

# CHRISTIAN CULTURE.

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LANCASTER, PA., JULY 1, 1891.

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On glistening fields and fervent skies

The Summer lies;

The crystal river's silver blaze

Dissolves in haze;

Ah, she drains the green earth dry,

Heart of Summer—hot July!

On burnished lake her splendor broods:

On leafy woods;

On quaking marsh, whose hollow reeds

Grow black with seeds.

Fen and fallow basking lie,

These thy nurseries, hot July!

—By Dora Read Goodale.

## Editorial.

*If any of our readers have copies of Nos. 1, 2, 5 and 11 of Vol. I of CHRISTIAN CULTURE, which they do not care to preserve, they will confer a favor on us by sending the same to the editors, or leaving them at the office, No. 9 North Queen street, as we want them to complete our files.*

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WHAT occult relation is there between noise and patriotism? Can any one tell?

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If our electric cars keep on the way they have recently been doing, accident insurance policies ought to become popular in our city. Still they manage to keep out of gutters and gullies, and even on the track, most of the time.

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To go to the seashore or mountains is a good thing if you can afford it; to stay at home is better if you can't. As far as health and happiness are concerned, they can be had right here at Lancaster just as easily as anywhere else. They don't depend on locality nearly as much as on ourselves, and more on temperament than on temperature.

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As far as right and wrong are concerned what is the difference between gambling with a wheel of fortune at a church festival and gambling with a game of poker in a back room, or by betting on a horse race at the eastern end of town? Yet we have citizens who would be shocked even to be suspected of doing the one while they openly indulge in the other. Every form of gambling is equally immoral, wrong and disreputable, or none of it.

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It should be comforting to those who have been alarmed at the rise of new "theologies," evolution, "higher criticism," and such like heresies in the church, to know that the "most popular preacher in the world," the Reverend "Doctor" Talmage, of Brooklyn, has put himself boldly on record on the side of the orthodoxy of "the fathers," yea, at the very head thereof, by declaring, in a recent sermon, that the world was created in six days of twenty-four hours each, and withal that it was done in the month of May, the performance commencing on a Monday

morning at four o'clock! There is no "heresy" about him! Why doesn't the General Assembly secure the learned "Doctor" to fill Dr. Briggs' chair, if ever they get the latter out of it? Who knows but the far-seeing and "eminent Brooklyn divine" had his eye on that professorship when he preached the sermon! At all events such an appointment would be an advertisement for Union Seminary worth all the foot ball, base ball and boat clubs combined. And certainly no one could say that it would not be the logically consistent thing to do.

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It is astonishing how many people will pay liberally for the gratification of their own appetites or love of amusements, who are niggardly when it comes to paying anything for the good of their fellow men. It is more than astonishing; it is humiliating. It shows itself even in little things. You may always reckon on a certain number patronizing a festival where ice-cream, cakes and other eatables are served, or even an entertainment where amusement is offered, on whose refusal to give anything directly to church or charitable work, you must reckon just as confidently. And the most astonishing of all is that those very parties, after having enjoyed what they paid for, want credit also for benevolence and charity and for their liberality to "the good cause!" Let them give to the good cause directly, without expecting food and entertainment for their money, and there would be some justice and reason in their claims. As it is, neither is very apparent.

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In the comparatively short period of its existence our local Board of Health has already shown itself sensible and vigorous. If its efforts are met with a proper spirit of co-operation by the public it cannot fail to be a blessing to the community. There is certainly abundant need for all the work it can do. It has been suggested, as a work directly in its line, that the establishment of free public baths somewhere along the Conestoga would be one of the most needed and effective means of preserving the public health; and we heartily indorse the suggestion. Another need fully as urgent is some provision for the disposition of the city's garbage. At present this is left entirely to the discretion of each household. The consequence is that the atmosphere in some sections is very palpably contaminated by neglect or ignorance, or perhaps sometimes inability properly to dispose of the garbage and refuse even of private families. It is allowed to accumulate in back yards until the whole neighborhood becomes offensive. Or it is dumped on vacant lots. Even the practice of burning it is not by any means conducive to purity and healthfulness of the atmosphere. Yet many families do this to avoid the not inconsiderable expense of having it hauled away

weekly, and deposited wherever opportunity offers. In a city as large as ours this becomes no unimportant matter, and one of public concern. The city should provide for the gathering and removal of all garbage at least once or twice a week. It is done in all other large cities and towns; and it seems high time that it should be done in Lancaster. What is there to prevent our Board of Health from attending to the matter?

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ABOUT this time of the year there is a good deal of foolish humor indulged in at the expense of the young graduates of our colleges and schools who are about entering the world. In spite of all, however, the fact remains that, other things being equal, the best educated man has the best chances of success in any business, trade, or profession he may choose. We say, "other things being equal;" everything depends on that. Education alone, in the ordinary sense of the word, is no more a guarantee of success than wealth alone is. They are only means to be used. The man who uses them, the character back of the education or of the money, is the determining cause upon whom the result depends. The clean, strong, industrious and energetic character possessed of a good education will inevitably amount to more in the world, for himself and for his fellow men, than the man with the same characteristics but without the education. After all, it remains indisputably and forever true that what a man *is* determines his destiny—on earth and beyond; but what he has and knows are means through which it is done.

#### VACATION AT HOME.

The people who get the most vacation, as a rule, are the ones who need it least. This is partly, perhaps, owing to the fact that many people don't know how to take a vacation.

The only real object of vacation is rest, and therefore it is something every worker needs, and has a right to enjoy. But rest is not idleness. It is not even necessarily change of scene or society, though these are desirable. It's only really essential element is change of occupation.

Now in order to have this one need not go to the seashore or mountains; it can be had right here at home. Even if he cannot afford a week's camping with any of our respectable outing clubs, or a trip to any of the romantic spots along the Susquehanna, the student can and should occasionally leave his books for a day and go out into the fields or woods, and there study God's book of nature, the trees, the flowers, or make an excursion into the world of birds or insects. It is a fascinating study, and it truly rests the mind, while it exercises the body. The merchant,

accountant, clerk, laborer, each can and should take the time to indulge in some similar change of occupation.

It need cost very little. Our fields, forests, and streams are teeming with animal and vegetable life, the study of which to most of us would have all the interest and benefit of a trip into strange lands and foreign climes. There are unknown and unexplored worlds in our yards and gardens, wonders and novelties undreamed of by most of us, all waiting for us to come and take our vacation among them. For, as Emerson says, if but we are willing to receive it,

"Nature, true and like in every place,  
Will hint her secret in a garden patch,  
Or in lone corners of a doleful heath,  
As in the Andes watched by flocks at sea,  
Or the sky-piercing horns of Himmalch."

#### AFTER-COMMENCEMENT THOUGHTS.

Lancaster justly feels proud of her public schools, and never more proud than now. The high average percentage of the pupils in some of the schools is remarkable; while the exhibit of work done by the scholars was a surprise to everyone who beheld it. The question, however, has occurred to us whether our ambition is not in danger of overleaping itself. Are we not, perhaps, for the gratification of our pride overlooking the rights and highest interests of our children and our teachers?

Are our schools doing too much?

We frankly confess that we think they are. Physical health and development are a child's first and highest right and duty. Whatever in any wise interferes therewith wrongs the child. Six hours' confinement in school every day, with several more hours of home study expected besides, does not allow enough time to the child under fifteen or sixteen for the proper development of its physical constitution. Our children, we feel convinced, would all be far better off, and grow into stronger and wiser men and women if four hours were the maximum limit of a school-day. Probably we could not make as fine a display of work at commencements as now; but after all that is not the chief end of our children's existence, nor of our schools.

Indeed it is a question whether our annual display, too, would not be better. It might not be as various and multifarious as now, while still its real excellence would be no less. In fact, we feel that just this too great variety of studies required of our children is one of the weakest points in our educational system. They would become better scholars at last if they were allowed to study fewer things at first. Too great variety dissipates and weakens the attention and mental powers of children, and that too at the very time when the most important acquirement would be

the power of concentration, ability properly to direct and govern the mental faculties. Our public school curriculum would be improved in every respect if it were simpler and shorter by fully one half. To teach thoroughly a few fundamental branches in the early school years is a far better preparation for higher scholastic pursuits as well as for every day practical life, than to hurry over a great number of unessential studies, as must be done under the present arrangement.

Fewer school hours and fewer studies for our children would, we firmly believe, bring forth far more gratifying and satisfactory results, not only at our commencements, but all through our boys' and girls' subsequent lives as men and women.

Another thought suggested by the scholars' exhibit of work was this: What an immense amount of work, extra work, this means for the teachers! It even practically cuts their vacation shorter by several days. Do they get extra pay for it? If not, why not? "The laborer is worthy of his hire." And coming at a time when the weather is hottest, and there is more and harder other school work crowded together, examinations, making out of reports, etc., than at any other season of the year, the additional labor and worry of such exhibits must be anything but trifling and unimportant to those who have to do it. At any other season of the year it would be less onerous. But at no season ought we to ask it of our teachers, and not pay them for it.

#### WHY NOT?

There used to be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in our city, and while it existed it was full of vigor and did good work. Why is it not in existence any longer? Or does it still exist but has fallen asleep? If so, why does it not wake up and attend to its work?

That there is room, and great need, of some organized endeavor to protect the helpless brutes in our midst no one will gainsay. The cruelty that is daily practised upon those two most faithful and intelligent of man's helpers and servants, the horse and the dog, is something shocking. It is bound to be so in a city as large as ours, especially if it have as many liveryies and sales stables, to say nothing of stock-yards, as we have, unless there is some authorized agency whose special work it is to look after the rights of the brute creation. Harrisburg has not more need of a S. P. C. A. than Lancaster, neither has Reading; yet in both these cities such a society exists. In the former the active agent, Mr. Maurice C. Eby, has brought about a wonderful reform; while the newly organized society in Reading is doing the same. Again we ask, why not have one here at Lancaster,



where some of the cab drivers have less sense or humanity than their horses, where there are livery stables in some of which the most heartless brutality habitually prevails, and where there are stock-yards at which the most outrageous cruelty is often practiced upon the helpless cattle; to say nothing of the ruffians young and old whose chief delight it seems to be to inflict pain and torture upon every living thing that ever comes under their power?

We regard such a society as a crying need here, and a boon and blessing to every community in which it exists. Not only to protect the dumb animals is it needed, but also to educate and enlighten the multitude of ignorant human animals who, as often as not, are cruel more out of stupidity, because they know no better, than wilfully. Neglect causes perhaps even more suffering to our domestic animals than blows and kicks. An active agent of the S. P. C. A. would soon teach the ignorant hostler, driver, or dog-owner, how properly to take care of his animals so as not to starve them, or bring disease upon them by uncleanness, exposure, or other causes,—and would make him do it, until even the most stupid would see that cruelty "doesn't pay" in any sense of the word.

Indeed, a good agent, with an active local branch of the society to back him, would exert an educative and refining influence upon the entire community, awakening it out of its callous indifference, stirring up its sympathies, calling into play its more humane feelings and finer sensibilities, and in general developing its finer, higher and nobler nature.

Why can we not have one?

#### FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CLERICUS.

—Until recently I thought it was only my own experience, but a brother pastor has just told me that it is, and always has been his experience, too, that the people who live nearest their church are the ones who are surest to be absent from services when the weather is bad. "Of two things you can always be certain," said my brother, "first, no matter how heavy the storm and drenching the rain, if only a dozen persons have ventured to come to church, among that dozen will be members who live away off at the other end of the city; and second, that among those present will be those who live within a block or half a block of the church." The next stormy Sunday we have I am going to watch, and see whether he is correct in his assertion.

—There must be something quite wrong with the standards according to which we ordinarily judge a sermon. It has more than once happened to me that a sermon which I knew to be fairly "good" from a literary, oratorical, and theological point of view, yet failed to be followed by the least particle of evidence of having reached the conscience or heart of my audience. While on the other hand, it has happened even oftener that after preaching what seemed to me almost

a failure of a sermon, a brother would grasp my hand and tell me how my words seemed specially designed to meet his particular case at the time; or another would thank me for the comfort and strength he derived from what I said.

—The queerest thing that ever I heard of in this line was the standard set up by the old brother who was treasurer of my church at the time—it was not here at Lancaster, I am happy to say. He always judged the sermon by the amount of the collection. He would pounce upon the contribution plates just as soon as the benediction had been pronounced, and straightway hasten to count the money. Then, if the amount was large, he would come to me with beaming countenance, wring my hands with satisfaction, and exclaim: "That's the kind of sermons to give us, brother! It was grand—did my heart good!" But, if the amount was smaller than usual, he would approach me with an anxious, disappointed look on his face: "Not feeling well, to-day, brother?" "Oh, yes; never felt better in my life." "Ah, indeed? I thought you did not preach with your accustomed vigor, and probably had a headache." Verily, there are more ways than one of judging a sermon!

—Not a few people base their judgment on the size of the audience. If the audience is large they think the sermon was good. If small, then the sermon was poor. And perhaps these are more often right than not. At least it is easier to preach to full pews than to empty ones, as every preacher will tell you. Certainly it is true that people who go to church regularly and so do their part in giving their preacher the help and inspiration of a full church will be more likely to hear good sermons than those who go only once in a while, leaving their pews empty all the rest of the time. By the way, have you ever noticed how apt just these people, who themselves go to church only very occasionally, are to complain that "so few people come to church?" They go only when all the conditions are in favorable conjunction, a cloudless sky, dry sidewalks, temperature not too high, nor yet too low, digestion perfect, etc.; and then they wonder and complain that everybody else does not go under all circumstances, and that church is not always full!

—Sometimes I am inclined to think that nearsightedness is not at all an unmitigated misfortune. It may be a great hindrance in the study, but I believe it would, sometimes at least, be a help in the pulpit. For from this vantage ground the preacher with good eyes has to see a great many things going on in his audience which are not calculated to put him in the right frame of mind for the preaching of "sweetness and light." Not only does he notice the silly gigglers in their pew, and inveterate talkers in another, but much worse than these, he has to behold the look of scorn in this one's eyes as they flash a bitter glance across the aisle; the sarcastic curl of the lip and upward twitch of the nose in that one's face as certain members enter the door; he has to see mean and unkind remarks made, and criticisms passed about this, that or the other one, and cannot help noticing the envy, hatred, vanity, self-righteousness, worldliness and irreverence that are revealed in the looks and manners of too many in whom devoutness, worship, hunger and thirst after righteousness should be the dominant mood at such a time and in such a place. All this, of course is exceedingly depressing to the preacher's spirits

and painful beyond expression. If it were not that such revelations are after all only the exceptions to the rule, it would sometimes be next to impossible to go on with one's ministrations. But, thank God! they are only exceptions, and we derive strength and inspiration from the many signs of a genuinely humble, worshipful spirit that are apparent in most of the audience before us. I am quite sure that if people knew how plainly their demeanor and actions are seen from the pulpit they would at least be a little more guarded in disclosing them. How glad one would be not to see some of the disagreeable and discouraging sights that are forced upon us!

—Sometimes we ministers are unduly discouraged because of the scant fruits we see following our teachings. We forget that our work is not only that of convincing the reason or touching the feelings of men. It is a much more fundamental and difficult task. It is the work of uprooting old prejudices, inherited dispositions, and deep-seated habits of mind and body; of permanently changing the entire character of men. It is a work not for time only, but for eternity; and such a work necessarily is not done in a week, or a year. Usually many years are required, persistent repetition of the same truths, hammering away on the same spot, until at last an abiding impression is made. If this task is a slow one with an individual, how much slower must it be where a whole congregation is to be permanently impressed!

### MUSICAL MASTERS.

BY E. PAULINE COOPER.

#### III. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

"Art! Who can say he fathoms it? Who is there capable of discussing the nature of this great goddess?"

One of the greatest pleasures of the "Rhine trip" is visiting the town of Bonn, situated on the left bank of the beautiful old river, about fifteen miles above Cologne, and noted for its fine cathedral, its institutions of learning and chiefly as being the birthplace of Beethoven. Here in the Bonngasse one is shown a tablet designating the house in which the great composer was born. His early life must have been very sad, as his father was a man of irregular habits, though stern and severe toward his children. From him Beethoven received his first musical instruction, indeed his early general education. At the age of nine, having exhausted his father's musical knowledge, the young Ludwig began taking lessons from Pfeiffer, a tenor singer of the Opera, and organ lessons from Van den Eeden, who was then organist of the court chapel. Upon the latter's removal, Beethoven was transferred to his successor, Neefe, for whom he often acted as substitute and by whom, when he was only eleven years old, he was appointed regular deputy. Neefe having gone with the Elector to Münster. This post, though unremunerative, was one which required no little skill and judgment.

As early as the age of ten Beethoven began composing, and before he was seventeen (when he first visited Vienna) he had written variations on Dressler's March in C Minor, three Piano Sonatas, a Rondo for Piano, a Concerto for Piano, and several other compositions. This visit to Vienna was the first great event in the

young musician's life, and is remarkable chiefly for his introduction to Mozart, and the few lessons he had from him. Mozart at once recognized his genius. "Pay attention to him," said he to his friends, "he will make noise in the world some day."

Beethoven remained in Vienna probably three months, and it was about this time, after his return to Bonn, that he met the von Brennings, his first real friends. Madame von Brenning was a woman of remarkable education and refinement, and at her house Beethoven soon became a frequent and welcome visitor, giving lessons to the daughter and the youngest son. Here he first learned to love English literature, and the literature of his own beautiful tongue. At about this time also, he made the acquaintance of the young Count Waldstein, who afterwards became one of his kindest and most sympathetic patrons, and to whom he dedicated the grand Waldstein Sonata (opus 53). All this time he was busy with his duties as organist and as a member of the Elector's orchestra, giving lessons, visiting his friends, and roaming through the fields and woods when he was "in his raptus" as Madame von Brenning would say. Above all he was busy writing, and among others of his works produced at this time are, a Trio in E flat, Three Piano Preludes, the Trio for Strings (opus 3), The Serenade Trio (opus 8), the "Ritter Ballet," and numerous variations. These compositions, with a few others, are all that Beethoven composed during the first period of his life, and compared to the early compositions (says Grove) of Mozart, Mendelssohn or Schubert, they are singularly few and uninteresting.

Meantime, toward the latter part of 1792 the Elector began to see the unmistakable talent of this member of his orchestra, and with this knowledge came the determination to send Beethoven at his expense to Vienna, and here we find him settled by the middle of November. His first teacher in Vienna was Hayden, with whom, however, he did not get on very well. When Hayden left for England two years later, Beethoven began lessons in counterpoint with Albrechtsberger and violin lessons with Schuppanzigh, also receiving some help in composition from Salieri. Shortly after his arrival he had made the acquaintance of Prince Lichnowsky, who all the rest of his life showed the great composer such consideration and respect. This Prince, and Baron von Swieten were the first to secure Beethoven for their private chamber concerts and their patronage soon made him acquainted with others of the aristocracy. The compositions of his first three or four years in Vienna were such works as a Rondo in G for Piano and Violin, which he sent to Eleanore von Brenning of whom he seemed very fond; two Concertos for Piano and Orchestra; some variations; songs, of which one was "Adelaide;" twelve Minuets, Twelve "Deutsche Tänze" for orchestra, etc. In 1795 he made his first appearance as a concert player, playing his own Concerto in C major. At the rehearsal for this concert, the piano being half a note too low, Beethoven played the Concerto in C sharp. The next year was spent chiefly in travel, and visiting such cities as Prague, Nuremberg and Berlin. Among the principal compositions of this year are the Quintet for Piano and Wind (opus 16) and the great Piano Sonata in E flat, the latter being "quite novel and

wholly peculiar to its author, the origin of which can be traced to no previous creation and which proclaimed its originality so that it could never afterwards be disputed.\* In 1800 Beethoven gave the first concert that had been given for his own benefit, and here were first rendered *The Septet* and the *First Symphony*. In the same year also appeared the famous Sonata for Horn and Piano. The summer of 1801 was spent principally on his *Oratorio "The Mount of Olives."* He also wrote in this year numerous sonatas, amongst the rest being the "Moonlight Sonata," dedicated to Countess Guicciardi. The little romance built upon this dedication has been quite denied by the Countess herself who states that "Beethoven gave me the Rondo in G, but wanting to dedicate something to the Princess Lichnowsky, he took the Rondo away and gave me the Sonata in C sharp minor instead."

Meantime his deafness was beginning to trouble him excessively. He continually heard a buzzing noise in his ears, and though this gave him the keenest distress, he said in a letter to one of his friends, "I will as far as possible defy my fate, \* \* \* it shall never drag me down." His note-books at this time are crowded with the themes of great works written down, repeated and so mixed up as to show they were all in his mind at once. The important works of the years 1803 and '04 were the *Bonaparte Symphony*, better known as the *Eroica*, and his one grand opera, "*Fidelio, oder die eheliche Liebe.*" Much of Beethoven's writing was done in little villages close to Vienna, such as Döbling, Schönbrunn and Heiligenstadt, in the country between which latter place and Kahlenberg, the "*Pastoral*" and the great C minor Symphonies were supposed to have been finished. In 1810, with the depreciation in value of paper money, began poor Beethoven's money troubles, which led eventually to the law-suits that, together with the anxiety and care of his nephew, Carl Beethoven, and his increasing deafness, made the last years of the great musician's life so very sad. Grove says "His brother's death; the charge of the nephew, the collision with the widow and his other relatives and friends; the last stages of his deafness, the appearance of chronic bad health; the actual want of money—all these things formed a Valley of the Shadow of Death such as few men have been called upon to traverse, and which must have inevitably exercised a great influence on a nature so sensitive, and in some respects so morbid."

I find I can but just mention some of the mighty works that filled the last years of Beethoven's life. The Ninth Symphony, with its magnificent choral part, written to Schiller's "*Freude*;" six Symphonies from the *Eroica* to No. 8, inclusive; the Overture to *Coriolan*; the Egmont music; the Piano Concertos in G and E flat; the *Rassoumofsky* Quartets and those in E flat and F minor; and lastly, a dozen Piano Sonatas, amongst which is the divine *Appassionata*.

During the latter part of 1826 Beethoven and his "ne'er-do-well" nephew (who had been ordered out of Vienna on account of attempted suicide) went to Gneixendorf and the home of Johann Beethoven, the Gutschitzer of the well-known story. Here they re-

\*To give all of Beethoven's works in their chronological order would be too exhaustive. Any who are interested in the study of the great Master's complete works, I would refer to Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians."

mained during the pleasant weather, Beethoven "up at 5:30 and at his table, beating time with his hands, singing, humming and writing." When the unpleasant weather came the economical Johann refused to allow his infirm brother the proper comforts, and Beethoven, with his nephew, returned to Vienna. It was on this journey that he took the severe cold in his stomach which "was the beginning of the end." Through the weeks of illness that followed he was faithfully nursed by Schindler, the two Brennings and Holz who came frequently. "Plaudite amici, comedia finita est," said he to his friend with a touch of his old fun. Amongst his last visitors was Schubert, who, though he remained a long time, failed to understand the signs made to him by the dying musician, and he finally left the room deeply moved. The death-struggle lasted two or three days. On the 26th of March, "as evening closed in, there came a violent storm of hail and snow covering the ground and roofs of the Schwarz-spanier platz, and followed by an instant clap of thunder." The mighty shock roused the dying man. "He opened his eyes, clenched his fist and shook it in the air above him. This lasted a few seconds while the hail rushed down outside, and then the hand fell and the great composer was no more."

Beethoven's personal appearance was rather unprepossessing. "Ein unordentlicher mensch," he called himself, and I am afraid it was true. He was rather under-sized, with a broad brow, a shock of dark hair and bright dark eyes. Such was the power of his mind, so commanding was his appearance, that the little children playing in the streets of Vienna would reverently step aside to let pass the strange dreamer Beethoven "who wrote such wondrously beautiful melodies." Like all great geniuses, he was very absent minded, and at one time forgot he owned a horse until he received the bill for its keep. His temper was irritable, and easily aroused. He tells, after correcting the copies of the A minor Quartet, "I have passed the whole forenoon to-day and yesterday in correcting these two pieces, and am quite hoarse with stamping and swearing." Even with his best friends he would fly into a rage, not hesitating to use abusive language. One time, at a rehearsal, Prince Lobkowitz made a remark which displeased him, and on his return home, as he crossed the Platz, Beethoven could not forbear running up to the palace gate and shouting with all his might "Lobkowitzscher Esel." His care in composing was in direct contrast to his carelessness in dress. He was never without his note-book, and when he came to elaborate and complete these notes at the piano, "the noise which he made playing and roaring was something tremendous." Sometimes, for twenty-four hours, he would remain shut up in his room, "singing, shouting and stamping," at the end of which time he would appear wild and dishevelled, "faint with toil and the long fast." The attention he paid to shading is another of his traits. On one occasion, when the orchestra was rehearsing *Fidelio*, he grew very angry at their inattention to *nuances*, saying, "I lose a desire to write anything more if my music is to be so played." His piano sonatas are full of expression marks, which, when carefully observed, are of immense value to the interpretation.

Beethoven's piano-playing was characterized by a



depth of feeling which often brought tears to the eyes of his listeners, especially when he was rendering his own noble music. At such times he would turn around in his abrupt, humorous way and laugh at them, telling them that artists wanted applause, not tears. He loved and appreciated jokes, even coarse ones, when they were at other people's expense. His extreme simplicity often prevented his seeing jokes which were leveled at himself, and only served to increase his anger which was always roused on such an occasion. Beethoven, though he professed no formal religion, was deeply religious. In wandering through the woods and fields, as he always loved to do, every tree seemed to say to him "Holy, Holy," and his deep trust in God, "love to man, and real humility is shown by many and many a sentence in his letters." We can truly feel, after hearing one of his great compositions, that in truth, that

"Power was within the night,  
Which makes the darkness and the light."

There is much difference of opinion as to whether Beethoven was a classic or a romantic composer. To my mind his music has always been a sort of connecting link between the two. His teacher in counterpoint, Albrechtsberger, complained that he regarded everything in music, even consecutive fifths, as an open question. His mind teeming with ideas and "filling his tone-poems with the whole scale of deep emotions, the inheritance of a great soul," this sublime Ton-Dichter, though using all the old art forms, would at any moment have broken through these forms had he found them inadequate to express his thought. In point of fact he did break through the strict rules, as for instance in the Eroica Symphony and some of his Sonatas. The idea which he wished to represent, however, was always first with him and he looked to its expression before he considered form at all. Towards the end of his life, when his deafness was complete, and he became more and more isolated from the world, this tendency shows itself yet more strongly; for example, in the last great Quartets, with which the "doctrinaires" found so much fault, calling them "works obscure in form and meaning." Some little time before he died Beethoven complained that he felt as if he had written "scarcely more than a few notes." And again "I hope still to bring a few great works into the world, and then like an old child, to end my earthly course somewhere among good people." Had these works been written in a style developing that in which he wrote his later quartets who knows what colossal compositions would have been the result?

Thus, though Beethoven was a classicist in that he used and expanded the old art forms until Richard Wagner asserted that with the Ninth Symphony the last of the symphonies had been written, we somehow feel that had he lived to complete those "few great works," there would have been little doubt as to his place among romantic composers. Having exhausted the great art forms established by Hayden and Mozart his eager brain (he already showed signs of it in the above mentioned works) would have soon boldly broken through the established rules, and the change in the evolution of music would have been somewhat earlier.

Apart from all "theories" how glorious is the music of this "child of nature!" Such disputes as

to the classification of music remind me somewhat of the polemics of numerous divines of our day, who, like "Ambrose, the maker of creeds," are yet busy discussing "the figures on the crystal roses," instead of drinking eagerly the water of Truth therefrom. Thus do we tarry outside when we might go and partake of that which is, indeed, divine; the Ninth Symphony, the great C minor Symphony, the tender beauty of the Violin Sonatas, or the magnificent music of Fidelio."

It is by such works as these that Ludwig von Beethoven has made a name for himself which will ring forever "through the corridors of time." It is thus that "a mortal man casts an immortal shadow."

To . . .

BY MARY N. ROBINSON.

A rondlet  
Is but a tiny, sparkling gem  
Upon the poet's diadem.  
A rondlet  
Is like a drop of shining dew  
Hid in the fragrant violet's blue.  
So, dearest, I have writ to you  
A rondlet!

## 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.

Trinity.—Mr. Reuben Baer, of this city, has received a letter from Rev. Jacob Fry, D.D., of Reading, saying that his son, Rev. Charles L. Fry, has reached his destination on the other side of the Atlantic in safety, neither he nor his wife being much the worse for a somewhat stormy passage.

During Mr. Fry's absence the Trinity Lutheran pulpit is being very acceptably filled by Rev. Mr. Hassler, formerly of New Holland, but now of West Chestnut street, this city. Divine services are held on Sunday mornings only, the regular Sunday evening and mid-week services being omitted for the summer.

At the last monthly meeting of the Junior Missionary Society, Monday, June 15th, it was decided to sell coffee at the Trinity Lutheran picnic for the benefit of the Salt Lake mission. The picnic was held at Rocky Springs on Thursday, July 2d.

METHODIST.

The first number of *The Methodist Messenger* has made its appearance. It is an eight-page monthly, devoted to the interest of the Methodist Episcopal churches of Lancaster county, and is brimful of Methodism. Much space is devoted to the Epworth League. The editors are the Rev. J. S. J. McConnell, D. D., of Duke street church, and the Rev. C. L. Gaul, of St. Paul's. From it we learn that "The M. E. Church has in Lancaster county 18 pastors, 14 local preachers, 3,701 members, 518 probationers, and 4,710 Sunday-school scholars. Considering the number of the different congregations with the communicants it may be safely estimated that the M. E. church in Lancaster county has at least 20,000 adherents."

## MORAVIAN.

There will be no evening services during July and August, except the Young People's Meeting, on Sunday evenings, at 7 o'clock. Sunday morning services as usual.

Sunday, July 5th, we celebrate the anniversary of the birth and the martyrdom of John Huss. In the evening at 7:45 o'clock the Huss Circle of King's Sons celebrate their first anniversary with special services in the church. The main address will be by the Rev. Jos. Kummer, a former pastor of the church. The Sunday-school picnic will be held on July 22d, at Penryn Park, and promises to be as successful as last year's.

Our Young Men's Orchestra, with Mr. John Dougherty, as leader, practices every Thursday evening. It has nine members. Our Mandolin Club has seven members, and practices every Friday.

The last Sunday of June was a memorable one for us. In the forenoon was held a farewell service for Miss Mary Marsch, a worker in our church and Sunday-school and member of the Peter Bohler Circle of King's Daughters, who has gone as assistant missionary to the Ramona Mission at Potrero, California. In his sermon the pastor gave a sketch of the work of the Moravian Church among the Indians since 1740, and pleaded for more interest in the Indians' cause on the part of the church and the public in general. The Peter Bohler Circle supplied their departing sister with a pretty complete outfit of comforts and luxuries for her long journey. The Circle, with several other friends, were at the station to see her off at 2 P. M. on Monday; and all wished her a heartfelt Godspeed on her journey, and in her noble work. In the evening of Sunday we had the pleasure of hearing an excellent sermon from Bro. Frank E. Ramb, a child of this Sunday-school and congregation, and one of the three young men who within the last few years have dedicated themselves to the ministry.

## PRESBYTERIAN.

*First.*—Dr. J. V. Mitchell and family left for a vacation June 17th. They will remain during July at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, with their daughter, the wife of Adjutant C. J. Crane, who has charge of that military post. During the month of August they will visit their eldest daughter, Mrs. H. H. Hoyt, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

During the absence of the pastor the pulpit and pastorate are left in charge of the Session of the church.

The pulpit will be occupied during July as follows: July 5th, Rev. Kirk, of Union church, Lancaster county; July 12th, Prof. John Kendall, of Lincoln University; July 19th, Rev. James Kennedy, of Trenton, N. J.; July 26th, Rev. Voorhies, Elmer, N. J.; August 2d, Dr. Timlow, Gap, Lancaster county.

*Memorial.*—Rev. Thomas Thompson preached his last sermon June 28th. Arrangements will be made to fill the pulpit during the summer.

The festival held by the Ladies' Aid Society, June 19th and 20th, realized \$137.

The Sabbath school will picnic at Rocky Springs on July 23d.

Miss Matilda Landis has again taken charge of the infant department.

## REFORMED.

*First.* The Ladies' Aid Society of this church held

a festival in the rear of the Electric Light Company's office, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 1st and 2d. Raspberries, ice-cream, cakes and lemonade were served.

The Sunday-school of this church will picnic at Rocky Springs on the 10th of July.

The Consistory of the church are still at work to raise money for repairing their church edifice, and their labors promise to be successful.

*St. Paul's.*—Rev. J. W. Meminger will preach the fourth anniversary sermon of his pastorate on next Sunday morning. The year just closing has been one of the most pleasant and prosperous in the pastorate. The church has grown steadily. The congregations at the different services have been large and attentive.

The Sunday-school held its anniversary in June, and the reports showed the past year to have been the best in the history of the school.

The annual picnic will be held at Rocky Springs July 9th. A large attendance of scholars is expected.

## "IN HIS NAME."

The monthly joint meeting of all local Circles of Sons and Daughters of the King was held in the hall of the Moravian chapel on Thursday evening, June 25th, and was very well attended. The Moravian young men's orchestra accompanied the singing during the devotional exercises, and also furnished some other music, as did the Mandolin Club. Among the business transacted was the election of a County Secretary for the Order, Miss Bower, of Whatsoever Circle, being unanimously chosen for the office. The rest of the evening was spent socially.

Charity Circle gave a lawn festival on Friday evening, June 26th, in the garden back of the Edison Electric Light Co.'s office on Orange street. It was very well managed and a complete success. The proceeds will be devoted to charitable work.

There are now about thirteen Circles organized in the city, with probably two hundred and fifty members.

## SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

The Spiritual Conference composed of ministers of the Reformed Church in the United States will meet in the College Chapel on Tuesday evening, July 28th, and be in session for about a week. A number of interesting papers will be read and discussed. The sessions of the Conference will be open to the public.

## MUSINGS.

BY HERMAN E. HOCH.

'Twere sweet to dream my joyless life away  
Amid the glory of this bright June day,—  
While, soft and pure, o'er waving fields of green  
The western winds pipe low; and where, unseen,  
In the cool, shady grove the wood-birds sing  
Unto the grand bright day. Ah, could I wing  
A spirit-freedom and joyous upward flight  
Through yon blue, peaceful sky to greet the light  
Of a yet brighter world! Ye clouds that glide  
In fleecy hosts upon the swelling tide  
Of Heaven's blue sea—oh, that my restless soul  
With you, o'er yon high firmament could roll,  
Remote from this vile, grasping world, to roam  
In search of Truth and an eternal home!

Wayland Hoyt defines a saint as "a man of convictions who has been dead a hundred years, cannonaded in his lifetime and canonized now."



## IN COMMEMORATION

OF THE FOUNDING OF AN EARLY CHURCH BY GERMAN IMMIGRANTS IN SOUTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY MATTHIAS SHERLEIGH, D. D.

There's a voice in the air,  
There are words from the sky,  
That stir with a marvelous art;  
This ground, where the worshippers love to repair,  
As the fathers were wont long years gone by,  
Is precious to many a prayerful heart—  
To many a hopeful Christian heart.

Oh, the pangs and the throes  
Which the fathers once knew,  
O'er the breadth of their loved fatherland,  
When through long, weary years, the tears and the woes,  
From souls overburdened, all sick and sore,  
Gushed out 'neath the cruel, the merciless hand—  
The persecuting, the pitiless hand!

But the Lord only wise,  
Who from evil brings good,  
Thus the fathers sent forth as evangelists o'er seas;  
That here, 'neath the arch of these sunset skies,  
On the far-looking hill or by newly-rent wood,  
They might lift up the sign of the cross to the breeze—  
The standard of life and of hope to the breeze.

Thenceforth, as the years  
By the century glide,  
While their children see, and their children's children,  
The house of the Lord to their vision appears  
A heritage rich on every side,  
To tell of a godly ancestry—  
In praise of the God of that ancestry.

And the while on this day  
Here the witnessing throng  
Have rejoiced in this thrice-told jubilee,  
The glad eye may look out from this height away,  
And the heart break forth in a joyful song,  
Since the small wave has rolled to the breadth of the sea—  
Rolled forth o'er the land reaching out like the sea.

The blest seed cast here,  
Ev'n to the mountain head,  
By hands of the fathers, to their graves long gone,  
The children's children here yet to appear,  
Where the skies to a kingdom-breadth outspread,  
Shall behold the fruit shake like to Lebanon—  
Like the tree-crowned heights of old Lebanon.  
*Fort Washington, Pa.*

## Local Lore.

## A CHAPTER OF EPHRATA HISTORY.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO NEW ENGLAND IN 1744.

BY JULIUS F. SACHSE, ESQ.

## II.

After the visit came to an end, the Pilgrims journeyed back to Burlington county, to visit a hermit or recluse who lived the life of an anchorite near Crosswick creek, a short distance from Burlington. The *Chronicon* speaks of him as "John Lovell, an old Pythagorean." Who he was, or what connection there was between the Ephrata Brotherhood and this recluse, does not appear.

There can be but little doubt that Lovell was identical with the hermit who lived for almost forty years in the dense pines about four miles west of Burlington. The name "John Lovell" by which Onesimus knew the recluse was no doubt his real name, and judging

therefrom he certainly was not a German, which partly explains the following notice taken from a local paper, which records his death in January, 1778:

"On the 19th inst. (Jan., 1778) died, in the 66th year of his age, Francis Furgler, the hermit, who existed alone for over twenty-five years, in a thick wood about four miles from Burlington, through all the inclemencies of the seasons, without fire, in a cell made by the side of an old log, in the form of an oven, not high or long enough to stand upright in, or to lie extended. His recluse manner of living excited the curiosity of strangers, by whom he was often visited. His reasons for thus secluding himself from human society we believe he never communicated to any person in these parts, but it is thought he meant by it to do penance for crimes committed in his own country; for he was a man subject to violent passions. He subsisted upon nuts, and the charity of the people in the neighborhood. From whence he came, or who he was, nobody could find out; but he appeared to be a German, yet he spoke that language imperfectly, either through design, or from some defect in his intellect. The evening before his death a friend carried him a little nourishment, of which he partook, earnestly praying for his dissolution; and would not suffer himself to be removed to a more comfortable dwelling. The next morning he was found dead in his cell, with a crucifix and a brass fish by his side; and on the 20th he was decently interred in Friend's burying-place at Mount Holly."

From the Hermit's hut at Crosswick the pilgrims journeyed towards New Brunswick, where they had the good fortune to find a vessel about to sail for New England. Onesimus at once secured passage for himself and companions, and ere another fortnight passed the four pilgrims in their strange and uncouth garb landed at Black Point in Connecticut,\* three hundred miles from home, in a strange country, without friends or money. Their only dependence was the letter of introduction from the Jersey Brethren at Schooley's Mountain to their friends in New London. Fortunately for the pilgrims, in their dilemma they found a member of the Bolles family who lived near the port where they landed, and who after reading their letters received them affectionately, and harbored them.

No sooner had the arrival of the four Ephrata Brethren become known in New London than a new danger threatened them. This unprotected seaport was then in a whirl of excitement, on account of the war with Spain. The same day that brought the news of the arrival of the Ephrata Pilgrims also brought news that France had joined issue with Spain against England. The strangers were at once suspected of being Jesuit Priests, and French spies in disguise. Officers were sent to arrest them and bring them to New London. They were accompanied by their host, who, being a respectable and influential citizen, personally vouched for the Brethren as Protestants, and secured their freedom, when they were at once taken in charge by the "Rogerenes" of New London.

The Rogerenes were a sort of Baptist Quakers, who had their origin and name from John Rodgers, in New London, Connecticut. He was a son of James Rodgers who was instrumental in organizing the first

\*Lyme Twp., New London County, Conn.

Seventh-day Baptist church of New London in 1674. John Rodgers was a man of unbounded ambition, and wished to be something more than a common man. Early in the century he formed a sect of "Singing Quakers," and for a time gravitated between the Seventh-day Baptists and Quakers, assuming the peculiarities of the latter in addition to the three ordinances of the former, viz: The Lord's Supper, Holy Baptism, and imposition of hands. About 1730 he finally formed a new sect, who became known as "Rogerenes," and whose chief object was to violate the Lord's Day, insult magistrates and ministers, in addition to trampling on all law and authority both human and divine. John Rodgers was frequently fined and imprisoned, but without any effect upon his turbulent spirit.

Many curious anecdotes were in former years current of these singular people. Among other beliefs it was contrary to their tenets to employ physicians or to use medicines in case of sickness; of this peculiarity the *Chronicon Ephratense* makes mention. So great was John Rogers' faith in this belief that when the small-pox raged so terribly in Boston in 1721, he journeyed one hundred miles to the infected city to prove his faith. He however caught the distemper and died from the disease, which developed after his return home; in addition he scattered the seeds of the loathsome disease in his family with fatal effect, as the old town records show. Yet, as is shown in the *Chronicon* and other records, his successors still kept on in their way.

In connection with this subject there is an amusing legend treasured among the descendants of the early Rogerenes. For example: A few years prior to the visit of the Ephrata Pilgrims, a certain cutaneous disorder broke out among the congregation, and their principles forbidding them the use of medicines, they were at a loss what to do. In this dilemma a church meeting was called to deliberate upon the subject how they might get rid of the disorder, and yet preserve a clear conscience in this respect. The conclusion arrived at was that they resolved that this disorder, the itch, or whatever else it might be called, was not a bodily ailment or infirmity, but should be considered a noxious animal, which they might innocently destroy. The usual remedies were accordingly used, the itch eradicated, and, well, their conscience preserved.

To return to our Ephrata Pilgrims at New London. After their release, meetings were held and revivals instituted by the Rogerenes, at which the Brethren took an active part. At that time there was great religious excitement in Connecticut, the so-called "New Light movement" was then at its height; disputes took place at every meeting, where often the different parties gave vent to violent passion. It was here that the good judgment and sound doctrine of Bro. Jabez became manifest, when his voice was raised in the interest of peace and order, and his presence went far to allay the excitement which then prevailed.

After a short sojourn in New London an extended visit was made to the Sabbatarian Brethren of the Newport and Westerly churches in Rhode Island, the accounts of which, though known to be still in existence, unfortunately are not accessible to the writer.

On their return to New London from Rhode Island

they were entertained by Ebenezer Bolles, one of the leading merchants of the place, a son of John Bolles, a prominent Rogere. The *Chronicon* mentions him as a blessed, virtuous man.

The following extract, from the *Connecticut Gazette* of July 10th, 1762, gives us some additional information about this friend of the Pilgrims: "We hear from New London, that on Thursday sennight died there Mr. Ebenezer Bolles, of that town, trader, esteemed a very honest and hospitable man. He left one child, a daughter, of about seventeen years of age, and an estate of about £5,000 lawful money. The occasion of his death was as follows: A few days before he had been cutting some vines or bushes, which were of the nox quality, whereby he was poisoned, and his body swelled to a great degree; but being of the sect called by the name of Rogerenes, who forbid the use of means in sickness, he would allow neither a physician to be near him nor the most simple medicine administered. Just before he expired, when in great pain, he seemed desirous of some help, but the Brethren and Sisters of that profession would not allow it, lest he should deny the faith."

As the month of November was drawing towards a close, the shortening days, together with the sharp blasts of the New England winter, admonished the Ephrata Pilgrims that the time for their return was drawing near. When their determination to leave was made known to their friends in New London, passage was engaged and paid for the four Pilgrims to New York, and when at last the day of departure arrived it was made a gala day in New London. A large concourse of persons of all denominations accompanied the Pilgrims to the wharf, and after giving them numerous gifts and presents, wished them God speed and a safe and pleasant journey; many on shore watching the sloop as she passed out into the sound wafted their blessings after the departing strangers.

Thus ended the visit to New England. For what purpose it was actually undertaken, whether in the interest of the church, or to further commercial ambitions of the Eckerlings, can only be surmised at the present day; still, from a religious point, the visit coming when it did, while Connecticut was rent with religious excitement, it was opportune and productive of much good to the communities visited; and so well were the efforts of the Brethren in the interest of peace and harmony appreciated, that more or less communication was kept up with the Ephrata community for many years afterwards.

We left the Pilgrims on board the sloop. The voyage to New York city was uneventful; but hardly had they set foot upon the shore, when their monastic garb again attracted attention, and they were arrested on suspicion of being Jesuits from New Spain, and would have been thrown into prison had not a justice of the peace, who was acquainted with their circumstances, interceded and entered bail for them.

After their release they lost no time in shaking off the dust of the inhospitable town, and starting on their long journey to Ephrata by way of Philadelphia. The road taken was from New York by water to Staten Island, thence across the Island to Elizabethtown point, to Elizabethtown, and Woodbridge, thence to the Raritan at New Brunswick, traversing a distance of forty miles, eleven of which was by water. From New Brunswick the journey on foot commenced across

New Jersey to Trenton, a distance of twenty-seven miles, where the river was crossed into Pennsylvania. A stretch of thirty miles brought them once more to Philadelphia, where a stop was made, at William Jung's, for rest. Three days after they started on their weary tramp of eighty-six miles to Ephrata. The road chosen was over the old Lancaster road to Lancaster, and thence by the Reading road to Ephrata. This course was taken on account of the lateness of the season and the bad condition of the roads, which, together with the shortness of the days and severe weather, interfered greatly with their progress and necessitated another short stop at Lancaster. Finally, however, the four weary and footsore Pilgrims arrived within sight of Mount Zion, just as the sun was setting back of the Furnace hills in the west. Falling down upon their knees they offered up a prayer of thanks for their safe return. A little farther on a stop was made with a house-father, so timing themselves as to arrive at Zion while the Brotherhood were at their devotions, that they might once more hear the sweet cadence of the Ephrata Choir.

Great was the surprise of the assembled Brotherhood to see the four gaunt haggard figures silently file into the Saal and take their usual places. After fraternal greetings were over, arrangements were made to hold a general Lovefeast on the following Sabbath in Peniel to celebrate their safe return, and hear the account of their extended pilgrimage. After this was over each of the four Christian Brethren returned to his regular routine of work and prayer, as if there had been no intermission.

An exact diary or itinerary was kept of this pilgrimage from which, after their return, a full account was written of the whole journey and the doings of the participants in detail. This account was then handed to the Superintendent and became the property of the Brotherhood. What became of this document is still a question. Tradition tells us that it was the handiwork of Onesimus, and was burned along with other books and manuscripts after the expulsion of the Eckerlings in the following year. This tradition may be true, but as a matter of fact Onesimus carried a number of his important books and manuscripts away with him when he left the community, and as several of these have within the last few years been found by the writer in his search after matter bearing upon the community, the hope is fostered that the original itinerary of this journey may have escaped destruction, and may yet be found and shed additional light upon these early pioneers, who filled so important a part in the religious history of Pennsylvania.

#### HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

"WHEN FOUND MAKE A NOTE OF."—CAPT. CUTTLE.

COLLATED BY S. M. SENER, Esq.

It is related by an old gentleman that during the Revolutionary war a number of English bigots were in the habit of gathering in St. Mary's old stone church of this city, on St. Patrick's day, and with a large bowl of punch drink themselves to a beastly condition, tell obscene stories, and sing ribald songs. Among the soldiers then stationed in this city were a number of Frenchmen who decided to teach the desecrators a lesson.

In consequence they secreted themselves in the graveyard adjoining the church, and, when the drunken crowd attempted to force the church doors, fired a volley into them, wounding a number of them.

A great ado was made of the matter for several days. The morning afterwards all the troops were mustered on the camp grounds and the men who had been engaged in the shooting ordered to ground arms and step to the front; 49 promptly obeyed and were marched before General Stubben, in command, who, upon learning the full particulars, and satisfying himself of the truth of the charges, dismissed the men.

This ended the religious intolerance of the place, and Lancaster to-day, with over 30,000 population, is fully one-third Catholic.

James Webb complained to the General Assembly of the undue election and return of a member from Lancaster county, and praying redress.

It was given in evidence before the Assembly that the election had been conducted in a violent and unbecoming manner; that votes had been received by persons unauthorized to receive the same, and particularly two by Christian Herr, one of the Inspectors; that many persons voted as often as four, five, six, and even ten times; that one of the candidates who was elected encouraged them, and although there had not been one thousand persons upon the ground, yet two thousand three hundred votes had been received.

The House Resolved, "That the election be confirmed, and the officers be admonished and censured by the speaker."

Accordingly the officers who had conducted the election were admitted into the House, and severely censured for their misconduct.—*Hazard's Register of Pennsylvania*, Vol. 5, p. 22.

David Brooks, whose death occurred a few weeks ago, in Germantown, was known to the world at large from the fact of his having placed in operation the first commercial telegraph line erected in America. The line ran from this city to Harrisburg, and was put in operation on Christmas day, 1845. Brooks received the first message sent over the line. That was the first telegraphic message sent in Pennsylvania. Although a line had been strung from New York to Philadelphia it was not put in operation until in January, 1846. Subsequently the line was extended to Pittsburg, and the first telegraphic message across the Alleghenies was sent from Col. G. W. Bowman, of Bedford, and was transmitted to President James K. Polk, concerning the calling out of troops for the Mexican war.

The first office in this city of the telegraph line was located in the North American House. It is related that the operators nearly starved to death before the staid people of this county could be induced to believe any of the current rumors of "talking through a wire." Andrew Lechler kept the hotel and being a jolly fellow delighted in mystifying the rustics who gazed in open-eyed wonder at the ticking instrument.

Through a train that left Philadelphia about midnight Brooks was able to receive his copy of the *Ledger* early in the morning, and tradition says that he would punch a small hole in it and tell the rustics that it had



"just come to him over the wire." On one occasion afterwards a sturdy yeoman brought half a dozen hogs to the office and demanded that they be sent over the wire to Harrisburg.

#### ENOUGH.

I will not ask my neighbor of his creed;  
Nor what he deems of doctrines old or new;  
Nor what rites his honest soul may need  
To worship God—the only wise and true;  
Nor what he thinks of the anointed Christ;  
Nor with what baptism he has been baptized.  
I ask not what temptations have beset  
His human heart, now self-debased and sore;  
Nor by what wayside well the Lord he met;  
Nor where was uttered, "Go and sin no more."  
Between his soul and God that business lies;  
Not mine to cavi, question, or despise.

I ask not by which name, among the rest  
That Christians go by, he is named or known;  
Whether his faith has ever been "professed,"  
Or whether frozen by his deeds alone.  
So there be Christhood in him, all is well;  
He is my brother, and in peace we dwell.

If grace and patience in his actions speak,  
Or fall in words of kindness from his tongue,  
Which raise the fallen, fortify the weak,  
And heal the heart by sorrow rent and wrung;  
If he give good for ill, and love for hate—  
Friend of the friendless, poor, and desolate—  
I find in him discipleship so true.

So full, that nothing further I demand.  
He may be bondman, freeman, Gentile, Jew,  
But we are brothers—walk we hand in hand.  
In his white life let me the Christhood see;  
It is enough for him, enough for me. —Unknown.

### 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 inexorably on the left hand of the judge; and leading, every one of them, at all moments, whither we know, and much to be avoided.*—CARLYLE.

One of the most important books that has appeared for some time is *The American Revolution*, in two crown octavo volumes, from the pen of John Fiske, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., at Boston. (Price, \$4.) It is important not only in itself, but as a part of the coming History of the United States, to the production of which Mr. Fiske is devoting himself. In the preface he thus for the first time makes public his purpose. A number of years ago he published "American Political Ideas;" more recently "The Beginnings of New England;" while at the same time he was working at his volumes on "The Discovery and Spanish Conquest of America," now passing through the press.

"While busy in this work," he says, "the plan occurred to me in 1881 of writing a narrative history of the United States, neither too long to be unmanageable nor too brief to be interesting, something that might comprise the whole story from 1492 to (say) 1865 within four octavos, like the book of my lamented friend, the late John Henry Green. . . . If my plan is ever fully realized, it can only be after many years. Meanwhile it has seemed to me that fragments of the work might as well be published from time to

time as to be lying idle in manuscript in a cupboard. It was with this feeling that 'The Critical Period of American History' and 'The Beginnings of New England' were brought out, and it is with the same feeling that these volumes on 'The American Revolution' are now offered to the public."

No one at all acquainted with Mr. Fiske's other writings need be told that this history is the most intensely interesting and perfectly clear in style, nor yet that it is the most truly historical, that is, scientific and philosophical, history of our country yet written. Indeed, on whatever subject he undertakes to write, he straightway becomes an authority. He has proved himself such in half a dozen or more branches of human knowledge as widely separated as comparative philology, mythology, ethnology, literary criticism, history, and above all philosophy, for he is the acknowledged foremost expositor in America of the philosophy of Evolution, as his two noble volumes on "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy" sufficiently demonstrate.

Indeed, in many respects, John Fiske is one of the most remarkable men our country has ever produced. He was born at Hartford, Conn., on March 30, 1842, and is therefore not yet fifty years old, yet he has already written no less than seventeen volumes, each one of which is a distinct addition, and an honor, to American scholarship.

From childhood he was an intellectual prodigy whose only parallel can be found in the biographies of characters like John Stuart Mill or Francis Bacon. What do you think, for example, of a record like this? When seven years of age he had read Josephus, Rollin, and Goldsmith's Greece, and was reading Caesar in Latin. Before he was eight he had read the whole of Shakespeare, and a good deal of Milton, Bunyan and Pope. At nine he began Greek. At eleven he had read Gibbon, Robertson, Prescott, and most of Froissart, and performed the feat of writing from memory a chronological table of history from B. C. 1000 to A. D. 1820, filling sixty quarto pages! How many of us could do that now! At thirteen he had read all of Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, Sallust, and Suetonius, and much of Livy, Cicero, Ovid, Catullus, and Juvenal. At the same age he was already so far advanced in mathematics as to have gone through Euclid, plane and spherical trigonometry, surveying and navigation, analytic geometry, and was well on in the differential calculus. At fifteen he could read Plato and Herodotus at sight, without a dictionary, and was beginning German. Next year he was keeping his diary in Spanish, and was reading French, Italian and Portuguese. At seventeen he took up Hebrew, and Sanskrit the next year. All this time he was also an enthusiastic student of science. He averaged twelve hours hard study every day all the year round up to the time when he was sixteen; after that he averaged nearly fifteen hours daily. Yet he has always enjoyed robust health, and is to-day a rather stout man, weighing probably two hundred pounds, of florid complexion, and having nothing of the traditional appearance of the student. From such a man we have a right to expect even greater things in the future than he has given us in the past.

I should like to tell you more about him and his works, but must defer it for some future time. I must, however, yet call your attention to what seems to me a very important matter, namely, the improvement in book-binding recently made by the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. All their latest publications have it. It is a perfect boon to the reader and a delight to the book-lover, causing their books to open as if on rubber hinges, with no alarming cracking of the back, and silently, freely, widely, like the best and most expensively bound English books. It is a veritable comfort to open such a book, and to bid farewell to the old time dread of breaking it in half and having it come apart the first time you try to open it all the way. The invention is one of immense value, and ought to be adopted at once by all publishers.

Uno.

### A SHORT STUDY OF MACBETH.

BY HERMAN E. HOCH.

Mr. William Wetmore Story, in his recently published "*Excursions in Art and Letters*," (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), has clearly and completely demonstrated, to his own entire satisfaction, that that profound metaphysical study, that deepest and most poetical of Shakespeare's tragedies, "Macbeth," has been grossly misunderstood and misinterpreted by theatrical schools of this and previous generations. "Nor," says he, "is this misapprehension confined to the stage; it prevails among those who have zealously studied and admired Shakespeare. As John Kemble stands for Hamlet in our imagination, so does Mrs. Siddons for Lady Macbeth. She has completely transformed this wonderful creation of Shakespeare's, distorted its true features, and so stamped upon it her own individuality, that when we think of one we have the figure of the other in our minds."

The Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare's creation, he claims, is *not* the imperious, wicked, cruel wife of Macbeth—"devilish in character and violent in purpose"—that Mrs. Siddons has interpreted and conceived, and which by her great genius she has so indelibly stamped upon the public mind. In short, Mr. Story advances the argument that the characters of Macbeth and his wife are the direct opposites of what they are generally represented to be—that *he* is the greater villain, without a single good trait of character, while *she* is in every way deserving of our sympathies and consideration, exhibiting many traits of a not altogether wicked and cruel nature.

The case made out by Mr. Story is, to say the least, ingenious and interesting, and one can be easily led into thinking his way. But, withal, there are certain points and phases which, it appears to me, the author has overlooked entirely or not dwelt upon sufficiently to prove the point in question.

In the first place it appears to me there is very little opportunity for saying anything good of either of this pair of "fiends incarnate." To me it has always seemed that Shakespeare has produced these abominably wicked characters for the sole purpose of showing to what awful depths of depravity and crime the passion of an inordinate ambition may lead. The tragedy of "Macbeth" is one of the profoundest of psychological and metaphysical studies in English literature. The conditions of mind that agitate these

murderers and lead to their mutual crimes, and the mental effects produced by their deeds upon each of these partners in guilt, are worthy of the deepest and closest attention and study.

After a number of readings of this tragedy it does not appear to me that Lady Macbeth is quite the passive and almost admirable character Mr. Story makes her out to be; nor that her husband is, on the other hand, without a single good trait of character, devoid of all morality, never experiencing a single pang of remorse. He is not a *devil*; he is *human*; and, being so, he does at certain times, however slight the manifestation, exhibit traits of his better *human* nature.

It is but in the order of the "eternal fitness of things" that Lady Macbeth should be more susceptible to the torments of an outraged conscience than her brave and warlike husband. Though a deep dyed murderer, she is in every respect a woman, and Shakespeare had read too much in "Nature's infinite book of secrecy" to allow him to lose sight of this fact for an instant. It was simply and essentially in thorough keeping with her woman's nature that she should suffer a speedy and terrible reaction from the fearful mental strain incident to the scenes of horror she had planned and directed; it was but *womanly* that she should crush resolutely down all her own sufferings from remorse to soothe those of Macbeth's: that she "should bear her own nightly horrors of burdened conscience with so brave a silence that they kill her before she utters one syllable of complaint to him." All this, I repeat, only characteristic of a woman's nature, and could not be ignored by the keen insight and mighty genius of Shakespeare. But it does not subtract anything from her otherwise detestably wicked character; and the fact remains that she was the instigator and plotter of the terrible crime, the damned spot of which could not be washed from her conscience or hands. She was inflamed with the same mighty passion of illegitimate ambition as was her husband. In the wickedness of her heart she coldly determines upon the murder of Duncan, when the messenger brings her the news that the king is to be her guest—

"The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements."

The almost inhuman, blood-curdling invocation that now follows—

"Come you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here," etc.,

is but the manifestation and prompting of her diabolical thoughts. It does not appear to me to come, as Mr. Story argues, from a fear that her better nature may yield to the "compunctious visitings of conscience", at a time when her husband, to whom she is much attached, most needs and desires her aid in his ambitious and murderous designs. Moreover, it is hardly compatible with the tenor and incidents of this scene to infer, as Mr. Story also suggests, that Lady Macbeth is simply an aider and abettor in the killing of Duncan, that *her* "great crime was wrought in the furtherance of his suggestions and promptings." From first to last she is the prime mover and director and suggester of the murder of Duncan. She has the same motive for the perpetration of the murder as her husband; but he is not "skillful enough in management and

ready in contrivance" to "catch the nearest way." So he plays the puppet while she directs from behind the scenes. He is "too full of the milk of human kindness" to plot and carry out the details of the awful crime. She, hard, cruel vehement and impulsive devises the plan, and then taunts and nearly drives him to the bloody deed. Her nature and character are betrayed by every word she utters. She does not say "the raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under" *his* or *our*, but "*my* fatalities." Mark how her individuality—her cruel, determined nature—is at once stamped upon the imagination. She has read Macbeth's letter. Its one theme—the promise that he shall be king—has stirred to a white heat the all-absorbing passion of ambition and she is ready to do anything her wicked heart may suggest to gratify her desires:

"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shall be  
What thou art promised."

Notice again, she does not say "may be," "can be," "could be," but "*shall* be what thou art promised." Surely, this does not convey the impression that she is ambitious only for the sake of her husband, and that she is only actuated by his promptings and suggestions. She is of herself determined to make Macbeth king, and is in frame of mind to perpetrate any crime to compass that end. But she fears, doubts, and mistrusts the natural amiability and weakness of her husband.

"What thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win."

Then, continuing in the same strain:

"He thee hither  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise thee with the valor of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which faith and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal."

Verily, despite what Mr. Story claims to the contrary, Shakespeare never meant this imperious, hard-hearted, diabolically iron-willed woman to be regarded in any other light but as the "soul of the whole play; the plotter and instigator of all its honors."

Again, it appears to me that it is hardly legitimate to suppose, as Mr. Story again suggests, that Lady Macbeth had but faint glimpses of her husband's character, was deceived as to his bloody and treacherous nature, and entirely misunderstood and misconstrued his real motive. Macbeth is indeed an abominably unprincipled man; and is quite as much a villain as his wife. It is very evident, however, that she did understand him and had complete mastery over him, for a time at least, and that from the outset she taunted and goaded him into the commission of his deeds of blood. He is intensely ambitious; and, in all probability, would have compassed his evil ends without the aid and encouragement of Lady Macbeth. But, withal, it seems to me, that he did have some good traits of character. He was not wholly an unfeeling and remorseless wretch. Witness the scene just prior to the murder of Duncan, when, after inquiring of Lady Macbeth whether the King asked for him, he exclaims:

"We will proceed no further in this business:  
He hath honored me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which should be worn out in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon."

And again, his burst of anguished desire that his deed should be undone when the continued knocking at the gate has brought this guilty pair to realize the full and awful atrociousness of their crime:

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst."

True, he does eventually become the greater villain of the two, and continues in his career of crime, till he finds himself "in blood steeped in so far that, should he wade no more, returning were as tedious as go o'er." His wife, on the other hand, having committed one crime, dies of remorse. Upon this point Mr. Story has truly remarked: "She is essentially a *woman*—acts suddenly and violently, and then breaks down and wastes her life and thoughts in bitter repentance. He is, on the other hand, essentially a *man*, who resolves slowly and with calculation, but once determined and entered upon a course of action, obstinate, perseveres to the end." But, though his mind is torn and harassed more by the fear that they have "scotched the snake, not killed it" than by the cankering worm of remorse, yet he at times is keenly sensitive to the heinousness of his crime, and feels the pangs of an outraged conscience. Witness the following:

"For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;  
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man."

And again:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand! No, this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red."

As remarked before, the peculiar conditions of mind of these wonderful creations, and the mental effect produced by their deeds upon each of these partners in guilt, is a most profound metaphysical study. The murder scene, and the banquet scene where the ghost of Banquo appears, especially require the closest attention of the student; and it is these scenes that are most frequently distorted and misinterpreted by theatrical misrepresentations.

The character of Macbeth is directly opposite to that of his wife. Where he is poetically superstitious and imaginative, she is prosaic and practical; and she is utterly unable at times to "follow the flights of overwrought fancy which shake her imaginative and impressionable husband." She sees no dagger in the air with "gouts of blood" upon its blade; she hears no phantom voices calling to her over the murdered Duncan; and the weird sisters do not appear to her. To quote the words of Mr. Story: "She was troubled by none of his superstitious fears and visions. Her imagination was feeble and inactive; her character was energetic; she saw only the object immediately before her, and she went to it with rapidity and directness of purpose." DeQuincy has rightly put it when he says: "In Macbeth the strife of mind [before the murder of Duncan] is greater than in his wife—the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly from contagion from her." But now mark the change. Once having caught the contagion from his wife and stimulated by her to the killing of Duncan, the characters are completely reversed, so far as the "tiger spirit" is concerned. He now becomes the remorseless, red-handed murderer of Banquo, and the wife and children of Macduff, without her aid or



knowledge. He unwaveringly pursues his course of action till he "dies with harness on his back," by the sword of the valiant avenger Macduff. She woman-like, having gratified her ambition and seated her husband on the throne, succumbs to the fearful torments of remorse, and suffers and dies in silence, keeping her "scorpions of misery within her own heart until they sting her to death."

To recapitulate: In this tragedy Shakespeare has produced two murderers both inflamed with the same passion, both actuated by the same motive, but each controlled in thought and action by remarkably discriminated natures and conditions of mind, and each again subjected in the mental and physical effects of their deeds to the peculiar characteristics of sex as well as of mind. The distinguishing differences of character and nature of each of these partners in guilt are clearly and wonderfully revealed by the great dramatist in the scenes and incidents that lead to and effect the perpetration of their crime. But now, the peculiar characteristics of sex, as well as of mind, must be recognized and accounted for. As the sex and character of each of these murderers are directly the opposite of each other, the mental and physical effects produced upon each of them by their wicked deeds must be consistent at all times and in every particular with their respective genders and idiosyncrasies. Hence, in thorough keeping with these laws we see how Macbeth's man-nature and warlike disposition assert themselves after he has once overcome his conscientious scruples, and how in every respect his wife's character and womanly nature manifest themselves throughout the play, before as well as after the murder of Duncan. How marvelously true to human nature has Shakespeare drawn these two wicked murderers' characters!

After a thorough study of this wonderful play, how forcibly do the words of De Quincey come to us: "O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature—like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frost and snow, rain and dew, hailstorm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert; but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident."

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The happiness of love is in action; its test is what one is willing to do for others.—*Ben-Hur*.

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