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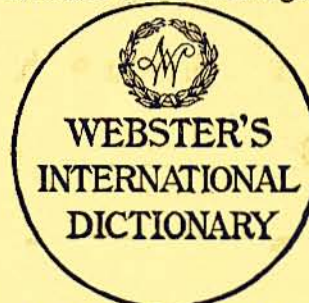
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THE REV. CHARLES L. FRY, }

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There's silence in the harvest field;
And blackness in the mountain glen;
And cloud that will not pass away
From the hill-tops for many a day;
And stillness round the homes of men.
—Mary Howitt.

Editorial.

No great and enduring reform is wrought in a day. Be patient, then, and persevering; not dismayed nor discouraged; the very slowness of man's forward and upward march is a proof of its genuineness and permanence. Sudden reforms are to be mistrusted and feared rather than welcomed.

THE difference between true eloquence and false is as real and as great as that between the flashings of the lightning and rolling of the thunder in the heavens and the empty sparkle and sputter of a pack of fire-crackers. And nothing is more pitiful to the thoughtful, earnest man than the attempt to pass off the latter for the former—especially in the pulpit; unless it be the frequent success of the imposition.

WE hope to make our next number a special Holiday Number of probably twenty-eight pages, with several original Christmas poems, a charming Christmas story by a gifted Lancaster woman, and various other sketches and articles specially appropriate to the season. Even in our "Local Lore," some holiday features that are peculiar to our county will be touched upon. Altogether we expect to make the number a notable one for the more than ordinary variety and value of its contents. It will be number eleven of the current volume, and will probably be issued on the Saturday before Christmas, December 19th.

CHRISTMAS of all times in the year is the best and most fitting on which to teach our children the superior blessedness of giving rather than receiving, by entirely abolishing the old custom of the Sunday-schools giving Christmas presents to the scholars, and instead having the scholars give gifts to the worthy poor in the city. For some years this has been done by several of our schools, and it was so thoroughly enjoyed that none of them, we feel sure, will return to the old way. We hope every school in the city will fall in line this year and try the "more excellent way." But let there be discrimination practised. Be sure that your gifts are so bestowed as to *do good*, and not to foster vagabondage and professional pauperism.

Is it true that the public press is an index of the public sense and taste, and that newspapers publish only what the people demand? The other day one of our local contemporaries appeared with twenty lines given to the account of a servant girl's suicide, thirty lines to a Reading suicide, and fifteen lines to a bare notice of a gathering of over a hundred Christian ministers, Sunday-school superintendents, and teachers and other workers, from every part of the county, who had met in all-day convention to discuss

ways and means for the furtherance of the public good and the highest interests of the city and county. Now, we ask, does that truly represent the relative proportion of the public interest given to such subjects? We don't believe that it is an index of anything else than the editor's own personal tastes and culture.

THE recent meeting in New York to eulogize the late Irish leader Parnell was a good deal more creditable to those who stayed away from it than to those who attended. To admire and praise Parnell's statesmanship would not have been amiss, but when his personal character was lauded and held up for admiration it made the whole thing worse than a farce—a disgrace. Mr. Depew can surely not have been sincere and honest in his fulsome eulogy of a man whom to introduce to our wives and mothers would be an insult to them. Nor could Mr. Watterson have meant what he wrote when he declared of this shameless adulterer that "his heart was white as snow!" Can the American people afford to hold up as an example to its youth a man whose utterly corrupt and bad character neutralized all his intellectual skill and brilliancy, and caused even his own people to repudiate him? No; the sooner Parnell is forgotten the better for all concerned.

THERE was quite a little breeze of excitement and alarm caused last week by the report that there was a possibility of the Reformed Theological Seminary's being removed to Reading. One thing is certain, the Seminary must have a building of its own provided for it, and that very soon. Franklin and Marshall College can no longer accommodate it. If the college keeps on growing as it has during the past few years, it will itself have to enlarge or increase its buildings. Now, if Lancaster really is in earnest about wanting to keep the Seminary here, the way to prove it, the only way, is to go to work and offer it a home here. If other places are willing to pay handsomely for the benefit of having such an institution in their midst, and Lancaster is not, why should the institution not go where it is most highly appreciated? If our community really wants to keep the Seminary here, we repeat, let it practically demonstrate the fact by paying down its share towards erecting an adequate Seminary building. That will forever settle the matter.

THE pronounced success and recognized benefit of last winter's series of working people's entertainments made their resumption this winter a foregone conclusion. Judging from the high character of the first one of this season's course, the excellent concert in the Court House on the evening before Thanksgiving Day, the standard has not only not been lowered but raised. And this is well. To be popular an enter-

tainment need not be of inferior character. It can be highly entertaining and yet be instructive and elevating. This is the aim of the entire series, whose inception is based on the belief that what the people need more than any mere material help is the cultivation of the intellectual, æsthetic, moral, and religious side of their nature. That our people appreciate what is really good and first-class is evidenced by the great popularity of the entertainments. It is hoped to follow up the initial concert with a popular illustrated lecture on some subject in astronomy, and others of a similar character.

THE twelfth season of the Cliosopic Club has opened auspiciously. The subject for the season's study has been chosen, and a comprehensive general survey of it given. Whether the discussion of it will be as interesting as have been the discussions of the past few seasons remains to be seen. "The Far East" undoubtedly has its problems, many and intricate and important, and even if the Clio should not succeed in throwing an altogether illuminating blaze of light upon them, their consideration cannot fail to give some light to the members on a subject concerning which so little except the most superficial knowledge prevails. We are glad to know that this season again the club is going to gather what literature it can on the subject under discussion, and put it on the shelves of the "Clio Alcove" in the College library. In this way the library is annually enriched by from forty to fifty volumes of a standard character, to which the members of the club have free access; and so in course of time a very considerable collection of valuable books will be made.

Now that the Mayor very naturally and properly has vetoed the proposed measure providing for a city scavenger, we trust Councils will at once pass an ordinance that shall give us a real scavenger. The measure vetoed was of so inadequate a nature—to say nothing of its marvelous literary quality!—that the Mayor could do nothing else than he did. We feel quite sure that both he and the public would heartily indorse any proper provision Councils might make, not only for the removal of dead animals from the streets, but for the collection and removal, weekly or oftener, of all the offal and garbage that accumulates in every household, and that is now allowed to decay in back yards, or is burnt or otherwise disposed of, at the discretion, or indiscretion, of the individual householder. Not only the convenience of our citizens, but the public health, demands that the city should take the matter in hand,—as we have insisted again and again. We believe it will now be done, for we are no longer alone in calling for it. Public sentiment is demanding it, and our daily contemporaries are urging it.

THE popularity of the University Extension movement has penetrated even to our section of the country. A special course of lectures under the auspices of the "American Society for University Extension" has been commenced in our city by Prof. Edward Devine, on the subject of Economics, in the hall of the Moravian chapel, and is largely attended; while in January a circuit will have been perfected which shall enable Lancaster, Lebanon, Columbia, Harrisburg, York, and either Gettysburg or Carlisle to enjoy a full course of lectures, most likely on English and American literature, by Dr. Clarke Robinson, of England. Harrisburg, Lebanon, York and Columbia have already perfected their local organizations as members of the circuit, and the other place needed is about doing so. It is to be hoped that the different members of the circuit will all agree to have the course made one of twelve lectures instead of six. To cover so large a field as that proposed in six evenings is almost impossible without making the lectures mere outlines, and so detracting largely from their interest. Our experience with the course on Economics ought to convince us of this. For the only criticisms on it we have heard were such as could only be avoided by a fuller and more detailed treatment than the limited time allowed. We feel quite sure that on the subject of literature nothing short of a twelve-lecture course will be satisfactory, and sincerely hope such a course will be unanimously agreed upon.

OUR POLITICAL CONDITION.

It seems to us to be high time that men of standing and integrity, men above the suspicion of partisan prejudice or personal interest, should lift up their voices in protest against the degeneracy and corruption of the political life of our county and city. We hear, indeed, ever and anon, the cry of reform raised; the two great parties expose each other's sins periodically; and the several factions within the parties rend and tear and betray one another with every semblance of righteous indignation at the prevalent "rottenness;" but it has little effect. The general public does not believe in the sincerity of such righteousness. It accepts as most probably true the accusations of all parties and factions; and concludes that real political integrity and purity are scarcely anywhere to be found; that corruption is rife everywhere and our political condition deplorably debauched and degraded.

Not only have recent political events in the county strengthened this conclusion; but men of all parties, even professional and "practical" politicians concede it—not publicly, but in private. It is a generally accepted fact, treated as a joke by many, deplored by some, regarded with a callous indifference by the great majority. And just this is the most discour-

aging and dangerous feature of the whole situation: the absence of men of influence, courageous and patriotic enough to speak out against the evil, boldly and strongly to utter their protest, yes, and earnestly and energetically to work against it. As *The Christian Union* lately said in a noble editorial: "The true patriot is not the man who flatters his countrymen, but the man who tells them the truth; as the true friend is he who holds us to the highest ideals, who demands our best and gives us no rest until he gets it. What the country needs is not the smooth flatteries of politicians who despise the popular favor which they buy with cheap words, and degrade the positions which they win by sham protestations of fidelity to the people."

There is enough virtue and political righteousness among us speedily to put to flight the corruption and rascality that now prevail, if only that righteous sentiment would boldly and persistently express itself. By refusing to do so it practically allies itself with the evil, and in so far is responsible for it.

Probably one reason for its mistaken, not to say criminal, silence and apparent indifference is our characteristically American faith in the permanence and sacredness of our democratic institutions. We have a kind of blind confidence in their ability to right themselves; that nothing can weaken or really harm them. We have a semi-conscious feeling that with all our marvelous prosperity and the truth of our democratic principles, all that is needed is to "let things alone and they will come out all right." Therefore we look on almost indifferently while a comparatively few rob us and tyrannize over us, and undermine the very foundations upon which our political and social life is built. Again to quote from the article above referred to: "It is not enough that we should survive the vices and defects of our politics, as Professor Bryce and other sympathetic students believe; it is a crime against democracy that we have such vices. It is not enough that our public life shall be as high and efficient as that of older countries; it must be purer and higher. As a matter of fact, it is neither."

We need to realize this more fully than we do. We need to feel the disgrace and clearly recognize the danger of just such vice and political corruption as that which we are tolerating. "The wages of sin is death," to nations and communities as surely as to individuals. And what is said of the nation in general, in the following, is equally true of, and applicable to, our own city and county: "Our prosperity is good; it may be great if we become great enough to use it wisely. But it is time to stop exploiting it as something which ought to amaze heaven and earth. It is not even respectable unless it is employed by character and directed by intelligence. If we are to

be only another rich nation, our making was not worth the struggles of our fathers. We must justify our right to primacy by moral power, by broad intelligence, by noble sympathies, by spiritual aspiration. Man is not yet sacred on this continent. He is flattered and lied to by parties and politicians; he is traded with like other commodities at the ballot-box, if we are to believe Mr. Fassett and other men who ought to be well informed; he is insulted and betrayed by those who persuade him to let them rule him. That such a body as a Tammany Hall should control the Democratic vote in this State, [New York] and that the Republican vote in Pennsylvania should be directed by such a machine as Mr. Welsh described in a recent issue of the *Forum*, is sad enough; but sadder still is the easygoing tolerance with which respectable men sit down under these shameful abuses. We are suffering from a civic impotence which makes us the tools of demagogues and the accomplices of knaves. Where are the public men brave enough to say in public the things we know they are saying in private about their parties? Where are the political newspapers which shall dare to lead instead of following the party leadership? Why does not the New York *Sun* train its destructive batteries on Tammany? Why does not the New York *Tribune* launch its old-time thunders against the bosses that have defiled the Republican record in Pennsylvania? Man is not yet sacred in America; and until he is, democracy will be neither sacred nor safe."

CLOSER INTERDENOMINATIONAL RELATIONS.

It is very gratifying to note the growth of the spirit of fraternal fellowship and comity among the churches and denominations of our city. Whatever furthers this spirit is gladly to be welcomed and heartily encouraged by all Christians. Without necessarily laying aside any of our denominational principles, or even important peculiarities, we can yet all unite and join hands in doing the practical work of Christ here in our community. This truth, we believe, is more and more being recognized and acted upon by all.

One evidence of it we believe the recent organization of the Lancaster County Sunday-school Association to have been. Certainly the remarkably successful County Convention, that was held on November 18th, was itself the fruit of this spirit and a signal expression thereof. It was a significant gathering. Leading representatives of at least the ten principal Protestant denominations have entered into the organization and took active part in the deliberations and discussions of the convention. With the utmost freedom, and yet sincerest brotherliness, Lutheran and Episcopalian, Methodist and Reformed, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Moravian, exchanged views, discussed ways and

means, and joined hands in providing for the doing of the work of canvassing the county for the purpose of bringing every one possible under the care and instruction of the Sunday-school and so of the Church. There was no trace of bigotry manifest, or of jealousy, nor any undue insistence upon special denominational doctrines or methods, but a genuine Christian courtesy everywhere prevailed, and an earnest purpose to work the works of Him that sent them all alike, the one Master of us all in whom we all are brethren. May this spirit mightily grow from more to more!

It is a spirit, however, that depends largely upon individual coöperation. Indeed only as it shows itself also in the personal relations between the clergy and membership of the various churches can it be regarded as genuine. And, doubtless, for this there still is room for improvement in our midst. There still are cases occasionally brought to light which point to a lack not only of the true spirit of Christian brotherhood, but even of the ordinary courtesies and proprieties of interdenominational intercourse. Churches have rights which may not be disregarded by other churches, and so have pastors and church officials. It is, for example, a gross, if not altogether uncommon, breach of courtesy, to use the mildest term, for the pastor of one church to baptize the child of parents belonging to another church, or to confirm, or marry, members of another church, without at least consulting the pastor of such persons and obtaining his sanction to the transaction. Similarly in Sunday-school. Children whose parents are connected with another church, should not be received into Sunday-school without those parents and their pastor being first consulted in the matter. And so in other cases. Christian courtesy will not be omitted where true Christian fellowship exists.

Let us be thankful for the progress that has been made in the right direction, here in our city and county; and then let us push the work further. Much remains to be done. Let all who believe in practical Christian union coöperate in doing it. Much must be done by us collectively; but more by all of us individually.

WHY NOT TRY IT?

Those who heard Captain Pratt, the Superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School, at the reception of the Lancaster Women's Indian Association held in our city a few weeks ago, and indeed all who are at all acquainted with his sentiments on the Indian question, know that he uniformly answers the query, "What shall we do with the Indian?" with the very emphatic and positive reply, "Absorb him!"

He insists that this is the only possible solution of the problem, and the only consistent thing to do. We absorb hundreds of thousands of Huns, Italians, Irish, French and Germans every year, and make good

citizens of the most of them. Every year we do this to more foreigners than there are Indians now existing in our land. Why not pursue the same simple and effective plan with the latter, instead of keeping them banded together in tribes and on reservations, cut off from all civilization and civilizing influences and opportunities?

That the Indian is capable of "absorption," Captain Pratt has abundantly proved by his outing system. Every year he sends out from his school several hundred young Indians to live on farms and in households throughout Pennsylvania and other States. There they live exactly like the whites, and readily adapt themselves to their civilized environment to such a degree that save for their color no one would notice any great difference between them and the other farm hands and domestics. In many cases, too, where during part of the year they attend our public schools, they prove themselves docile, well-behaved, and in everything up to the average white pupil. If now they could be kept among civilized surroundings, allowed to work for their living, and given the same opportunities that every one else has, they would be as everybody else is; so far as they are concerned, the "Indian question" would be forever solved.

As we have said, the Carlisle "outing system" in this way solves the problem in the case of quite a number of Indians every year. Why, then, should not this system be so extended as to embrace thousands, as many as possible, or even *all* the Indians yet remaining uncivilized? There are only about 240,000 of them in all. The civilized whites number nearly or quite 60,000,000. A dozen or two Indians scattered through every county of the United States would settle the whole matter. Forced by their surroundings they would soon learn to earn an honest livelihood and live like the rest of us, or become vagabonds and bring up in our almshouses and prisons—as some of us likewise do.

The plan seems like an exceedingly simple one, and the most natural one in the world. At least it seems worth trying. We have already tried almost everything else under the sun, from evangelizing to murdering, why not now try this plan of absorption? Sometimes the easiest and simplest way of doing a thing is the very last to be found out.

AN IMPORTANT ENTERPRISE.

Our readers are not ignorant of the fact that during the past autumn a movement was set on foot for organizing a Pennsylvania Chautauqua, to be located at Mount Gretna, the popular and beautiful place of summer resort in our neighboring county of Lebanon. In writing of it we gave an outline of its general purpose and broad principles. We are happy now to

add that the movement has taken such a shape as to make the enterprise an assured success and a permanent institution of a character worthy of its name, and fit to take its place among the foremost educational agencies of the State.

Its location at Mount Gretna was a happy thought. No lovelier spot for a summer sojourn of a few weeks or months could be desired. Cottages will at once be erected, which can be rented either for the season or leased for a long period. All the halls, class-rooms, and other educational buildings required will be provided on a liberal scale. Nothing will be left undone to make the Pennsylvania Chautauqua as comfortable and as perfectly equipped as any similar institution in the country. We believe it will speedily attract hundreds and thousands of families who will spend the summer there, amid the pure mountain and forest air, with the added advantage of an opportunity of hearing the best lecturers, musicians, preachers, and instructors obtainable on all subjects embraced in a broad Christian culture,—to say nothing of the pleasure of being thrown into social relations with only the most respectable and refined people, who, of course, will be the only ones attracted to such a place.

The summer sessions will be held probably during the month of July. The lectures and courses of instruction will embrace History, Literature, Art, Music, the Physical Sciences, Social and Political Science, Ethics, Philosophy, the Ancient and Modern Languages, Biblical Science, with probably special courses in Pedagogics and Normal work for teachers. Besides the more popular lectures on these and kindred subjects, the class instruction will be arranged with a view to the conferring of regular degrees upon students who pass the requisite examinations after taking the full course of study. A splendid opportunity will thus be offered public school teachers and others who wish to attain to a broader and higher degree of culture than would perhaps otherwise be in their reach.

The educational part will be under the leadership of a Chancellor, assisted by an Executive Committee of five; while the general management will be in the hands of a Board of Managers of fifteen members chosen by the stockholders. For the enterprise is a stock concern, with a capital of \$10,000, divided into one thousand shares of \$10 each. From present indications the stock will be widely scattered all over the State; and as no one can vote more than five shares it will be a thoroughly democratic affair. It is expected to have a charter secured in a few weeks, when the stock will be offered to subscribers.

We regard the Pennsylvania Chautauqua as one of the most important and promising enterprises recently undertaken. Its field for usefulness is of the widest. Its liberalizing influence and educational work cannot fail, under wise management, to bring large and grati-

fying results in popularizing science, literature, and the liberal arts; in short, it can and should become a power in furthering true Christian culture throughout our State. Therefore we hail it most heartily, and bid its promoters God-speed!

THE DEGRADATION OF PENNSYLVANIA POLITICS.

We reprint the following frank and true words, which every citizen should earnestly ponder over, from an article in the November *Forum* by Herbert Welsh.

Among the most vital of public questions in the United States to-day is that of honesty in politics and of the maintenance of sound principles in the management of public affairs. As in 1776 came the question whether thirteen distinct and jealous Colonies might be born into a harmonious nation, and in 1861 the problem of the extinction of human slavery and the further preservation of the Union, so to-day we face an advancing crisis, which, while it lacks those dramatic features inseparable from questions determined by the arbitrament of war, is neither of less importance nor less difficulty than those involved in the two most conspicuous events of American history. Nations that have withstood the repeated convulsions of civil and foreign war have been finally disintegrated by internal corruption. A large number of thoughtful and patriotic men in various parts of the country are entering the struggle for honest and sound administration, and are generally agreed as to the main causes of the dishonest and unsound "politics" which have so brought that word into disrepute, and have seriously weakened the fabric of our government. Among these causes may be mentioned:

1st. The large, ignorant vote supplied by foreign immigration—a powerful weapon in the hands of political demagogues.

2d. Intense political partisanship, in part a heritage from the civil war, in which the great mass of citizens find an easy refuge from the exactions of logical thought and from the dictates of an unbiased conscience, and that political bosses welcome as an invaluable mask behind which to hide schemes for acquiring personal power or plunder.

3d. Probably the most serious of all the causes lying back of our mal-administration of public affairs is to be found in those whom we rather paradoxically call "our best people;" that large body of men who fail to appreciate the personal responsibility resting on the citizen for the management of his own affairs, who are politically indolent, partly through absorption in business, and partly through an extreme optimism, which believes that "things are bound to come out right somehow." * * * * *

Then, after giving a straightforward history of the progress of bossism and the spoils system in our State, Mr. Welsh continues:

The placing of a Democrat in the Governor's chair has secured a veto upon much bad legislation which the Republican Legislature, obedient to Quay's dictation, gave the State at its last session, and has proved the direct means of bringing to light the systematic robbery of the city of Philadelphia through the frauds perpetrated by the Mercantile Appraisers. When, in connection with the crash of the Keystone and Spring

Garden Banks, the gigantic thefts of Treasurer Bardsley saw the light, the Treasurer's office was left vacant as its former occupant entered the penitentiary. Promptly Governor Pattison availed himself of the opportunity to place Mr. W. Redwood Wright, a business man, of aggressive honesty and courage, in that important office, although City Councils disputed the Governor's authority to make the appointment, claiming the right for themselves. The question was decided in the Governor's favor by an appeal to the Supreme Court. Against cavil and criticism from the party newspaper press, and opposition from those whose interest in the public welfare should have inspired them to lend him every aid, Mr. Wright has steadily and successfully kept at his work of pursuing and bringing to justice the thieves. The evidence which he secured was so abundant and convincing, that the Republican District Attorney, Mr. Graham, has proceeded against certain accused persons, a hearing has been had, and they have given bail to answer the charges against them in court. The work of Treasurer Wright in exposing the frauds in connection with mercantile appraisement is steadily leading up to still more important results in showing the implication of the Auditor General's office with the convict Bardsley. The present Auditor General stands disgraced before the community for criminal negligence in failing to require of Bardsley the prompt deposit of State funds in the treasury at the periods prescribed by law; and circumstantial testimony of the strongest kind points to the conspiracy of his office with Bardsley in the misuse of State funds. Had the Auditor General and State Treasurer done their plain duty at least the bulk of funds stolen from the State would have been saved. The City and State have been at the mercy of an organized body of robbers, who have found it convenient to call themselves Republicans, but who have had their tools or their sympathizers in both political camps. No one, at this moment of writing, knows the whole truth, or just when or how the end will be reached. The community, sick with the pain and fever of violent disease, does not yet fully recognize the nature of its troubles; but it is working steadily toward health. What course must be followed to reach it? It is a momentous question, not alone for the sick City and the sick State under discussion, but for other American Cities and American States that are or shall be afflicted with the same disease. A few simple suggestions will be hazarded as a guide to the first steps in the pathway along which sound administration, both for Cities and States, must be reached.

1st. Questions of fundamental public morality, involving the public character of public men, and methods of administration, are vital, and should take precedence of all questions of party policy in which moral principles are not involved, or concerning which men may with perfect good faith hold opposite opinions.

2d. The spoils system, which is in essence the perversion of public offices within the civil service from their legitimate public use as the people's property, to pay for partisan or personal service, is wrong in theory, and in practice it is the stronghold of machine and boss politics. Destroy the system, and the strongest protection to "bossism" and its attendant evils will be broken up.

3d. Great cities are the citadels of machine politics. The government of cities is not on a sound basis until divorced from party control. Municipal government is wholly a business concern, and should be conducted, not for party benefit, but in the interest of its citizens. Every act of a municipal government should be viewed from that point of view, and from it approved or condemned. Put this theory into practice, and the citadel of the boss will be invaded and captured.

4th. To minimize the evils resulting from the existence of political parties, and to retain and develop the good, the community should have a strong body of independent voters, who will not ally themselves too closely with any political party, who are free from the suspicion of office-seeking or of having any personal axe to grind, and who are shrewd enough to see through machine sophistries. Such a body of independents is the third boy on the seesaw, whose weight added to either of the other two will send the remaining boy into the air.

5th. Let us keep local issues free from national issues, unless we are as stupid as the machine wants us to be. The question as to the best man for State or City Treasury can be settled on its own merits, apart from the question of protection or free trade—with which it is not concerned—and it should be so settled.

6th. Complete the work of ballot reform, so that every obstacle shall be put in the way of fraud, and every encouragement be given to independent voting.

But neither can these lines here indicated be followed to success, nor any others which the wisdom of the public may substitute for them or add to them, without the creation of a far deeper sense of personal responsibility in public duty than now exists in the minds of American citizens. The cry of the reformer alone on the watch-tower may awaken, but of itself it cannot save, the sleeping city. The citizens themselves with arms in their hands must do that. Democratic institutions are doubtless the last and best expression of the world's civilization; but there is no breath of life in their nostrils, unless living men, who are the soul of institutions, have the wisdom, the virtue, and the patience to guide their course. Are we willing and able to do this work of administrative reform? That question, the greatest that confronts us, must be answered by the people themselves.

TO GRANDMOTHER.

ON HER NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1891.

BY E. PAULINE COOPER.

Full ninety years have come and gone since first
Thy tiny feet stepped trembling into life;
Since first thy baby eyes looked wondering 'round,
And saw the full, bright glory of the day.
Full ninety years; a long and surging time
To ride through the rough billows of the deep:
A weary, restless watching for clear days
And brighter weather, through the storm and mist.
And now at length thou'rt nearing the last port,
At length the soft clear twilight of old age
Deepens around thee; brightly shines the star
Of thy sweet faith, and gently glides thy boat
Through the calm waters of the bay of trust.
Till last one day will come the angel's call,
The still and radiant angel men call Death;
Thou'lt hear the "evening bell" which tells of night,
And thou wilt gladly step ashore and rest,
Life's duty grandly done, in dreamless peace.

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.

EPISCOPAL.

St. James's.—At the last meeting of the Archdeaconry of Harrisburg, a committee was appointed to consider the formation of a Choir Guild, to consist of the male chorus of the Archdeaconry. The experiment was put to practical proof on Thanksgiving evening in St. Paul's church, Columbia. St. James's parish choir will go to Columbia for the choir festival. Mr. White, of St. James's church, will be the director.

The Thanksgiving services at the chapel were unusually well attended on Sunday evening last. The decorations were practical and beautiful.

After the service members of the congregation were invited to step to the chancel with their baskets, which it had been suggested would be found useful, and many people were amply provided with fruits, vegetables and flowers.

LUTHERAN.

Trinity.—Very notable and praiseworthy interest has been manifested during the past month in missionary work by the young people. A number of classes in the Sunday-school have devised various evening entertainments, one a musicale, another a chocolataire, another a bazaar, etc., held in private parlors or public halls, each of which was attended by hundreds of people, and realized a handsome amount. All the rest of the classes, without a single exception, will make special contributions on Sunday to swell the aggregate sum, so that at least four hundred dollars will be forwarded by the school to the treasurer of the general fund before the close of December. The general fund is for paying the salaries of the ministers doing the General Council's Home Mission work in the United States.

The annual barrel of winter clothing for the family of a deserving destitute missionary on the far-remote frontier of the Northwest was packed by the Junior Missionary Society on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day, and, as usual, was "pressed down, shaken together and running over" with all sorts of substantial, heavy woolen articles, which will gladden the hearts of those subjected to the rigorous severity of that frigid climate. The society voted unanimously to devote all its energies and contributions, between now and April 1st, to the aid of Christ church of this city, in erecting its commodious new edifice.

Notwithstanding the ominous questionings of many dubious minds as to the feasibility of a Lancaster County Sunday-school Convention, the lecture room of the chapel was crowded to its utmost capacity during the sessions, on the 18th inst., by Sunday-school workers of every denomination, representing all sections of the county. The papers were excellent, the discussions animated, and the most perfect harmony of spirit prevailed, so that everybody went home full of enthusiasm in anticipating the convention of next year.

Half a dozen or more editions, plain and ornamental, of the new Church Book, were sent from Philadelphia

for inspection, after the service on Thanksgiving morning, and they elicited universal expressions of pleasure at the improvement. Whilst the liturgy for the regular Sunday morning service, and for Communion occasions remains for the most part unchanged, the book contains an entirely new matin and vesper service, a large number of additional psalms and hymns, the complete orders for ministerial acts (baptism, marriage, visitation of the sick, burial of the dead, preparatory for the Lord's Supper, ordination of ministers, consecration of churches, etc.) the gospel readings for Passion Week, and a number of other desirable supplements. The Sunday-school will sing the vesper service in its entirety for the first time at its Christmas festival.

MORAVIAN.

The Burden Bearers' Circle of King's Daughters gave a very delightful musical and literary *soirée* in our hall on Friday evening, November 20th. The programme was of a high character, and all the more creditable because every number was rendered by "home talent."

Our Thanksgiving offerings this year are to be sent to the Rev. William Weinland and family, including Miss Mary Marsch, missionaries among the Indians at Banning, Cal.

On Sunday, November 22d, the pastor presented the claims of the Theological Seminary Building Fund to the congregation. It is hoped that a liberal response will be made.

The practicing of Christmas music has commenced in our Sunday-school. All the selections are out of the new Sunday-school Hymnal.

On December 3d and 4th, the pastor will deliver his lecture on Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Drama before the literary classes of the Moravian Seminary and the Parochial School at Bethlehem. He will also deliver an address before the Bethlehem Women's Indian Association at the same time.

In the death of Bro. John Thomas, in his ninety-first year, on November 13th, we lost our oldest and one of our most faithful members.

The Pastor's Literary Class meets every Tuesday evening, in the reading room.

PRESBYTERIAN.

First.—On Sunday morning, December 6th, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered in the First church. Preparatory services will be held in the chapel on Wednesday and Friday evenings previous.

The illustrated lecture on "Our Land—Its Lights and Shadows," given by Rev. D. E. Finks in the chapel, November 10th, was a rare treat. The lecturer succeeded in awakening a deeper interest in home missions in his hearers.

The teachers of the Sabbath-school still continue to meet on Wednesday evening previous to the prayer-meeting. The spirit of these meetings is such that no teacher can well afford to miss them.

Memorial.—Dr. Cooper has taken charge of all church services for this winter, and is pushing the work most vigorously. The Sunday-school is growing, there being an attendance last Sunday of 244 scholars and teachers. The subject of his discourses on Wednesday evenings is on the Sunday-school lesson for the following Sunday.

REFORMED.

St. Paul's.—All the services of this church have been unusually well attended during the past month. The popular twilight service, inaugurated by the pastor of St. Paul's some three years ago, has been constantly growing in interest—the lecture room being filled to overflowing every Sabbath evening.

The main audience room of the church is also by far too small to accommodate all seeking admission to the regular Sunday evening services, many turning away for the want of seating capacity.

The Sunday-school also is steadily increasing, especially since the organization of an advanced department, which meets in the audience chamber of the church, thus affording room for two or three hundred additional pupils.

A choral for the musical culture of the young is about being organized, and promises to be largely attended.

The catechetical class for the instruction of the youths of both sexes will meet regularly after the 1st of December.

WOMEN'S INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

On Friday, November 20th, Mrs. Hark returned from the annual convention of the National Association held at Allegheny City. Twelve State Associations were represented, and much enthusiasm prevailed. Excellent papers were read by Miss Kate Foote, Miss Marie Ives, Miss Sparhawk, Miss Emily Cooke and others. Mrs. Quinton was re-elected president, and nearly all the other officers were also re-elected.

The reception given by the Lancaster Association in the hall of the Moravian chapel on November 6th was one of the most pleasant occasions of the season, and was very well attended. Captain Pratt, of the Carlisle Indian School, made an address, as did two of his bright young Indians, Chauncey Yellow-Robe, a Sioux, and Dennison Wheelock, an Oneida. Linnie Thompson, a pretty Indian maiden, sang several solos in a remarkably rich, full soprano voice. Mrs. Campbell, of the school, also sang several selections in her well-known excellent style. Every one was delighted with the exercises, and the Association gained several new members as the result, besides making a little money.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

Mr. Gilbert Beaver, son of ex-Governor Beaver, visited the school November 1st, and addressed the Y. M. C. A. in the morning, and the Y. W. C. A. in the afternoon.

Miss Emma Fellenbaum and Miss Helen Porter were delegates to represent the Normal School Y. W. C. A. at the National Convention of the Association, which met at Altoona November 6th, 7th and 8th.

Mrs. Munroe, wife of Prof. H. K. Munroe, of the Literature department of the school, is secretary and treasurer of the Shut-in Society. She went to New York on Friday to give her annual report to the governing board of the society. This society is doing a beautiful work—carrying comfort and cheer to thousands of darkened chambers and beds of pain.

Thanksgiving Day at the Normal is a pleasant holiday. There are no classes on that day, and in the morning there are union services in one of the village churches, which many of the students attend. After

the grand turkey dinner there are generally field sports on the campus, and in the evening a pleasant sociable in the chapel.

The Y. W. C. T. U. of the Normal School held a very interesting and impressive public meeting on Friday evening, November 20th. The principal features of the program were an address by Dr. A. R. Byerly, a recitation by Miss Landes, a clarinet solo by Mr. Charles Bowman, and a vocal solo by Mr. H. A. Bailey.

The senior class gave a delightful Halloween sociable on October 31st, which was attended by faculty and students.

The seniors enjoyed a whole holiday, and the juniors and the rest of the school had a half-holiday, given for the purpose of attending the Lancaster County Institute.

Millersville Normal School instructors are in demand at teachers' institutes. Dr. Lyte cannot begin to accept all of the invitations he receives. Dr. Hull is also a very popular speaker and has attended a great many meetings, educational and otherwise. Miss Graves and Miss Lyle spoke at the Lancaster County Institute. Miss Landes also is in demand at church, school, temperance and other entertainments.

The chapel windows have been decorated with Young's stained glass substitute, and the effect is very good, the designs being good and the colors rich and glowing.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The course of "Free Practical Talks for Young Men" was opened by Rev. J. Max Hark, D. D., on Friday evening, November 6th, and despite the number of entertainments that were held on the same evening sixty men listened to Dr. Hark's admirable and profitable talk on "Books, How, What and When to Read." The Association orchestra rendered several selections. Rev. James Y. Mitchell, D. D., will give the second talk of the series on Thursday evening, December 3d. Subject, "My Summer Outing."

The Educational Department commenced its work Friday evening, November 20th, with the organization of the "Conversational German" class, under Rev. D. W. Bicksler. Seventeen students were enrolled, and the class is a promising one. The class in penmanship was organized Tuesday evening, November 24th, Mr. W. B. Snyder, instructor. These classes are *free* to all full members of the Association. Ladies are admitted to the German class on the payment of one dollar for the course of twenty lessons. The Bible class, in charge of the General Secretary, opened last Wednesday evening, at 9 o'clock. This class has for its object the study of the English Bible and a better adaptation of it in personal work.

Already the committees are planning for the "Open House" on New Year's Day. Invitations will be sent to all the young men of Lancaster to "call" at the building on that day, from 2 to 11 P. M. Music, refreshments, good cheer and fellowship will predominate.

The gymnasium is the popular resort of the young men. The new system of measurements and examinations is proving to be a very valuable aid in correcting physical defects, the young men exercising here intelligently through it. Thirty new members have been received since September 1st.

The Ladies' Auxiliary is furnishing, papering and carpeting the parlor, making it as attractive as possible. They want to make our building as attractive as the saloon, so that young men will be drawn under the benefitting influence of the Association. The ladies! what could we do without them?

The Gospel meetings on Sunday, at 3:30 P. M., are well attended. The deep spirituality of the meetings is noticeable, and cannot but be a source of power to the young men who attend.

TO LICINIUS.

TRANSLATED FROM HORACE, ODE X., BOOK II.

BY MARY F. ZAHM.

That thou, Licinius, mayest rightly live,
Tempt not the deep, nor yet hug close the shore.
For while to thee it doth kind shelter give,
The unfriendly rocks may break thy fragile oar.

The wise man he who chooses for his own
The golden mean, which lifts him far from want;
But not so far that envy's hostile tongue
May in his wealth find cause for bitter taunt.

The *loftiest* pines the storm's full force receive,
With loudest crash the *highest* towers fall;
The dreadful bolts, when Jove's right hand they leave,
Seek first, with dire intent, the mountains tall.

A heart which hopes when adverse fortunes frown,
Will fear, in happy times, an altered lot;
At great Jove's nod, harsh winter's storms sweep down,
And when he wills, the cold and storms are not.

No cloud, though clad in darkest, gloomiest hues,
But will anon let gladsome light break through;
At times Apollo woos the silent muse,
Not always does he stretch the warlike bow.

Be brave and strong when close misfortune clings!
And when the favoring winds too fiercely blow,
Draw in thy good ship's wildly fluttering wings,
Or thy full sails may cause thine overthrow.

Local Lore.

History herself, seen in her workshop.--LOWELL.

A LEGENDARY LANCASTER BELL.

BY F. R. DIFFENDERFFER.

There is no evidence, historical or otherwise, that our early parent, Adam, knew how to write. Most probably he did not, because schools and schoolmasters were not in those early days. But if he did know, then with the instincts of his race, he most probably kept a diary; if that diary—always supposing it had an existence—had been preserved until these latter days and any one could now be found to translate the written characters, we have no doubt mention would be made in it, how, in post-Eden times, when he and his spouse went to farming on their own account, Eve was accustomed to call him from his agricultural toils at midday to eat the savory meals her cunning hands had prepared, by ringing a bell. The captious critic might ask, if not even the schoolmaster was abroad at that early day, whether it was likely bell-founders would be? We have not the inclination to enter into a discussion on so obscure and fruitless a question. We only know that the earliest peoples who have left a written record behind them

used bells in their daily life. Layard found them among the ruins of ancient Nineveh. They are pictured in the sculptured remains of hoary Egypt, while the Greeks and Romans were as familiar with them as we are to-day. Doubtless among the flocks of Laban and Jacob there were many sedate "brindles," which at eventide led the kine home to their owners' tents from their pasture on the Judean hills.

Then, too, have not writers innumerable during the past thousand years written many volumes about bells? The literature of bells is wonderfully extensive. Many dark-colored tomes, written in Latin, French and Italian, are to be found in European libraries on this sweet-sounding theme. During the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries volumes by the score were issued from the presses of Paris, Leipsic, Geneva, Rome, Frankfort, Pisa, Naples and Dresden. The poets, from Shakespeare to Poe, have also taken up the theme, vying with each other in singing the praises of the bell. The gravest divines have thought them a theme worthy of their attention. The monks at one time were the most skillful bell-founders. Did not the worthy and learned Frater Johannes Drabicius, in his book "*Cœlvet Cœlesti Statu*," printed at Metz, in 1718, devote 425 pages to prove that the employment of the blest in heaven will be the continual ringing of bells! Lest this article of my own should grow to equal length, which it would do if I undertook to say even a fraction of the pleasant and interesting things which might be said about bells, their makers and the quaint inscriptions on them, I must turn from this digression into which I have been led by merely thinking over my theme, and relate the story connected with the early Lancaster bell, I started out to tell.

A little more than one year ago a gentleman, residing in this city, received the following letter:

MELROSE, MASS., August 28, 1890.

My Dear Sir: I enclose a copy of a slip given me by the poet Longfellow. He then told me that he thought of writing a poem about the bell on your Court House, about which there seems to be so much romance, but he never did. I am now writing an illustrated article for the *New England Magazine*, and would much like a photograph or pen and ink sketch of said bell; also, a copy of any and all inscriptions there may be thereon. If you, or any of your friends will aid me in the matter, I will cheerfully pay any expense you may be at, and thank you sincerely for your kindness. One of my illustrations will be the old bell which rang the tocsin for the fearful St. Bartholomew Massacre.

Truly yours,

E. H. Goss.

The following is the slip given to the above writer by Longfellow:

"The bell on the Court House at Lancaster, in the State of Pennsylvania, has an interesting history. It once belonged to a convent in Spain, and the sounds which now summon to dull disputes of law, and, perhaps of equity, the people of a new town in a new world not known when they first rang, once called the pale-faced nuns at morning and evening hours to matins and to vespers. According to an inscription upon it, in Spanish, it was cast early in the fifteenth century, and the tradition concerning it is as follows: Many years ago, when the banditti, who infested some

parts of Spain, were so fierce and powerful, this convent was sacked by them, and the bell being among their booty, was transferred to a pirate ship. The ringing and the swinging, which had hitherto spoken in clear and musical tones across the hill and valley only of devotion and prayer, was now changed to the 'clashing and the clangor' which struck upon the ears of wild and desperate men, and surged sadly over the tumultuous sea. How often it summoned the lawless crew to deeds of pillage and murder, may not be said. The piratical vessel, in its turn, fell into the hand of pursuing justice, and was brought a captive to the port of Baltimore. A gentleman then contracting to build a Court House for the town of Lancaster, purchased the bell when the ship was sold, forwarded it to that village, and for years its notes have been echoed by this valley, as beautifully as the most romantic bell could desire, though its uses can no longer be deemed practical. In Tiffin there is also a bell which came from the banks of the Rhine; so that, almost within speaking distance of each other, these bells toll forth their memories of the past; and it would not be difficult to imagine that upon still nights and lovely summer mornings, they hold converse together over their singular histories."

The loss of a poem by Longfellow must always be a source of regret; the world is the poorer for it; but does not the beautiful prose poem in which he has jotted down the romantic history of this bell, almost make amends for the loss of the poetical setting in which he meant to enshrine this gem of the Middle Ages?

However, the gentleman who received the letter read it to the writer, and it at once occurred to the latter that here was the germ of an article for *CHRISTIAN CULTURE*, then newly established. Its editor was consulted; several other friends were taken into the secret, and it was decided to institute a search for the bell with so strange a history. Was it possible the bell in the Court House at this moment could be the illustrious foreigner we sought? An investigation soon proved this hope fallacious. The bell which at present hangs in the Court House belfry is the most prosaic looking of its race. There is no inscription upon it, either in the Spanish language or any other; a few persons, whose ambition exceeded their taste, have written their names upon it with chalk; that was all it had to tell. Its era is that of the latter half of the nineteenth century, not of the fifteenth.* For the moment, at least, our search for Longfellow's bell, with the poetical history, came to a stop.

But your modern antiquarian, if he has the true instincts of his kind, is not easily thrown off the scent after having got ever so small a whiff of it. The present bell, it was soon learned, was purchased by the County Commissioners when the present Court House was built. But where was the one it replaced? There was a bell on the Court House that stood in monument square from 1787 until 1852. What became of that? Careful research soon revealed the fact that it was taken down from the old struc-

* Since writing the above I have learned this bell was cast by Joseph Benedict & Co., of Philadelphia. On November 28, 1853, Dr. W. B. Fahnestock, John G. Fetter and Joseph Eberman were appointed by the County Commissioners to inspect it. They reported favorably, and the bell was then accepted by the Commissioners.

ture, and our well-known townsman and horologist, G. M. Zahm, Esq., took it temporarily to his jewelry establishment in the southeast corner of monument square, where he rigged up a clock on the third story which struck the hours on the old bell, and gave the citizens the time from the large semi-circular window facing the west. Here it remained until the new Court House was finished, when the old clock made by Peter Eberman, in 1785, was again made to do duty, and which it has done uninterruptedly for more than a hundred years down to present hour, except during the brief period when the present Court House was building.

But what became of the bell? For some reason the County Commissioners determined to procure a new one, which, as has already been seen, was done. The old one was sold to the American Fire Company, of this city, and elevated to the belfry of their engine house, on Church street. When the Gamewell fire alarm system was introduced, and with it a paid fire department, the occupation of the volunteer fire laddies was gone. They sold their belongings, and the American Company sold the venerable bell to the hardware firm of Kepler & Slaymaker, for \$65. This firm in turn sold it to a purchaser in the country. Who he was and where he lived are matters about which no information could be obtained. Every line of inquiry thrown out has failed to reveal the purchaser. The writer, in company with George Steinman, Esq., one long summer day hunted over the country around the borough of Strasburg, in a vain attempt to unravel a clue they thought they had obtained. They returned no wiser than they went, so far as the bell was concerned, but wiser in some other particulars.

Having failed to learn anything definite by investigations begun at the modern end of the story, it was resolved to begin at the more remote period and see what would come of it. First, then, research began with the building of the first Court House in this city. This was finished in 1739. In 1748 or 1749 a bell was procured and put up in the belfry. Where it was purchased, by whom, and its cost, are matters on which contemporary records are silent. That, however, was the time when pirates swarmed in the Spanish Main and infested the western shores of Europe and of the Mediterranean. The sacking of a convent on the Spanish seacoast therefore is not an improbable event. It is not beyond the pale of probability therefore that such an occurrence as the poet, Longfellow, has related actually took place. That bell may have come to Lancaster and sent its tones far and wide over this community.

After standing forty-five years, that early Court House was burned down on June 9th, 1784. Steps were at once taken to build another, and in 1787 it was completed. We have the direct authority of the most recently published history of Lancaster county that the old bell was put up on the new building. It had passed unscathed through the fire and was still fit for service. On that belfry it remained until the Old Court House was torn down in 1853, as has already been stated. We have now traced the first bell down to the time when it was sold by the hardware firm to a purchaser in the county.

An examination of the minutes of the American Fire Company reveals the fact that on a certain Fourth

of July the patriotic American "boys" rang their bell so vigorously that it was cracked and rendered useless. It is not known or remembered whether or not there was an inscription on it when it was purchased by the Company. It was at once recast, however, but without any inscription. This fact puts an effectual stop to all further investigation. All that we definitely know is that the first bell on a Lancaster Court House was put there in 1748 or 1749, that it hung on the two Court Houses continuously until 1853, and was then disposed of as already related. Whether it was the bell around which Longfellow wove his beautiful legend I do not know. It may have been. Whether its history as told by the poet is not itself a myth, I will not pretend to say. I have only related the circumstances as they came to me in Longfellow's pretty story, and as personal investigations have proven them to be. The actual facts will never be known, but whatever they may be the legend is a beautiful one and well worth recording in the "Local Lore" columns of CHRISTIAN CULTURE.

OLD TIME HOSTELRIES.

BY S. M. SENER, ESQ.

V

The "Indian Queen" was an old hostelry that stood on East King street, near the corner of Church, and maintained its character as an inn for many years, when it finally ceased to do so, and the building, which had, however, been materially changed in appearance, was used as a dwelling house up to 1883. In that year it was torn down to make room for the Eastern Market House.

The ground upon which it stood was deeded by James Hamilton to Adam Simon Kuhne, on September 1, 1760. The stone building subsequently occupied as a hotel was built and used as a residence by Adam Simon Kuhne, who was a doctor. Dr. Kuhne came to Lancaster about 1740 and was a man prominent in public affairs. He was also a member of Trinity Lutheran church. In 1744 he purchased fifteen acres of land from Hans Musser and laid out a town called "Adamstown," which was bounded by East King and Middle streets.

In 1768 the property passed into the hands of Michael Lightner, who occupied it as a tenant, and in 1777 the place was licensed as an inn, Michael Lightner being the first landlord. The establishment passed through the hands of numerous other landlords, among them being Gottlieb Eberman, Michael Bartgis, Catherine Bartgis, John Wein, and George Musser. The later owners of the ground were Dr. Humes, Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Levergood.

The building was a substantial two-story stone structure, exclusive of attic, and a furnished basement. There is a tradition extant that during a visit made by General Washington, long before he was President of the United States, he stopped at the "Indian Queen."

THE CAT.

On the west side of North Prince street, near James, stands an old two story limestone structure, now used as a dwelling house. This building was formerly an old inn, and was known as the "Cat." During the Revolutionary War there were large num-

bers of British prisoners sent to Lancaster, where they were kept. For ten months in the year 1782 Colonel Moses Hazen's regiment, known as "Congress' Own," on account of its having been raised under a resolution of Congress of January 20, 1776, guarded these prisoners in the barracks, located on Middle street, where Shippen street was cut through a few years ago, thus removing the old structure. The regiment was originally composed of about five hundred men, but by the time it was quartered in Lancaster it had been reduced to one hundred and fifty-three, exclusive of officers.

While the men composing the regiment were on duty guarding the prisoners at the barracks, Col. Moses Hazen and the officers were quartered at the "Cat."

A large number of prisoners escaped from the barracks while Colonel Hazen had charge of it, and it was presumed that they had been aided by American Tories, but where suspicion should fall no one could conjecture. Finally, Colonel Hazen devised a stratagem for detecting the culprits, and selected Captain, afterwards Major Lee, to carry out his plan. The story of how Lee was sent to the barracks as a "red-coat" prisoner, and his escape along with others, through the aid of an old woman, who sold fruit within the enclosure, and the subsequent exposure of the plot, is too well known to need repetition.

Many traditions are extant of the good times had at the old hostelry while the officers were quartered there.

A WAYSIDE INN.

A short distance east of Lancaster, nearly opposite Potts' Landing hotel, stands an old-fashioned, limestone building, which was known as "Dering's Inn." It was kept during Revolutionary days by a man named Dering, who hailed from Montgomery county. In those days Witmer's bridge had not yet been built, and there was a ferry across the Conestoga at that point. Many are the stories told of the old inn, but prominent among them are those of the many acts of kindness done for wounded soldiers during the Revolution by the landlord's pretty daughter, Kitty. A Captain Van Horn, of Virginia, was confined to his room for a long time with a broken leg, and upon one occasion, while so confined, a band of drunken ruffians took sudden possession of the house and attacked him. Being unable to protect himself, he leaped from the window in his fright and was killed by the fall.

LEVY'S HOTEL.

The building on West King street occupied by Mrs. Mary McCormick was an old inn known as "Levy's." The house was built in 1746, and in the room occupied by Dr. D. R. McCormick as a private office is a cross cornered mantel made of yellow pine. The mantel is an elaborately carved affair, and in the centre appears the coat of arms of the party who erected the building, accompanied by the date—"1746." An old stone building on the premises, which was formerly a stable, was torn down a few years ago. It was first licensed as an inn in 1764, Matthias Young being its first landlord. Levy, the landlord of it in 1793, who was a young married man, committed suicide in it by shooting himself.

The property was a part of the grant of land by William Penn to Governor Hamilton, who transferred it for a ground rent in 1735 to Matthias Young, who

started the hotel in 1764. At his death, July 12, 1769, he left it to his son, Conrad Young, who afterward sold it to John Hopson, October 18, 1774, from whom it descended to Christian Leib, who owned it until June 6, 1789, when it was sold to John Bausman. Levy, the landlord who committed suicide, was a tenant of Bausman's. In 1798, at the time of the epidemic of yellow fever in Philadelphia, Henry Herbst, a wealthy man of that city, purchased the property and changed it to a private residence; he lived in it until his death, when he willed it to his son-in-law, Rev. Wm. Beates, of Philadelphia, who moved here and lived on the premises until his death, May 16, 1867, in the 91st year of his age. Rev. Beates was a pastor of Zion's Lutheran church. From Beates' estate the property passed to the present owners.

MOORE'S INN.

On South Queen street was located a hotel known as "Moore's." Just where it was located is not definitely known, but the widow of the proprietor turned it into a general store, and the lot on which it stood was the one upon which William Montgomery, Esq., built a house.

There is nothing in particular attached to the inn other than that its landlord was Captain John Moore, who had married Elizabeth, a daughter of Thomas Doyle, who was a brother of the famous Revolutionary officer, Major John Doyle, of Lancaster, who was a member of the "Cincinnati." Captain Moore came to Lancaster before the Revolution, and was himself a Captain in the Continental armies. A daughter of Captain Moore's, named Mary married John Carrell, of Philadelphia, and a son of this union, George A. Carrell, born in Philadelphia, July 13, 1803, was consecrated, on November 1, 1853, the first Catholic Bishop of Covington, Kentucky. The DoYLES, Moores and Carrells were Catholics, and Major John Doyle and Captain John Moore sleep in old St. Mary's cemetery, this city.

THE SHIP.

In 1782 or 1783 Major John B. Light came to Lancaster, bearing the honor of having acquitted himself creditably in several Revolutionary battles. In 1784, he was licensed to keep an inn at the northeast corner of East King and Lime streets. The name of the inn was the "Sign of the Ship." He kept it until July 20, 1803, when he was succeeded by his son-in-law, William P. Atlee; later the house was kept by Barton Henderson, and in 1823 by Stephen St. John, who changed its name to that of "The Anchor." The hotel went out of existence many years ago, and up to a few years ago the property belonged to the late Dr. John L. Atlee.

THE BUCK.

In 1781 Francis Hager was licensed to keep a hotel, and soon after Christopher Hager. The latter opened a hotel on East King street, where the Lancaster County National Bank stands, and entertained travelers and citizens there until in 1808, when he rented the property to Daniel Herr. The name of Hager's tavern was "The Buck." The use of the building for the purposes of a tavern was discontinued in 1816. A few years later he began keeping store a few doors east of the "Red Lion" or "Cooper House," and the store opened by him is to-day owned by his descendants, John C. Hager and Charles F. Hager.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ARMS.

Henry Slaymaker and John Hatz were licensed to keep an inn in 1799, which was known as the "Pennsylvania Arms." John Whiteside succeeded them as landlord, and he, in 1805, gave place to Gustavus Stoy. In 1809, Thomas Wentz assumed charge and remained landlord until in 1813.

After leaving the "Pennsylvania Arms," John Hatz opened up a hotel, in 1801, at the sign of "Dr. Franklin," where the present Franklin House stands. The building was destroyed by fire in 1811, and the present one erected in 1813. Some of its early landlords were Thomas Wentz, Nathan Schofield, Jacob Sener, Emanuel V. Kauffman and Benjamin Kauffman.

THE INNKEEPERS OF 1799.

In 1799 the following were the innkeepers of Lancaster: Gottlieb Nauman; Peter Ganter, George Fisher ("King of Prussia"); James Boyd; George Road ("Flying Angel"—northwest corner of Prince and Walnut); John Hatz; Jacob Hubert ("Spread Eagle"); Jonas Metzger, Sr.; Martin Bard ("Rising Sun"); Christian Apple; Jonas Metzger, Jr. ("Unicorn"); John Bausman ("Conestoga Wagon"); John Messenkop ("William Pitt"); John Light ("The Ship"); Henry Lechler ("Green Tree"); Patrick Green ("Bird-in-Hand"); Mary Weidley ("Thirteen Stripes"); Levi Eicholtz ("Bull"); Archibald Lanegan ("White Horse"); Philip Messenkop ("Bear"); Philip Diffenderffer ("Leopard"); Daniel Eller; Robert Wilson, ("Indian King"); Joseph Nagle, Adam Weaver ("Black Horse"); Henry Slaymaker, John Hatz ("Pennsylvania Arms"); Christopher Brenner ("Cross Keys"); John Stahl ("Red Lion"); John Burtz; Francis O'Neal; Jacob Frey ("Wagon"); John Swenk; Andrew Fryer—on Prince street; William Ferree ("General Washington"); Matthias Slough ("The Swan"); William Michael ("The Hat"); John Hambright; Joseph Weaver ("The Turtle"); Susannah Edwards ("Prince Ferdinand"); Stophel (Christopher) Hager ("The Buck"); John Wentz ("The Rainbow"); John Michael ("The Grape").

The whole number of taverns licensed as above was thirty-nine, fourteen less than in 1765, when the number was fifty-three.

OLD INN MANNERS.

Incidentally is mentioned in this connection a short account of the manners and customs prevalent in inns prior to and at the beginning of the present century. An early traveler who passed over the Philadelphia turnpike and landed in Lancaster in 1795, says:

"The taverns are very indifferent. * * * If the traveller can procure a few eggs with a little bacon, he ought to rest satisfied; it is twenty to one that a bit of fresh meat is to be had, or any salted meat except pork. Vegetables seem also to be very scarce, and when you do get any, they generally consist of turnips, or turnip tops boiled by way of greens.

"The bread is heavy and sour, though they have as fine flour as any in the world; this is owing to their method of making it; they raise it with what they call 'sots,' hops and water boiled together.

"The traveller on his arrival is shown into a room which is common to every person in the house, and which is generally the one set apart for breakfast, dinner and supper. All the strangers that happen to be in the house sit down to these meals promiscuously,

and the family of the house also forms a part of the company. It is seldom that a single bed room can be procured."

Michaux, the famous French botanist, who passed through Lancaster in 1802, mentions in his *Journal* that taverns were very numerous, and that the German language was spoken in almost all of them. He further says his fellow travelers were always thirsty, and would stop the stage at every tavern to drink some glasses of grog. This he states was a mixture of brandy and water, or rum and water, the proportions of which depended solely on the taste of each person.

The old inn was frequently the scene of a dance, to the music of a rustic fiddler; and in those dances, proprietor, family, guests, wagoners, stage drivers, and country lads and lasses

"Danced all night, till broad daylight."

All of the old inns mentioned in this, and some of those in previous sketches, have disappeared from the scene; the horns, too, have ceased to sound; the "bells on the horses" are no longer heard; the Conestoga wagons and stages have vanished; the echoes and traditions of personages who frequented the inns "grow faint and fainter still." Still, the fond and natural desire to look back—back to the hills that are green—continues, and these sketches are the fruits of that feeling.

THE DOVE.

*"Propitious" is He unto those that show
Compassion to His creatures; praise Him so.*

"No beast of earth, no fowl that flies with wings,"
Saith the great book, "but is a people, too;
From Allah sprang their life, and unto Him
They shall return: with such heed what ye do!"

There came before our Lord a certain one
Who said, "O Prophet! as I passed the wood,
I heard the voice of youngling doves which cried,
While near the nest their pearl-necked mother cooed.

"Then in my cloth I tied those fledglings twain,
But all the way the mother fluttered nigh;
See! she hath followed hither!" Spake our Lord:
"Open thy knotted cloth, and stand thou by."

But when she spied her nestlings, from the palm
Down flew the dove, of peril unafraid
So she might succor these. "Seest thou not,"
Our Lord said, "how the heart of this poor bird

"Grows, by her love, greater than his who rides
Full-face against the spear-blades? thinkest thou
Such fire divine was kindled to be quenched?
I tell ye nay! Put back upon the bough

"The nest she claimeth thus. I tell ye nay!
From Allah's self cometh this wondrous love:
Yea! and I swear by Him who sent me here,
He is more tender than a nursing dove,

"More pitiful to men than she to these.
Therefore fear God in whatso'er ye deal
With the dumb peoples of the wing and hoof.
Yours are they; yet whene'er ye lift the steel

"To slay for meat, name first the name of God,
Saying 'Bi'sm 'illah! God judge thee and me!
God give thee patience to endure to-day,
The portion that He hath allotted thee.

"So shall ye eat and sin not; else the blood
Crieth against you." Thus our Prophet spake,
And Islam doeth it, naming God's name
Before the slaughter,—for that white dove's sake.

*By those dumb mouths be ye forgiven
Ere ye are heard pleading with heaven.*

—Edwin Arnold.

Our Book-Shelf.

I have just learned a secret. Let me share it with you. We have a real, live novelist hidden somewhere among us! It may not be in our city. But I'm pretty sure it is not beyond the limits of the county.

How I know it? Well, I have before me the advance sheets of a six-hundred-page volume, entitled "*Walter Graham, Statesman. An American Novel by an American.*" Of course that does not tell much. But the fact that it is published by the "Fulton Publishing Company," and printed at the office of *The Intelligencer*, does. It tells me that the author of *Walter Graham, Statesman*, not only lives nearer to our Lancaster printing houses than to the great publishing firms of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, but also has enough local pride and patriotism to have his novel printed and published by "home talent." I believe this commendable trait in the author will be fully appreciated by the home market, and will bring many additional buyers and readers of his book. He has encouraged home trade; now let us encourage home talent.

I would not say this if I did not think that there was actual talent displayed in the story, and, therefore, it was worthy of being bought and read on its own merits. I am not one to believe in encouraging inferior workmanship of any kind simply because it is the product of "home industry." The only way to make our home workmen do their best and bring honor upon their home is by making them enter into free and fair competition with the rest of the world, without fear or favor. Then, if their work does turn out equal to that of other lands or communities, it deserves the more credit, and should get unstinted encouragement and patronage.

As far as the mechanical workmanship on this novel is concerned, the paper, typography, presswork, etc., it is fully up to the work of any metropolitan house. But that goes without saying. It is a generally conceded fact that Lancaster does as good printing as is done anywhere in the country, and does it cheaper than can be done almost anywhere else.

As for the story itself, I don't like to say too much about it lest I take the edge off your curiosity and the chief zest from your enjoyment. I may, however, say that the evident intent of it is, among other things, to give an inside view of some characteristic phases of our American politics. Its scene may be supposed to be laid almost anywhere along the line of border States between North and South before, during, and immediately after the Civil War. It may be that our own Lancaster county, and its political "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," may have furnished the author with some of the material for his very vivid and realistic descriptions of political primaries, conventions and their manipulation, and mass meetings and stump speeches. At any rate the author very clearly did not compose them out of the "fabric of a dream," but knows whereof he speaks. Some of his leading characters, both good and bad, might possibly be traced to their originals here in Lancaster

county. But of this I cannot speak with any degree of confidence, as I am not well enough acquainted either with the inside of our political machinery or its machinists. I am rather inclined to think, however, that the author has not tried to picture any particular individuals, but has simply given us types, a sort of composite picture of politics and politicians in general.

The hero, Walter Graham, is a noble fellow, not faultless, but human; with high aspirations, plenty of energy and pluck, and talent enough, coupled with his industry, perseverance and sterling integrity, not only to make him rise as a brave soldier from the ranks to the office of a major, but after the war also to win him at last a seat in Congress.

The anonymous author evidently has faith enough in our people and institutions to believe that purity, honesty, and courageous adherence to principle and conviction are not a bar to political preferment. His hero is an illustration of this; and it is skillfully carried out. In fact the development of Graham's character, from boyhood, when he knocked another boy down for bullying a little negro lad, through the heroic days of battle and suffering during the war, and the final enjoyment of honor and fame in Congress, is strongly and consistently done. But perhaps the best character in the whole book is old Mr. Williamson, the sturdy, wise, and far-seeing old Quaker abolitionist, who though scarcely a leading character is yet one of the most important in the story.

Let it not be supposed from what I have said, however, that *Walter Graham, Statesman* is only or mainly a political novel. The tender passion plays a leading role, and from it come many of the most interesting, pathetic and also amusing situations in the book. The growth of the sentiment in Graham on the one hand, and Blanch Morton, afterwards Mrs. Graham, on the other, is cleverly traced, with the proper amount of romance, disappointments and surprises.

Some of the strongest passages in the book are descriptive, such as those giving us the experiences of the young recruits off for the war; the escape of Graham from his Southern captors; and that of the several political conventions before referred to.

Altogether the novel is one Lancaster county need not be ashamed of, if indeed I am correct in my inference that it is a Lancaster product. I know of no work that gives a better idea of the sentiments prevalent among the people of the North, especially in our rural districts, of the growth of the abolition sentiment, and of the many bits of unwritten history and currents of unrecorded feeling and influence, which were the fruitful soil out of which grew those more patent, though scarcely more important, events that alone are deemed worthy of being chronicled in our formal "histories." Strictly speaking, *Walter Graham* is a historical novel, to be classed, if anywhere, in the same species with Tourgee's semi-historical tales.

Don't ask me to guess who the author is. He might be any one of a dozen men, or women, we all know. I say men or women; for it is by no means clear from the book itself that the author is not a woman—though of that I am not a very good judge. If I might hazard

an opinion on the subject at all, I should say the book was a maiden publication, but not a maiden effort. The length of the story leads me to this opinion, as do also some defects of style resulting from the haste and impatience of a writer not yet hardened enough coolly to let his story wait while he critically polishes his pen and furbishes his style. To the deeply interested novel reader, however, length is a virtue rather than a failing, and defects of style are scarcely noted by him who is absorbed in the glow of feeling or rush of events pictured for him.

All our booksellers, I understand, will have *Walter Graham* on their counters in a day or two. If you are wise you will secure an early copy. For, of course, every man, woman and child in the county will want to read this, one of the first and only novels ever produced here. And whatever else they may think of it, I know they will all pronounce it exceedingly interesting. The handsome style, moreover, in which it will appear, will be an added reason why it should become a popular book for a Christmas gift, although there might be this danger, that unwittingly you might present the unknown author himself with his own work! For in all likelihood he, or she, is the very person whom we least suspect. Anyhow, *Walter Graham, Statesman*, ought to become one of the most popular books of the season here at Lancaster.

Last month, you may remember, I told you about Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s exquisite holiday edition of Dr. Holmes's "One Hoss Shay, and Its Companion Poems." Since then I have put on Our Book-Shelf another little volume from the same artistic Riverside Press, equally dainty and æsthetically satisfying, though wholly different in contents and form. It is Mr. Whittier's *Snow-Bound* (price, \$1.50), a "Winter Idyl," as it is aptly called.

Of course you are familiar with the poem itself. In my estimation, Mr. Whittier reached the high-water mark of his poetic work in this charming piece. It will live as long as anything he has written. And in the form in which it appears in this holiday edition it will achieve new popularity and favor. It is poetically printed and bound, if the expression be allowed me. The snow-white vellum cover has stamped upon its side and back the title in icy-blue letters, while instead of being gilt top, this also is in the same suggestive shade of blue. In a double sense the poem is snow-bound.

The typography and press-work, the soft, snowy paper, the perfectly proportioned page, and the lovely little monotypic illustrations, are a combination that is calculated fairly to enchant the lover of the beautiful in books. I have never seen anything finer than those illustrations, so harmonious with all the rest, so fully a part of the poem itself! Such an air of delicate refinement about the whole book! It would seem like a profanation almost for such a volume to fall into the hands of any one but a true book-lover, one to whom a thing of beauty is a joy forever. Therefore, I pray you, in selecting your Christmas gifts, choose this only for your gentlest and most finely-strung friend. For your other friends a more expensive and a more bulky book will do.

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