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THE REV. CHARLES L. FRY, }

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"SEE, where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky."

Editorial.

AGAIN we remark that no signs of mourning, or words of praise, for a person after death can atone for, or make people forget, the unkind and uncharitable speeches made concerning that person while alive.

Charity towards the living, not the dead, is the greatest of the Christian graces.

TO BE willing to work only when you are at the head of an enterprise is little less reprehensible and scarcely more useful than never to be willing to work at all. The "good and faithful servant" is he who works with equal zeal and cheerfulness wherever the Master puts him and to whatever task he is called. Only he who proves himself a good follower is fit ever to be a leader. The former is often more difficult than the latter; and faithfulness is ever as meritorious in the one as in the other.

WE have received from the W. C. T. U. Bureau of Mercy a pamphlet calling attention to the shocking cruelties perpetrated upon dumb beasts in the name of science. We are convinced that not one out of five hundred cases of vivisection is of real use to the experimenter or of benefit to science; while we are just as sure that it engenders a callousness of sensibility, and deadens the moral sense of the operator, that without giving us better physicians cannot fail to make them worse men. As all too commonly practised vivisection is an inhumanity that should not be tolerated by law and ought to be cried down by all. It is a disgrace and not a help to science.

How does it happen that all the rowdies and loafers of the community and the reporters of the daily press always manage to find out when and where a cock-fight is to be held, and manage to be there to see it, while our police and other guardians of public morals and of the law remain in blissful ignorance of it? The disreputable "sport" is getting to be of all too frequent occurrence, even within the city itself, for decent citizens to tolerate it in silence any longer. It is a disgrace that ought to be promptly stopped. It is a defiant breaking of the law the very possibility of which reflects shame upon the authorities, and upon the city. We call upon those whose sworn duty it is to wake up and *do* their duty.

IN the death of the historian George Bancroft America has lost one of her most distinguished and useful citizens. To few men is it given during their own lifetime to secure so wide and lasting a reputation as he enjoyed. And fewer yet succeed in so

truly and fully completing their lives and life-work. Fortune favored him from the very beginning of his life, and he proved himself worthy of the favor. Graduating at Harvard, when only sixteen years old, he continued his studies, chiefly linguistic and theological, in Germany, under such world-renowned teachers as Heeren, Eichhorn and Blumenbach, and broadened and deepened his mind by personal contact with scholars and thinkers like Hegel, Schleiermacher, Wolff, Cousin, Humboldt, Niebuhr and Bunsen, and when but twenty-five years old deliberately entered upon his life-work as the historian of America. The first volume of his history appeared in 1834, the last in 1874, though he added two volumes, on the formation of the Constitution, in 1882, when also the "last revised edition" of the whole work appeared, complete in six volumes, that will ever remain his enduring monument, though he wrote also a number of other works of political and literary interest. His was a busy, useful and honored life.

IN the appointment of our brilliant young townsman and valued contributor, William Uhler Hensel, to the honorable and responsible office of Attorney General, Governor Pattison has honored himself, and has restored and strengthened our confidence in his judgment and sense of right. Mr. Hensel is more than a mere politician in the ordinary acceptance of that term. He has all the qualifications, of mind and character, that go to make a real statesman. Quickness of perception, acuteness of discernment, a remarkable faculty of compassing details without losing his grasp on principles or narrowing his comprehensive breadth of view, a student of the philosophy of events and the fundamental laws of human history and development, of scholarly tastes and attainments, yet eminently practical in all things, capable of an enormous amount of work, an orator without a superior anywhere, and equally finished and graceful as a writer and conversationalist, he has a future before him full of promise and big with opportunities of usefulness for his fellow men and honor for himself. May God sustain and direct him under the responsibilities these gifts bring with them, and bless him in his high calling, that the confidence and hopes of his friends be not disappointed!

OUR valued contributor, Julius F. Sachse, Esq., has just completed in the "Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography," a valuable contribution to the local history of our county in his "Registers of the Ephrata Community." It consists of a list, fuller and more complete by far than any before published or even deemed possible, of "the Brothers and Sisters who, in and without Ephrata community died," from 1728 to 1811. The list contains three hundred

and seventy-seven names belonging to the secular congregation at large. A second register is that of the monastic Brotherhood, and a third that of the Sisterhood of "Spiritual Virgins." The compiler has given in his copious and valuable notes the secular names of all as far as known, with biographical notes concerning most of them, derived from some of the unique and rare Ephrata prints and manuscripts in his possession, of which he has one of the fullest and most valuable collections in existence. He has reprinted the "Registers" in pamphlet form with a beautiful picture of the first "Old God's-Acre at Ephrata," reproduced from a negative taken by Mr. Sachse himself, for he is an amateur photographer as well, and frequent contributor to the *American Journal of Photography*. Our readers will be glad to know that another article from his pen will appear in CHRISTIAN CULTURE at no far distant date.

THE PASTORAL RELATION.

The relation of pastor and people is one of the closest and most sacred that exists on earth. It ought also to be one of the most pleasant, mutually profitable and precious. When it is not such, the fault lies not in the relation, but with either or both of the parties to it.

The pastor who regards his calling simply as a means of making a living, is foolish for not exchanging it for something else, less responsible and wearing, and more lucrative. His relation to the members of his charge cannot be other than irksome and often very burdensome; because his interest in them is at bottom nothing but self-interest. Similarly the congregation that looks upon its minister merely as an employe, can know nothing of the preciousness and profound satisfaction, joy and happiness of the relation.

When the relation is rightly recognized, it goes far deeper than any mere official status. The true pastor is the intimate, personal friend of every individual member of his church. It ought to be the deepest and closest of all friendships, for what other human being enters as an essential factor so profoundly into so many of the most important and sacred experiences of a Christian's life? His hands first were laid in prayer and blessing on our head, when as an infant our parents solemnly dedicated us to God in holy baptism. Before him we offer our vows when we enter into communion with the church. It is he who speaks the words that in the name of God declare us to be husband or wife. From his hands we receive the blessed sacrament. To him we go when the heart is heaviest and the soul overburdened with trouble. He comforts us in the dark hours of weary watching by our loved ones' sick bed. And he goes with us when we lower the dear one's body into the cold, cold ground.

Literally, if he be a true pastor, he rejoiceth with us in our rejoicing, and weeps with us when we weep. He enters into our every feeling and every experience, until, as it were, he becomes part of our very life.

Is all this nothing? Can it be lightly treated by any right-minded person? This vital relationship, with all it implies, is it to be forgotten or recklessly destroyed at the first mistake either makes, at the first difference of opinion, taste, or sentiment on any subject? Surely not. Rather is it to be fostered and cherished by every means, and highly prized as one of the richest privileges granted by God to man.

THE LESSON OF THE SIOUX UPRISING.

In some respects perhaps the recent uprising of the Sioux Indians may result in good. Indifferent, even phlegmatic, as the public usually is, it has a deal of latent common sense and common justice, which only need to be thoroughly aroused to bring about quick and thorough reform. And when there is strong suspicion that the leader of the Indians, Sitting Bull, was assassinated contrary to all civilized right and usage; when the commander of the white United States troops has to report that, at the Wounded Knee massacre, they killed of the enemy, "84 men, 63 women and children;" and when, after their surrender, and under pledge of safe conduct, a chief and his wife, and perhaps several companions, were cowardly ambushed and murdered by white men; when such things become known, as they have, there is reason to hope that the public's sleeping sense will see that white men may be even more savage and treacherous than the red, and its sleeping justice will at length be willing to hear both sides of the story of the uprising.

Indeed, it is now pretty generally understood and acknowledged by all intelligent and fair-minded persons that the Sioux outbreak could have been avoided if the government had paid the Indians the debts it owed them, and given them the rations promised and due them, and if it had not removed good and experienced agents without cause, save to make room for political workers, who, of course, were incompetent and inexperienced agents. The fact is the Indians had to choose between two courses: first, to remain on the reservation with no chance that they saw of escaping starvation and freezing; or second, to revolt and run the chance of victory with plenty to eat, and wherewith to clothe themselves. They chose the latter, and can we blame them much? Gen. Armstrong, in his report dated April 7th, 1890, foretold the whole thing, and warned the government not to reduce the allowance of beef by one million pounds as was proposed and afterwards done. As he then wrote, "men will take desperate remedies sooner than suffer

hunger." But the inspector's warning was not heeded. The supply was cut off; the old agent was removed; the Indians felt themselves again cheated, and saw starvation before them. They preferred to die fighting for their rights and their honor—though probably they did not expect their wives and children to be butchered and their chiefs assassinated. They imagined they were fighting with a civilized foe!

If the Indians had done what the whites did, and the latter what the former did, would not every one be outraged at the treachery and murderous cruelty of the Indians, and sound the praise of the white man's honor and bravery? Why should the color of the parties' skins affect the verdict of the public conscience? Is not right always right, and everywhere?

But the wrong has been done. Brave lives and much of the public's money have been sacrificed in an unnecessary and unjust war. This cannot be undone. But the same wrong leading to similar results can, and assuredly should, be prevented in the future.

First of all then, let it be insisted upon that Civil Service Reform rules be at once applied to the appointment of all officials and teachers among the Indians. In no other department of the service is this a more self-evident necessity. In none other are honesty, efficiency, and the certainty of tenure of office more important. What is there to prevent President Harrison from at once insisting on this needed and loudly called-for reform?

Next, let justice, though tardy, be immediately done by paying the Sioux the debt that is honestly owing them; and by redeeming the pledges made to them so far as sending them the needed supplies is concerned.

Finally, let the appropriation asked for by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the payment of Indian police, for surveys, and agricultural implements, etc., be promptly made by Congress.

These are only a few things that common sense as well as justice demand. The government cannot afford to refuse or put them off. They call for immediate action.

LONGEVITY AND FAME.

If all generals had died at Alexander's age, all poets at Marlowe's, all statesmen at Pitt's, all philosophers at Spinoza's, how many men would have missed reputation! Hannibal, indeed, was only 29 when he invaded Italy, Conde but 22 when he won Rocroi, and Napoleon, according to the alleged date of his birth, 27 (more probably 29), when he started on his Italian campaign; but Cæsar was 45 when he commenced the conquest of Gaul, Gustavus Adolphus 37 when he defeated Tilly at Leipsic, and Cromwell 45 when he gained Marston Moor. Frederic II., though only 28 on overrunning Silesia, was 43 when he embarked in the Seven Years' War. Washington was 43 on his

appointment to the command of the army. Wellington, had he died at 39, would have been known merely as a promising Indian officer. Keats, dying at 25, Shelley at 30, Byron at 36, had achieved fame; but these are brilliant exceptions of precocity. Had Goethe been as short-lived as Marlowe, he simply would have been the author of *Götz von Berlichingen* and of *Werther*, works which cannot compare with those of the men just named. Even Shakespeare, early as he began to write, would not, had he died young, have bequeathed us *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, or *Lear*, but merely his minor plays, some of them remodeled rather than original works. Spenser was 37 when he began publishing the *Fairy Queen*. Milton was 52 when he set himself to writing *Paradise Lost*. Dante was 37 when banished from Florence, and he had scarcely commenced his great poem. Virgil was 34 when he began the *Georgics*, and 44 when he began the *Æneid*. Tennyson, though only 21 on his first appearance in print, was 41 on the publication of *In Memoriam*; but Browning at 30 had issued examples of nearly all his varied work, ranging from *Pauline* to some of his most famous dramatic lyrics, and including *Pippa Passes*. Schiller, it is true, produced his *Brigands*, the work of fervid youth, at 22, but he was 40 when he commenced with *Wallenstein* his series of masterpieces. Burns, again, was famous at 27, but Scott was 37 when *Marmion* appeared, and Wordsworth was 44 when *The Excursion* saw the light, though it may have been years in preparation.

Statesmanship and youth cannot be expected to go together. Pitt, indeed, was prime minister at 24. Burleigh was Elizabeth's minister at 38, and Walpole was premier at the same age; but Walpole's long lease of power did not commence till he was 44. Fox was 56 when he became foreign secretary. Palmerston did not reach the highest post till he was 70, his long premiership not beginning till he was 75. Gladstone was not premier till 59. Beaconsfield, albeit premier for a few months at 62, was 68 when he entered on a six years' term of office. Cavour was 50 when he undertook the liberation of Italy. Bismarck was 48 when he gained power.

Philosophy also implies mature years. Pascal, indeed, died at 39, but Bacon was 59 when he published the *Novum Organum*; Descartes 48 when he fully expounded his doctrines in his *Principles of Philosophy*; Hobbes 54 when he appeared in print; Kant 57 when he issued the *Critique of Pure Reason*. Rousseau, only 37 when he wrote his paradoxical defense of barbarism, was 50 when he published his *Social Contract*.

—*The Atlantic Monthly for February.*

MANNERS vs. MORALS.

We have to fall back at last for the standard of good manners and good morals not upon the few, but upon the many. The masses of the people are unquestionably more critical as to morality than any exclusive circle; and as to the essentials—not the conventionalities—of good manners, they are to be found more securely among the many than among the few. We have the high authority of Bronson Howard for saying that a Bowery audience is far quicker than a fashionable New York audience to frown on anything really immoral in a play. More than one English nobleman has been forgiven in

American drawing-rooms for conduct which would have caused him, if known, to be summarily ejected from a Rocky Mountain mining camp. Howells, with his usual penetration, selects a rough Californian as the man who patrols the sleeping car to be the self-appointed protector of the ladies. An unprotected girl may travel by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and meet with less of real rudeness or unkindness than she might encounter in a single evening, even from her own sex, at some very exclusive ball. The little social circles have their value; they furnish a part of the education and experience in social life. Where they happen to be under the leadership of a really cultivated and high-minded woman—like the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor, for instance—they afford not merely a school of deportment, but of life. Where they are—as is quite likely—under a very different style of leadership, the results correspond. "He despises me," said Ben Jonson, "because I live in an alley. Tell him his soul lives in an alley." In all parts of the world there are women whose forms are covered with diamonds, but who still carry the habits of the alley in their souls. In the long run, the safety of our national morals and manners does not lie in any of the little social circles, but in the average sense and breeding of the vast public from which those circles are constantly recruited.—*T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.*

GRIEF.

BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER.

Sometimes when joyous life is at its flood,
And youth's fast changing scenes are full of light,
When passing days but tell of time's swift flight,
Towards still returning joys, our happy mood
Feels sudden chill at hand, as though a brood
Of dark-winged messengers had come to blight
The face of all the world. Like sombre night,
Whose shades upon each sunny day intrude,
Pale, silent grief, with footsteps grave and slow,
Drapes everything in gloom. Her face doth mar
Our close, sweet view of life; but as we go
Along the thorny path she treads, we are
With mild insistence led from earth—and lo!
Before us shine the gates of Heaven ajar.

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.—The Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary of St. James' Parish, is hard at work preparing suitable boxes for missionaries and their families. The invitation to work or to give is repeated, but the old story is still true: the few work and give.

The rector has accepted the invitation to co-operate with the clergy of the city in the presentation of the needs of the Lancaster Bible Society, on Sunday evening, February 8th.

The Rev. Mr. Moran, formerly of Columbia, Pa., now the venerable Archdeacon of Annapolis, will preach in St. James' church, on Sunday, February 1. He is to present the question, "The duty of the church to the colored people."

The church is again dismantled of her Christmas

decorations. The change in color of the altar cloths from white to purple reminds us that we have entered the penumbra of Lent, and bids us prepare for the forty days of abstinence and introspection.

Bishop Rulison will visit Lancaster to administer the rite of confirmation on March 15. He will be at St. James' church in the morning, 10:30, and at St. John's church in the evening.

Mr. Walter Bausman has handed his official resignation to the Registrar of the Parish. The value of Mr. Bausman's services is duly acknowledged. The present efficiency of the choir is the result of his energy and ability. Mr. Bausman has special qualifications for directing a vested-choir. In addition to his musical attainments he possesses a personal magnetism which is very attractive to the growing boy, and inspiring to both boys and adults.

LUTHERAN.

Trinity.—Last month the Sunday-school contributed one hundred and fifteen dollars for missions, and paid a year's salary of a native catechete in India.

A beautiful memorial tablet will be placed on the wall of the school room in the chapel, in remembrance of the late superintendent, Wm. G. Baker. The inscription will be on a scroll-work of pure white marble, with a background of ebony.

The set of altar cloths for the various seasons of the church year has been completed by the vestry's recent purchase of the crimson. The shade is very rich, and presents a pleasing contrast with the old.

Next Tuesday evening, February 3d, Rev. Dr. Jacob Fry, of Reading, will deliver in the chapel, at 8 o'clock, a second lecture on his Oriental travels. Jerusalem and the Holy Land, as they once were, and as they are now, will constitute the theme. The proceeds of the admission fees, at 25 cents, will be devoted to the Junior Missionary Society's present work of furnishing the chancel furniture for the First English Lutheran church of Milwaukee, Rev. W. K. Frick, pastor.

A special litany service will be held at 7:30 P. M., on Ash Wednesday, which has been particularly set apart by the General Council as a day of self-examination, fasting and prayer. Half-hour Vesper services will be held in the chapel at 5 o'clock every Monday and Friday during Lent.

The class of catchumens, which numbers sixty persons, will be the tenth annual class confirmed by the present pastor, he having begun his ministry in this church in the autumn of 1881. During this decade he will have received nearly five hundred souls into the communicant membership of the congregation.

The barrel of blankets, woolens and flannels, sent by the missionary society a fortnight ago to the far remote frontier of North Dakota, was as substantial a donation of winter fabrics as has been packed for years.

MORAVIAN.

At the annual election of church officers held on the evening of January 14th, the following were chosen members of the Board of Elders: Isaac Long, Andrew Chambers, Abram Beam and Jacob Maurer; while the Board of Trustees now consists of Geo. K. Reed, Dr. M. W. Raub, E. D. Hurst, Geo. Geiger, Chas. L. Gill and A. Reese Stamy. The pastor *ex-officio* chairman of both Boards.

The "Silver Tea" given by a number of ladies in the hall of the old stone chapel, on January 23d, was a charming affair socially, though in a quiet and somewhat subdued manner, owing to the sad bereavement of two families in the church. It differed in nothing from a private Tea, save that the guests dropped a silver quarter into a contribution plate upon entering. Tea and bouillon were served, with bread-sticks, wafers, salted almonds and bon-bons, besides ice cream and a variety of cakes. Some exquisite vocal and instrumental music was rendered during the evening by different members and friends. The arrangement of the hall, like a large parlor, with rugs, sofas, arm-chairs, candelabra, etc., was much admired. The Tea should be repeated soon.

One of the most delightful occasions ever enjoyed in the church was the reception given to the pastor and his family on Monday evening, January 26th, in honor of the tenth anniversary of his coming to Lancaster. It was a thorough surprise to the pastor, who with his family were called from the parsonage to the hall of the chapel, where fully 200 of the members of the church met them with the streams of "Blest be the tie, etc." Dr. M. W. Raub, then, in behalf of the people, spoke some hearty words of love and appreciation, and as a memento of the event presented the pastor with a valuable Bible for the study, and his wife with a handsome piano lamp. Dr. Hark briefly responded, expressing his exceeding gratification and heartfelt thanks to all. Then all helped themselves to buns and coffee from the large table spread in the hall, and a generally good time was had. The reception was first suggested by one of the young people's circle, but as everyone who heard of it wanted to join in, it became a general congregational affair, in which nearly every family in the church was represented, spontaneous, cordial, thoroughly genuine as an expression of love and esteem, showing how closely ten years' intimate association had knit the heart of pastor and people together.

Over all the joyful occasions of the month an air of seriousness and even solemnity has been spared by the unprecedented number of deaths that have occurred since the opening of the year. Every class of the congregation has been bereaved. First came the aged Bro. Daniel F. Eberman, a revered elder of the church. Then followed, suddenly, little Helen Reed, the winsome seven-year-old daughter of Brother and Sister John F. Reed, of scarlet fever. She was quickly followed by Bro. Henry Blickenderfer, in the prime of manhood. Next was suddenly called the single Sister Fannie Sackett, in the bloom of youth and beauty; and three days after the second little daughter of Bro. and Sister Reed, Miriam, of the same dread disease as her sister. The sympathy of the whole community is with the bereaved ones.

REFORMED.

First.—The committee appointed by the late General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States to revise and improve its Constitution met in the Study of the First Reformed Church of this city, on Tuesday, the 20th ult. It was engaged on the work assigned it for the greater part of three days and then adjourned to meet in Philadelphia, in June, next. The members of the committee present were Revs. H. H. W. Hibshman, D.D., of Cincinnati, O.; John M.

Titzel, D. D., of this city; John Bachman, of Cincinnati, O.; J. S. Kieffer, D.D., of Hagerstown, Md.; and Marcus Bachman, of Baltimore, Md.; and Elders C. M. Boush, Meadville, Pa., and J. W. Bickel, Norristown, Pa.

The regular monthly missionary meeting of this church will be held on Wednesday, the 4th inst. An attractive programme has been prepared for the occasion.

The Choral Union of this Church will give a free musical entertainment in the Lecture Room of the church on Friday evening, the 6th inst. This entertainment promises to be of a very interesting character.

The song service of the church, which is held every Sunday evening at 6:15 o'clock, is largely attended and much enjoyed by all present.

St. Paul's.—At a recent meeting of the consistory the following persons were nominated for officers in St. Paul's Reformed church: Elders, Chas. Denues, Esq., D. C. Haverstick, E. S. Leinbach; Deacons, S. M. Bausman, P. P. Kaufman; Trustee, George E. Zellers.

A special collection for the City Bible Society will be received on Sunday morning, February 1. The congregation will also join in celebrating the anniversary of the Bible Society on Sunday evening, February 8.

The Junior Missionary Society held a very largely attended meeting at the home of Miss Bertha Haverstick, one of the members, at 312 North Lime street.

LANCASTER BIBLE SOCIETY.

At the annual business meeting of the Society on Tuesday, January 27th, the old officers were all re-elected.

The 72d anniversary will be celebrated on Sunday morning, February 8th, by services as follows: In the First Presbyterian church, Dr. Mitchell, there will join with that congregation, the Rev. C. L. Fry and Trinity Lutheran, Dr. Titzel and the First Reformed, the Rev. J. W. Meminger and St. Paul's Reformed, and Rev. Mr. Rumble. In the Moravian, Dr. Hark will preside, and the Rev. Percy J. Robottom and Dr. B. F. Alleman, make addresses; St. James' Protestant Episcopal and St. John's Lutheran congregations uniting with the Moravian. In Grace Lutheran, the Rev. E. E. Houtp residing; the First M. E., Dr. Vernon, St. Stephens' (College) Chapel, and Rev. Mr. Whitmer joining together. In the south-western part of the city, Revs. Reed, Lichlighter and Clark, will unite in Christ Lutheran church. In the southern part, St. Paul's M. E. and the Presbyterian Memorial. The German Lutherans will all unite in Rev. Mayser's church. The African M. E., in Strawberry street church. The remaining Germans will worship in Zion's German Reformed. In the Bethel Church of God, the Revs. Esterline, Hutzler, Eckert and Albright.

DORCAS SOCIETY.

Many worthy families have been helped by this society during the winter thus far. Before the season is over many more will need help. The funds are low. Let all friends of judicious charity come forward with their donations. They cannot be more worthily bestowed.

AN ARAB SAYING.

Remember, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; but it has perished not;
In other hearts 't is living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will nevermore return.

—Constantina E. Brooks.

In Social Circles.

Looking at society and its ways, one cannot help noticing how much interest is taken in all athletics, and, in fact, in all outdoor exercise. It seems to be an age for physical improvement, as well as mental, if not spiritual. The skating we had some time ago proved this delightfully. It was charming to see the young society women with the flush that the bright keen air had called to their cheeks. The creek was brightened by the throng of skaters, particularly the ladies.

There are quite a number of visitors in Lancaster at present, and the last two Assemblies were noticeable for the beauty and brilliancy of dress of the ladies attending. The next Assembly will be held on February 5th.

The rich are not the only ones who can heartily enjoy themselves, as is proved by the attendance at the entertainments given for the working people of Lancaster. They are quite the rage, and the last, held January 15th, was more crowded than ever.

At the first one, at which the F. and M. Glee and Mandolin Clubs assisted, tickets were positively coaxed for, and many persons would have given much to gain admittance, but it was meant for the working people, and to such the tickets were intended to be confined.

Master Hawthorn Steinmetz is starting out early in life to have a good time. To start with, his proud father and fond mother intend giving him a chance to present himself to society on February 5, when he will be baptized, by the Rev. Dr. Hark, in the presence of the beauty and talent of the city.

Lancaster is fairly excelling herself at present in the wedding line. Never within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" has there been such a long list of large weddings, each a social feature in itself. And besides this, the number of engagements shows that the taste of the Lancaster young man is decidedly matrimonial. Although, when you think of it, it is not always the Lancaster young man who displays the taste—it is the out-of-town young man. It is a pity that so many of our young women marry men from other cities; in that way we have lost quite a number of our favorite society ladies from our midst. And Miss Anne Smith Wiley adds another to the long

list by marrying Dr. A. B. Gloninger, of Lebanon. The wedding, which was a brilliant affair, took place in the Presbyterian church, on January 28th.

The Foot-Ball Association, of F. and M. College, will enable the citizens of Lancaster to enjoy a literary treat by getting Mr. Hannibal Williams to give one of his delightful Shakespearian recitals. Mr. Williams, we understand, will recite "The Taming of the Shrew," and in connection, the F. and M. Glee and Mandolin Club will give a short concert—their only public appearance in Lancaster before May 5. The recital will be given in the Chapel of Trinity church, on February 20th.

Miss Louise Reynolds made her debut in society at a party given by her mother, Mrs. George N. Reynolds, on January 27th. Miss Louise is a charming addition to the social ranks of our city.

Very delightful was the masquerade given in honor of Miss Aimee Best, by her parents, on January 26th. The motley company of princes, clowns, jockeys, fairies, flower girls, Japanese, Roman, French ladies, etc., was bewilderingly brilliant and beautiful.

On the same evening Mrs. B. Frank Eshleman and Mrs. Thos. C. Wiley gave a pleasant "Pink Tea" at the home of the former. The prevailing tone of everything was pink, yet not without a sufficient blending of other tints and hues in costumes and floral decorations to avoid anything like monotony of color.

The concert of the pupils and friends of the High Schools, in the Opera House, on January 29th, was a most creditable affair. It is doubtful whether there is another public school in the State that could give so choice a selection of musical renderings in so superior a style of execution as were those of this concert. Lancaster has reason to be proud of the musical taste and attainments of its schools.

In case we should have any women in our local social circles who are inclined to sarcasm, or "smartness," as it is often called, the following true words from *The Ladies' Home Journal* are commended to their careful consideration:

"In good society the sarcastic woman is ever dreaded and always feared. She cannot be 'snubbed' or silenced, because she is not fine enough to understand when she is not wanted, nor wise enough to accept the kindly rebuke which is the only form of 'snubbing' ever resorted to in truly good society.

"The sarcastic woman will make the rudest possible speeches to others, and even when proven wrong does not confess it. Strange to say, she is extremely sensitive concerning herself, and never forgives one who ventures to convince her that she is in error. * * No woman can be truly polite when she is guilty of any utterance which can possibly wound or injure another. The womanly woman, dear to her own sex, and respected by men, is not sarcastic."

It is to be hoped that the custom of having dinner and tea parties on Sundays, which some few are trying to introduce here, may be put down very decidedly and positively by our right-minded people. Its influence is utterly demoralizing, especially upon our young society people. Health and morals must give way if not even one day in seven be left us for undisturbed rest.

Many are the society folks who are secretly longing for the welcome rest of Lent. They need it, for much gaiety is a weariness of the flesh and spirit.

"IN DARKEST AMERICA."

Oh, sitting in your palaces, where soft the sunlight falls
Through rich-hued silken hangings, on stately pictured walls
Where, 'mid your costly playthings, the idle hours glide by,
Do ye hear, without, a distant shout—a long and bitter cry?

Do ye hear the tramp of thousands, in the early morning chill,
As they pass, in droves, to weary hours in workshop and in mill?

Do ye hear them ask from daily task an hour or two to spare,
A little leisure to enjoy what God hath made so fair?

Would it mar your dainty banquets, bedecked with costly flowers,
With sweetest music floating soft amid the fairy bowers,
To look into the tenements, where, 'mid the gathering gloom,
Your brothers herd, like folded sheep, in one close, squalid room?

Or see where, in dark alleys, all foul with mire and dust,
Starved children, pining women, toil for a scanty crust?
Or hear the saddest moan of all, when men have vainly plead
For roughest toil and poorest, to earn the daily bread?

Wake from your listless dreaming on silken couch of ease!
'Tis yours to crush these specters down, and others still than these.

If ye be Christians, as ye say, *this is His test alone:*
That each should hold his brother's good as sacred as his own!
—*Agnes Maule Machar in Christian Union.*

Local Lore.

WILLIAM HENRY.

BY JOHN W. JORDAN.

William Henry was born at the homestead on Doe Run, in West Caln township, Chester county, Province of Pennsylvania, May 19, 1729. His grandparents were Robert and Mary Ann Henry, natives of Scotland, but last from Colerain, Ireland, who came to the province in 1722, and purchased 200 acres of land in Chester county. With them came their sons John, Robert and James. Robert Henry, Jr., married Sarah Davis, removed to Virginia, and left issue. James Henry married Mary Ann Davis (sister of Robert's wife), died within a year, and his posthumous son lived but a few months. John Henry, the father of the subject of this memoir, married in 1728, Elizabeth, daughter of Hugh De Vinney and his wife, Mary M. N. Jenkins, who, in 1723, settled near the Henry plantation. This union was blessed by five sons and three daughters, William being the oldest child.

Of the youth of William Henry, there is but little to record, we know, however, that he possessed a mind by nature strong in its powers, and while prevented by circumstances from obtaining a thorough scholastic education, he was still ardently bent on the acquisition of knowledge. After the death of his father, in 1744, he was apprenticed to Matthew Roeser, a gunsmith, of Lancaster, of repute in the frontier trade, and soon after the expiration of his apprenticeship, in 1750, he commenced business on his own account. Upon the breaking out of the Indian war in the year 1754, he was appointed armorer to the troops collected for Braddock's expedition, and ordered to Virginia. (He also served in the same capacity with the Forbes expedition.) After the defeat of the expedition, he returned home and entered into partnership

with Joseph Simon, in the iron and hardware business, in addition to his manufacturing firearms.

It was about this date that William Henry's acquaintance with Benjamin West, then a tinsmith's apprentice, took place. One day he observed the young man chalking figures on a board fence, and was led to enter into conversation with him. West confessed that he desired to have paints and brushes to exercise his favorite art; thereupon Mr. Henry visited him and provided him with these requisites. His progress was such that he was induced to paint the portraits of Mr. Henry and other members of the family, who then suggested to him the propriety of devoting his talents to historical subjects. The death of Socrates was mentioned. The young artist knew nothing of the history of the great philosopher and, upon confessing his ignorance, Mr. Henry went to his library and took down a volume of Rollins' *Ancient History*, (not Plutarch's *Lives*, as stated by Galt in his life of West), the frontispiece of which represents a slave in the act of handing a cup of poison to Socrates. (This identical volume is now in the possession of James Henry, Nazareth, Pa.) West commenced the painting on a canvas thirty by forty-five inches, but having never yet painted nude or semi-nude figures he represented the difficulty to his patron, whereupon one of Mr. Henry's workmen was sent to him for a model. West's second picture was a landscape, which was also secured by Mr. Henry.* That West always cherished the most grateful remembrance towards Mr. Henry is known, and that this friendship was reciprocated is evident from the fact that Mr. Henry named his youngest son, who in after years also became a painter of considerable merit, after him.

The firm of Henry & Simon was dissolved in 1759, and shortly after Mr. Henry sailed for England. When off the mouth of the English Channel, the ship was captured by a French privateer and taken into a Spanish port, and it was five months from the time of his leaving home before he reached London. During his sojourn there, the invention of the application of steam by Watts to the propelling or setting in motion of machinery was a topic much discussed, and here the idea of its application to propelling vehicles and boats crossed his mind, that in later years was a subject of much attention and experiment.

Mr. Henry was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society, March 20, 1767, (on which day his friend, David Rittenhouse, was also elected), his certificate of membership being signed by Benjamin Franklin, as president.† In the year 1778, he invented "the self-moving or "Sentinel Register,"‡ followed in 1771, by the screw auger.

Among those antecedent to Fitch or Fulton,§ in the

*The grandmother of the writer, when she visited Lancaster to see her grandfather, remembered seeing hanging on the walls of several chambers in his house some rude attempts of West in colors.

†"The 2nd Volume of the Transactions of our Philosophical Society is now in the press and in good forwardness. It will be a neat and valuable Book; have you not something to communicate which you would wish to have inserted?"

Extract from letter of David Rittenhouse to William Henry, February 24, 1786.

‡For a description, see "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society," Vol. I., pp. 350; and the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, July 7, 1768.

application of steam as the motive power to propel boats, was William Henry. On the visit of Fitch|| to his house, he stated that "he himself had thought of steam as early as 1776, and had held some conversation with Andrew Ellicot on the subject, and that Thomas Paine, in 1778, had suggested it to him, but he never did anything in the matter further than drawing some plans and inventing a steam-wheel, which he showed Mr. Fitch, and said that as he (Fitch) had just published the plan to the world, he would lay no claim to the invention." The original drawings were found among his papers after his death.

The German traveler, Schoepff, who visited the United States in 1784 and 1785, spent some days in Lancaster. "Another talented and worthy gentleman," he writes, "named William Henry, I became acquainted with. Among other notable and ingenious things shown me by him was a small machine of which he was the inventor. An agreeable conversation between us as to the practicability of constructing a machine that would move forward against wind and tide gave occasion to its production to me. The machine is very simple and apparently will answer the purpose very well. A tin verge, such as are made use of in windows for the purpose of ventilation, has attached to its axis a spindle of about six inches in length. Mr. Henry said, that he could make *another machine which, if applied to a boat*, must move it forward against the current. This machine, he is, however, not willing to describe at present. He is confident that its use will, in a great degree, assist the propelling of boats up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers." And again: "I omit to mention other magnetic and electrical experiments which occupy Mr. Henry's leisure hours in an agreeable and useful manner, all of which indicate him to be a gentleman of refined mind and deep study."

If not the first, Pennsylvania was one of the first of the colonies to engage in the great system of public improvements. She merits unquestionably the credit of having attempted the first canal. Already in 1762 it was proposed to connect the waters of the Delaware with those of the Ohio, and as a part of this plan, in 1771, the Assembly took into consideration that great advantages must accrue to the trade of the Province in case an inland navigation could be effected between the branches of the rivers Susquehanna, Schuylkill and Lehigh. John Sellers, Benjamin Lightfoot and Joseph Elliot were appointed a commission "to examine the different branches of said rivers lying nearest to each other, to measure the most direct course and distances between them, to observe the soil and other circumstances in the immediate country, and report how far the said waters are or may be navigable up the branches thereof, and whether the opening or communication between them for the purposes of navigation or land carriage be practicable, etc." To this important commission William Henry was appointed on the resignation of Benjamin Lightfoot. They reported to the Assembly on January 30, 1773.

At an early stage in the controversy between Great Britain and her American colonies, William Henry, though a magistrate under the Proprietary government, warmly espoused the cause of his country, and

|| See Life of John Fitch, pp. 138 and 170.

his name is appended to the "Non-importation Act," passed by the merchants of Philadelphia in October of 1765. In 1775 he was appointed Commissary of the regiment of troops raised in Lancaster county to reinforce Arnold; in 1776 he was elected a member of the Assembly; in 1777, a member of the Council of Safety; appointed State Armorer 1778, and member of Congress 1784-86. During the session of the Congress of 1784 a deputation of Indians arrived at the seat of government, among them the Delaware chief Gelelemend, whose soubriquet among the whites was Killbuck. This chief formed the acquaintance of William Henry, and, entertaining for him a peculiar affection, proposed to cement it in the customary manner among Indians by an exchange of names. To this proposal Mr. Henry acceded, and the name of Henry is born by his descendants to this day.* Gelelemend united with the Moravian Indian mission at Salem, Ohio, in the summer of 1788, where in baptism he was named William Henry Gelelemend, *alias* Killbuck, after his friend. A son and grandson of William Henry, who in later years visited the mission, were called by his descendants "cousins;" the assumption of name was well known to them, and the choicest pieces of venison, bear's meat and wild turkey were always reserved for them at meal times.

In local affairs Mr. Henry also took an active part. From 1765 to 1775, he served as Assistant Burgess of the borough; from 1777 to his death, as Treasurer of the county; and in 1780 was appointed President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

During the Revolution, the house of Mr. Henry was a place of resort of men of culture and intellectual standing, and while the British occupied Philadelphia, David Rittenhouse, Thomas Paine and John Hart were his guests—the former using a room on the first floor for the office of the State Treasury. Of Thomas Paine, the political and deistical writer, it is on record, that he occupied a second story room; that he was often seen sitting in an arm-chair before a table covered with writing materials (the fifth "Crisis" was written in this room), a bottle of gin, and pitcher and tumbler by his side. He was slovenly and dirty in his dress, and his habits were disgusting to every member of the family, but William Henry informed them that his writings had a great effect on the war by urging the inhabitants of the colonies to oppose Great Britain. As soon, however, as his opinions on religion were found out, he was not encouraged to remain, a coldness sprung up, and he finally left the house.

In 1756 William Henry married Ann Wood, a native of Burlington, New Jersey, who proved to him a worthy helpmate during life, combining within herself every qualification to render him happy in his marriage relations.† His parents were Presbyterians, but when he came to live in Lancaster, he attended the Episcopal church. After his return from Europe he united with the Sadsbury Meeting of Friends, but

*The Rev. John Henry Killbuck, a lineal descendant of this celebrated chief and friend of the whites, is a clergyman of the Moravian Church, at present laboring in the mission in Alaska.

†In evidence of Mrs. Henry's superior abilities, as also of the confidence and esteem in which she was held, it may be stated that for several years after her husband's death she acted as Treasurer of Lancaster county.

in June of 1765, with his wife, they were admitted to the communion of the Moravian Church. While attending a session of Congress he caught cold, which developed into consumption, from which he died at his home, December 15, 1786. He was a man of strong and independent mind, easy in his manners and in conversation affable and entertaining. Shrewd in business transactions, faithful and generally acceptable as a public servant, his reputation for the strictest honesty and probity were never questioned.

The following letters out of Mr. Henry's official correspondence will explain themselves. They not only show the esteem in which he was held by the government, and deserved to be, for he made large personal advances to it during the Revolution, which were not reimbursed to his heirs until early in the present century—but they are also of independent local interest:

Sir.—You are hereby authorized to impress all the Blankets, Shoes, Stockings, and other Articles of Clothing that can be spared by the Inhabitants of the County of Lancaster for the use of the Continental Army, paying for the same at Reasonable rates or giving Certificates.

Given at Camp at Pennybacker's Mill, this 27th day of Sept., 1777.

GO. WASHINGTON.

To William Henry, Esq., Lancaster.

WAR OFFICE, YORK, 1st Oct., 1777.

Sir.—Be pleased to use every endeavor to expedite the March of any Troops at Lancaster so that they may join the General as speedily as possible.

RICHARD PETERS, *Secretary*.

W. Henry, Esq.

WAR OFFICE, 13th April, 1778.

Sir.—The Board of War request you will come to York, as soon as the business you are engaged in will permit, and they desire you will tell me, by return of the Bearer, when we may expect to see you.

HORATIO GATES, *President*.

William Henry, Esq.

WAR OFFICE, June 8, 1778.

Sir.—General Washington informs us that 1700 cartridge boxes are wanted in his army to furnish those who are destitute. Pray send immediately all you have, and set as many hands at work as possible in making more.

Wm. Henry, Esq.

JIM PICKERING, JR.

WAR OFFICE, May 24, 1779.

Sir.—There being a pressing demand for arms in Maryland, we are obliged to order the three hundred Muskets without Bayonets to the Head of Elk. Use every degree of Expedition as the arms are wanted for the Maryland Militia for the immediate defense of the State.

RICHARD PETERS.

IN COUNCIL,

PHILADELPHIA, January 27, 1781.

Sir.—The late unhappy discontent of the Pennsylvania Line, which have terminated almost in a very considerable Reduction, have rendered it necessary for us to adopt some plan of recruiting, by which like difficulties may not occur in future. . . and depending on your accuracy and regard to the Publick Interests have nominated you to attest the new enlisted Recruits, as well as to pay them the Bounty.

JOSEPH REED,
President.

William Henry, Esq.

LANCASTER, 16th May, 1781.

Dear Sir.—Your known attachment to the American cause, and the readiness with which you have on all occasions exerted yourself to promote the true interest of our Country, leaves no room to doubt but that everything in your power will be done for the immediate equipment of the dragoons belonging to this State. I have, therefore, called for . . . fitting out Sixty Horse of Col. Maylan's regiment, whose services to the southward is of the last importance.

ANTHONY WAYNE.

LANCASTER, 26th April, 1781.

Dear Sir.—I received your favour of the 23d inst., with a

paper, for which I am much obliged. Five hundred and two prisoners of war arrived here last week and one hundred and fifty-four this day. They are in the Barracks under a subaltern and a guard of twenty men. Several of them I intend to send to Jail, for they have been in our service and deserted. We will not be able to furnish meat for them—not even two-thirds of the allowance—therefore, would it not be well to give more Bread and less meat? This matter is worthy of your attention before you leave Philadelphia. Our town is now in distress for want of meats of all kinds. Mrs. Atlee and the children are well. Your Servant was taken ill, the Doctor says with Jail fever, but he will be removed to the Hospital in the Barracks.

I am with due respect Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

WILLIAM HENRY.

HON. W. ATLEE.

Penn. Historical Society, Phila.

MY BOOKS.

They dwell in the odor of camphor,
They stand in a Sheraton shrine,
They are warranted "early editions,"
These worshipful tomes of mine;

In their creamy "Oxford vellum,"
In their redolent "crushed Levant,"
With their delicate watered linings,
They are jewels of price, I grant;

Blind-tooled and morocco jointed,
They have Zaehnsdorf's daintiest dress,
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
But they gather the dust, no less.

For the row that I prize is yonder,
Away on the unglazed shelves,
The bulged and bruised octavos,
The dear and dumpy twelves—

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,
And Howell the worse for wear,
And the worm-drilled Jesuit's Horace,
And the little old cropped Molière,

And the Burton I bought for a florin,
And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd,—
For the rest I never have opened,
But those are the books I read.—*Austin Dobson.*

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 tending, every one of them, at all moments, whither we know, and much to be avoided.—CARLYLE.

There are few agencies more potent for good in a community than a live literary society. Of course, I don't mean by this anything like the average "literary society" existing in every church and village. The most of these are literary only in name. But once in a while one comes across one, perhaps where you least expect it, in which there exists a real literary spirit, and which does genuine and effective work in educating, cultivating, and refining its members, and not only its members, but the whole community in which it exists.

I have had considerable experience with literary societies, in country and in city, and I confess I have never known one, except, of course, the clubs of professional literateurs, which could be compared with our Cliosophic Club. In many respects it is a unique organization: as democratic as can be, yet very exclusive; exceedingly heterogeneous in its personnel, yet

quite homogenous in spirit; without a syllable of written constitution or laws, yet governed by unwritten laws unbending as those of the Medes and Persians; the brilliancy of its social features undimmed by the solid character of its literary work, and the latter unenfeebled by the former. Now in the twelfth year of its existence, it is more flourishing this season than ever before, and its influence stronger and more far-reaching.

One direction in which its influence is most positively and evidently felt is in guiding and stimulating the reading and thinking, not only of its hundred members, but of a good many hundred more with whom these come in contact, and by whom they are directly and indirectly influenced. Last year, for instance, when Russia was the season's subject in the Clio, there were more books on topics pertaining to Russia, its history, literature, art, etc., read in Lancaster, than was the case, probably, during the ten previous years combined. I was surprised more than once to find Russia the subject of discussion in gatherings not a single person of which was a member of the club. The Clio struck the keynote, and a large portion of the community ranged its reading, thought, and conversation in accord with it.

This season the subject is Art, and I venture to say that in no dozen years before have our bookstores sold as many works on the history, philosophy and nature of art as they have since this winter opened. All which is of incalculable benefit to the community.

Your humble servant, too, drifted into the current before the season had fairly commenced, and Our Book-Shelf is richer by several works on art because of this stimulus given by the Clio. Perhaps the most of these are not of the kind you care to be told about. Few people are in a position to take up the study of the philosophy of art, or to work their way through so long and technical a history of art as even Lübke's two royal octavo volumes are. What they want is a concise yet comprehensive sketch of the subject, unencumbered by details that are important only to the special student, plain and brief enough to be read and understood by any intelligent reader during the evening hours at home after the work of the day is done. Yes, and if possible interesting and entertaining enough to attract the young folks of the family to it, and give them an elementary knowledge of the subject so essential to every one making any pretense to culture.

Just such a work exactly I have come across—the best thing of the kind I have ever seen. It is a *History of Art* by Prof. Wm. Henry Goodyear, late curator of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, prepared, we are told, with special reference to "Classes, Art Students and Tourists in Europe," and published in an exceptionally handsome octavo volume of 377 pages by Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. When you get it, however, be sure to get the "revised and newly illustrated edition," otherwise you will be disappointed so far as the illustrations are concerned, and without derogating from the value of the text, to me at least, the illustrations are the most important and valuable part of the work.

So wisely have the upwards of three hundred full-page illustrations been selected from the truly typical works of the world's greatest productions in architecture, sculpture and painting, and so beautifully have they been printed, that from an examination of them alone one can very satisfactorily trace the development and decadence and revival of these arts from the earliest periods of historic art up to the modern. In this lies its value as an educational agent in the family. The children who will be attracted to it merely as a "picture book," will from the pictures derive no inconsiderable education, will without knowing it be beguiled into tracing the history of art, be taught the principles of art and imbibe correct taste.

It was a very happy idea, by the way, to print the illustrations in different monotypes. This not only makes the whole book more attractive, but in many cases brings out the important qualities of the work of art depicted as could not otherwise be done. The publishers certainly spared no pains nor expense in procuring and reproducing the wealth of illustrations given us. I doubt if there is any single art-history in existence that has so full and satisfactory a collection, one that so well *illustrates* the history. Certainly nowhere in so low-priced a work, for the work costs only \$3.50, with special rates for introduction into art classes. And I am as certain that in no popular work of the kind yet published in our country can there be found better specimens of artistic printing. It is equal to the best that has yet been produced. Many of the illustrations are simply superb. In fact they make so valuable and beautiful a collection that I am not surprised that the publishers have had to yield to the demand for a large-paper, uncut, sumptuously bound, *edition de luxe* of the work which can be had for \$5.00.

It is this wealth of intelligent illustration, coupled with the clear and simple arrangement of the history, and the brevity and untechnical plainness of the author's style, that make the work so specially acceptable and useful to the ordinary busy reader. The principles of each art, the characteristics of each period, school and style, are clearly stated, their changes and development traced, and the typical works of the great masters plainly described. So that in a comparatively small space one gets an excellent summary, a kind of birdseye view of the entire subject. I don't know whether the Clio has the volume in its "Alcove" or not. I think it ought to have; and what is more I think it ought by all means to be in our High School library, and on the shelves of the Mechanics', the Y. M. C. A. and the Workingmen's libraries. The people of our city need to have access to every such work that will help to educate and refine our art-tastes.

That reminds me of something else. No one who has never had the work of selecting books for a public library has an idea what a delicate and difficult task it is. There are comparatively so few good books that are at the same time instructive and popular. Take, for instance, the history of Germany. There are several excellent ones for the scholar's library, voluminous, circumstantial, reliable,—but dry as chips! I had a long and weary hunt for a good popular history of Germany, not too lengthy, reliable, and yet written

in a vivid, entertaining style; but I think I have found what I want.

The Three Germanys is the work I refer to. It is published in two handsome royal octavo volumes, with a number of tolerably good illustrations, by the same old publishing house that brought out the History of Art before spoken of, Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. The price of it, \$7.00, for a book of about 1,300 pages, is not too much, though proportionately much more than Prof. Peabody's richly illustrated volume. The "Three Germanys" of which it treats are, first, Germany from the beginning, up to the downfall of the first, the "Holy Roman Empire," through Buonaparte, *i. e.*, about 1806. This occupies the first volume. Then came the second Germany, the revolutionary period, up to the crowning of the old Kaiser William, on January 18th, 1871. From then to the crowning of the present young emperor, William II., belongs to the third Germany.

The history is not a scientific work after the manner of the the great historians of Ranke's school. But it has all the vividness and even sprightliness of a personal narration, an advantage it enjoys from the fact that its venerable author, the Hon. Theo. S. Fay, lived in Europe from the time when he was twenty-six years old, and therefore was an eyes-witness of most of the events, and a personal acquaintance of many of the most prominent persons, he describes, at least in his second volume. The revolutionary period and everything pertaining to the Franco-Prussian war he describes with great minuteness and picturesqueness. His sympathies are with the Germans, but he gives good and sufficient reasons therefor. He is thoroughly accurate and trustworthy in every respect; and, so far as known to me, there is no work in our language that gives as full, fair and eminently clear a history, especially of the Germany of the present century, as does this one. It is just the work I have been wanting for some time, and I have mentioned it here because I think not only our public libraries, but a good many private students of history will be glad to know of it.

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