CAROLINE, wife of

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her brother-in-law, No. 214 McAlpine street, West Philadel-phis, on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

phis, on Friday afternoon at § o'clock. GREEN.—On the 26th instant, ANNIE FITHIAN, daughter of William R. and Frederica R. Green, aged 17 years and 6 meaks. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her parents, No. 1520 S. Fifth street, on Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Interment at Ebenezer M. E. Church Yault. HAGERTY.—On the 28th instant, FLLEN HAGERTY, daughter of Patrick and the late Hannah Hagerty, aged 22 wars.

years. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her parents, No. 3414 Market street, on Saturday morning at

o'clock o'clock. ROCK.-On the 27th instant, Mrs. ELINOR, wife of William B. Rock, Esq., in the 49th year of her age. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her husband, No. 3033 N. Front street, above Norris, on Sun-day afternoon at 2 o'clock, without further notice. To pro-ceed to Glenwood Cemetery.

## HATS AND CAPS.

WARBURTON'S IMPROVED VENTI-the improved fashing Dress Hats (patented), in all the improved fashings of the season. OHRSNUT Street, next door to the Post Office.

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