

CHRISTIAN CULTURE.

A Local Interdenominational Journal, Religious, Literary and Social.

Vol. II.

LANCASTER, PA., AUGUST 1, 1891.

No. 6.

Christian Culture.

Entered at the Post Office at Lancaster, as Second-class Matter.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT LANCASTER, PA.

TERMS: 50 cts. per year, postage free. Subscriptions received at the office of publication, No. 9 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa.

THE REV. J. MAX HARK, D. D., } EDITORS.
THE REV. CHARLES L. FRY, }

All communications should be addressed to the editors. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications. Every contribution intended for publication must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The editors do not hold themselves responsible for the views expressed by contributors or correspondents. Postage for their return in case of rejection should always accompany manuscripts sent to the editors, otherwise they will not be preserved.

LANCASTER, PA., AUGUST 1, 1891.

Contents.

	PAGES.
EDITORIAL: Notes and Comments	81, 82
An Agent for Lancaster Appointed	82, 83
A Protest	83
POETRY: The Unexpressed	84
CONTRIBUTED: Musical Masters. By E. Pauline Cooper. IV—Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy	84-86
COMMUNICATED: Cruelty to Animals. By a Member of the Old S. P. C. A.	86, 87
SELECTED: "Children Not Admitted"	87-89
The Successful Minister	89
POETRY: A Morning Thought	89
WORK IN THE VINEYARD	89, 90
POETRY: Rain in Camp	90
LOCAL LORE: Old Lancaster Hostleries—I. By S. M. Sener, Esq.	90-92
An Old-Time Petition. By J. M. H.	92, 93
POETRY: Canst Thou by Searching Find Out God? By George R. Vandelaar	93
OUR BOOK-SHELF: James Freeman Clarke's Autobiography. By Uno	93-95

INSECTS everywhere,
Katydid with changeless song and mind,
Locusts whizzing in the noonday glare,
Butterfly and bee so debonnaire,
Flitting on the wind.
Juicy pear and peach,
Odorous apples touched with summer fire,
Plum and grape in shaded purple each,
Clustering, drooping down to meet our reach,
Toying with desire.

—A. F. W.

Editorial.

HAVE you done anything to make any one else happy, besides yourself, during your vacation? If not, there is still time to do it.

HAS anything been *done* about our prison library? There was *talk* about an appropriation for it. Has it been made? A few hundred dollars wisely spent could do great good; ignorantly spent they would do more harm than good.

THE eagerness with which the public patronizes the few little places of out-door resort which we have shows how great and deeply felt has been, and still is, the need of an adequate park. We are going to have one; but it will take some time. Lancaster is not noted for rapidity of movement in such matters, —quite the contrary.

WE call attention to the series of articles in our "Local Lore" department, begun in this number, by S. M. Sener, Esq. The old hostleries of Lancaster, when it was yet a "stage town" and one of the largest inland towns in the country, were both famous and important in their day. Their memory, with the legends and traditions clustering around each, deserve to be kept green, and are well worthy of being permanently recorded.

WE are glad to notice that the press is calling attention to the nuisance of burning garbage in stoves which is practiced in some households to the discomfort of whole neighborhoods. We protested against it some time ago as a matter demanding the attention of our Board of Health. So long as the disposition to be made of garbage is left to the discretion of every family it will remain a source of inconvenience and a menace to the public health. It is a matter for the city to take charge of, and the sooner it is done the better.

WHAT a lot of useless sentimentalism there is among a certain class of well-meaning Christians! It has, for instance, just been discovered that there were over sixteen hundred households in Reading which did not possess Bibles. Straightway a Bible was put into

each one of those benighted homes, and the fact is heralded as a great triumph for religion. In reality it is nothing of the kind. Those people did not care for the Bible or they would have had it before. Now that they have it, do they care for it any the more? The mere presence of the Bible in a house has no virtue in it and means very little. It is the use that is made of it that alone has any significance. Get people to realize the value and importance of the Bible, and teach them how to use it, and you will have done something to dispel their ignorance and godlessness. Merely to thrust the Book upon them, as though it were some fetch, whether they care for and use it or not, is energy wasted, or worse than wasted.

**

Is the building of a new reservoir really the best thing for our city to do? That is the question that is agitating the minds of a good many, even of those who voted for it. There is no question that we need a better water supply—none whatever! But the doubt seems to be as to whether a new reservoir will supply this need, or whether perchance it will only give us more water of the kind we already have in superabundance, *i. e.*, diluted mud. We are at present less in need of increased quantity than of improved quality. There should be a way of giving us both.

**

IF we must keep on killing murderers instead of reforming them, then we believe "electrocution" is a better way than hanging. But why keep up the barbarous practice at all? Capital punishment is after all a relic of savagery or at best of semi-civilization, for which there once was sufficient justification, but for which not a shadow of excuse remains in this land and age. We have outgrown the law of retaliation. Society is abundantly able to protect itself without killing the enemies of its peace and safety. It can protect itself and at the same time try to reclaim and reform the criminal; and therefore it ought to do so. Let the method of justice supersede that of vengeance, justice made perfect by love. But let it be done according to law, not by cheating and defeating the law.

**

WHEN an outing club goes on an excursion on Friday morning to return on Monday, it is very apt to be interpreted as meaning a Sunday of carousal. Nor is it likely that the Lord's day will be hallowed on such an occasion. We therefore deplore the fact that one of our largest outing clubs recently did go on such an excursion, a club among whose membership are gentlemen whose example, for good or evil is a power in the community, and who, we believe, would not intentionally use their influence for evil. Yet such the influence of such excursions inevitably

will be. We have already too many Sunday beer-pics and drinking excursions that disgrace our city, and which will be only too ready to point to the example of more respectable parties as their excuse and justification. Sunday secularization means social demoralization.

**

A RECENT visit to our county prison has confirmed us in the opinion, recently expressed in these columns, that the best, if not only, way really to help convicts, that is to reclaim and reform them, is that by which the Prisoners' Aid Societies of other cities accomplish so much good, namely, taking care of them, finding employment and right companionship for them, immediately after their discharge. Visits to the prison, services there, distributing flowers, tracts, etc., to the prisoners, are all very good so far as they go. They help the convicts to good resolutions, even to a change of heart. But all this amounts to next to nothing if there is not added thereto a change of environment after their release from prison. If respectable society does not make room for them in its ranks, they simply have to return to the disreputable society whence they sprang and whose doors are ever open to receive them back. Penitence and tears behind the bars are by no means always followed by an upright life outside. But they ofttime would be if it were made less impossible by the aid of some such association as has been referred to. A fair chance to live right after imprisonment is worth more than daily flowers, tracts, and sermons during imprisonment.

AN AGENT FOR LANCASTER APPOINTED.

When we wrote our editorial "Why Not," last month, we scarcely hoped that it would bear fruit as speedily as it did. The appeal we then made for some person or organization in our city to devote themselves specially to the protection of the dumb animals, brought us a number of letters from various sources endorsing our views; and among the rest, also one from the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with the request that we name some competent person, who might be appointed special agent of the society for this city and county. We did so; and the result is that Dr. S. E. Weber, the well known veterinary surgeon, whose character and standing in our city are too well known to need any commendation from us, is now the authorized agent for Lancaster of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A.

His knowledge and skill in his profession will be of great advantage to him in this position, as also to the cause. He understands fully that most of the cruelty to animals indulged in is the result of thoughtlessness and ignorance rather than of the desire to cause pain. Therefore, while he has full power to make

arrests for cruelty, he understands fully that the prevention of an evil is always better than punishment thereof after it has been committed; and that arrest and punishment are to be resorted to only where instruction, advice, or warning would be fruitless. Malicious and wilful cruelty will be prosecuted remorselessly, without fear or favor; so that we have every reason to hope that thorough reformation will soon be noticeable in the treatment of their animals by the cab drivers, horse and cattle dealers, some of the liverymen, and others who heretofore have been permitted to practice their brutality with impunity.

We believe that all good citizens will heartily rejoice in this with us, and will give the good cause their cordial coöperation. Let them promptly report to Dr. Weber any case of cruelty that may come under their notice. It will cost them nothing to do it, and will do much good. We trust also that the local press will interest itself in the matter and lend its aid and encouragement. The coöperation of all right-minded persons is needed to insure the success of this movement.

The interest aroused on this subject has been so great that the old Lancaster S. P. C. A., practically out of existence for more than a decade, gives indication of a speedy revival and reorganization. This, of course, is much to be desired. An active membership of the society right here in our city will largely increase the effectiveness of the work; for, practically, every member will be an agent, and, to a large degree, do an agent's work. Therefore, we wish it to be distinctly understood that the appointment of the present agent, Dr. Weber, is only *ad interim*, until the old society shall be thoroughly reorganized and ready to go to work. Then it will appoint its own agent, and the Pennsylvania Society will withdraw all jurisdiction and authority. Meanwhile, we congratulate ourselves that at least so much has been accomplished and hope for still better things in the future.

A PROTEST.

With the several beautiful parks that have been laid out and fitted up near Lancaster during the summer, the free use of which is extended to all societies and organizations for gala occasions, it seems almost incredible that there is an element, and a very strong one, in the city which rejects these generous offers and prefers instead a place where practically no restraining hand can be, or at least is likely to be, placed upon immorality and intemperance. But it is nevertheless true that there is a place outside of and near the eastern limits of the city, where various so-called picnics have been held during the present season, and which we are perfectly safe in saying, were

patronized with a most flatteringly large and enthusiastic, as well as a liberal and thirsty, if not cultured and highly moral attendance. The beer drinking, the profanity, the rowdiness and fighting, the obscenity and vulgarity of men and women, among whom the lowest class that is to be found in the city was present with scarcely a single exception, were enough to shock any one possessed of the slightest sense of modesty or morality. The recent action of the proper authorities toward the suppression of these disgraceful and disgusting debauches is to be commended by all lovers of purity and right. It is almost impossible to conceive of greater obscenity than was to be witnessed by a visitor to that place on the evenings on which some of those orgies were held.

How great the contrast between these and the cheerful and orderly conducted gatherings held daily at Rocky Springs and the new West End Park! Resorts where mothers can take their children and ladies can go unattended without fear of being insulted by the liquor-crazed and ruffianly crowds which often frequent the places referred to above.

We are therefore very sorry that our Mayor has arranged for a picnic at one of the places most notorious for its disgraceful revels. Indeed, we are sorry that any picnic is to be given at all for the benefit of the Soup Fund; for we are convinced that this so-called charity is no real charity at all, but on the contrary a fruitful source of evil. By means of it a great crowd of idle, shiftless and generally worthless people are not only supported and encouraged in their worthlessness, but are trained for hopeless pauperism and vagrancy. There are thousands who never will work so long as they can get food without working. The more of this class we feed, the more will come to be fed. The best way to get rid of them, and convert them into productive and respectable, because self-respecting, citizens is to make them work for their living. Unless this is done they will become an ever increasing waste and burden to society and, even worse, a danger and continual menace to the community. We repeat, therefore, that we consider the Soup Fund no charity at all, but one of those innumerable agencies through which the best of intentions are made to result in the most serious injury and harm to the moral and physical well-being of all concerned.

We need free places of popular resort in our city. To supply them is a charity in the largest sense. But to supply them and not guard them makes them an evil instead of a good. So also we need to care for the really needy of our fellow-men. To do so is true charity. But to give free support to all applicants indiscriminately, is to breed, foster and encourage the very elements whence spring society's greatest dangers.

THE UNEXPRESSED.

Strive not to say the whole! the Poet in his Art
Must intimate the whole, and say the smallest part.

The young moon's are her perfect circle tell;
The limitless within Art's bounded outline dwells.

Of every noble work the silent part is best;
Of all expressions, that which cannot be expressed.

Each Act contains the life, each work of Art the world,
And all the planet-laws are in each dew-drop peared.
—William Wetmore Story.

MUSICAL MASTERS

BY E. PAULINE COOPER.

IV. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

"So works this music upon earth.
God so admits it, sends it forth,
To add another worth to worth.

A new creation-bloom that rounds
The old creation, and expounds
His Beautiful in tuneful sounds."

It is with feelings of joy and a certain calm restfulness that we turn from the contemplation of Beethoven's stormy, passionate, struggling existence to the happy and joyous one of Felix Mendelssohn. The latter, born at Hamburg in 1809, of wealthy Jewish parents, and grandson of Moses Mendelssohn "the modern Plato," was endowed at birth not only with many and varied talents, but with that sweet, joyous disposition which breathes through his music and which his early, untroubled life only tendered to foster and cultivate. When Felix was quite young his parents removed from Hamburg to Berlin, where they started the eminent banking house in the Neue Promenade. They already had three children; Fanny, who afterward became the wife of the Berlin painter, W. Hensel; Jacob Ludwig Felix and Rebecca. Some time after their arrival in Berlin was born their youngest child, Paul. Between the brothers and sisters and parents of this charming family there were the strongest bonds of love and filial reverence. As both parents had embraced Christianity, Felix was, at an early age, confirmed in the Lutheran church, which act only deepened and strengthened the already strong religious feelings in that pure soul. The strictest discipline was adhered to in the Mendelssohn family in regard to the children's training, and they used to rejoice when Sunday came because they didn't have to get up at five o'clock to work. Mendelssohn's early teachers were Berger for the piano-forte and Zelter for thorough-bass, the latter being already well known to many of our readers as the "Aronach" of "Charles Auchester." The glowing picture of Mendelssohn as the Chevalier Seraphiel in that charming book is essentially true and lifelike. Though a number of the details are fiction, in the main the author has given us such a true idea of the delicate spirituality, gentleness and true nobility of the master that it is impossible, having once read the book, to dissociate the Mendelssohn of history and the glorified Seraphiel of the story.

But I digress. When Felix was but twelve years old, he commenced to compose. Sir Julius Benedict, who was then a pupil of Weber in Berlin, tells of

their first meeting: "I shall never forget the impression of that day on beholding the beautiful youth, with his auburn hair clustering in ringlets around his shoulders, the look of his brilliant, clear eyes, and the smile of innocence and candor on his lips." At their second meeting, Sir Julius found Mendelssohn seated on a foot-stool, writing music. To Benedict's inquiry as to what he was about, the child replied gravely, "I am finishing my new quartet for piano and stringed instruments."

When quite a boy he went with Zelter to visit Goethe. The great poet was struck, as all the world has since been, with the genius of the boy, who played to him, not only from memory, but reading manuscripts of Mozart and the almost unintelligible ones of Beethoven at sight. This friendship with Goethe grew, and Mendelssohn afterwards visited him several times. It is to Goethe's two beautiful little sea pictures that we owe the "Meerestille und Glückliche Fahrt."

Every Sunday, music was held in the large dining-room of the Mendelssohn house, the compositions of Felix having a prominent place, and the young composer himself conducting when he was yet so small that he had to stand on a foot-stool in order to be seen. In 1824 Moscheles visited Berlin, and with this visit began the friendship of the two eminent composers, which lasted until death came between. The following year, the Mendelssohns changed their place of residence, removing to a large house in the Leipziger Strasse near the old Thiergarten. In this house, which afterwards became the centre of one of the most brilliant circles that even Berlin ever knew, Mendelssohn spent some of his happiest days. The beautiful old garden with its trees, flowers and shrubbery was a fitting place for that beautiful soul which was so closely allied to nature in her softest, most enchanting moods. Here he could enjoy the companionship of his beloved parents, his friends, his charming and gifted sister, and above all, the delicate, beautiful fancies that filled his brain with sweetest music. Here, no doubt, on soft moonlight nights, he had those interviews with the fairies, by which they recognized him as a kindred soul and taught him to weave the wondrous melodies of the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

When he was seventeen years old he entered the University of Berlin. For his matriculation essay, he translated the "Andria" of Terence, which has been declared by an eminent English scholar as very "precise and faithful," and quite worthy of representing the limpid Latin of Terence. At any rate, it was the first attempt to translate Terence in his own metres, and set the example to later scholars. He afterwards made very clever translations from the Italian. Whether Felix went through the regular University course is not known, but he did attend Hegel's classes and took a great interest in the lectures of Carl Ritter on Geography. Schubring, his master in Mathematics, pathetically describes the impossibility of making him understand how the polestar could be a guide in travelling. Landscape drawing, in which he afterward excelled, he had been practicing some time. Early in 1827 his opera of "Camacho's Wedding" was produced. Partly owing to unfavorable circumstances and the really poor libretto, the piece failed. The sneers of the press hurt him so as to affect his health,

and the whole affair was probably the foundation of his dislike for Berlin and Berlin institutions, which afterward became so marked.

And now came Mendelssohn's first journey to England which was the beginning of what he merrily calls his "great journey." He was received by Moscheles and his old friend Klingemann with open arms. He conducted in London several times; at one of the concerts producing the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. His reception was enthusiastic, and he was elected an honorary member of the Philharmonic. Thus, after all, it was the "cold, unmusical English" who recognized the true beauty of the unfolding bud that was afterwards to bloom into such a perfect flower. From London he went to Scotland, visiting Holyrood, where he seems to have found the beginning of his Scotch Symphony. Among other places of interest they visited [Klingemann accompanying him] was Fingal's Cave. There "auf einer Hebride" he wrote down the twenty bars of music that are identical with the opening of the overture which bears the name of Fingal's Cave. From Scotland he went to Ireland, and after a short visit there, he returned to England, stopping at the house of Mr. John Taylor, where he was as much delighted with his hosts as they were with him. Upon his return to Germany, the "great journey" was continued and he and his sister went south, stopping at Weimar for a fortnight with Goethe, with whom he lived on terms of the closest intimacy, playing and leading, as he explained it, a regular "Heidenleben." In June [1830] he took leave of Goethe for the last time and proceeded through Munich, Salzburg, Linz, Vienna, Presburg and Gratz, and finally we find him in Italy. His stay in Italy, and especially in Rome, was full of the keenest delight to him. He sketched, composed, went sight-seeing, visited, frolicked and enjoyed even the Italian rains. His letters from Italy are full of interest as well as real merit in description. Of the music composed while there, the most important specimens are the "Walpurgis Nacht," and the Italian and Scotch Symphonies. Returning through Switzerland and France, the "great journey" was terminated by a visit to Paris.

In 1833, Mendelssohn was offered the position of conductor at Düsseldorf; he accepted, and, after a short journey to England with his father, he settled down to his new work. He was most successful and happy at Düsseldorf and remained there for three years, at the end of which time he accepted the position of conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig. In the fall of this year came the first of those blows which seemed as if they must crush his sensitive soul. In November of 1835, the father, for whom he had so much reverence, esteem and affection, died.

In the following year the Oratorio of St. Paul was produced at the Lower Rhine Festival held at Düsseldorf, Mendelssohn himself being present and conducting it. From there he proceeded to Frankfurt, where he made the acquaintance of Cécile Jeannenau, who afterwards became his much loved wife. The next years of Mendelssohn's life were spent happily. The concerts at the Gewandhaus had never been so brilliant or successful. His endeavors to give the works of the best masters in the best way were not without their lasting result on the public taste. As it was Mendelssohn and Marx [as he himself put it, "a Jew and an actor"] who had, years before, put

the Passion Music before the Berlin public for the first time since the composer's death, so now it was through Mendelssohn's untiring efforts that a statue in remembrance of Bach was finally erected outside the St. Thomas School. Through his efforts, too, the Leipzig Conservatorium, in which he afterwards gave such efficient help as director and teacher, was established in 1843.

Meantime in 1841 the King of Prussia, who was establishing a new art school in Berlin, desired Mendelssohn to come and take charge of the Music Department. A king's desire is a command, and though Mendelssohn did not relish the idea of going back to Berlin, he accepted the position. Here he wrote the famous music to "Antigone," which was first given in Berlin, or rather at the New Palace in Potsdam. The art school however did not flourish; Mendelssohn and his orchestra were not in sympathy, and, on the whole, his duties were so distasteful to him that he finally appealed to the king. The result of the interview was that Mendelssohn should receive the title of General Music Director, with the superintendence of the church music as his especial province and the liberty to live where he chose. He was very soon back in his beloved Leipzig, busily at work with the Conservatorium, writing the music to "Athalia," "The Tempest," "Oedipus Coloneus," etc. But even this much liberty was not enough as he was thoroughly out of sympathy with the work, and besides, his health was beginning to give way and the business of answering so many dispatches, and the feeling that he was bound to Berlin as it were, made him seek another interview with the king and in the latter part of 1844 he was released from his burdensome duties. Joyously he turned his feet toward Leipzig and his appearance at the Gewandhaus, where he was idolized, was the signal for rapturous applause.

The next year, the magnificent Oratorio of "Elijah" was finished and produced at Birmingham for the first time, Mendelssohn conducting. The concert took place in the summer and after the strain, Mendelssohn should have had a rest. This he did not take, and thus irritated more the already sorely tried nerves. In spite of ill-health and suffering, however, we find him in April, of 1847 directing the "St. Paul" in Leipzig and later in England conducting the revised version of the "Elijah." This was the last of his many visits to England. In May he returned to Frankfurt and there received the blow which hastened so materially his own end, namely, the news of the death of his idolized sister, Fanny Hensel.

During the summer, much shattered in health, he visited Switzerland, all the time working at his new Oratorio "Christus" and his new opera "Die Lorelei." But the hand had been laid too heavily upon him this time, and he could not recover. By October he was back in Leipzig and though the Gewandhaus concerts were going on he took no part in them. He grew gradually worse, and on the 9th of October, while at Madame Frege's house, where he was discussing the selection and order of some songs he was about to publish, he had the first of those violent attacks of shivering and pain in the head. He recovered from this and by the 28th he was able to go out with his wife; this, however, proved too much for him and he had a second attack, which was followed on November 3d by another. This last deprived him of conscious-

ness, and on the next day, quietly and painlessly the beautiful soul took wing and passed "to where beyond the voices, there is peace."

Of Mendelssohn's works even some of the most important I have failed to mention, such as the "Lobgesang," "Festgesang," the 14th Psalm, the 43d Psalm, his numerous Quartets, Rondos, Preludes, Scherzos, Concertos, Symphonies, etc., and above all, those elegant little "Lieder ohne worte," which after all make him most loved among the people.

Of the existing portraits of Mendelssohn, few if any are good. What portrait painter could depict in one painting the delicate varying expression which was the chief charm of that face? His features were decidedly Jewish and his eyes, dark and beautiful, had a peculiar luminous brightness that seemed to emanate from the soul within. The nose was prominent but well formed, with delicate nostrils as "finely cut and flexible as an Arab's;" and the lips, though thin and rather long, had "an expression of indescribable sweetness." It seems to me that in the Midsummer Night's Dream Overture, Mendelssohn has himself best portrayed his own fairy-like personality. Those quick, delicate notes of the violins in the high clef, and then presently the sound of "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing,"—only a kindred soul could write such fairy-like melodies. His music is essentially soothing, and to the struggling, thought-weary soul, his Andantes and Adagios are like sweet refreshing airs, tranquilizing the tired brain and making the arid plains of thought to bloom with the flowers of beauty.

As a conductor, Mendelssohn was eminently successful. In the conductor's stand he exerted that same charm over his orchestra which made him so beloved socially. They all idolized him and the consequence was that, at his wish, they played as one man. His extraordinarily quick ear at once caught the sound of a false note, and he would patiently go over a difficult passage with one of the players till the latter understood it. If a musician were obstinate, he would not hesitate to use satire, for right, and exactly right, it must go, and the members of his orchestra soon learned to know it.

And after all, can we pay Mendelssohn a higher tribute than to say he was a true man? His love to his parents and sisters, his devotion to his family, his pure, true life, these are enough to place him among earth's "great men" even if he had not written an "Elijah." And I may say of him in conclusion, (besides the high tribute all pay him as a composer,) the highest praise which can be given to a mortal:

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature could stand up
And say to all the world, this was a man!"

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE OLD S. P. C. A.

To the Editors of CHRISTIAN CULTURE.

The Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in this city, about which you inquired in the July number of your Journal, is not dead. It only lacks an agent to resume its good work.

Let some competent person take up that office where the lamented Reidenbach laid it down. Let the roll of the old S. P. C. A. be called and we venture to say that one and all of the members from stout Lewis

Haldy down to the Cast of us, will fall into line and answer. Here!

We have not grown indifferent to the heartless and thoughtless cruelties inflicted on our domestic animals almost every day amongst us.

We are not deaf to the complainings of the young and innocent animals taken from their mothers, and gathered the day before at different points in our county to be shipped to distant markets and kept without a morsel to eat or a drop to drink for days together. We cannot fail to hear their piteous bleatings above the rattling of the train as the car in which they are confined passes along our railroads.

We cannot help but notice the woe-begone homesick countenance of many of the horses we pass. Poor half-starved, over-worked creatures that have seen better days. Animals that have done years of faithful work for some well-to-do master, services which should have insured them a home with lighter tasks the remainder of their lives, and a painless death, but which have been traded off to some horse-dealer, when no longer able to do a full day's work, and by him sold to such as we see driving them along our streets—pictures of hopeless despondency.

Those who deny to animals the capacity of mental suffering as well as badly pain have studied animal nature to little purpose.

Did you ever observe at the end of a journey how your horse brightens up when his head is turned homewards? He shows new life, forgets that he was tired, and needs no further urging. Home is home to him, even though it be a livery stable.

The horse that has lived the better portion of his life on a farm and becomes attached to the place and to those who attend him, how must he feel, think you, when he leaves home for the last time? He expects to return of course; day after day he expects it, because he has a memory; but that day never comes; his head is never more turned homeward. He does not brighten up any more. And because he is sick at heart, his legs stiff, his shoulders sore, and he can no longer move as briskly and pull as heavy as when he was younger and better fed, he is oftentimes kicked and beaten by his new master, because his new master may not understand much about horses, and because he cannot make his wants known. Then he becomes the hopeless picture of despair we but too often see; his ears bent down, his tongue hanging out, eyes devoid of luster, and scarce life enough remaining even to wince when the blows are dealt over his fleshless ribs.

Such we will find upon inquiry to be the history of most of the old horses and mules that drag the ash and bone wagons through our streets. They have seen better days; they worked faithfully and earned for their owners all their feed and ten times over the price paid for them; and they should have a better end. Who will speak for them?

These are only some of the evil effects of cruelty. The causes will be found much higher up in the community. And the agent and Society will have to wrestle with cruelty in high places. For what would it avail to filter the stream while the fountain at the head flows muddy!

Fortunately our community is not naturally a cruel one, but kind and considerate when its attention can be directed to what is needed.

Cruelty oftener results from *thoughtlessness* than *heartlessness*. And oftentimes objectionable features and customs come into use merely because fashionable for the time being. We beg leave to refer to the double or Jackson Kimball bit, now used by some horse owners, as one of these objectionable customs.

No man, we think, is justified in putting that kind of a bit into his horse's mouth, unless the horse is a vicious kicking stallion; such a beast as they were first invented to subdue.

The bit is not only cruel but injurious to the animals. It adds nothing to appearance, and hinders speed and movement.

The arched neck, always considered a point of beauty and grace in a horse, is destroyed. The poor beast is compelled to carry his nose so high that he cannot see the ground he is to travel over.

The most perfect type of the horse is the Arabian with arched neck and graceful movement.

The ancient sculptors and kings placed pictures of their arch-necked war horses upon their temples and monuments. The old poets sang of the horse as having a neck clothed with thunder.

"Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength;
He goeth on to meet the armed men:
He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted:
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth against him,
The glittering spear and the shield.
He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha;
And he smelleth the battle afar-off,
The thunder of the captains and the shouting."

Instead of a natural horse as described in the Bible, some of our fashionable modern horse fanciers would put a Kimball bit in his mouth and turn him into a long-necked ungraceful dromedary.

We wish some learned veterinary surgeon would through the columns of your journal enlighten us as to what good there is in a Kimball bit.

"CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED."

"I wish," said an enthusiastic young girl to me, "that Miss Yonge would write a new book every year like 'The Daisy Chain,' or 'The Pillars of the House,' or 'Magnum Bonum'—a story of a family where there are never less than a dozen children, and each has a character of his or her own and the mother has made a study of every one, and they all go to church, and work up—or down—pet charities, and the naughty ones who fail are even more interesting than the good ones who succeed,—and all are so deliciously *human*! Nobody in this country writes such books."

"Perhaps because we do not have twelve children families!" I suggested. "Yet Malthus was a pious clergyman of the Church of England."

Then I fell a-musing.

Had Dr. Malthus lived to see the last decade of this century, he would have died with an easier mind. His labored demonstration of the insufficiency of our planet to supply sustenance for the myriads who would chafe one another's elbows should the dream of human perfectibility be accomplished, and his gloomy predictions of the consequences that must follow the increase of population in a geometrical and of food in an arithmetical ratio, read now like the babblings of a scared lunatic.

Legislation has not stepped in to avert the calamity, any more than legislative abolition ended slavery in New England. When black labor ceased to be profitable, the blot upon the Northern States faded, rather than was wiped away. Had it been practical to prove the system unremunerative to the less provident Southerner, the same result would have followed.

When the persuasion took hold of the mothers of America that children "do not pay," small families became the rule. This is neither the time nor place for discussion of the secondary causes that led to this end. Let the fact stand—as such—that the average number of children in the New England States is, now, one and a half to each household where both parents are American-born, and, in the Southern and Western States, three. Large families have "gone out."

Women get all the blame of this altered state of things—when blame is intimated. Occasionally, a clergyman, orthodox and uncompromising, or sensationally eager to snap at a "subject," calls public attention to the prospective denationalization of the Republic and the inductive curse that must descend upon a people who despise the blessings promised by the Hebrew Scriptures to the owner and tender of human olive-plants. The perfunctory oburgation of the physician blends with these fulminations, but the community at large bears out the Malthusian philosophy of busy, prudent and indolent wives. Society, low and high, makes no provision for babies.

Twenty-odd years ago I heard, with a hot thrill of surprised indignation, the remark of a woman who "led her set": "You know one cannot be hospitable if there are children in the house."

Social triumphs were as the breath of her nostrils. Therefore she had no children. Her husband calmly supported her assertion. He joined to pride in her handsome house, perfect dinners, and brilliant receptions, literary tastes and habits. His books were his bantlings; his library was his garden of delights. The roar of hungry infancy, the lawless raid of baby feet, the clutch and smirch of small fingers, would convert it into an inferno.

Such talk is common and unremarkable now. The "swing" of society creates a current of bitter wind that blights babyhood. Poodles are encouraged, children condoned, alluded to, as they are, in various inflections of good-humored patronage and compassionate contempt. In the crowded day that begins with a late breakfast, includes a literary or scientific lecture, a luncheon, two or three afternoon teas, a dinner, and a box at opera or theater—with, perhaps, a look in at a ball or an after-play supper—there is no room for the exacting tyrant of the nursery. Something must be crowded out, and he is the something.

"It is English, you know," when one can afford to keep up a nursery, to delegate the management thereof to "a competent person." Baby is brought to mamma for inspection and a ten-minute frolic after breakfast, and exhibited in the drawing-room after a pink, or yellow, or violet luncheon, as a bit of animated bric-a-brac. Unfortunately, the Competent Person does not take kindly to this side of the Atlantic. Doubled wages and quadrupled privileges do not reconcile the imported article to "big families." She reproaches them as vigorously as Malthus or her super-cultured employer. My sister housewives will

bear witness with me to the difficulty of engaging servants to work in a house where there are six or seven children. And what blame to the employee, to whom her so-called superior has set the example? At the risk of writing myself down as non-progressive and narrow, I record as my solemn conviction that He who gives children to the mother intended that she should be their keeper. It is not in human nature—even when the representative of our common kind is a decent, conscientious, tender-hearted "girl," incited to duty by high wages—that the care bestowed upon the child committed to her by day and by night should be of the quality given by the refined and intelligent mother. "Mamma's boy" speaks for himself and for her in a thousand ways. He is cleaner, brighter, healthier, sweeter for the atmosphere in which he lives. The nurse may supplement, but she cannot substitute, his heaven-appointed guardian. At the best, the result of this last experiment is grafting, as opposed to the natural outgrowth of the goodly branch of the parent stem.

"It is fate!" sighed a sensible man to me in a street-car. "I never travel, by car or ferry-boat or train, that the inevitable baby is not stationed in my immediate neighborhood."

"Yet Baby must travel sometimes and somehow."

"Then there should be a compartment fitted up for him in the cattle-car."

I grew aggressive.

"Does it ever occur to you that you were once a baby yourself?"

A shrug and a grimace, as Gulliver might have cast off the infant Yahoo.

"Disgusting—isn't it? It's hard for a man to respect himself when obliged to admit the probability."

As a passenger in any of the ways indicated by his critic, Baby is an object of pity. He is frowned down, avoided, sneered at, and not infrequently openly denounced by his seniors of all ages. My heart ached last week for a pale-faced mother, hardly more than a girl herself, with eyes dark with distress, whose five-month old infant, writhing in the agonies of colic, was the target for fifty pairs of angry orbs. She patted him on the back, laid him upon his stomach, held him against her shoulder, danced him, talked softly in his ear, and used the hundred other arts approved by nurses (and usually ineffectual) to exorcise the fiend in possession of the tender frame. Three men, at as many different times, arose and left the car, a glare at the "nuisance" accounting for their change of place; two girls pressed gloved hands upon pretty ears; four women of uncertain age glanced crossly over their shoulders; and a high-featured spinster, fashionably dressed, wondered audibly to the neighbor in front of her "why people outraged decency by traveling in public conveyances with babies."

My own bairns had been such excellent travelers that I had no cause to sympathize so warmly with the tortured mother, but I could not refrain from addressing her.

"Would he let me hold him for awhile, do you think? I am used to babies, and you look tired."

Tears rushed into her weary eyes.

"Thank you, but he is shy of strangers," making a brave effort not to break down and cry with the convulsed baby. "He's so young I wouldn't have brought him from home—he's always good there—

only I was sent for—to see my husband, who is very ill."

I could not rise in my seat and confound fifty thoughtlessly unkind fault-finders by the rehearsal of the simple story, but I tell it now, as a possible lesson to others as unthinking and as selfish, and in proof of my dogma that "no children need apply" for place and tolerance in the accustomed haunts of the average American.

In behalf of a friend who desired to secure summer board in a mountain farmhouse, I called last year upon the comely mistress of a spacious homestead who had expressed her willingness to take boarders. She had rooms, well furnished, sunny, airy and disengaged, and a bargain was imminent when I happened to say how well a small chamber opening out of a larger would suit my friend's children. The kindly landlady was frosty stone on the second.

"Children! That is quite a different matter. How many?"

"Two," confessed I meekly. "A boy of eight and a girl of two."

"A baby! I've always said no money should ever induce me to take a baby into my house."

"But babies need country air more than grown people."

She declined to discuss this side of the question.

"Maybe so, but you'll find difficulty in getting accommodation for them in any nice boarding-house."

She knew her guild better than I. Application at four other "nice" houses within a radius of a mile proved the justice of her observations and the strength of her position. From the palatial hotel at spa or seaside or mountain-top, with the conspicuous corridor placard, "Children and dogs not allowed in the drawing-room," to our homely farmstead, where the "best room" is as jealously defended against defilement, the story is the same, and sickening. The owners of apartment-houses also train in this band. The young of our species are reckoned among the common and unclean, and may not enter the spick-and-span "flats," unless the miracle of Peter's day be repeated, and the banned creatures let down from heaven upon the roof-top. And after one or two phenomena of this nature the landlords would nail up the scuttles.

Where is it all to end? What long-sighted, stout-hearted forester will step forth for the protection of the tender shoots and saplings of the human race? What semi-divine woman and leader of the *ton* dare essay to bring children again into fashion? Will Miss Yonge's books read, to the next generation, like the histories of a fossil age?

In view of a truth which I have stated in self-imposed moderation, the condemnation of orthodox and pyrotechnic divines of the Woman of the Period sounds harsh. Maternal instinct of rare quality, and patient heroism, are required to brave the tide of opinion and circumstance. She may well challenge the humanity of forcing upon innocent beings tenancy of a globe where so many doors will be shut in their faces.

Such reflections in the true woman's heart lend passionate pathos to the story of "The Littel Boy."

"Goddie loveth children, and doth girl
His throne with soche as these,
And He doth smile in pleasure while
They cluster at His knees;

And, sometime, when He looked on earth
And watched the bairns at play,
He kenne'd with joy a lyttel boy
Ben allwaies in the way.

"And then a modier felt her heart
How that it ben to-orne—
She kissed eche day 'till she ben gray
The shoon he use to worn
No bairn let hold until her gown
Nor played upon the floor,—
Godde's was the joy; a lyttel boy
Ben in the way no more!

Imagination does not suffer violence that we may see the young immortals of whom no count is made in the sum of worldly labor and pleasure—misplaced and hustled during their stay here—fleeing like uncaged birds into the spaciousness of the many mansions and the warmth of the Father's smile.

With the sad earnestness of one who has watched the spread of a great evil until the horror of it, and the dread of the retribution that attends, sooner or later, upon the violation of a divine law, oppresses her as with the weight of personal guilt, I plead for our and welcome in our hearts, in our homes, and in our broad, beautiful world—for the babies.

God help and forgive us all that in these fast and furious lives of ours his little ones are shoved aside and ourselves blindly beggared of the true riches held safely in baby fists—the light that never was on land or sea, stored in the children's eyes!—*Marion Harland.*

THE SUCCESSFUL MINISTER.

The minister should be a man of affairs. His ministry should not absorb his citizenship. He should remember that the gospel is for the world and that the church is in the world, and that in the millennium the church will represent and be coterminous with the entire world. Nothing can be foreign to him which concerns the welfare of the community. All laws have a relation to him, for they should simply be modifications of the divine law which he preaches. The public school bears a close relation to his work, for instruction in righteousness from the pulpit has close fellowship with instruction in the learning of the schools. No gallery of art should lift its splendid towers in his village without his assurance that it should be made of the greatest service to the members of his church in adorning the doctrine which they profess. The struggle for the proper execution of proper law represents a part of that struggle in which he is spending his energies. The election of bad men to official place is a blow at his teaching, and the election of good men to official place promotes those interests for which he labors.

His methods of showing his interest in and of promoting public weal may differ, differ at different times and different places, and differ from the methods of his brethren. It is probable that no minister of our time has shown greater interest in public affairs than the late Howard Crosby. People fail to agree as to the value of his methods, but none doubt the sincerity of his motives. All also are assured that it were well for the people, and no less well for the ministry, if each minister had that zeal for good government through good citizenship which inspired Howard Crosby.

It may be added that it is usually not wise for the

young minister to devote much time to what may be called "public affairs." One of the first purposes of a young minister should be to secure the confidence of his parishioners in his wisdom. This can usually be attained the best by a close attention to his own immediate business of preaching and of pastoral service. When through these more immediate matters he has proved the worthiness of his judgment, he can easily and readily permit himself to extend the circle of his administration.—*The Advance.*

A MORNING THOUGHT.

What if some morning, when the stars are paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the East was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant Spirit standing near.

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
"This is our Earth—most friendly Earth, and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air:

"There is best living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendship dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death,"
—Edward Rowland Hill.

Work in the Vineyard.

There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations; but it is the same God which worketh all in all.—1 COR. xii. 4-6.

LUTHERAN.

Grace.—One of the interesting features of July was the excursion of the Sunday-school, which occurred at Lititz on the 16th ultimo. The very large number (close to one thousand) who attended, were delighted with the programme of pleasant things which took place during a day unmarred by rain.

The pastor will be absent for a week's vacation during the first days of August, and divine services will be omitted on the 2d and 9th instants.

On all sides the desire has been expressed that the beloved pastor, the Rev. C. E. Haupt, may, with his family, enjoy a delightful sojourn, and come back greatly refreshed for the work of the autumn.

During the pastor's absence, Rev. J. W. Hassler, residing at No. 449 West Chestnut street, will attend to any matters requiring immediate care.

A number of the members of the church are away visiting friends or pleasant scenes.

The Emmanuel Sunday-school is growing steadily. *Trinity.*—Advices from the absent pastor, Rev. C. L. Fry, inform us that he and his bride are having a delightful journey; passing through Germany and noting the many varied places of historic, artistic or natural interest of which a European tour is made up. The pastor will return during September.

Following the example of the pastor many of the members of "Old Trinity" have been away for trips,

longer or shorter, all of which have been very delightful and recuperative.

The divine services of Sunday morning are being conducted with acceptance and ability by the Rev. J. W. Hassler of Emmanuel Chapel. Thus the spiritual wants of the congregation are well satisfied.

The parsonage is being thoroughly renovated, from garret to cellar, repainted, repapered, windows fitted with new sashes, rooms enlarged and altered, etc., so that the pastor on his return will scarcely recognize the place.

MORAVIAN.

Miss Mary Marsch, the missionary, of whose departure for her field of labor among the Pueblo Indians at Potrero, Cal., an account was given last month, arrived there safely on the evening of July 4th. The discomforts and discourtesies to which she was subjected by some of the railroad officials west and south of St. Louis reflect little credit upon the management of those roads, notably the Topeka and Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific railroads. They also proved the unwisdom of permitting a woman to undertake so long a journey without a male escort.

Our Sunday-school picnic to Penryn on July 22d was not large, but not on that account less enjoyable to those who participated therein. Much of the credit for its success is due to the efforts of the indefatigable Committee on Amusements.

Owing to the sudden indisposition of the pastor, the morning services on Sunday July 26th, were very kindly and acceptably conducted by the Rev. Joseph Kummer.

Our Sunday evening Young Peoples' Meetings, from 7 to 7:30 o'clock, are attended with renewed interest this summer. The subjects and leaders for this month are: August 2d—*Prayer*—F. E. Raub; August 9th—*Fidelity*—John Rote; August 16th—*Meekness*—B. F. Shultz; August 23—*Justification*—C. O. Kauffman; August 30th—*Zeal*—Joseph Kummer.

On Sunday morning, August 2d, the sermon will be preached by Brother F. E. Raub; and on August 9th by Brother L. P. Clewell, who will present the needs of his church at Utica, N. Y.

Twice during the past month has the reaper Death visited this congregation. On July 12th he called away Sister H. C. Ricksecker, one of our most active workers in church and Sunday-school, under peculiarly distressing circumstances; and on July 24th he aged Mr. Chas. H. Kryder was removed. Who will be called next?

George B. Peabody, a native African of the Bassa tribe, Liberia, and a graduate of Lincoln University, lectured in our hall July 31st, giving an account of the religion, manners and customs of his tribe, and singing some hymns and songs in the Bassa language.

REFORMED.

St. Paul's.—The pastor, Rev. J. W. Meminger, left the city on July 14th, for a four weeks' vacation, and the pulpit was unoccupied on the 19th and 26th ult.

Rev. F. F. Bahner, of Waynesboro, Pa., will preach morning and evening, on Sunday, August 2d, and Rev. Meminger may be expected on Sunday, August 9th.

The Sunday-school has been holding its weekly sessions as usual, and in connection with the First Reformed, celebrated its annual picnic at Rocky Springs

on July 10th, and it was one of the largest in its history. The teachers and adult scholars are arranging for an excursion to the seashore at an early day. It will be open to all desiring a few days recreation, and especially so to all Sunday-school workers of the city and county.

RAIN IN CAMP.

The camp-fire smoulders and will not burn,
And a sulky smoke from the blackened logs
Lazily swirls through the dark wood caves;
And the laden leaves with a quick relief
Let fall their loads, as the pool beyond
Leaps 'neath the thin gray lash of the rain,
And is builded thick with silver bells.
But I lie on my back in vague despair,
Trying it over thrice and again,
To see if my words will say the thing.
But the sodden moss, and the wet black wood,
And the shining curves of the dancing leaves,
The drip and drop, and tumble and patter,
The humming roar in the sturdy pines,
Alas, shall there no man paint or tell.

—S. Weir Mitchell.

Local Lore.

OLD LANCASTER HOSTELRIES.

PLACES WHERE MAN AND BEAST WERE ENTERTAINED
IN OLDEN TIMES.

By S. M. SENER, ESQ.

I.

The early inn or tavern was the centre of more interest than the modern hotel or café. Telegraphic communication and newspapers to-day supply the various choice bits of news, scandals in public life, the latest accidents and other items that the gossip, who made his headquarters at the "village inn" or "country store," was wont there to recount. He has passed out of existence, and the chairs around the hearth—fire or old-fashioned cannon stove have been relegated to the front pavement, where drummers, traveling men, etc., most do congregate and with brazen impudence stare young women out of countenance.

To-day there is less general interest felt in hotels than there was a century ago. Even among travelers themselves there is a less warm feeling than formerly. An old style hotel was a scene of peculiar animation in the days when it was made the home of the "Conestoga" wagoner and of the drover. Another class that frequently put up at a hotel was the emigrant family, en route for the West, which in early days meant across the Alleghenies. Roustabouts, or as we call them "tramps," were another object found loitering around the yard of an old inn or tavern. Hired men from neighboring farms also helped to make up the motley crowd. Last, but not least among the personages, was the landlord, "mine host" of the establishment. An old-fashioned inn or tavern was not a grand, pretentious affair, like the Stevens House, of this city, or the Continental of Philadelphia, for no hostelry at an early date was; but you found them to be solidly built structures, and in them you found

much good entertainment and polite attention. I feel confident that the staring, indifferent, high-headed clerk of to-day with his headlight pin, who waves you to your room with an air of lofty condescension, befitting an emperor, is a poor substitute for the pleasant, portly landlord of other days, who graciously opened the carriage door of the wayfarer, and bowed smilingly as he departed.

From the porch of an old inn, especially of one which fronted on the leading turnpike road, an ample opportunity was afforded to witness a panorama of varying interest moving past, wagons, carriages, droves of horses, mules, swine, and sheep, immense herds of cattle, even turkeys, some with heads proud and erect, others with tired, drooping wings—all following the "lead."

The most interesting object to the antiquary around an old hotel is the quaint sign which generally hung from a projecting bar of iron, usually over the main entrance, and from the second story. In our own town many such can still be seen pendant on the "Fountain Inn," "Grape," "Swan," "Leopard," "Franklin," "Sorrel Horse," "Red Lion," and others too numerous to mention.

When winter's storms and blasts settled down upon the quiet borough or village, what a creaking those old signs made as they swung to and fro on their projecting cross-bars. An old hotel was frequently made the scene of a political, military, civic, or other gathering, as much so as the "town hall," and to this fact more than any other attaches the interest which commands attention from the antiquarian and the historian.

THE HICKORY TREE.

Passing from these few introductory remarks to solid facts, it is ascertained that the first hotel on record, established within the bounds of what is now Lancaster, was kept by a man named Gibson, and was known as "The Hickory Tree." This was in 1722. In "Hazard's Register of Pennsylvania," Vol. VI, p. 265, appears the following in reference to this old hostelry: "Where Lancaster is now built was once an Indian wigwam; a hickory tree stood in its centre not far from a spring; under this tree the councils met, and it was from one of these councils that a deputation was sent to confer with William Penn at Shackamaxon. The Indian nation was called 'Hickory,' and the town was called 'Hickory Town' before Lancaster was laid out. Gibson had a hickory tree painted upon his sign about the year 1722; his tavern was situated near where Slaymaker's hotel is now built (in 1830) and the spring was nearly opposite. Another Indian town was built on a flat of land northeast of Hardwicke, the seat of William Coleman, Esq.; a poplar tree was the emblem of the tribe from whence their name was derived; this wigwam was situated near the Conestoga and the tree stood upon its banks."

Hazard in Vol. IV, p. 391, says again, in reference to the site of Lancaster: "When the town was first laid out there was one house in it, and that was occupied as a tavern; and a spring is described as not being far distant from it. The occupant of the tavern was a person of the name of Gibson."

"Hickory Tree" or "Hickory Town" as it was called formed the centre of interest when Lancaster

came to be laid out in 1730. On this subject Hazard says, Vol. VIII, p. 60: "When the laying out of Lancaster was first contemplated Wright's Ferry and Postlewaites were advanced as desirable places but these were abandoned and Governor Hamilton, aware of the division in the public mind which existed, made an offer of two places, one known as the 'high plain,' also by the name of 'Gibson's pasture' and since as Sanderson's pasture (at present the property of John Montgomery, Esq.,) (in 1831). The other situation was the hillside extending from the summit on the east to Roaring Brook on the west, covered with wood. The public road ran through it, and Gibson's house of entertainment would be included, which stood nearly opposite a fine spring communicating with the dark swamp, and the Widow Buchanan's cake and beer house was situated near where the road crossed the brook. There were several springs and the brook was thought peculiarly favorable for the erection of water machinery. This spot was fixed upon, and the plot of Lancaster was made in 1730, in regular squares; open lots being reserved in the centre and adjoining the public square, for the court house, public offices, market, etc."

There has been considerable surmise in reference to the location of "The Hickory Tree," some antiquarians locating it as does Hazard on East King street (Slaymaker's Hotel afterwards Benjamin Champney's residence, and now High & Martin's China Hall), others locate it elsewhere. S. H. Zahm, in *CHRISTIAN CULTURE*, Vol. I, No. 2, advances an able argument in support of its having been located on South Queen street where Julius Loeb's present store stands.

In 1729, the year before Lancaster was laid out, nine licenses were granted in this locality, and the only name which bears close resemblance to a Lancaster one was that of John Funk. Gibson's name is not mentioned. He may have died and John Funk may possibly have been his successor. These are mere surmises, however, and the fact stares us in the face that Hickory Tree tavern, its site and all of its traditions have passed away.

THE CROSS KEYS.

In 1730, after the town was laid out, a new place of entertainment sprang into existence, a license having been granted to Samuel Bethel for a house known as the "Cross-Keys" located on the King's Highway. This tavern was kept by Bethel until his death in 1740, and was the stopping place of Quakers and the early Court officers of Lancaster county. The famous, pioneer Quaker preacher, Samuel Blunston, was a regular guest at the house, and the landlord, Samuel Bethel, falling in love with his pretty daughter Sarah, on one of their visits, won and married her. When Bethel died, in 1740, his widow married another celebrated Quaker, Peter Worrall.

Prominent among those entertained and who stopped at the "Cross Keys" were the party of Pennsylvania and Maryland Commissioners who held the famous treaty with the Indians of the Six Nations in Lancaster in 1744. The hostelry was then kept by Peter Worrall.

Peter Worrall was a justice of the peace and a member of the Provincial Assembly, serving in it from 1747 to 1754, when he resigned because he could not

conscientiously support the levying of a tax to carry on the French and Indian War and did not want to oppose it. He removed to near Philadelphia, in 1755, where he died during the Revolutionary period.

Witham Marsh, Secretary to the Treaty Commissioners in 1744, records the following item of interest, describing two not infrequent guests at old hotels, whom I omitted to mention in the introduction, namely the flea and the bedbug.

"Our Commissioners stopped at Worrall's, and, after having supped, passed away an hour or two very agreeably, after which I retired to bed, but had not long reposed myself when I was most fiercely attacked by neighborly Dutch fleas and bugs which were ready to devour both me and the minister; however, after killing great quantities of my nimble enemies, I got about two hour's sleep. Mr. Calvert was more inhumanly treated than myself, as was likewise Mr. Craddock. On the next night Mr. Calvert left our lodgings and laid in the Court House Chamber* among the young gentlemen from Virginia, who there had made beds on the floor."

Another early document, the "Maryland Memorial to the Earl of Halifax," states that during this treaty of June and July, 1744, the Superior of the Maryland Jesuit Mission, Richard Molyneux, S. J., was in Lancaster with the Indians. He had been brought here evidently by the Proprietary of Pennsylvania, and had been frequently at Worrall's consulting with the Pennsylvania Commissioners. The memorial says: "It is certain that at the time of our treaty with y^e Six Nations of Indians at Lancaster, Father Molyneux, y^e principal of our Jesuits was with them and there is good reason to suspect that he went there for no other purpose than to dissuade y^e Indians from making peace with us." As the Pennsylvanians did not venture to avow their policy, this visit subjected Father Molyneux to suspicion in Maryland. When he returned to Maryland he was arrested for the zeal he had shown with the Indians at the Lancaster Treaty, in behalf of the Proprietary and the public good. The proceedings cannot be found in the Maryland Archives, and there is no Catholic record extant; but the "Memorial to the Earl of Halifax" says "Y^e Father Molyneux was taken up for treasonable practices in y^e favor of the Pennsylvania Proprietary, being carried before y^e Provincial court. He was so conscious of his guilt that he begged for liberty to leave the province."

* * * * * The Council called Mr. Molyneux before them, and after having examined him privately discharged him without any public mark of resentment."

Another visitor at Worrall's during the treaty was the famous Madame Montour, who at that time lived near Lancaster and called upon the Commissioners while quartered at Worrall's, they subsequently returning the call. Reichel, in his "Memorials of the Moravian Church," describes Madame Montour and the visits made by the Commissioners to her and by her to them.

The Cross Keys was kept by divers landlords up to the Revolutionary period, and from that time to 1797 it was kept by Joseph Jeffries. In October, 1797, it was kept by Christopher Brenner, and at that time

*This was the structure which stood in Centre Square and which was built in 1739 and burned down in 1784, not the stone one which was built in 1787.

a meeting was held there for the relief of the yellow fever sufferers of Philadelphia. Brenner was succeeded in 1804 by Hugh Wilson, and he by Samuel J. Atlee in 1810. He was succeeded in 1811 by John Neff, who soon gave place to Brenner, who still owned the property. On the 10th of September, 1818, Michael Gundaker became proprietor. In 1828 the hotel was kept by William Hambricht and in 1834 by Benjamin Witmer. After a number of other changes this famous old hostelry came into possession of Snyder Brothers who purchased the property, and remodeled it, the hotel portion being relegated to the rear, the front building renovated and being occupied by Snyder Brothers' store; about five years ago it ceased to exist as a hotel, Michael Mower having been its last landlord. In an old drawing extant of West King street, the Cross Keys appears as a two story and attic building. In front of it the sign, a large board affair with two crossed keys upon it, was raised up on a post which stood at the curb line, and near the post stood an old wooden pump.

AN OLD-TIME PETITION.

BY J. M. H.

Through the courtesy of Dr. Wm. H. Egle, of Harrisburg, the efficient State Librarian and President of the Pennsylvania-German Society, we are permitted to transcribe for our readers, from the original, the following petition to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, indorsed as "Read 20 Feb., 1781," and signed by two hundred and eleven of the most prominent inhabitants of our city and county. The occasion of the petition is explained by the text, which we give verbatim as in the original. That it was fruitless, as such petitions not unfrequently are, does not make the document less interesting to us.

"To the Honorable the Representatives of the Freemen of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly.

"The Petition of divers Inhabitants of the County of Lancaster

"Most Humbly Sheweth.

"That by an Act of the Legislature of this Commonwealth, intituled 'an Act for emitting the Sum of £200,000 in Bills of Credit for the Defence of this State and providing a Fund for sinking the same by a Tax on all Estates real and personal,' certain Bills of Credit, to the Value of £200,000 were struck and emitted and declared to be a legal Tender in all payments and for all Causes whatsoever; And That by another Act the Bills of Credit emitted by the Resolves of the late Assemblies are in like Manner made a Tender.

"And that from various Causes the said Bills of Credit have unfortunately depreciated equally with those emitted by the Honorable Congress.

"Your Petitioners beg Leave to shew your Honorable Body, that many honest Creditors who have had due confidence in the Acts of Government, have suffered most severely by having their Debts tendered and paid to them by the Bills of Credit emitted by the aforesaid £200,000 Act and the Resolve Money aforesaid: That Widows and Orphans, whose Property consisted of outstanding Debts have been greatly injured.

"That good Faith and Virtue amongst Individuals (which must be the Basis of all republican Governments) have been intimately affected by the said Bills of Credit remaining a legal Tender—dishonest Men sheltering themselves under the Act of the Legislature, which we humbly conceive could never intend to sanctify such Frauds as the payment of Debts contracted when the Currency was of higher Value in the Bills of Credit aforesaid, in their present depreciated State.

"Your Petitioners humbly conceive that such Arguments must have operated on your Honorable Body, when you suspend the Tender of the Continental Bills of Credit.

"In addition to the Evils aforesaid and the Distresses of Individuals your Petitioners would suggest to your Honorable Body, that many Disadvantages will arise to the State from this Law: Numbers conceive, that those Bills are to be taken in payment of Taxes equal in Value to the Money emitted by the Late Assembly by an Act passed the 25th Day of March 1780 and to Gold and Silver, and that the Fifteen pounds assessed on the several Districts which shall make Default in procuring a Recruit may be paid in those Bills at their nominal Value. Such sentiments must evidently be productive of many very dangerous Consequences to the public Weal.

"Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray your Honorable Body to take the premises into your Consideration and to repeal that part of the above recited Act, making those Bills a Tender in all cases or at least suspend the Operation of it and place those Bills in the same Situation as the Continental Currency.

"And your Petitioners will ever pray &c."

Then follow the names, in autograph, of the two hundred and eleven signers, headed by *John Hopson*, and followed by nearly every name of prominence in those days. The two *Dehuffs* are there, Abraham and John, so are Jacob and Peter *Fetter*, only that the latter, like the renowned Sam Weller, "spelled it with a We." There are three *Graeffs*, John, Jacob, and George; and three *Graffs*, Andrew, George, and Sebastian. Three *Hubleys* also are there, their handwriting showing a remarkable family resemblance, Jacob, J., and John. The familiar signature of *William Henry* and the less known one of his business partner, *Joseph Simon*, are not wanting, neither is that of gallant *John Hambright*, of *Paul Zantinger*, *Peter Mewer*, *Jacob Krug*, *Geo.* and *Francis Sanderson*, *Godlieb* and *John Eberman*, and *John Eberman, Jr.*, *Henry* and *Caspar Fordney*, and a *William Hensel*, besides others as well known.

The changed spelling of some of the names at once strikes the reader. We have *Michael Grab* and also a *Jacob Grob* and a *Peter Krob*, the two latter in German script. There is *Leonard Klein*, a *John Creag*, a *Caspar Lorents*, a *Godlieb Newman*, and *Adam Mesenophe*, and a number of others whose descendants are still with us but the spelling of whose names has undergone a greater or less change.

Other reflections as to the contents of the document itself occur to us; but they cannot be indulged in here, as our purpose has been simply to give our readers a copy of the Petition. Nor will space permit anything more.

CANST THOU BY SEARCHING FIND OUT GOD?

BY GEORGE R. VANDALKEAR.

Canst thou by searching find out God? Hath eye Of man, beneath the surgeon's blade, beheld?— Or in museum's spoil of every clime?— Or in the tomes of sage, whose awful brow, From all-aspiring youth to holiest age, In vigil deep hath bent?—or vision high, Dilating wide the wonder-stricken eye Of bard, when earth, and man and song were young? Nor yet in cities populous hath man By searching found Him out; nor in the heart Of dervish, anchorite, or vestal pure; In fables renowned of ancient oracles; Nor in the meditations of the seer, In sacred groves of Ind retired; nor yet Amid the roar of foolish multitudes, In mount of sacrifice, or altar high Of temple old, with heaven-piercing spires, And many-columned arch, and wide, dim aisles, Where anthems roll beneath the vaultless roof, Which gathered god of generations reared, And every art its hand inspired hath touched.

Not here, but in the desert sands remote, And vast and inaccessible, where once A Hebrew shepherd musing 'mid his flocks, And Buddha once in forest solitudes, And Mecca's camel driver since, have heard His still, small voice, and in the mountains lone And rocky caves with him commended; and once When he would meet his father face to face, And Satan place behind him evermore, Came out from Nazareth a carpenter, And fasting forty days and forty nights, Cast out the fiend forever from his soul, And angels came and ministered to him.

Here hath the willing heart His whisper filled, And from a burning bush His awful voice Led lonely, exalted men to rise and speak In lightnings, flashing on the sluggish minds And dull, bruised hearts of sullen multitudes— Their bodies bound in chains and fearful souls In dark idolatries—this monster mob Of brute and idle energies to rouse In thunder peals of life electrical, And with a power magnetic, magical, Combine, control and wield to work his will, And lead them on in one resistless mass, To whelm beneath the seas their tyrant lords, Their horsemen proud and brazen chariots, Drag down and grind to dust their golden goals, And raise in one great lifetime all his race To purer aspirations, holier hopes, A higher level and sublimer faith, And live within their hearts forevermore, The emulation of the loftier minds Through countless generations to the end.

Our Book-Shelf.

The one grand necessity in reading is to be vigilantly, conscientiously select, and to know everywhere that books, like human souls, are actually divided into what we may call sheep and goats—the latter put invariably on the left hand of the judge; and tending, every one of them, at all moments, whither we know, and much to be avoided.—CARLYLE.

Before I had read the "autobiography, diary and correspondence" of *James Freeman Clarke* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.) I wondered what made the book so popular and so much talked of. Since reading it I wonder no more. It is not because of anything outwardly remarkable in the career of the man; his life was almost unusually uneventful. Nor does the interest of it lie in the style and story-telling powers of the "editor," Dr. Edward Everett

Hale; for his work is chiefly that of a compiler. It is not because Dr. Clarke had been a brilliant preacher; nor because he had been the author of thirty volumes, besides almost innumerable articles, addresses, reviews in papers and magazines; for brilliant orator he was not, and many a man has written far more than he and yet no one cares to read his biography.

The reason is felt in reading the volume before us. And because it is felt it is the more difficult to explain to the mere reason. Though few Americans have perhaps exerted a deeper and more widespread influence on American life and thought than did James Freeman Clarke, it was less by what he said and did than by what he was. He impressed himself, not only his thoughts or deeds, but himself, upon all with whom he came in contact. And he was more than all his words and better than all his works. And precisely that is what makes his autobiography so interesting, so impressive. It brings us in contact with the man, with what he was, a strong, true, noble, manly man, truly enlightened and enlightening, loving and lovely, a sweet and beautiful character.

In the seventy-eight years of his life, for he was born on July 21st, 1810 and died on June 8th, 1888, he took part in nearly every theological, political, social, literary, and religious movement of the times, and these were many and important. He must ever be honored as one of the pioneers in the science of "comparative religion," as his two noble volumes on "Ten Great Religions" were among the first and still are among the best works on the subject. His religious writings, while intellectually stimulating are at the same time aglow with warmth of feeling and luminous with the highest spirituality. In April, 1841, he founded the "Church of the Disciples" in Boston, with which his name so long was closely associated, and for and in which he labored so lovingly and effectively. He was a Unitarian, remember, yet this was the "declaration" on which his church was founded:

"We, whose names are subscribed, unite together in the following faith and purpose:

"Our faith is in Jesus, as the Christ, the Son of God.

"And we do hereby form ourselves into a Church of his Disciples, that we may co-operate together in the study and practice of Christianity."

Nothing simpler could well be imagined; and orthodox enough, too, it was, for practical purposes. As he said of it later: "A band of brothers and friends, we sought for a deeper religious life, for a larger view of truth, for a better habit of active goodness."

Nothing impresses one more about Dr. Clarke than his broad charity and tolerance of the opinions of others however widely differing from his own. For instance of Canon Farrar who preached at Westminster on the occasion of Dr. Clarke's visit there in 1882, he says, after remarking on the repetitious ceremonial before the sermon. "But, when Canon Farrar ascended the pulpit and began to preach, the change from formalism to freedom was instantaneous. He seemed to clear the air of these mediæval mists by the first words he spoke."

After hearing Spurgeon he expresses the following frank and just opinion: "Intellectually his sermon had nothing in it. Yet there was a crowded house, said to contain six thousand persons. The force which brings them together, and holds them there, is the manifest belief of Spurgeon that these people need and can have an immediate salvation, and his direct, strong, simple purpose of doing all in his power to bring them into the love of God." In Paris he attended service in several of the Catholic churches, and has this to say of them: "As we enter these solemn aisles a sense of religion enters the soul. The Catholic church represents the element of worship latent in every soul, and represents and serves it so well that it retains its hold on millions. It omits too much the other elements of Christianity. It does not help the progress of man; but, when the deeper and larger religion comes, it must retain all there is of good in this church, and add all that is now wanting. May that day dawn soon!"

Dr. Clarke had been in Europe earlier in life, in the summer of 1849, when he went as a delegate to the Peace Congress at Paris, though, he says, "I had made up my mind that what I wished to see in Europe was, in the first place, the Alps; secondly, fine paintings and picture galleries; and, in the third place, the old cathedrals."

It was on this visit that the incident took place of which indeed he makes no mention in his "Eleven Weeks in Europe," but which Dr. Hale thus narrates and endorses as substantially correct: "The spire of Salisbury Cathedral is a little more than four hundred feet high. With some friends, Mr. Clarke ascended as far as the interior staircase goes, to what is called the weather-doors, about thirty feet from the extreme top of the spire. The others were then satisfied with what they had done; but he went out and climbed up the remaining part of the spire, by iron handles fixed in the walls, these having been arranged for the convenience of workmen who have to attend to the vane, and of hardy visitors. When he arrived at the highest of these, he found a bar above him, running round the spire, which he could reach with his hands. By this he lifted himself to the level of the ball, and as most versions of this anecdote say stood on top of the ball with such support as the lightning rod could give him, surveying the scene. He then returned to the supporting rod, and dropped himself, expecting to find the friendly bolt by which he had ascended. But it was not there, and he reflected, too late, that he had not observed on which side of the spire it was. Then and there he had, so to speak, to work around the spire hanging by his hands; and having unfortunately chosen the least favorable direction, he nearly completed its circuit before he found under his foot the bolt which was to be the first step in his retreat."

Dr. Clarke seems to have had a weakness for climbing heights. He loved to climb the rigging of the vessel on which he crossed the ocean; and his favorite seat was in the mizen-top, where he studied German, and among the rest wrote the following lines:

"White-capt waves far round the ocean,
Leaping in thanks or leaping in play,
All your bright faces, in happy commotion,
Make glad matins this summer day.

"The rosy light through the morning's portals
Tinges your crest with an August hue;
Calling on us, thought-prisoned mortals,
Thus to live in the moment too.

"For, graceful creatures, you live by dying,
Save your life when you fling it away,
Flow through all forms, all form defying,
And in wildest freedom strict rule obey.

"Show us your art, O genial daughters
Of solemn Ocean, thus to combine
Freedom and force of rolling waters
With sharp observance of law divine."

Not only in these verses, but in much of his preaching and writing the fine and delicate instinct of a true artist is revealed. And in his diary and letters he frequently records his impressions of the works of the great masters, always original and displaying a critical taste. Naturally one who feared conventionalism even more than eccentricity was particularly drawn to the productions of painters like Holbein, of whom he finely says: "These masters understood little of the technicalities of art, but they knew what they wished to do. They did not draw a face in order to show their skill, but to fix on their canvas the character of the man. And there he is, with his courage, his determined purpose, his patient, immovable stress of will, hardened by long struggles, tested by sharp encounters, hardened in the fires of misfortune and pain. Or there is the pure, saintly face of some aspiring and devoted woman, a divinely tempered soul, whose conversation was in heaven. Now look at these faces and you know them as if you had lived with them; and you say 'this is what the artist is for; not to display his skill on trivial subjects, not to paint shallow men and frivolous women in aristocratic salons, but to seize and keep the higher moments of life, its richest experience, its memorable hours.'"

In those last words is expressed the fundamental principle of all true art, not of the painter and sculptor only, but of the literary artist, and of the novelist, as well. Alas, that so few of our latter-day novelists seem to realize it!

Of course so eminent a preacher, writer and citizen of Boston was on intimate terms with that entire galaxy of stars of the first magnitude who shone in the literary firmament of America contemporaneously with him. And among the most interesting portions of this delightful book are the accounts of his intercourse with men like Hawthorne, Parker, Channing, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Fields, women like Margaret Fuller, Mrs. Stowe and the rest. They all recognized in him a kindred spirit, and often showed him the deference due to the prophet and seer. He lived to bury most of those intellectual giants, and since he has gone to join them in the great Beyond, we feel by so much poorer, yet stronger for the example they have set us of devotion to the True and Good and Beautiful, and wiser for the precious thoughts they have left us for our guidance and inspiration. What they did for their day and generation who shall do for ours?

UNO.

More than 10,000 plated Roman coins, dated between 260 A. D. and 360 A. D., have been found beneath a tile at St. Pabu, Finistère.

CHARLES M. HOWELL,

Marble, Granite and Stone Works,

135 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

Please call and examine the large stock of finished work on hand.
All work guaranteed.

THE EXAMINER

OLDEST! LARGEST! BEST!

DAILY—\$5.00 per annum, or 10 cents () WEEKLY—\$1.00 per annum,
per week, served by carriers. () \$1.50, if paid in advance.

The Acknowledged Advertising Medium of this Locality.

T. B. & H. B. COCHRAN,

9 North Queen St.

Printers and Publishers

THE

Lancaster Carpet House.

S. & V.

A First-class House.

All Goods on First Floor.

Carpets, Curtains, Shades, Oil Cloths,
Mattings, etc.

One Price Only.

One Business Only.

SHAUB & VONDERSMITH,

18, 20 and 22 East Orange St.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

IN placing before the Trade the Latest Designs in FINE SHOES, we wish to say that not only style, finish and beauty have been considered, but a perfect fitting, durable and comfortable shoe. Our aim is to give the latest styles at consistent prices for "good goods."

Most respectfully,

Shaub & Burns,

14 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.