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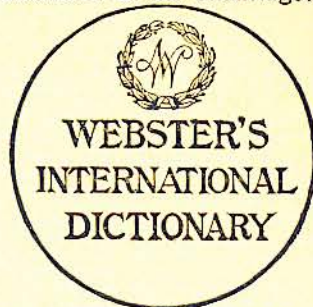
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THE REV. CHARLES L. FRY, }

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The editors do not hold themselves responsible for the views expressed by contributors or correspondents.

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LANCASTER, PA., NOVEMBER 2, 1891.

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No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

—Hood.

Editorial.

How are *you* going to vote next Tuesday,—according to your calm reason and sense of right, or according to the dictates of mere prejudice and partisan feeling?

THANKSGIVING DAY will be here before we know it. Let us not forget that it is a day for thanks-giving, not only for thanks-saying or singing;—not only a day on which to be thankful ourselves, but especially

one on which to make others thankful;—a day not only for blessing God, but also for being a blessing to our fellow men.

THE students of the Moravian College and Theological Seminary, at Bethlehem, Pa., are to be congratulated on the very handsome appearance of their newly established college paper, *The Comenian*. The appropriateness and chaste beauty of the cover reflect great credit on the artistic taste of Mr. Paul Beck, of Lititz. As the design of a Lancaster countian, we are proud of it, for we can honestly say that of all the many college journals we have seen there is none handsomer than *The Comenian*.

WE are glad to announce that the three gentlemen, pastors of three of our oldest churches, who last winter provided the series of popular Working People's Entertainments that did so much good, and were so highly appreciated, have arranged for another similar series this winter. It will be opened on the evening of November 25th, in the court house, with a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music, at which some of our very best local talent will participate. The entertainments will be scrupulously kept up to the high standard set for them last year. Nothing but the best of its kind will be given; nothing but what is refined and elevating, artistically, intellectually, and morally.

Is anything being done in our city towards systematizing and so organizing our charities that they may not do more harm than good? We waste enough money by our lazy, haphazard way of dispensing our charities to keep every poor family and individual in Lancaster, that is at all worthy, comfortably housed, clothed, and fed through the whole winter. And we do worse; we increase thereby, from year to year, at an alarming rate, the horde of shiftless, worthless, dangerous vagrants and criminals, who fill our almshouse and prison, and defraud our worthy poor of what might and should be their portion of a charitable public's sympathy and assistance. Let us stop doing evil from good motives. Let us stop being merely sentimental, and commence being sensible.

THE executive committee of our County Sunday-school Association, consisting of its officers, has issued a call for a one-day's County Convention on

Wednesday, November 18th, to be held in Trinity chapel in our city. An interesting, and what is better yet, an instructive programme is promised, consisting of papers, addresses and discussions of means and methods for the improvement of the work. These will occupy the morning and afternoon sessions. In the evening there will be a kind of Sunday-school mass meeting, with several stirring addresses, and good music,—something to fill the workers with fresh courage and enthusiasm in their work. A very large representation is expected from every denomination and every section of our county.

 WE notice with profound regret that the carriage horses of several of our most prominent citizens are still being tormented with the Kimball bit, or over-head check-rein. We believe it is only because their owners have never taken time to look into the matter; for we know them to be kind and considerate men and women, who would not knowingly cause a moment's unnecessary pain to their animals. Yet they are causing great pain and constant discomfort to their horses by allowing this bit to be used. I wish we could persuade them personally to examine into the matter, and forever throw aside that worse than useless instrument of torture. Besides, it seems a pity by its use in a few years to ruin the looks of some of the handsomest horses in town. Gentlemen, discard the Kimball bit; it will be an act of mercy, and will redound to your own interest as well.

St. Paul's Record is the name of a new local "journal, published monthly in the interest of St. Paul's Reformed church." It is a bright looking eight-page paper, edited by the Rev. J. W. Meminger, and giving all the news and prospects of his congregation, together with clippings from various sources. This makes the third local church paper that has been started in Lancaster within less than a year. Evidently the interests of our various churches are being diligently looked after in the field of local journalism. Meanwhile we feel that there is still room for CHRISTIAN CULTURE in our community, which, while advocating no denominational or personal interests, and the organ of no class or party, ecclesiastical, political or social, will continue to oppose the wrong wherever found, within and without the churches; frankly and independently to urge the right and proclaim the truth; and as earnestly as ever to devote itself wholly and solely "to the interests of the Christian thought and life of Lancaster."

 UNLESS we are mistaken few, if any, of our normal schools in the State have any adequate observance of Arbor Day, whether in spring or autumn. This appears to us to be a great mistake. They ought to be

the leaders in this work. If a proper sentiment in favor of tree-planting, preservation and nurture, is ever to become popular and strong enough to avail anything, it must be inculcated in the young, in the boys and girls of our public schools, who soon will be the men and women of the commonwealth. They must have this sentiment aroused and fixed in them chiefly by their teachers. The majority of these teachers are the graduates of our normal schools. But if these normal schools are indifferent in the matter, is it not natural and almost inevitable that the teachers who are sent out from them will likewise be indifferent and negligent? Perhaps that is the reason why comparatively so few trees are planted on Arbor Day by the schools of our county and State. Let the day be observed by our normal schools, in spring and fall, something after the manner and with the enthusiasm with which our city high school celebrates it, and we are sure that in a short time the good effect will be manifest throughout the State. Neglect of the day on their part is neglect of duty,—of an important duty.

UNITED CHRISTIAN WORK.

When a man refuses to join his fellow citizens in whatever efforts are being made for the public benefit, we call him selfish, lacking in public spirit, and not a good citizen. If he were to offer in justification that he did not agree with his fellow citizens on many questions, his excuse would simply be laughed at. Is it more selfish and mean-spirited in a man to be thus exclusive than in an association of men, a church? Is the excuse more absurd in one case than in another?

Certainly a vast amount of Christian work remains undone in the community, simply for lack of united effort in doing it on the part of the churches. Is this reasonable? Is it right? Is it Christlike?

If all the churches of Lancaster would join hands and heartily work together for the spiritual, intellectual, moral and physical uplifting and advancement of the community, what a power for good they might exercise! They might still hold to their various theories of religion and different modes of worship and methods of work. This need not keep them from uniting in the practical work of religion. In the face of the prevalent immorality, unscrupulous greed, the ignorance and degradation and want that abound on every hand, it is little short of sinful, and a perversion of the main purpose and intent of the Christian Church for so much of her money, energy, time and ability, to be expended on mere matters of denominational interest, and ecclesiastical organization, the "paying tithe of mint, anise and cummin," while "the weightier matters of the law" are neglected.

While emphasizing the community's duty to its

churches, the equally important duty of each church to the community is often lost sight of. There is so much zeal for "our church," that the great end, for the fulfillment of which the church is but a means, sometimes seems almost to be forgotten. What is your church for if not to help make the community purer, more honest, less selfish, more devoted to truth, to the right, to goodness in every form? United work for this end, free from denominational envy, pride and self-seeking, would surely be more in accord with the will of our one Master than all our short-sighted efforts merely to "build up our church," increase our denominational membership, and strengthen our separate ecclesiastical organization. These will follow if the former be attended to. Work for Christ and the least of his brethren, right here in Lancaster, is more needed, nobler and more blessed, than any work for a mere church organization. The former is Christian work; the latter is often not.

PERSONAL EFFORT.

No one at all acquainted with the work of this journal during the past will doubt our faith in the efficacy of organization in every good work. We will, therefore, not be misunderstood on account of the stress we lay on the paramount necessity of personal effort in what we have to say on this subject.

We thoroughly believe in organized effort, especially in all benevolent and philanthropic enterprises. But not less firmly are we convinced that without earnest, persevering, self-sacrificing personal work to supplement it, all the organizing in the world will amount to next to nothing. Indeed, one of the chief ends of all organization is simply this, to supply the means and encouragement, the moral and material backing, for the prosecution of personal, individual labors. It can never accomplish what the latter must do; as the latter can never fulfil the former's task.

In losing sight of these facts lies the danger of over organization, to which we often see reference made. People are apt to imagine that the society or the church which they join or to which they liberally contribute, will do the work; or that they can do their duty through the society or church. Hence we have so many such organizations that are more of an encumbrance and hindrance to real philanthropy than a help; and so many well-meaning individuals who spend hundreds of dollars every year for so called charity, which might as well have been buried in the ground for all the good that they do.

"For the gift without the giver is bare."

As a recent writer forcibly puts it, "Not money, but men, is what the world needs; not a check for a large amount, but a personal, intelligent interest, which gives what money cannot buy." We should rather

say, what the world needs is both; men and money, if possible; but where it can be only one, let it be the men, human hearts and souls, full of sympathy and good sense, of faith and hope and love.

That is what we need sorely right here in Lancaster, and now when the season is upon us that makes the largest demands upon the charitably inclined. We need it in our church work. If we mean to reach the hearts of the thousands who are spiritually starving and freezing, if we are to affect their lives and win them for the higher, truer life in Christ, we must offer them more and other than mere church edifices, eloquent sermons, and artistic music. We must offer them, bring to them, love and sympathy,—the sympathy and love of Christ, their brother and our brother. And the only way to do this is, not through impersonal societies, but by the personal interest of individual human men and women, through whose warm hearts the love and sympathy of Christ manifest themselves. To reach them and win them, Christ must be incarnated in individual men and women; the Word must again be made flesh; they must feel His helpful hand in the warm clasp of a real human hand, and see His brother-love in the tender love looking out from some pair of real human eyes. Nothing else can do it; nothing else than personal, face to face, hand to hand, contact with even the least of his brethren, the lowliest, the most abject and degraded.

And so of all work that is to touch and elevate and ennoble the real lives of men. It demands personal work. Our material gifts can supply only material wants,—and this must often be done first of all. Money will never buy a heart, even the meanest. It can be won only in exchange for a heart. To gain men's selves, and lead and lift them up, we must give our selves to the work. It is for lack of this individual devotion to the task, this personal effort, on the part of living, loving men and women, that, with all our many fine churches and well-equipped charitable organizations and liberal gifts and donations, comparatively so little is accomplished in making better the lives, changing the characters, and saving the souls of the masses.

TOWN AND GOWN.

For a long time Lancaster city and Franklin and Marshall College had only, as it were, "a passing acquaintance." Neither took much interest in the other. Occasionally they made a formal bow to each other, and that was all. Both suffered from it. The community received little if any of the educative influence that might and should have been exerted on it by the eminent institution of learning in its midst, and little, if any, of the prestige it might have gained from being a "college town." The college gained

little advantage, socially or financially, as it should have done, from being located in one of the oldest and historically most interesting cities in the State, and surrounded by one of the most populous and wealthy counties in the land. Mutual indifference of course meant mutual hindrance.

To-day all this is changed. The relations between "town and gown" are close and cordial; and already the beneficial results are manifest. It is recognized that the more vital this relationship becomes the better will it be in every respect for both. It is conceded that whatever the city does for the college is an investment that bears a good rate of interest and pays sure and large dividends. Nor are opportunities lacking for our citizens to make such investments. Legacies and endowments will never be refused,—so far, alas, the trustees have had little chance to refuse such from local sources! But in more modest ways also opportunities are given to strengthen and enlarge the usefulness of the institution. The college library ever stands ready to receive donations. It ought to have them. The physical culture department is even now making special appeals for means thoroughly to equip the gymnasium. Let these appeals be met with a liberal response. Finally, there is a movement now on foot, emanating from the scientific department, which appeals to the active sympathy and encouragement of our whole community perhaps more directly and strongly than any other, wherefore we dwell upon it specially. We refer to the efforts being made to establish a Biological Laboratory.

The purpose of this is to furnish a place and means for chemical, microscopic, and other analyses, for instance, of food, water, milk, etc., for the detection of impurities, bacteria, bacilli and disease-germs in general. Now, whenever such an analysis is required, as it not infrequently is by our board of health, and by our court, the matter has to be given into the hands usually of the University of Pennsylvania, by which much time is lost and more money. If we had such a laboratory here, in connection with our college, and in charge of the competent professor now at the head of the scientific department, all such work could be done right here at a merely nominal cost.

A Biological Laboratory would then be a direct and immediate saving of money for our city and county. It is something in which the community ought to be deeply interested as redounding to its own immediate benefit. Moreover, it is a necessary part of the proper equipment of the scientific department of the college, to which all too little attention was paid in the past. It is the one department in which our home college is still "behind the times," notwithstanding the great advances made in it during the last few years. The day has gone by when a college can maintain its place as a first-class educational insti-

tution by offering only one kind of education, instruction in the so-called classic or liberal branches. It must take in the other half of the world of knowledge as well, the so-called scientific. Times have changed. Not even a specifically theological school can any longer refuse or neglect to give some degree of attention to the physical sciences. The preacher who knows nothing about the principles, at least, of the leading natural sciences is nowadays at a great disadvantage in the battle for truth against error and evil. And even as well rounded scholars, symmetrically educated men, are demanded by the church and the world to-day, so is the demand for schools where every department of human knowledge is taught, and every department of instruction is equally well equipped.

If Franklin and Marshall is to continue its upward "boom," and ever to make its way to the forefront of American educational institutions, it must strengthen its scientific department; it must make itself strong, thorough, and well furnished on this side as it long has been on the other. And if Lancaster would share in the fame and prosperity of its college, it must do its part in bringing about this advance and improvement. Let the first step be the one lying nearest, the establishment of a Biological Laboratory. The sum required is less than we have frequently known to be expended on a single evening party in our social life, or on a single banquet by a few dozen of our business and professional men. Let that sum be raised in Lancaster, not, to our shame, abroad, lest it be said again as it has been said before, "Lancaster cares more for its stomach than for its mind; it prefers eating to education!" Refusing to take care of our college is neglecting to take care of ourselves.

MUSICAL MASTERS.

BY E. PAULINE COOPER.

VII. WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER.

II.

Meanwhile, Wagner never entirely gave up work on his great Tetralogy. The music to "Siegfried," which had been begun before the composition of "Tristan," was finished, after many interruptions, in 1869. One of those interruptions was a visit to Paris, where, in 1861, "the Parisians showed their taste and *chic* by whistling Tannhäuser off the stage." Nothing daunted, Wagner began to write the poem of "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," the sketch of which had been made as early as 1845. This work was originally intended as a sort of comic pendant to Tannhäuser. Closer study of the subject, however, brought to view the dignity of Hans Sachs and his burgher friends; and though there is a comic vein running through the opera, the figures of the mastersingers are anything but ludicrous. Pompous and dignified is the "motive" by which they are repre-

sented in the prelude. The action, supposed to have taken place in the sixteenth century, when the rise of "burgherdom versus feudalism and mediæval darkness" was beginning to be felt, gives a beautiful and impressive picture of the honest, aspiring "citizen-poets" of ancient Nuremberg. Walther's "Preislied" celebrates the triumph of free, soaring thought over confined, conservative rules and fixed principles. Anything more beautiful, more divinely expressive of pure, holy sentiments, more exquisitely tender and triumphant, even Wagner never wrote. But, as it is shown, though "natural impulse" conquers, it does not annihilate the rules of previous Art. As Dr. Hueffer puts it, "What Wagner wishes to point out is the necessity of conformity in Art, that unceasing effort even of secondary power, which is, as it were, the base and starting point of individual genius. The right to break forms and despise rules he only possesses who masters them." Thus, when the masters offer Walther a place amongst them, and he refuses, Hans Sachs reproves him and urges him to "Honor his German Masters and the sacred German Art."

Shortly after "Die Meistersinger" was begun, the ban of exile had been raised and Wagner again returned to the dear Fatherland. He now undertook a concert tour, going to the principal German cities, and even to Moscow and St. Petersburg. The theatres still avoided his later works, and it was not until 1864, when his brave and noble friend Ludwig II. of Bavaria called him to Munich, that he began to receive the recognition which was his due. Here in the following year was produced "Tristan und Isolde," and three years later "Die Meistersinger," both under the direction of Herr Hans von Bülow. Wagner, commissioned by his generous-hearted and appreciative patron, set to work with renewed vigor on his beloved "Ring." He retired for a time to Switzerland, where in solitude and loneliness he finished "Siegfried," and wrote the last great opera of the Tetralogy, "Die Götterdämmerung" (The Dusk of the Gods). This latter opera, however, was not finished till 1874, when Wagner was finally settled at Bayreuth. Here the famous theatre was at length begun. Societies were formed not only in Germany, but in other, and far-away lands. In New York, Warsaw, St. Petersburg, Brussels, Paris, Stockholm, Cairo, Milan, London, etc., everywhere did the master's devoted adherents work together for the cause of the new temple of art,—the Theatre at Bayreuth. Wagner, everywhere, himself conducted concerts to aid efforts of the societies. The work prospered and by 1875 the *ensemble* rehearsals with full orchestra gave abundant promise of a performance in perfect accord with the master's wishes. The auditorium proved to have excellent acoustic properties, and the invisible orchestra, about which there had been at first some doubt, was eminently satisfactory.

Meanwhile Wagner, whose first wife had died some years previous, married Cosima von Bülow (née Liszt), and with this kindred and sympathetic spirit, settled in his beloved home "Wahnfried," fit asylum of peace for that restless, busy soul!

The preparations being complete, the first great Wagner Festival took place in the summer of 1876, when "Der Ring der Nibelungen" was performed in its entirety. Those who have witnessed this wonderful performance can better judge of it than we who

have only heard concert extracts. It might be pardonable to say a word here, in connection with the producing of Wagner's music in sections at a concert. To those who already love and understand the master and his great teaching, it is undoubted pleasure. But there are those who neither love nor understand him, and, moreover, are predisposed to consider him noisy and incomprehensible. The effect of hearing the great thoughts, as it were, only half-uttered—thoughts which they are themselves unable to complete, only serves to irritate them against his music still more; and this rendering of Wagner excerpts in concert has thus, for the most part, only served as a strong weapon in the hands of the Philistines. Often Wagner's musical sayings, like Emerson's lofty writings, indicate only mountain peaks of thought, from one to another of which the loving disciples must themselves find the way, guided by the bright star of reverence and affection.

Space will not permit a detailed description of the entire "Ring." I can but hint at a few of the most wonderful effects. The magic scene of the Rhine-water, at first so dark that the forms of the Rhine-daughters are scarcely visible, the undulating, swelling music accompanying ceaselessly their weird songs. Then suddenly the Rhinegold is uncovered. A golden light floods the dark green depths of water, and the maidens utter cries of joy. . . . At the close of his Prologue (as "Das Rheingold" is sometimes called), is another wonderful effect. The gods, having satisfied the giants by giving them the gold, stolen originally from the Rhine-maidens, receive in return the beautiful Freia, goddess of Youth and Joy, and to the accompaniment of the majestic "Walhalla motive," walk processionally into their new palace over the rainbow bridge thrown by the god Froh. "The grand chords of the 'Walhalla motive' bring 'The Rhinegold' to a splendid conclusion."

The gods have entered Walhalla, but the curse of the gold is upon them. Wotan, withheld by his promise from wrenching the gold and the magic Ring from the "powers of darkness" foresees thus his own ruin and destruction. No one but a hero, guided by his *own free impulse*, can restore the gold to the Rhine. This, then, is the leading idea of the whole grand work. The triumph of free, pure, god-like impulse, which, though the individual is annihilated, lives on and conquers. "In this sense Siegmund and Siegfried, Sieglinde and Brünnhilde, become representatives of that pure fire of human aspiration which cannot be quenched by misfortune. They are crushed by a blind fate, but the essence of their being remains untouched by its strokes. They die, but they conquer." In order to create this hero, Wotan takes an earthly form, and his human wife bears him the two children Siegmund and Sieglinde, the Volsungs; their separation and meeting, the scene of their love, the battle with Sieglinde's husband, and Siegmund's final death, at the command of Wotan (who must himself bow to the necessity of Law), are the colossal and powerful contents of the first part of "Die Walküre." The war maiden Brünnhilde, touched with pity at the sight of the lovers whose happiness she is to destroy, tries to save Siegmund's life, for which disobedience she is doomed to lose her divinity. The "Ride of the Walküre" with its intense and powerful descriptiveness, and its wild weird calls, as the mighty

maidens leap from rock to rock, is beyond any orchestral effect imaginable. Then the "magic fire-scene," in which Wotan kisses away Brünnhilde's divinity, and puts her to sleep upon the rocky height!

No words can describe that music, suggestive as it is of the lost joys of Walhalla, godlike sorrow and majesty. Wotan, merciful at the last, promises to protect the maiden with a circle of magic fire, through which none but a hero can penetrate. Striking his spear into the rock, Loge, the fire-god, appears in his elemental form. "To the most enchanting and dream-like music of silver bells, harps and flutes, with an undercurrent of bass strings, the sleep of the Walküre begins."

I cannot pause to tell at length how Siegfried (son of Siegmund and Sieglinde) having reforged for himself the sword Nothung, and killed the giant Fafner, dragon-guardian of the gold, obtains possession of the treasure and the magic Ring. The scene of the "Waldweben," told as it is by the orchestra in subtle weavings of the "Slumber motive," the murmurings of the forest leaves, and the songs of the birds, is indescribably beautiful. Siegfried (having accidentally put his finger, wet with the dragon's blood, to his lips), becomes aware of the language of the birds, follows the one, which, singing loudly and clearly, tells of the sleeping Brünnhilde, mounts the rock, penetrates the wall of fire, and after a love-duet of marvelous beauty, the opera closes with "a long pæan of triumph."

And now the "Dusk of the Gods" is at hand. The events of the mighty dramas hasten to a close. Siegfried, leaving Brünnhilde, in search of knightly adventure, is decoyed into drinking a love-philtre, which makes him forget Brünnhilde on her lonely rock. The potion has been given by the advice of Hagen, repulsive son of Dwarf Alberich (first robber of the gold) and an earthly mother. The philtre causes Siegfried to fall in love with Gutrune, the sister of Hagen and Günther. Siegfried, to obtain Gutrune in marriage, promises to gain possession of Brünnhilde for Günther. The former's recognition by Brünnhilde and her upbraidings tend to bring on the final catastrophe. Siegfried, in narrating his adventures, as he approaches the story of the "fire-girt rock," recollects all. At this point he is stabbed by the treacherous Hagen, and with the name of Brünnhilde on his lips the hero dies. Solemnly sound the strains of that marvelous Death March, as, with the moonlight gleaming on their spears, they bear the body of the demigod up the mountain, through the mist and the changing shadows. In the next scene, Brünnhilde, claiming the dead hero's hand as hers, flings the accursed Ring into the Rhine, and, mounting her powerful black warhorse, dashes into the flaming funeral pyre.

In the distance Walhalla is seen to fall, in flames, announcing the destruction of the gods, "and while the mighty conflagration flares up in the distance, the Rhine-waters, to rushing music, advance and submerge the whole." So are the gods destroyed; but so, also, are the evil powers, for in restoring the Ring to the Rhine daughters, the curse is lifted, and again by the power of woman's death-atoning love, a new era of peace begins, free from the love of the hateful gold; again we see the belief that "the woman-soul leadeth us upward and on." "Thus with a scene of unequalled

dramatic splendor ends the fourth and last immense drama of the 'Niebelung's Ring'."

In the following year Wagner visited England, conducting at Albert Hall a series of concerts, assisted by Herr Richter. This time he was received with "universal enthusiasm."

The second great triumph in the master's life was the Festival in 1882, when his last great opera of "Parsifal" was performed. The story of "Parsifal" is taken from that wreath of legends which cluster round the Holy Grail. Its grand idea is that the pure and innocent one, with his guileless, trusting nature, full of free "impulse" and "enlightened by pity" is the great ideal of man. This "Parsifal" "durch mitleid wissend, der reine Thor," resisting the evil and baneful influences of Kundry, the sorceress, yet, filled with pity for her unhappy passion, regains the holy spear (which had pierced the Saviour's side) from the wizard Klingsor, heals the wound of the king Amfortis, and becomes in his turn guardian of the Grail. The whole opera, with its wonderful scene in the Hall of Montsalvat, its divine miracle of the Grail, its beautiful scenery "of summerland," showing always the presence of great Nature, is filled with the charm of Christian mysticism, through which shines, clear and piercing, like the rays of a star piercing through the mist, the heavenly comfort of its grand motive.

After the performances of "Parsifal," the master, very much shaken in health, determined to go to Italy to escape the northern winter. A suite of apartments was secured in the Palace Vendramin, and thither he and his family, Frau Cosima, Daniel, Eva, Isolde and Siegfried, removed. Venice, where he was already known as "*il gran Maestro*," received him rapturously. In the fall Liszt came to visit him. "The two old men embraced affectionately on the marble stairs. They sat long hours together in deep and friendly converse."

This visit was the last time they met. Beautiful close to a friendship so sincere and lasting!

Wagner, as was his custom, was busy all the time. The heart disease was now beginning to trouble him constantly. He would not complain, but when alone he was often heard groaning. Before breakfast no one ventured to disturb him. After ten o'clock his wife would bring him his letters, and then, after some private conversation, the family breakfasted together. Wagner would then go out to the marble steps of the palace, and if it were too cold to go on the canals he would "stroll forth, often with his wife, and buy bonbons for the children." In the afternoon he would generally take a short nap, after which he would go out in his gondola, visiting the public gardens and other places of interest. At night the windows of his apartments were ablaze with light. He used to say, citing the old Italian proverb, "Where light is, there is joy." Wagner was intensely loved by his domestics, some of them having been in the family for years. Dr. Haweis says, "Wagner's personal popularity at Venice was extraordinary. In a short time he, and every member of his family were known even to the children of the poor. The master was open-handed and sympathetic to all. He was beloved by his gondoliers, to whom he was exceedingly kind. 'They say he is greater than a king; isn't it so?' was the common talk in the streets as he passed."

The time passed thus pleasantly until near the close of the winter. On February 12, he said he was feeling better than he had done for weeks. The following day, not feeling so well, he ordered his soup in his apartments, intending afterwards to go out. The end came suddenly. The faithful servant, who was watching in an adjoining room, heard the master pace hurriedly up and down; then, a cough, followed presently by a deep groan. After ascertaining his condition, she called her mistress, and was instantly dispatched for Dr. Keppler, Wagner's old and valued friend. Madame Wagner sat down on the sofa beside him, and supported the dying master's head in her arms. When the doctor arrived Madame Wagner told him that her husband was sleeping. Taking him from her arms, and laying him reverently on the bed the good doctor, suppressing his emotion, told her gently and tenderly, "He is dead!" The news flew through Venice, "Richard Wagner is dead!" The gondolier, who had been waiting since four o'clock, when told the news, burst into tears.

"In the course of a week, no less than five thousand dispatches of condolence were received by the Wagner family." The body of the master was taken to Bayreuth, where it was received by the inhabitants of that place with deep grief. The procession was met, midway, by a messenger from the king, with a wreath, whereon was inscribed, "To the Deathless One." Arrived at the grave, which had long ago been made, according to Wagner's orders, "in a retired spot of his own garden, surrounded by thick bushes and fir-trees," the coffin was silently lowered, Wagner's children kneeling on the granite slab above the grave. . . . And here he rests, not far from the temple, where, in the following summer was again produced "Parsifal" in honor of his glorious memory. "Durch Aufführungen seiner Werke, ehrt man einen verstorbenen Künstler weit höher und in einem edleren Sinne, als durch Niederlegen von lorbeer-kränzen auf seinem Sarge." These were the master's own words, and this they did for him!

Sleep on, thou great and mighty Prophet in the world of Art! Thou hast completed thy earthly task, and lo! Eternity spreads out before thee. Here let us leave thee, in the peaceful shades of thy beloved "Wahnfried." "Thy dream-life is past, and face to face with Truth, 'rapt from the fickle and the frail,' for thee illusion has vanished! Mayest thou also know the fulness of joy in the unbroken and serene activities of the eternal Reality."

BEYOND THE DAY.

Beyond the common daylight gleam
High brightnesses, and where they beam
The soul will be. A strange noon star
Allures. We take our way afar.
Voices familiar to the ear
Now speak in vain,—it does not hear;
There's sweeter calling from afar,
Where blissful burns the mystic star.
Ere long returned, we may not say
What land we found beyond the day;
What voice did call we may not tell;
But land and voice,—we know them well.
And some new flower we back may bring;
Some new pure melody may sing,
Which men seeing and hearing say,
"Truly his soul has been away."

—John Vance Cheney.

FULTON IN LOVE.

If Robert Fulton remained a bachelor till on the wrong side of forty, it was not entirely his own fault. At one-and-thirty, though his biographers know nothing of it, he had offered his hand to a Frenchwoman, under romantic circumstances related by her more than a half a century afterwards for the entertainment of her descendants. The lithographed memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontaut-Biron, a stray copy of which has lately found its way to the Paris National Library, describe how, in 1797, on her embarking incognito at Dover to see what had become of the family property, a fellow-passenger, seeing that she spoke both French and English, asked her to be his interpreter. She readily consented, but at Calais her passport, which represented her to be Madame François, a lace-dealer, was found informal, and she was detained three weeks as a suspected *émigrée*. The passenger whom she had obliged interested himself in her. He informed her that his name was Fulton, and that he had letters of recommendation to Barthélemy, one of the Directors of the French Republic. Learning that there was an idea of sending her under escort to Paris, he pondered over the means of saving her. One day he knocked at the door of her cell, through the peephole of which he could see her busy writing. He said, "Madame François, listen to me." "I am listening." "You are in a critical position, and I am come to save you." "Many thanks, but please explain." "You are about to be taken to Paris to be imprisoned, and once there all is lost. Now nothing is easier than to avoid this danger: marry me." "Thank you, but I am already married." The lady might have added that she had left in London not only a husband, but twins nine months old. "Oh, what a pity! I could make you rich. I have a secret invention which will revolutionize the world. I have a grand plan of blowing up an enemy's fleet by submarine batteries and then capturing it. Only speak a word, and I claim you and marry you, and you are free." The viscountess (as then she was) laughed, but could not help being grateful for so evidently cordial an offer; and we may assume that she was not only young, but handsome. She obtained her release in another fashion, and some weeks or months later, walking on the Paris boulevards with her husband's brother, the Marquis de Gontaut, she encountered Fulton. "Dear me, Dear me!" he exclaimed, grasping both hands, even the one which was on her brother-in-law's arm. "Dear Madame François, how glad I am to see you!" The marquis, unaccustomed to these frank American manners, stiffly said, "Monsieur, the lady you have the honor of addressing is Mademoiselle de Montault,"—for she had found it prudent to resume her maiden name. "No, no," replied Fulton, "it is Madame François; she is married,—she told me so at Calais. But what is it you say,—Mademoiselle what?" "Mademoiselle de Montault." Fulton entered the name in his notebook, spelling it "Montot," and then began expatiating on his schemes. "Look here, monsieur, I have got a sublime idea: I am going to blow up vessels into the air, run boats under water and propel them by steam." The marquis took him for a madman, cut short the conversation, and bowed him off. Several years elapsed. Fulton, who had made money by panoramas for his steam and torpedo experiments,

had sold his panoramas to his fellow-countryman, James Williams Thayer, and, scouted by Napoleon as a charlatan, had gone back to London. One day at the opera, Madame de Gontaut espied him and bowed to him. He hastened to her box. "What a pleasure, Mademoiselle de Montault, to see you again! I could hardly believe my eyes!" "Monsieur must have made a mistake," said the French nobleman accompanying her, "for madame is the Viscomtesse de Gontaut." "Dear me!" rejoined Fulton, "this beats all; constantly changing names,—it is enough to drive one mad; but as I see that these gentlemen with you are in the secret, if it is a joke I will laugh too." The lady gave full explanations, and introduced him to Lord Clarendon and others, who facilitated his experiments; but not finding proper appreciation in Europe, he returned to America, and she saw no more of him. Fulton died at fifty. His French "flame" wrote her sprightly reminiscences at eighty, and lived some years afterwards.—*The Atlantic Monthly*.

NOVEMBER.—IMPRESSION.

A weft of leafless spray
Woven fine against the gray
Of the autumnal day,
And blurred along those ghostly garden tops
Clusters of berries crimson as the drops
That my heart bleeds when I remember
How often, in how many a far November,
Of childhood and my children's childhood, I was glad,
With the wild rapture of the Fall
Thrilling from me to them, of all
The ruin now so intolerably sad.

—William Dean Howells.

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.—The return of the rector from his holidays was the signal for the resumption of church work. The Sunday-school teachers' meeting, the sewing guild, and the mothers' meeting, have commenced the labors of the winter. Warm woolen garments are well under way for the poor—rag carpet for bare floors, woolen quilts to cover the uninviting beds. A feature of the meetings this year is the introduction of social qualities—music, readings, refreshments—these are acceptable additions. Meetings are profitable in a twofold way: as a source of great amusement to the entertained, and the assurance to the entertainers that their gifts and talents are consecrated to the service of others.

The vestry has increased the salary of Professor White, the organist. It is a just recognition of ability; and what is more worthy of recognition than ability duly consecrated to the service of the church? It is a matter of congratulation that the place made vacant by Mr. Walter Bausman has been so acceptably filled.

On Tuesday evening the church was the scene of a very pretty wedding. Miss Wickersham was a beautiful bride. The introduction of music, with hymn and

anthem, were marked features, and lent brilliancy to an otherwise beautiful ceremony.

The last act in the drama of the life of Dr. Knight was consummated on Wednesday, October 28th, when Dr. Nicholson, rector of St. Mark's church, was consecrated Bishop of Milwaukee, as his successor. A memorial service, it is understood, to Bishop Knight will be held in St. James's church in the near future.

The services at St. James's chapel have an unusual attendance. Many young men and young women are frequent attendants. The lectures by Mr. Humphrey on the Nicene Creed are interesting and instructive.

The meeting of the Archdeanery of Harrisburg was a great success. Mr. Hamilton's essay on "Inspiration" was suggestive and original. We shall not soon forget the rousing sermon on missions by Bishop Rulison. The hearty singing of the congregation added much to the success of the services.

LUTHERAN.

Trinity.—At its October meeting the Junior Missionary Society had an exceptionally large accession of new members, and the sum of fifty dollars was appropriated toward paying the salaries of home missionaries in the West, in addition to the donation of ten pillars for the erection of a Zenana institute in India. The society also resolved that its annual barrel of winter clothing for the family of a destitute minister shall be packed this year about Thanksgiving Day, instead of waiting until Christmastide, in order that the much needed articles shall reach their distant destination before the season of cold weather is so far advanced.

The November entertainment of the society will be held in the chapel next Friday evening, the 6th inst., at 8 o'clock. Since this will be the inaugural public entertainment of the coming season, a very choice programme of musical and literary gems has been prepared for it. No charge will be made for admission, but everybody who attends will be asked to hand a silver contribution to the collector at the door of entrance, in aid of the society's work.

An evening of music and social enjoyment was spent by an assembly of the young people's societies of the congregation at the parsonage on Thursday, October 22d, in commemoration of the pastor's birthday. All the vocal and instrumental selections, without a single exception, were beautifully rendered by the participants, and constituted the main feature of the occasion.

The most active classes of the Sunday-school are now zealously at work on a special Thanksgiving offering for the cause of Home Missions, which the report of the General Council's committee shows to be now in peculiarly urgent need of funds. The \$5,000 of the necessary sum total has been divided into \$5 shares, one of which each of these classes will raise during November. The aggregate will be a handsome amount.

The annual convention of Sunday-school teachers in the fourth Lutheran Conference district, comprising Lancaster, Lebanon and Dauphin counties, will be held at Mount Joy on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 3d and 4th. Trinity school will be represented by three delegates and a number of visitors.

The initial convention representing the schools of all denominations in Lancaster county, to discuss ways and means for greater efficiency of work in the

sphere of the Sunday-school, will assemble in Trinity chapel on Wednesday, November 18th, at 9:30 A. M., and 2 P. M.

MORAVIAN.

The children's fair held in our hall on October 16th and 17th by the Sunshine Circle of King's Daughters was a pronounced success. The little folks cleared about \$60, which will be expended mainly in relieving the worthy poor of our city. A quilt which they made and had on exhibition is to be sent to one of our missionaries in Alaska.

On Sunday, October 25th, the Rev. Jonathan Reinke, missionary to Jamaica, W. I., gave us a very interesting account of missionary work in the West Indies at the forenoon service. In the afternoon he entertained the Sunday-school with an address that was much appreciated. The collection that was taken was for the benefit of the new church he is building.

The Ladies' Home Mission Society opened their fall season of work with a very pleasant Love-feast, on Wednesday evening, October 21st, held in our hall. The regular weekly meetings of the society have been resumed, and are held every Tuesday at 2 P. M., in the reading-room of the chapel.

Our annual Thanksgiving box this year will be sent to the Rev. Wm. Weinland, missionary among the Pueblo Indians at Banning, Cal. Contributions to the same may be sent to the parsonage at any time this month. A donation of cash was also voted by the L. H. M. Society to be sent to one of our needy Home Missionaries in the west.

The Burden Bearers' Circle of Kings' Daughters will give a concert and literary entertainment in our hall on November 19th, for the benefit of the Improvement Fund.

Thanksgiving Day will be observed as usual with services in the forenoon. On the last Sunday of the month, being the first Sunday in Advent, our Congregation Festival will be celebrated with appropriate services, including a Love-feast and the Holy Communion. It will be the 146th anniversary of organization of our congregation.

PRESBYTERIAN.

First.—Mr. C. M. Howell has resigned as treasurer of the Board of Trustees, and Mr. P. E. Slaymaker has been elected in his stead. All payments to the Church can be made to him at the People's National Bank between the hours of 9 A. M., and 3 P. M.

On Friday evening, October 16th, the pastor gave an address on "My Summer's Outing." The chapel was well filled, and the address was enjoyed by all. It was given in the interest of the Y. P. S. of C. E. The Society will support a scholarship among the freedmen or Indians.

REFORMED.

First.—The Holy Communion will be administered in this church on Sunday, November 8th. Preparatory services will be held on Friday evening preceding.

Catechetical instruction will be commenced shortly after the Communion, and will be continued during the entire winter. The pastor will meet his classes for instruction every Tuesday evening and Saturday afternoon.

The Choral Society of the church will render the cantata of "A Pillar of Fire," in Egyptian costume,

in Mannerchor Hall, on Friday evening, November 20th. This entertainment, which will be given for the benefit of the society, promises to be a very fine and enjoyable one.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

The Y. M. C. A. of the school have had two very interesting "Song Services" this session. They are held on Sunday afternoon, and the students enjoy them very much. The first one, on September 27th, was addressed by Mr. W. D. Apple, president of F. and M. Y. M. C. A. He gave the students an admirable address, manly, earnest and interesting. The second one was held on October 18th, and the students had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Dr. J. Max Hark, of Lancaster, who addressed them in words that could not fail to elevate and inspire. His address was just the thing for a body of students. The theme was "Christian Culture."

The Y. M. C. A., have organized classes among themselves for the study of the Bible, and have assisted very much in the music of the "Song Services."

The weekly prayer-meetings on Sunday evening are well attended. The attendance is entirely optional, and it is very gratifying to see so many of the students enjoy the service.

There are six Bible classes in the school, taught by members of the Faculty. These meet on Sunday morning, and the students are required to attend.

These facts show that there is an earnest desire in our Normal School to combine Christian culture, with mental and physical development, and it is a rare case in which the student does not leave the school stronger and better than when he came.

Another Christian organization of the school is the Y. W. C. T. U. One of the things they are interested in is the beautiful "Flower Mission Work," visiting and taking flowers to those in the school who are sick.

The Normal School reading room is supplied with seventy periodicals, nine dailies, twenty-six weeklies, two semi-monthlies, and thirty-three monthlies. The list embraces the best metropolitan and inland dailies and weeklies, secular and church papers, and the standard weekly and monthly journals on education, science, art and literature.

The music department of the school, under the charge of Miss Emory, is very flourishing. Both teachers have their hands full of work. A number of pupils come from Lancaster to take lessons.

There are also a number of pupils who come for lessons in elocution from Miss Landes. An especially interesting exercise in the regular elocution classes of the school is the drill in extemporaneous speaking.

The girls are enjoying a sitting-room, which has been recently fitted up for them on the upper floor. There are carpet, chairs, tables, lounges, rockers, lamps and plants, and it is just the place for a social chat.

Y. M. C. A.

The building is undergoing considerable improvement, and when finished will present one of the most attractive places for young men in the city. The reading-room and library was reopened on the 24th. A hard wood floor, hat trees, and other needed conveniences, have been placed in this room. It is expected to have the improvements completed by the

second week in November, at which time the rooms will be thrown open for general inspection.

Seventeen new members were received at the last meeting of the Association; and it is expected that a large number will be taken in at the next meeting, to be held Tuesday evening, November 3d.

Arrangements have been made for the carrying on of three educational classes this winter, viz: German, bookkeeping and penmanship. These classes will be free to full members. Ladies will be admitted to the German class, upon the payment of \$1 for the course. Classes will open in November.

The first of a course of free practical talks to be given to men only, will be given by Rev. J. Max Hark, D. D., on Friday evening, November 6th. Subject: "Books—How, What and When to Read." A course ticket can be secured by applying at the Association office. Only 200 tickets will be issued, as the seating capacity of our hall is limited.

WOMEN'S INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

On Thursday evening, November 5th, a Reception will be held in the hall of the Moravian chapel for the members of the Association and their friends, which promises to be a very pleasant affair. The Moravian Mandolin Club will furnish the music, and light refreshments will be served. There is to be a table for the sale of useful articles, Indian relics, bead work, etc.; and probably also an Indian museum will be on exhibition. Several young Indians from Carlisle will be present. Members of the Pansy Circle of King's Daughters will assist in serving refreshments and otherwise. All friends of the Indian are cordially invited.

The annual convention of the Women's National Indian Association is to be held at Allegheny City, on November 18th and 19th. The reception of the delegates will be at the home of the president of the Pittsburgh and Allegheny Association, Miss M. M. Pressley, on Tuesday evening, November 17th. Business sessions will be held mornings and afternoons; and on the morning of the 18th a mass meeting will be held in Carnegie Hall, at which a number of distinguished speakers will make addresses. Mrs. J. Max Hark, President of the Lancaster Association, will attend the convention.

Local Lore.

History herself, seen in her workshop.—LOWELL.

OLD TIME HOSTELRIES.

BY S. M. SENER, ESQ.

IV.

About 1869 or 1870 "The Swan," an old hostelry which had been in existence since 1741, passed away to make room for other business interests which had gradually been encroaching upon it, and it soon lost its distinctive characteristics as a hostelry. "The Swan" was located in the building at the southeast corner of South Queen street and Centre (Penn) Square. The lot upon which it was located was granted by James Hamilton to Henry Bostler, in 1736 and was deeded by him to Jacob Slough, on March 6,

1747. Henry Bostler was licensed in 1741 to sell beer. Subsequently the hostelry was kept by Jacob Slough and about 1761 we find Matthias Slough to be the landlord of it. While Matthias Slough was landlord a meeting of the burgesses of the borough was held at "The Swan" on June 23d, 1761.

By far the most important reminiscence connected with the old hostelry occurred in 1763 when the Paxton Boys rode into the courtyard of it and tying their horses there proceeded to the Lancaster Jail and murdered the Conestoga Indians who were quartered there. Matthias Slough at the time in question was Coroner and subsequently held the inquest on the dead Indians. Edward Shippen, Esq., under date of December 27, 1763, to the Governor, says that "between two and three o'clock this afternoon upwards of a hundred armed men from the westward rode very fast into town, turned their horses into Mr. Slough's inn-yard, and proceeded with the greatest precipitation to the work-house, where they stove open the door and killed all the Indians."

Matthias Slough the landlord was quite a prominent personage, having been a member of the Committee of Observation of the borough in 1774 and a member of the Assembly from 1774 to 1783. He was Coroner from 1755 to 1768.

From June, 1788, to June, 1792, Lodge No. 43, F. and A. M., held its meetings at the public house of Matthias Slough, and at a meeting held on September 29, 1794, Slough was made a Mason. In May 1789 a banquet was given at Slough's tavern, which was attended by a number of Revolutionary officers, among whom were Captain Stephen Chambers and Doctor Jacob Rieger. Captain Chambers was dressed in his regimentals and was of stately build, consequently he presented a fine appearance, while Dr. Rieger, who was of small build, was dressed untidily. At the table Chambers made a disparaging remark about Rieger which was overheard. The consequence was a challenge to mortal combat sent by Dr. Rieger to Captain Chambers and an acceptance of the same. The men met at seven o'clock on Monday evening, May 11, 1789 in the Barrack Yard. Captain Chambers received a wound from a ball which passed through both of his legs. Gangrene ensued and he died on the following Saturday morning. The facts of the unfortunate duel are referred to in *Filthian's Journal* and in the *Shippen Papers*. Captain Chambers left a widow and several small children and was a charter member of Lodge 43.

Later in his landlordship Slough changed the name of the hostelry from "The Swan" to the "White Swan," and in 1806 his son Jacob became mine host, continuing as such until in 1824 when he was succeeded by John Stehman. Matthias Slough died at Harrisburg on September 12, 1812, aged seventy-nine, having been a resident of Lancaster for sixty years.

In 1828 Edwin Parker was landlord of this tavern, and it was then known as the "Golden Swan." The hostelry passed from Parker's hands into those of Rosina Hubley, Edward S. Hubley and others until after the close of the Rebellion when the late J. M. Johnston was its landlord until it ceased to exist in 1869. In 1869 it was occupied by the Inland Insurance Company, and the *New Era* occupied the upper portions of it until they moved into their present handsome

and commodious quarters. Lancaster, according to Governor Pownall, who passed through the borough in 1754, as narrated in his *Journal*, was a "stage town," evidently alluding to the many lines of stages which were originated here. Among the pioneer stage-line proprietors was Matthias Slough, who in common with William Geer, owned and ran a line of stages from Lancaster to Shippensburg, and also a line to Philadelphia, and for years the headquarters of the line was at "The Swan."

For years there stood near the South Queen street corner of the property a large willow tree and an old-fashioned watchman's box, the latter being used by "the watch who was wont to cry the hour." As far back as the Revolutionary days the house was noted for its good fare and accommodations and was the favorite stopping place of influential people, who drove in their own conveyances before railroads were dreamt of. Among its noted guests were many members of the Supreme Court, such as John B. Gibson, William Tilghman, Moulton C. Rogers, Thomas Duncan and Charles Huston.

THE LEOPARD.

In 1765 Michael Diffenderffer, who was the great-grandfather of our well-known townsman, F. R. Diffenderffer, came to this city, and, purchasing a piece of ground on East King street near Duke street, built an inn or tavern, which he called "The Leopard." He was born in Germany, on November 14, 1721, and came to this country with his father when six years of age. He kept the inn until his death, in 1789, when he was succeeded by his son Philip, who was landlord until in 1805, when he was succeeded by Jacob Duchman. Michael Diffenderffer subscribed to the oath of allegiance to the new formed colonies on July 1, 1777.

David, a son of Michael, was the grandfather of F. R. Diffenderffer, and an ensign in the German Regiment, having been commissioned July 27, 1778. He died at New Holland some time in 1846, aged 94 years, being at the time of his death the only surviving Revolutionary soldier in the county. While in the service he was made a prisoner at the battle of Monmouth, and confined in the "Sugar House," in New York. Shortly after being made a prisoner a man named Miller, who was a commissary in the English army, came to Lancaster and stopped at Michael Diffenderffer's hotel. He became interested in the old landlord, and the fortunes of his son, and promised to assist him. On leaving Lancaster Mr. Diffenderffer sent by him to his son David four "Johannes," which reached the latter in course of time.

Among the landlords of "The Leopard," which still exists, were John Duchman, Geo. Witner, John, Lewis and Solomon Sprecher, George Sensenig, and others. The old sign of a fierce crouching leopard that was swung from the front of the house in 1765, is still in place, but the colors are almost entirely obliterated. A new sign, similar to the old one, occupies a position below the relic of the tavern's first days.

THE FOUNTAIN INN.

In 1758 Ulrich Reigart established the "Fountain Inn," on South Queen street, and the rude sign representing a fountain playing, then hung in front of the inn, still swings as its sign, although it would be hard

to tell now that the painting represents a fountain, so faded and time-stained is the board. The inn remained in the Reigart family until 1811.

While the Lancaster county Court House was building, court was held in the Fountain Inn from 1781 to 1784. The supreme court of the State sat at the inn in 1785. In 1800 a large room in it was occupied by Lodge 43, F. and A. M., as a meeting place while their hall was being constructed over the city market, by Gottlieb Sener, carpenter and joiner.

In 1811 John Whiteside took charge of it, and a theatre was started at the inn and an original play bill of the performance given on the night of July 11, 1811, still hangs in the old reading room of the inn, substantially framed. The bill was "A Tale of Mystery," the "Festival Dance," a farce entitled "Sylvester Daggerwood; or a Mad Actor," and a comedy called "The Weathercock."

An interesting article on the "Fountain Inn" theatre and some old play bills appeared in *CHRISTIAN CULTURE*, Vol. 1, No. 2. The old inn passed through divers landlords' hands and still exists. It is a typical specimen of an old inn, even to the old court-yard usually found as an adjunct; and in which the old Conestoga wagons were housed in the days when teaming was the only means of transportation.

In referring to the old-time theatre having been held at the "Fountain Inn" it is incidentally mentioned that theatres were held at the "Franklin House" in 1811, in the hall known as Reitzel's Hall, (the old dilapidated building in the rear of the Shober House) in 1840, and at the Cooper House, in 1830. At the latter inn John Jefferson opened a theatre on May 13, 1830, and the opening night was marked by the appearance of Joseph Jefferson, the elder, father of the manager, in the comedy of "The Birthday," and the operatic farce of "Turn Out." It was on the steps of the Cooper House that John Jefferson slipped and fell during the management of the theatre, and received injuries that resulted in his death.

SOME OLD LETTERS AND THEIR WRITERS.

BY JOHN W. JORDAN.

John Hopson was born April 20, 1720, in Landwick, Gloucestershire, O. E., and was brought up in the Anglican church. In 1738, he emigrated to New York, and made his home with an uncle, who resided on Staten Island, with whom he learned the trade of a butcher. Through his acquaintance with Timothy Horsfield, who, with his brother, were also well-known butchers in the markets of New York, he became acquainted with the Moravians, and in 1744, united with their congregation in that city. In 1746, he removed to Bethlehem, where he was appointed Butcher-general for the congregation, and also a Chor Diener. He next, in January, of 1751, removed to Lancaster, and was married there by Bishop I. C. F. Cammerhoff, to Anna Margaret Jung (M. N. Frey), widow of Matthew Jung. The issue of this marriage was two daughters, Rebecca, who married Jacob Krug, and Elizabeth, who became Chor Pflegerin of the Single Sisters at Nazareth. Mrs. Hopson died in May of 1784, and her husband, who for many years served as steward of the congregation, on September 20, 1804.

LANCASTER JANU 16 1796

Dear Brother.

... Last month we began to make an alteration in our Economy agreeable to what was agreed to in the Synod, and though I began it with fear and trembling, yet our dear Saviour rul'd and directed everything so well, and made our people so willing, that it went much better than we could expect. We got our people together in several classes, and those that could come. I went to their houses, and by this means, instead of about £35. a year coming in by the old way or custom, we have now subscribed very near a £100. pr. year, to be paid Quarterly. So that we shall be able to support our Labourers here with ease, to ourselves and their satisfaction.

Your Affectionate Bro.,

JOHN HOPSON.

Addressed: Bro., Nathaniel Seidel.

The Graaf's were early members of the Lancaster Moravian congregation and Sebastian, for a number of years, was a trustee. Descendants are members of the "Hans Graaf Society." John George Graff, the father of the writer of the following letter, was born March 24th, 1702, at Roth, in the jurisdiction of Anspach, and was brought up in the Lutheran Church. He emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1738. On November 10th, 1739, he married Catherine m. n. Graff, by whom he had five sons and four daughters. Two sons and two daughters survived their father.

In the years 1744 and 1745, he was impressed by the preaching of the Rev. Lawrence T. Nyberg, at that date the pastor of the Lutheran congregation, and when he entered the Moravian ministry, Mr. Graff was one of the first to earnestly labor with him. On November 17, 1749, he was formally received into the Moravian congregation, and on May 24, 1751, admitted to the Holy Communion. He died March 16, 1777, and was buried in the Moravian cemetery on the 19th, Rev. Otto Krogstrup officiating. A large number of citizens and the principal clergymen of the city attended, and subsequently repaired to the church, where his pastor preached a sermon from John xvii. 24, "Father, I will, that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am."

LANCASTER 19 APRIL 1777

Sir:

The bearer Mr Geo. Klein will deliver you a bundle containing two Hundred pounds, which my late Father did bequeath for the following use, and desired the same to be paid into your Hands. Extract from his last Will:—"It is my Will that my Executors do within Six Months after my decease pay or cause to be paid unto the Rev^d Nathanⁱ Seidel of Bethlehem, or to the Bishop or head Man for the time being of the people called Moravians or United Brethren at Bethlehem aforesaid, the sum of Two hundred pounds lawful Money of Pennsylvania to be by the said Nathanⁱ Seidel or the Head man or Bishop for the time being of the said United Brethren, paid and applied to and for the uses intents and purposes hereafter mentioned, that is to say, One Hundred Pounds part thereof as their Society for propagating the Faith amongst the Indians and heathens shall direct; Fifty Pounds other part thereof to and for the Use and Benefit of the Widow's House at Bethlehem aforesaid and the remaining Fifty Pounds to and for the use and

benefit of the Single Women or Sisters in the House called their House or occupied by them at Bethlehem aforesaid to and for which purposes payable as aforesaid I do give and bequeath the said Two hundred Pounds."

Be pleased after receiving the s^d £200 to forward a proper Discharge to me at Lancaster.

I am

Your Humble Serv^t

GEO. GRAFF.

*Addressed:**To The Rev^d Mr. Nathⁱ Seidel, at Bethlehem.*

With the above we may be permitted to reprint also another letter, never before published, which has considerable local interest. It is now the property of Mr. A. A. Hubley, who has courteously allowed us to make a copy of it. It is signed in Captain Ham-bright's own handwriting, while the letter itself was evidently written by his private secretary, or by some other person at the Captain's dictation. It would be interesting to know more about the circumstances to which it refers, as, indeed, to know more than we do of the author's own history.

LANCASTER OCT. 1st, 1778.

Hond. Sir:

Enclosed I send you a Deposition taken Before Justice Thomas Hewet of Northumberland, respecting a Cruel Murder which has been committed—it is suggested to me that Scoby has for three or four years past Claimed a Tract of Land in the Possession and Claim of the Family Murdered—and that he and the other named in the Deposition live at or near Fort Allen in Northampton—It is much desired that they be apprehended, that Justice may be done.

I also enclose to your Honor a List of Persons who have joined the Enemy and are gone with them, their Effects are seized. Council I make no doubt will do what is necessary respecting them.

I beg leave to inform the Council that Col. Hartly set off from Samuel Wallis's in Munsey, with three hundred and odd men on Sunday the 26th ultimo, in order to make an incursion on two Indian Towns, lying on the North Branch of Susquehanna, where it is understood that the Enemy have frequently rendezvoused. The Expedition I am in hopes will succeed to our expectation as it appears to be well begun, and every Provision well made, and despatched with great secrecy.

I should have made it a point to be with Council before now, but the long Fatiguing Journey which I have just performed, and at the same time not being in Health has prevented me—but hope to have the Pleasure to be in Philadelphia shortly.

I have the Honor to be the Councils and your most Humble Servant,

JOHN HAMBRIGHT.

WHEREVER a true wife comes, home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.—*Ruskin.*

Our Book-Shelf.

If you are wise, you will ere now have commenced looking around for appropriate books for Christmas gifts to your friends; for I am happy to note that the custom of giving good books as presents, at Christmas, New Year, Easter, on a birthday, and even as a wedding gift, is steadily growing. I say "good books" intentionally, meaning books of intrinsic merit, in contradistinction to the so-called "gift books" that are still manufactured for sale to the unwary and foolish, mere picture-books, most of which have no merit whatever, whether literary or artistic, to hide which, perhaps, they are bound so gaudily as to suggest the ponderous and elaborate and expensive picture frames of a by-gone fashion used to adorn Dives' parlor. For that matter they suggest also some other things, *e. g.*, the men and women we all know whose clothes are as resplendent and costly as these bindings I am talking about, and serve the same purpose, to wit, to give a fictitious value to their contents which in themselves possess neither sense nor usefulness, nor worth of any kind.

But, as I was about to say when my pen ran away with me, if you are looking about you for some really good and appropriate book or set of books to give as a Christmas present to some of your friends who appreciate such a gift,—or perhaps to give to yourself,—I think I can help you a little; for I have just been looking over a number of volumes fresh from the artistic "Riverside Press" of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the fastidious Boston publishers, and among them are several that come up exactly to my idea of "good books" for such a purpose.

Only one of the number, indeed, is professedly a "holiday publication," and that is Dr. Holmes's *One Hoss Shay, with its Companion Poems*: "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," and "The Broomstick Train" (price \$1.50). How shall I describe to you this work of art without seeming extravagant in my words? It is a small volume, a thin duodecimo of not more than eighty pages, or rather leaves, for it is printed on one side of the paper only. It is full of illustrations by Howard Pyle, who does not always do full justice to the authors he undertakes to illustrate, but who in this case comes as near giving a satisfactory interpretation of the quaint humor, strong good sense, and delicacy and lightness of touch and fancy, characteristic of Holmes as perhaps any one can. By the way, what a pity 'tis that the genial Doctor never tried to illustrate his own writings, as Thackeray did! I am sure he could do it, and what a gem such a volume would be. Indeed, I rather suspect that he did suggest at last some of the pictures in this volume; at least they are "just like him," full of his own peculiar and inimitable fun.

As far as the publishers' work is concerned, if it could be improved in any respect, I don't see how. Not only are the paper, typography, and presswork exquisite, a very feast for the touch and sight, but the proportions of the page, the generous margins, etc., all help to make of the book a veritable gem of

bookmaking. The title page is a delight to the eye, a real "thing of beauty," as truly enjoyable, to me at least, as any pictorial work of it. It is worthy of the daintiest Elzevir or most chastely elegant Aldine. I could get more genuinely æsthetic pleasure from such a title page than from nine-tenths of the costly paintings or etchings we hang up in our parlors. I never weary of looking at it. It is a study in itself, and to the book-lover a satisfaction and a joy second to no other. No doubt there will be many much more pretentious and expensive "holiday publications" produced this season, but none more truly artistic than this dainty little buckskin-covered volume.

If you want to make a present to some of your literary friends that shall thoroughly please them and at the same time worthily express your good taste and your liberality, why don't you give them a set of the "Riverside Edition" of some of our great classic American authors, Hawthorne, or Emerson, or the complete works of Longfellow, Whittier or Lowell? It is only a few numbers back that I described that of Lowell's works. It was not really complete then, for at the time of his death Lowell was at work editing an additional volume of *Essays*, containing among others, his essay on Gray, for which it was said at the time when it appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, that he had been paid \$12,000;—how truly I am unable to say, though I have my doubts about its accuracy. This additional volume will, ere long, be published, and I may have more to say about it.

To this set of elegant "Riverside Editions" the publishers are now also adding one of *The Writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, to be complete in thirteen volumes (price \$1.50 each), ten of prose and three of poetry, which the venerable author is himself rearranging, editing and supplying with new prefaces, explanatory foot notes, etc. It will be a grand set of books, and the only edition that henceforth will satisfy the lover and admirer of this perhaps the most popular of our half a dozen greatest authors. I have before me now the six volumes that have thus far been issued, the three of the "Breakfast Table Series," "Over the Teacups," "Elsie Venner," and "The Guardian Angel." They are uniform in every respect with the "Riverside" Lowell, Longfellow and Whittier, except in the color of the binding, which is a rich red, with leather title-label. The paper and printing are equally beautiful and faultless. Some of the notes and new prefaces are so characteristic of the author that one would not do without them under any consideration.

What a satisfaction it is for the student of literature to have such editions as these of the complete works of our great writers, arranged, revised, and edited by them in the final form in which they wish them to go down to posterity! If we had such an edition, personally endorsed, of Shakespeare, for instance, or of Milton, Dryden, Keats or Wordsworth, what a boon it would be! But, alas! they were not as considerate of posterity in those days as we are.

Those who enjoy Holmes are a multitude in number as compared with those who read Dante purely for pleasure. Yet I believe this to be owing mainly to the fact that most of the poetic versions of the great

Italian's marvelous poem are to a greater or less degree stiff, heavy, and lack that spontaneity and vitality without which no poetry can be enjoyable. But how can such a poem be translated into living English poetry? If it were possible, Longfellow would have done it; and, indeed, so far as it is possible, Longfellow has done it. His translation of the *Divine Comedy* is grand, while his Notes to the same are invaluable. To my mind no other poetic version equals it. I can understand, however, why so many people fail even in it to find the pleasure they expected; and it is just for them that I would recommend Charles Eliot Norton's prose translation of *The Divine Comedy*, of which the first volume, "Hell," is just published (price \$1.25).

Few men living are better qualified than the translator to produce at the same time a scholarly and accurate version, and one thoroughly readable by any one of the least literary taste and intelligence. I believe the elegant rhythmic prose of this translation is capable of being genuinely enjoyed even by those who fail to become interested in Longfellow's version. For, after all, Dante, and especially his *Inferno*, is a grand poem;—it is one of the few great poems of the world, which it is incumbent upon every one to have read who would lay any claim to being a person of culture. If, therefore, you have a friend who has not yet read Dante, or who has done so only perfunctorily, mechanically, I believe you will be doing that friend a good service by presenting him, or her, with this new prose translation.

My plan would be, not to read it in place of Longfellow's, but in conjunction with it. For, I confess that no prose version of any poem ever really satisfies me. I may get the precise meaning out of it more exactly than I would out of a poetical version; but I don't get the spirit. Then, especially in the case of Dante, I should strongly advise reading the two versions, prose and poetical, together; or else the prose first, and the poetical afterwards. And so far as I can judge, there is no prose translation extant that can compare with the one before me. Besides, the scholarly introduction and the learned foot notes are invaluable. They throw a clear light on many passages which Longfellow does not illumine satisfactorily. And while Miss Rossetti's admirable volume on the "Shadow of Dante" fully elucidates the theological, cosmographical, astronomical or scientific, and the historical and political references, Mr. Norton goes much more to the heart of Dante, and gives a clearer idea of the purpose and whole spirit of the poem than I have found anywhere else.

A book that will commend itself at once by its timeliness now when we are getting ready to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus in the western world,—now when all magazines and newspapers are teeming with "Columbiana," false and true, is the stately and beautiful octavo, just from the press, on *Christopher Columbus*, "and How he Received and Imparted the Spirit of Discovery" (price \$4) by Justin Winsor, who, as every one knows, is the highest authority on the subject living. I have no space to describe this learned work to you, except to say that it apparently contains about all on the subject that is known,—not only of the life of Columbus,

but of his sources of study, the maps and cosmography of his times; about the various portraits of him; MSS. of his works; about ships and sailors, etc., etc., in the fifteenth century. Withal the book is written in an interesting style, and is embellished with a very large number of rare portraits, maps, charts, facsimiles of MSS., and old documents, many of them never before in print. The work is one of great historical importance; and what helps to make it suitable for gift purposes is its beautiful form. Paper, type and press-work are like everything that comes from the "Riverside Press," while the binding is strikingly novel and handsome, a book fit for the parlor table.

Five more new volumes are before me on our Book-Shelf, each one of which could very appropriately be used for Christmas-present purposes. I can only mention them now,—perhaps at some future time I shall take some of them down and read to you out of them or tell you about them more fully.

One is Carl Schurz's remarkable and masterly essay on *Abraham Lincoln* (price \$1), which you may have read in *The Atlantic Monthly* where it appeared a month or two ago. It was written as a review of Nicolay and Hay's *Life of Lincoln*; but made such an impression, almost sensation, that the publishers felt constrained to put it into permanent book form. I consider it in its way one of the most brilliant things recently produced in our literature. With all his eloquence, breadth of political view, and philosophical statesmanship, Carl Schurz never said or wrote anything better than this. For my part I would rather have it, short as it is, only a little over a hundred pages, than Nicolay and Hay's voluminous work itself. It gives so calm, unbiased, true, an estimate of Lincoln, his character, his work, his significance and place in history, as to impress one rather as the verdict of posterity, the "last word" on the subject, than the word of a contemporary and fellow laborer with the martyred emancipator. It is a book every American, every young American especially, should own and carefully read and re-read.

A biography of another kind, but also wholesome and inspiring as well as intensely interesting, is the *Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima* (price \$2.00), by Prof. A. S. Hardy. Neesima was a noble young Japanese, educated in this country by Prof. Hardy's father, who, returning to his home did more for the education, religion, and general improvement of his native land than any other man, or than often falls to the lot of any one man to do. For your bright young lady friend you will make no mistake in procuring Miss Agnes Repplier's latest volume of piquant original, charming essays, entitled *Points of View* (price, \$1.25), daintily bound in uniform style with her previous "Books and Men." Or perhaps your friend would enjoy *Huckleberries* "gathered from New England Hills," (price, \$1.25), a pretty volume of short stories by that delightful writer of New England sketches, Rose Terry Cooke. And don't forget your still younger friend who has read all of Mrs. Ewing's charming stories, and is sad because she did not write more. You can give him, or her, what is almost as good, *The Bird's Christmas Carol* or *Timothy's Quest* (price, 50 cents), or any one of Kate Douglas Wiggin's

delightful little stories. They are wholesome, enjoyable, and issued in pretty little volumes.

UNO.

A WINTER DAY AMONG MY BOOKS.

HERMAN E. HOCH.

What though the winter day is drear,
And dark, and chill;
Though woods are bare and meadows sear,
And winds pipe shrill;
Though freezing skies the waters warp,
And Boreas' blasts are fierce and sharp;
Though blinding rain and cutting sleet
Drive people from the gloomy street —
Calm sylvan scenes, sweet babbling brooks,
I find to-day among my books.

Though hard against my window pane
The icy shot
Comes rattling with the wind and rain,
I heed it not.
With Rosalind in Arden's groves,
'Mid shady haunts my fancy roves;
'Neath spreading oaks I languid sit,
And laugh, in turn, at Touchstone's wit;
Or, stealing to Jacques' quiet nook,
I hear him rail beside the brook.

Perdita, tripping o'er the green
By shepherd's cot,
As sweet a lass as e'er was seen
In humble lot,
Beloved and wooed by Florizel,
Where whisp'ring trees soft secrets tell —
A princess born, yet Nature's child,
A shepherdess 'mid woodlands wild —
Perdita ah, how oft with thee
I've watched thy flocks 'neath greenwood tree!

Through forest shades, sequestered deep,
Where wild birds sing;
Through mountain glens, where torrents leap
And wood vines cling,
I follow with an eager haste
Endymion and Peona chaste,
Till safe within her bower's shade,
She, "gently glad to see him laid,"
Hears him relate how Dian fair
Came to him on a moonbeam rare.

I listen to the liquid notes
Of Shelly's lark.
Through fancy's realm my spirit floats —
In winged bark —
With Keats to far Parnassus' height,
Where cool Castalian springs invite.
The poet's lyre here is strung;
His sweetest sonnets here are sung.
With Shakespeare, Shelly, Keats, to-day
The winds may howl — I'm far away.

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Colleges, from which we hold diplomas,
doing our own work, thus saving you an addi-
tional cost.

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treatment, we will send you to your
family physician, but if you need glasses we are
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