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NOT BY MILTON. In Appleton's Journal for July 31st, we observe one of those literary misconceptions which are almost impossible to stop when once they have begun to circulate among the throng of uncritical readers and unsorupulous publishers. The Journal in question publishes, in an article entitled "The Story of Paradise Lost," the following remarks, pointed by a quota-

The exact date when Milton-of whom the The exact date when Milton—of whom the Bishop of Avranches wrote to Salmasius, who had done him the honor of abusing him, "How can you occupy yourself with an object so insignificant as this Milton?"—began his great Christian poem is not known; but we do know that for many years, mostly under his own roof, in Artillery Walk, or while sautering through the streets of London, when Charles Stuart was armsing himself when Charles Stuart was amusing himself with his licentious court; when John Dryden was witnessing his own plays performed at the Globe Theatre; when poor Sam Butler was growing morose from the neglect and illusage; when the lively and garrulous Samuel Pepys was running about embalming notes for posterity: and when the Puritan poet's friend, Andrew Marvell, was interesting himself in his behalf—the plan was carried and resolved in the blind man's brain, till at length he was able to exclaim: able to exclaim:

"Give me my lyre,
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine!"

Anybody reading the above would suppose. as the writer apparently supposes, the quoted stanza to be of Milton's authorship. There is authority for the belief, for the lines occur in a poem included in editions of Milton's works both in Eugland and America. It was first slipped in by a bold publisher who was very willing to add to the éclat of his edition by presenting an inedited poem from the pen of the author of "Paradise Lost." The verses, which are very fine, are placed in a false position, and very much wronged, by the absurd forgery. To show how excellent they really are, we cite them, from the memory of a friend who has them by heart; we believe the quotation is exact:

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS. I am old and blind: Men point at me as smitten by God's frown; Afflicted, and deserted of my kind, Yet am I not cast down.

All-merciful One! When men are furthest, then art Thou most near! When friends pass by,my weaknesses to shun, Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face Is leaning towards me, and its holy light Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place, And there is no more night.

I have naught to fear! This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing: Beneath it I am almost sacred: here Can come no evil thing.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture; waves of
thought Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime

Break over me unsought. Give me now my lyre! I teel the stirrings of a gift divine; Within my bosom glows unearthly tire, Lit by no skill of mine!

The poem is about as pure, elevated and classic as poetry can be, perhaps as much so as that of Milton. But it is obviously modern, a composition in the English of to-day, not that of the reign of Charles II. The obvious merit of the lines is insulted by challenging their identity with the language of Marvell and Milton and Phillips. The true story of their composition is this:

They were written by a young Quakeress of Philadelphia, Miss Elizabeth Lloyd. She was and is a friend of Whittier, and her pen has been often active in the cause of philanthropy during the anti-slavery agitation of the last two decades. Some other poems of hers, such as "Faithfulness," and "Lines on Witnessing Friends' Marriage Ceremony," are very fine and have appeared in the newspapers. Her writings have unfortunately never been collected The "Milton on his Blindness" was a poem written in youth, and caught the public ea on its first publication, leading to the dubious compliment of being straightway placed among the forgeries of literature. Nothing, we suppose, could be more distasteful to the lady author. The mistake has, in fact, been several times corrected in the press, but people do not believe much in such corrections when they have the authority of a real bound volume on the other side. of the correctors themselves indulged in the most causeless errors; we have seen it stated that the authoress was herself blind, and that it was a comparison of her unfortunate circumstances with those of the great master of epic writing that had led her to imagine his feelings with such sympathetic insight. The statement is untrue, and Elizabeth Lloyd (whose vome is now changed by marriage) is not blind; there is no foundation for the assertion, unless it be a fact, as we have heard, that private griefs of a sacred and inviolable nature have weakened with weeping the beautiful eyes once bent over the page on which the hymn of blindness was inscribed. We hope that this lady, whose gift is obviously one of equal purity and strength, will be induced to desert the ranks of private life so far as to let the world hear, in a concerted shape, the other strains that have inspired the mind which imagined Milton's Hymn. No doubt the compositions of such an intellect would take their own fair place in the ranks of verses

that the world would not soon let die. CHRISTIANITY IN ATLANTIC CITY.

A Church Enterprises [Correspondence of the Phila. Evening Bulletin.] ATLANTIC CITY, July 21st.—Members of the Episcopal Church who have visited Atlantic City in the past seasons have felt the inconvenience which has resulted from the want of a proper edifice in which to conduct their service. The number of Episcopalians living permanently in the town is not now, and has never been, large enough to effect a church organization, or wealthy enough to attempt the erection of a building. It was not, therefore, until two or three gentlemen who visit the place in summer came forward and guaranteed funds for the purpose and made an effort in the matter, that there was any hope of effecting the object. Through the instrumentality of these large-hearted persons a church has been built, and in a manner at once so beautiful, complete and simple that it will bear comparison with any other in the

country erected at the same cost. Last Sunday the little Gothic building was filled for the second time, with a large congregation. Bishop Odenheimer preached, and made an earnest Odenheimer preached, and made an earnest appeal to the visitors for assistance in paying off the debt upon the building. He argued, justly, that as the church was built solely for visitors, visitors should pay for it. But to help the ecclesiastical exchequer and to speed the good day when St. James's Church shall be free to all worshippers, some ladies in Atlantic City have arranged to have a fair for the sale of the usual variety of articles in Mansion Hall, Atlantic City, on Tuesday, the 27th inst., and four days thereafter. They ank Episcopalians and, indeed, all good Christian men and women in Philadelphia and at the seaside city to come and help them, either by contributions of material or a liberal and lavish outlay of cash. We hope the appeal will be an-

swered generously. OBITUARY.

lay of cash. We hope the appeal will be an-

John A. Roebling, the Bridge Builder.

John A. Boebling, regarded as the most talented and scientific engineer of the age, in that peculiar branch of the profession to which he had applied himself, died at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, at the residence of his son, No. 137 Hicks street, Brooklyn. His death was the indirect result of an accident which occurred at the Fulton Ferry slip, on the 28th of June, when his foot was fearfully crushed between the cross-beam of the dock crushed between the cross-beam of the dock or rack and a float which was entering the slip. It was found necessary to amputate the toes, and since the operation Mr. Roebling has been in a precarious condition. About eight days ago, tetanus or lock-jaw set in, accompanied, as usual, by spasms, and ultimately caused death.

caused death.

John A. Roebling was born on the 12th of
June, 1806, in the city of Muhlhausen, in
Thuringia, Prussia. His academical studies
were pursued in his native city, and on their
completion he was sent to the Royal Polytechnic School at Berlin, where he received the
degree of Civil Engineer, after an unusually
brilliant scholastic career. By the regulations
of the school, the three years next succeeding
the graduation of a student are to be devoted
to the service of the Government; hence, no the graduation of a student are to be devoted to the service of the Government; hence, no sooner had Mr. Roebling obtained his diploma than he embarked at once upon the practice of his profession. During the greater portion of these three years he was engaged in superintending Government work in Westphalia. At the age of 25 he came to this country, and settled in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, Penn., where for several years he country, and settled in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, Penn., where for several years he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. The country, at that time, had just entered upon the grand progressive career which has since brought forth such mighty results. In nearly all of the States canal and slack-water improvements were projected or in progress, so that ments were projected or in progress, so that when Mr. Roebling, wearied with the monotony of a farmer's life, sought to enter again upon the profession for which he had prepared himself, he experienced no difficulty in obtaining an engagement. For some years he was employed in canal work, but in the meanwhile the age had advanced another step, and the old-time canal was forced to give way to the new idea, the railroad. The State of Pennsylvania at this time projected several green will be a state of the state o projected several great railway enterprises, and in the service of that State the subject of and in the service of that state the subject of this sketch spent three years, surveying and locating three lines across the Alleghany Mountains, from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh. Of these, the line which was ultimately con-structed is now known as the Pennsylvania Railway, and was built by the Company hav-ing that title and not by the State. Having ing that title and not by the Company naving that title and not by the State. Having completed his surveys, Mr. Roebling commenced the manufacture of wire rope, producing the first of that fabric that was ever made in the country. The was ever made in the country. The introduction of these ropes on the inclined planes of the old Portage Railroad, over which the canal boats of the Pennsylvania Canal were transported, was attended with much difficulty and met with that degree of opposition which always has risen, and, in all probability, always will rise to retard the progress of a new invention or a novel idea. From his experience in the manufacture of wire-rope Mr. Roebling formed his opinion relative to its adaptability for bridging, and in 1844 he commenced a work the completion of which was destined to prove that his opinion was a tenable one, in spite of the scoffs and sneers of the incredulous, and the attacks of other civil engineers who deemed the project the civil engineers who deemed the project the outgrowth of a diseased mind. This work outgrowth of a diseased mind. This work was a suspension aqueduct over the Alleghany River at Pittsburgh, to replace the old aqueduct, which had become useless from age. It was completed in May, 1845, and comprised seven spans, each of 162 feet. The cables were seven inches in diameter, and the success of the work was such that, during the succeeding year, Mr. Roebling was engaged to construct the Monongahela Suspension Bridge, connecting Pittsburgh with Sligo, now a great manufacturing suburb. The spans of this bridge were eight in number, each 188 feet in length, and each supported by two 4½ inch cables. In this bridge the pendulum process was employed,

to counterbalance adjoining spans under the pressure of unequal loads. In 1848 Mr. Roebling commenced a series of suspension aqueducts on the line of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, connecting the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania with the tide-water of the Hudson River. These were the Lackawaxen Aqueduct, two spans, 115 feet each, and two 7-inch cables; the Delaware Aqueduct, four spans, 134 feet each, and two 8-inch cables; the High Rulls Aqueduct are spans, 145 feet. the High Falls Aqueduct, one span 145 feet, and two 81-inch cables; and the Neversink Aqueduct, one span, 170 feet, and two 91-inch cables. They were completed within two years, and are all permanent works, needing years, and are all permanent works, needing merely an occasional renewal of the wooden ducts, which decay from the action of the water. It was soon after the completion of these works that Mr. Roebling removed his works and residence to Trenton, N. J.

In 1851 Mr. Roebling undertook to build a suspension bridge across the Niagara, to connect the Central Railroad of New York and the Great Western Railway of Canada, and in four years succeeded in constructing the first suspension bridge capable of bearing the immense weight of railroad locomotives and trains. The span of this bridge is 825 feet clear, and its supports are four 10-inch cables. Mr. Roebling, while the Niagara bridge was building, was also engaged in another of even greater magnitude. This was to have crossed the Kentucky river, on the line of the Cincinnati and Chattanooga Railroad, with a space of 1,224 feet, but before the structure had been completed the company suspended payment, and the work was discontinued. In the fall-of 1886, he commenced the great Cincinnati bridge whose aren is 1030 feet for the structure had been completed the company suspended payment. of 1856, he commenced the great Cincinnation of 1856, he commenced the great Cincinnation of 1856, he commenced the great Cincinnation of 1856, whose span is 1,030 feet, and, after having been forced to suspend operations for several years, on account of financial drawbacks, brought it to a successful completion in 1867. In the interim, from 1858 to 1866, inclusive he was engaged on another suspending 1867. In the interim, from 1858 to 1869, inclusive, he was engaged on another suspension bridge at Pittsburgh. The last and greatest work of Mr. Roebling was that on which he was engaged up to the time of his death—the East River Bridge. As he had prepared all his plans, and made most of the arrangements for the construction of the bridge, his death is not so great a misfortune to the citics of New York and Brooklyn as it would have been had it occurred at an earlier day. As is evidenced by his career, Mr. Roebling was a man of indomitable will and persistent energy. It is related of him that while he lay suffering intense agony from the fearful disease that at length took his life, he wrote, in one afternoon, ten pages of manuscript,

in one afternoon, ten pages of manuscript, giving directions relative to the bridge and other matters. At the time of the accident,

and during the surgical operation, not one groan escaped him, although his agony must

have been fearful. As a man, he was loved and respected by all with whom he came in contact. His remains will be conveyed to his home in Trenton, N.J., where the funeral will

take place.
"By his works shall ye know him," says the "By his works shall ye know him," says the Holy Book. Judged by that standard John A. Roebling has left behind him a record inscribed on many a noble work, which shall stand for years as his most fitting monument. The fame of the warrior, the statesman, the scholar, is ephemeral, but to this man whose loss is so universally deplored, is vouch-safed fame which shall only die with his works. He needs no lofty monument, no sounding eulogy, no scholarly epitanh. He lives in his eulogy, no scholarly epitaph. He lives in his works.—N. Y. Tribune.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of Christ Church, Shrews-bury, N. J.—Gen. Grant's Visit.

Singewsbury, N. J., July 22.—Yesterday a large crowd of people, numbering perhaps 2,000, visited this little village of Shrewsbury, for the purpose of assisting in celebrating the 100th anniversary of Christ Church, the corner stone of which was laid on the 21st of July 1769. At an early hour the four roads leading to the modest little edifice were througed with men, women and children, some in stylish car-

riages, some in farm wagons, some on foot-but all hurrying toward a common centre, there to witness what will long be remembered as one of the most interesting ceremonies re-corded in the already-teeming religious annals of New Jersey. The church was soon crowded, the graveyard jammed, and the little yellow school-house and the refreshment tent over-

run with people.

At nine o'clock the friends and relatives of the silent dwellers in the churchyard brought loads of bright flowers to deck the grass-grown graves. Here a mound thrown up a hundred years ago over the remains of an honored ancestor was strewn with the freshest and brightest floral treasures by his sons and daughters of the third, and fourth, and fifth daughters of the third, and fourth, and fifth generations; and there a little grave, not a pace in length, on which the dew had not iallen many days, was covered with love-offerings by the weeping mother so lately bereft of her youngest pet. Rough hands, brown and hard with toil, laid down tenderly over all that was left of the missing ones their tribute of affection; the women, with gentle reverence, hung wreaths of evergreens upon the moss-covered head-stones; and troops of children, awed for the time by the rolemn quiet which prevailed, went hither and thither through the streets of the city of the dead, and scattered softly over the graves the dead, and scattered softly over the graves the fragrant posies they had brought—and all day long, under the warm sun, and away into the night, the perfume of the flowers filled the air, and breathed to heaven the pure incense of loving hearts.

filled the air, and breathed to heaven the pure incense of loving hearts.

When the beautiful ceremony of decorating the graves was brought to a close, the people flocked into the church, when prophptly at 10 o'clock the services of the day were opened with prayer. This was followed by the singing of four stanzas of the 152d hymn by the choristers and congregation, the clergy coming down from the chancel and marching in procession through the aisles of the church and back to their places, Bishop Odenheimer leading. Next came the Venite, the Psalter (8th selection), the Te Deum, most excellently sung by the choristers, the Jubilate, the Introit (psalm 79) to the tune of "Old Hundred," the Kyrie Eleison, the Gloria Tibi, and hymn 102. Then came a most interesting historical sketch by the Rector, the Rev. Wm. B. Otis, of which I have availed myself in another part of this letter. After the chanting of the Gloria Patri, an address was delivered by the Bishop of the Diocese, who had come up from Burlington on the day before. Then, after the anthem, Ps. kxxiv, verses 1, 2 and 4; the offertory, Hymn 116, stanza 3, and the Sanctus, the sacrament was administered by the Bishop and the attendant priests, nearly 800 people receiving the holy symbols. The Gloria in Excelsis was then chanted, and to the music of the choir, who sang Hymn 256, the clergy passed down from the chancel in procession as before, and the music of the choir, which was excellent throughout, was under the morning service was over. The music, which was excellent throughout, was under the direction of Charles S. Fischer, Jr., of the Church of the Holy Apostles, of New York. The ten choristers were from the same church. At the entrance of the clergy and choir in the morning the congregation rose and remained

morning, the congregation rose and remained standing until the opening sentences were read; and at the close of the service, when the clergy were leaving the church, the people stood in their pews until the procession had at was now two o'clock. For fifteen min-utes General Grant, with his secondson, Ulys-ses S., Jr., had been patiently waiting outside in the shade of the trees. He had come from Long Branch behind Mr. Pettie's beautiful sorrels, which were now pawing the ground with their hoofs and lashing their sides with their long, cream-colored tails, anxious to indulge in another six mile dash over the smooth country road to some spot where they could saiff the salt air before it had lost its savor in snift the salt air before it had lost its savor in the thick foliage of the forest. As soon as it was known that the President was here, he was surrounded by hundreds of people, not one in twenty of whom had ever seen his emotionless face before; and when, at the invitation of Mr. Otis, he alighted from the buggy, the handshaking to which he was subjected was, in carnestness at least, about equal to any demonstration of respect I have ever witnessed. The yellow school-house, a small frame building in rear of the church, was reached with some difficulty, and here the President was urged to refresh himself. The little building was crowded almost to suffocation. Both its doors were blocked with men and women, and all its windows filled with open-eyed and open mouthed humanity, intent upon securing a

all its windows filled with open-eyed and open-mouthed humanity, intent upon securing a glimpse of the great warrior, who occupied the head of the table, engaged in discussing the viands supplied by the good housewives of Shrewsbury and its vicinity. In the yard a large tent had been erected, and this was crowded; as fast as one troop of people passed out satisfied, another rushed in to enjoy a like result of hearty exercise over the groaning tables. In due course of time the hungry were all fed, In the school-house, when it was found that not another soul could be prevalled upon to continue the teast, the cloth (figuratively speaking) was removed, and Bishop Odenheimer, rising in his place, opposite the President, delivered a brief but impressive address of welcome, in which he took occasion to remark that he and the illustrious head of the nation had really the same object in view—the promoreally the same object in view—the promo-tion of the mental, moral and social welfare of the people, and that it was the bounden duty of both to se-cure that end. The presence of the President on that occasion was an evidence that he respected the institutions of religion as instruments in the work of elevating the condition of the people... It was gratifying to meet the Chief Executive in that humble place, and the occasion would be rendered doubly memorable on account of his visit. The President rose timidly to respond to the warm welcome which had been extended, but some enthusiaswhich had been extended, but some enthusiastic individual who had not noticed the movement (and who, by the way, is most sorely mortified at his innocent blunder), got upon his feet and called for three cheers for Bishop Odenheimer, which were given with a will. The President was no doubt much relieved by this unintentional check to the laconic reply he was about to make, but to those who wished to hear his voice the interruption was a disappointment not easily borne. Mr. T. L. Wells, of New Brunswick, then responded in

Wells, of New Brunswick, then responded in a happy vein to the toast, "The Ladies of

Shrewsbury," and Mr. Boggs made a speech; and then the Bishop proposed the health of the Rector, and Mr. Otis replied modestly in more responding, and in that stifling little school-room the merry folk would have kept up their carouse ever so long had it not been announced that it was time to mount for Long Branch. An excursion had been planned the day before, and everybody was going. All the tour-wheeled vehicles from the whole country-side were there in waiting, and two adventurrous youngsters had run in from Red Bank on velocipedes, and there was a solitary horseman, and there were large tamilies in wagons, and I verily believe that if this were not a well-to-do neighborhood, and this were not a well-to-do neighborhood, and everybody could not afford a wagon or a gig, many a good man would have joined this caravan with a wheelbarrow burdened with his good woman and as large a proportion of his olive branches as he could pack and propel. At last they were all of, and your correspondent, almost the sole occupant of the village, was free to ramble among the graves, and roam over the quiet little church, and gather a mass of material with which to interest the archæological readers of the Tribune, and particularly that numerous class who delight to learn something new touching the early history of our young country.

ticularly that numerous class who delight to learn something new touching the early history of our young country.

The church is a small building, capable of accommodating about 800 people. Its exterior is exceedingly plain. It is shingled all over, and has a modest little steeple, surmounted by an old iron crown, put up there before the Revolution. The interior is that of an English country church of the old-time, but is most neatly furnished throughout.

At 7.30 P. M., the excursionists having returned, there was an evening service in the church, which was largely attended. The service was nearly the same as that of the morning but necessarily less elaborate, and several addresses were delivered.

The ministers present were Stansberry, of Newark; Putnam, of Bergen; Boggs, of New Brunswick; Howland, of New York; Dealy, of Freehold; Rowland of Somerville; J. Smith, of Newark; Poole, of Long Branch; Chetwood, of Keyport; Dunnell of Red Bank; Goldsborough, of Eatontown; Murray, of Highlands; and Nevins, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; besides Bishop Odenheimer and the rector.—New York Tribune.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

A Speech from General Sherman. At the Alumni Dinner of Dartmouth, yes-terday, the President called on General Sherman for a speech. The General was enthusi-astically cheered as he rose to respond. He

astically cheered as he rose to respond. He said:

"Mr. President: I was in hopes, of course, that anything I had to say would be said in yonder building, where the jingling of glasses and plates might have covered up some of the deficiencies of my words. [Laughter.] But these old gentlemen are cunning ones to have adjourned to this tent, now so beautifully filled with ladies and gentlemen, who probably expect of me far more than I can give. I almost feel abashed on attempting to speak in the presence of the Chief Justice and the many men of learning here. Aye, of the very boys who, but a short time since, were speaking in language far more appropriate than I could ever hope to utter. I am simply a plain soldier, and can say what I have to say in few words, direct to the purpose, and if I had any special subject whatever, worthy of this occasion, I would endeavor to pursue it; but for want of a better, I will express the very great pleasure I have experienced to-day and vesteriday in seeing not only the intalligence. great pleasure I have experienced to-day and yesterday in seeing not only the intelligence of the young men whose graduation we have come here to witness, but the spirit of kindcome here to witness, but the spirit of kindness and reverence which every one of them, and all, in fact, have manifested toward the aged men who direct its interests, and towards the cause of learning. Learning of all kinds is entitled to our veneration, whether at Dartmouth, or Yale, or Harvard, at West Point, or in the common schools. Learning is learning; it improves us all, and we never become too old to learn. We learn to-day, we learn to-morrow, and I suppose we shall continue to learn to the very last hour of our lives. We cannot tell: it is for God alone to say on which day we shall make the most progress. Iam not, and do not profess to be learned in books, learned in arts, or learned in mere words, but in deeds. I profess to havin mere words, but in deeds. I profess to having some knowledge of forming men into or-ganizations where their physical power as well as their mental power may produce its full effect. You here have an organization, you here have a system which you may call civil, but it is military. The authority of every one of your Professors is defined, and they group you into classes. They group classes into other classes and even of targets the intition. classes, and even after you leave the institu-tion they have a hold on your affections, which makes you a body with a single soul, which makes you a body with a single soul, which the man that wants you may move to some common purpose. That is exactly like a military organization. We combine men by tens, hundreds, thousands and tens of thousands, all animated by by one purpose and guided by one mind, so that they are a concentrated purpose, and will press forward to the accomplishment of any object. If that object be the salvation of a nation, then the cause is glorious, and enlists the

ion, then the cause is glorious, and enlists the non, then the cause is glorious, and enlists the feelings and challenges the admiration of all mankind. [Loud applause.] Therefore, in that sense, I, too, profess to be a teacher, simply in the lesser art of organization, simply in the lesser art of combining units into tens and tensinto thousands and directing them in the interests of the Government, which commands me to do that which is her pleasure, and is my pleasure, too. [Renewed applications of the commands me to do that which is her pleasure, and is my pleasure, too. [Renewed applications of the commands me to do that which is her pleasure, and is my pleasure. and is my pleasure, too. [Renewed applause.] It is a common feeling among civilians that soldiers are men of violence. There plause.] It is a common feeling among civilians that soldiers are men of violence. There is nothing further from the truth. I appeal to the history of America, to the history of our own country, from Washington until the present moment, to show that the military men of this country have always been subordinate men—subordinate to the law, subordinate to the authorities, never setting up their own judgment in antagonism to that of the nation; but executing its will when that will had found expression in law with a fidelity beautiful to behold; and so long as I continue to hold power and influence, I shall ever direct that power and influence, I shall ever direct that power and influence to the end that the military of this country, whether a small force scattered all over the nation, or a vast army of volunteers gathered together for some special purpose, shall sustain the laws of the land and support the authority you may place over me; therefore, I feel the same interest in education that you do. It lessens my task; it lessens the task of every Governor; it lessens the task of the Chief Magistrate. Where throughout the land, in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Florida and Ohio, where schools and colleges are founded, where men are taught what law means, what order means, what civilization means, what refinement means, it is far easier and more pleasing to govern intelliilization means, what refinement means, it is

ilization means, what refinement means, it is far easier and more pleasing to govern intelligent men than govern rude, unlettered men. The one acts from a high motive and principle, aiding and supporting you in carrying out your purpose without confusion, whereas the other must be driven to it by force. Therefore I have personal interest in education, and in every intelligent lad I meet I see that which I hone will nervede all America, and when it in every intelligent lad I meet I see that which I hope will pervade all America, and when it does, there will be no need of armies and very little need of Courts. [Applause.] Gentlemen, I thank you for the many compliments you have paid me; especially would I thank the young men who have alluded to me in three or four passages of surpassing compliment. I would also express my thanks to the President and other officers of the College. I wish them one and all a long life. I wish the College may live to the third and fourth and tenth century, and I hope it will live as long as there is

tury, and I hope it will live as long as there is

an America, and that I know will live to the end of time. [Prolonged applause.]

The Yosemite Valley.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax; Vice President, furnishes to the last Hearth and Home the following description of the Yosemite Valley, as he

ing description of the Yosemite Valley, as he saw it in 1865:

Far up in the Sierra Nevada, nearly three hundred miles from San Francisco, is the preeminent wonder of our continent, the Yosemite Valley, untrodden by the foot of the white man till 1851, and difficult of access to this day. No wheels have ever-rumbled over its sod, but leaving the stage at Mariposa, sure-footed horses take you by grades that seem to the eye almost unclimable, up rugged mountain-ranges, down deep valleys, through sate-noted norses take you by grades that seem to the eye almost unclimable, up rugged mountain-ranges, down deep valleys, through narrow ravines and narrower gorges, amid majestic forests, over boulders of granite, skirting along hillsides for fifty miles, until at last, from a jutting point on the often precipitous trail, you look down into this wonderful cleft or fissure which you must wind around mile after mile yet to enter. Anticipating something grand, the reality, as is so rarely the case, is, in romantic beauty and wild sublimity, far beyond the mental pictures drawn by the most vivid imagination. The towering Sierras, which the Almighty had thus torn asunder, are all around. Towns and settlements and houses are far behind you. It seems the home of the genius of solitude. And there you look straight down nearly a mile, into a narrow but smiling valley, eight miles long, and averaging but a half a mile in width, with the Merced River winding gracefully among grassy meadows and scattered groves; while, like grim sentinels on either side, the mountains rise three to six thousand feet above

while, like grim sentinels on either side, the mountains rise three to six thousand feet above the valley, which itself is four thousand feet above the sea.

These yellowish granite walls, like Tu-tochanulah, or El Capitan, as it is oftener called, straight up and down, smooth, seamless, and verdureless; or surmounted, like another, by a beautifully rounded dome, greater and vaster than dome of capitol or palace, or shooting up into an assimilation to cathedral towers, after which others are named, or mounting one which others are named, or mounting one above another, and rolling away in close proximity to each other, like the Three Brothers; imity to each other, like the Three Brothers; or cut down, sharp and sheer in the middle, as if with a mighty cleaver wielded by a power no less than infinite, like the Half Dome; or towering above all others, like the Sentinel Rock; or slightly sloping from the perpendicular, but massive and gigantic as the rest—such an aggregation of remarkable mountains fill the soul with the bewildered grandeur, as well as the solemn sublimity of the scene. It seems as if, in the creation, this wonderful furrow was ploughed out of the mountain furrow was ploughed out of the mountain range, and the rock thrown away, that a valley, picturesque in its varied beauty, and smiling as you might imagine the happy valley of Rasselas, shut out from all the din and strife, and unrest of the world, might here be found. And when, after gazing an hour in silence, you leave this view to wind around the trail by which a descent to this almost inaccessible by which a descent to this almost inaccessible valley is found, and at last ride along the river's bank, galloping over the luxuriant grass-sward, for days enjoying and drinking in its peerless and commanding scenery, new beauties feast your eyes at every hour.

Here is the Bridal Veil, a creek 70 feet wide,

falling over its rocky wall 900 feet at a single leap, dissipated first into lace like strands and then into fleecy mist by the descent. Here is the Yosemite Fall, the highest in the world, at two leaps falling twenty-six hundred feet, fifteen times higher than Niagara, the eye thing as it looks almost straight upward to where it comes rushing over the precipice in view. Here are the falls by which the Merced River tumbles from the higher ground behind these mighty walls of the valley into the valley itself—at one fall, the Nevada, leaping from the top of a perpen-dicular cliff full 700 feet, and then, after dash-ing on rapidly over a smooth and rounded granite bed, into which the water has literally worn its channel, leaping downward again at the Vernall Fall 350 feet, with that rare phethe Vernall Fall 350 feet, with that rare phenomenon, a circular rainbow, at its base. Though no mule or horse can reach these most fascinating of all the wonders of the valley, and the trail is rugged and difficult, and wearisome on foot, and ladders nearly 300 feet high are needed to scale the perpendicular walls of rock over which, by your side, the river thunders at its second plunge, fatigue and danger are forgotten in these awe inspiring and startlingly subline works of the Creator around you. The long journey from the East is more than repaid by such combi-Creator around you. The long journey from the East is more than repaid by such combinations of austere and exquisite scenery as I looked on with mingled admiration and surprise in the Valley of the Yosemite.

POLITICAL.

The Nomination of Packer.

[From the Nation of July 22d.] Since the Pennsylvania Democrats have held their convention, the prospects of the Republicans in that State are a little brighter than before, for neither the name of Mr. Packer nor the substance of the platform is ominous of Democratic success. It is said, however, that Mr. Packer is to give a million of dollars for the necessary expenses of the canvass. Hancock's name was received with great enthusiasm, but a friend of his discovered a let-

thusiasm, but a friend of his discovered a letter in his pocket—dated May 21—in which the General peremptorily declined a nomination. It was a friend used to conventions, we may suppose, and one who would refrain from reading letters until it seemed advisable to do so. Hancock was probably sacrificed to the money of the two leading candidates, and it is not necessary to accuse Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Chase of "killing him off" in view of the possibilities of 1872, nor likely that they could have done so had they tried their utmost. The platform is the old structure utmost. The platform is the old structure which has so often been erected—much as the which has so often been erected—much as the same gallows is put up for successive hangings; and the dissatisfaction with Geary and the last Legislature, or the disgust of the McClurcs with Grant, or the apathy of the Republicans—or all these things—must be great indeed if the Pennsylvanians can be made to seem to accept it. It affirms that the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment must be repealed; that the whole Reconstruction policy is tyrannical; and that the negro should not s tyrannical; and that the negro should not is tyrannical; and that the negro should not have the ballot. It has, to be sure, one good thing in it—our soldiers should not be forgotten, it says; but the Republicans say that, and moreover avow their intention of protecting the pensions of the widows of the survivors of the war of 1812 and of the Revolutionary war. The adjurations to "harmony" were frequent and earnest enough to make it doubtful if the platform and candidate are not both distasteful to a large number of the delegates.

-Rev. S. S. Burton, a Methodist minister of Chautauqua county, N. Y., has just been tried by his church on the serious charge of having said that he believed many Universalists would be saved, and acquitted, the charge not having been proved against him. "Do you believe everybody will be saved?" asked an anxious old lady of one whose orthodoxy was suspected. "Well, it is possible that a few will be lost." "Ah, well," said the old lady, drawing a sigh of relief, "that's better than nothing."

The President's favorite trotting mare "Addie," valued at \$3,000, died yesterday morning, it is supposed from the effects of some poisonous substance eaten by her in the pasture. She was a blooded Morgan mare, nine years old, and could make her mile in about 2.30. The President has owned her about four years, and prized her more than any other horse in the stable. For some time past his horses have been pasturing in the White Lot, where it is thought the mare ate some poisonous article, as she was taken sick about 5 o'clock in the morning and died

PACTS AND FANCIES.

Krishna and His Three Handmaiden

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

And where he sat beneath the mystic stars, Nigh the twin founts of Immortality. That feed fair channels of the Stream of

To Krishna once his three handmaidens came, Asking a boon: "O king! O lord!" they said, "Test thou thy servants' wisdom; long in

Born of the waters of thy Stream of Trance, Have we, thy fond handmaidens, wandered And lapped in airiest wreaths of fantasy; Nor would we, viewless, bearing each some

gift From thee, our father, seek the world of man, The world of man and pain, which whose Better or brighter, for thy gift bestowed

Most worthily, shall claim thy just reward, The Crown of Wisdom!" Krishna heard, and

To each one tiny drop of diamond dew Drawn from the founts that feed the Stream of Trance, Wherewith on waftage of miraculous winds, Breathing full South, they sought the world of

The world of man and pain that shrank in drought, Palsied and withered, like an old man's face Death-smitten!

And the first handmalden saw A monarch's fountain sparkling in the waste, Glowing and fresh, though all the land was sick,

sick, Gasping for rain, and famished thousands died: "O brave," she said, "O beautiful bright wayes! Like calls to like;" and so her dew-drop glanced, And glittered downward as a fairy star Loosed from a tress of Cassiopeia's hair, Down the glorious fountain of the king.

Over the passionless bosom of the sea, The Indian Sea, cerulean, crystal-clear, And calm, the second handmaid, hovering,

viewed— Far through the tangled sea-weed and cool tides
Pulsing 'twixt coral-branches—the wide lips Of purpling shells that yearned to clasp a pearl:

pearl:
So where the oyster, blindly reared, accuits
Its priceless soul—she lets the dew-drop fall,
Thenceforth to grow a jewel fit for courts,
And shine on swan-like necks of haughty

But Krishna's third handmaiden scarce had. The fume from parched plains that made the

As one vast caldron of invisible fire,
Then casting downward pitiful eyes, she saw,
Crouched in the brazen cere of that red heat,
A tiny bird—a poor, weak, suffering thing
(Its bright eyes glazed, its limbs convulsed and

prone), Dying of thirst in torture: "Ah, kind Lord— Krishna—" his handmaid murmured, "speed thy gift, Best yielded here, to soothe, perchance to save, The lowliest mortal creature cursed with pain!"
Gently she shook the dew-drop from her palm Into the silent throat that thirst had sealed, Soon silent, sealed no more—for, le! the bird

Fluttered, arose, was strengthened, and through calms Of happy ether, echoing fair and far, kang the charmed music of the nightingale.

And so, where crowned beneath the mystic Nigh the twin founts of Immortality, Krishna, the father, saw what ruth was hers, And, smiling to his wise handmaiden's rule, Gave the great storm-clouds, and the mists of

heaven,
Till at her voice the mighty vapors rolled
Up from the mountain-gorges, and the seas,
And cloud-land darkened, and the grateful rain, Burdened with benedictions, rushed and

foamed Down the hot channels, and the foliaged hills, And the frayed lips, and languid limbs of And all the woodlands laughed, and earth was Appletons' Journal.

-A legal conveyance-The police van. -The Last Man-A shoemaker. —The sham-rocks most worn in hats now-a-

-Twenty-three bridges in Peoria county, Illinois, were carried off by the recent rains.

—Nearly twelve hundred people are already on the Camp Ground at Martha's Vineyard. -G. B. George, Esq., a prominent citizen of Haverhill, Mass., has been missing since last

-Lady Agnes Graham, of Scotland, the is claimed as a recent convert to Catholicism. -Vice President Colfax writes that he shall start for the Pacific coast early in August, and return in November. -Brigham Young has recently married again. His new bride is Miss Fallausbee, of

—Vallandigham says that the honest men of his party in Ohio are obliged to take back seats. That's why Vallandigham is so promi-

—A Chicago husband seeks divorce because his wife has a habit of beating him with broomsticks, cracking his head with iron bars, throwing tumblers at him, scratching him and kicking him out of bed. -Alonzo Clark, owner of the Clark farm,

at Shamburg, Pa., had his pocket picked on Saturday evening last of \$50,000, at the depot at Corry, \$40,000 in certificates of deposit and the balance in promissory notes. He likewise had a very large sum in greenbacks, said to be over \$40,000, in a belt around his body, which his body, which by its location was saved.

-A little boy in Danbury, Conn., was re-cently engaged in throwing stones at an empty tin can, when suddenly it flow into the air with a loud report, and the little boy lost no time in getting out of the neighborhood. It had contained glycerine, and the last stone had struck. a portion of that dangerous stuff adhering to

He can.

—In a bill issued by the Northern Central Railroad Company, we find the following:

"From Elmira the passenger passes along the margin of Seneca Lake, through the celebrated Genessee Valley to Rochester." We think some of our railroad men could make a profitable investment in a geography or atlas, or a little study of physical geography.

-A young man named Powell, while mock-—A young man named Powell, while mock-ing a deaf and dumb person on the cars, be-tween Bellville and Galloway's, Tennessee, a few days ago, was suddenly struck totally deaf and dumb. He returned to Bellville, and wrote as follows: "God has sent this awful punishment upon me to teach man never to mock at the infirmities of his fellow man."

—The total length of railway in the world is put down at 109,177 miles, and it cost \$10,829,-751,982. The United States have 42,247 miles. The next largest national supply is Great Britain, with 14,247; France has 9,034 miles, Russia, 4,317; Prussia, 5,926; Italy, 4,109; Austria, 4,429; South Germany, 2,681; Spain, 3,429; Belgium, 1,703, and the North German States 1,311. British India has 4,093, and the Canadian Dominion 1,348. No other lands exceed 1,006