

Christian Culture

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→A⊙(Moravian)⊙School⊙for⊙Young⊙Ladies.←

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CHRISTIAN CULTURE.

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Vol. I.

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THE REV. CHARLES L. FRY, }

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LANCASTER, PA., AUGUST 1, 1890.

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Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
A tarnish, as of rust,
Dims thy late brilliant sheen;
And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and flower—
Change cometh over them with every hour.
—W. D. Gallagher.

Editorial.

WE are happy to acknowledge as thus far received in response to our plea for the Fresh Air Fund the following:

Miss Mary Hager's Pansy Circle, "In His Name" . . \$6 00
A Friend 2 00
Anonymous 2 00

These amounts have been forwarded to the headquarters of the *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund in New York, and by this time have, no doubt, made so much healthier, happier and better more than one poor little city child by sending them to the fresh, green country.

The Moravian, published at Bethlehem, Pa., says the proposal of the plan for paying off the Home Mission debt of the Moravian Church, to which we referred in our July number, did not come from "a man in Bethlehem," but from a woman somewhere else.

OUR suggestion as to the advisability of establishing a Lancaster County Historical Museum seems to have struck a responsive chord in the minds of quite a number of our citizens interested in the history and archæology of our county. We shall be glad to publish any further suggestions on the subject, anything definite in the way of propositions, or plans, that shall help to bring about the desired result. Let us hear from the friends of the cause.

WE are much gratified at the growing interest that is being manifested in our efforts to stimulate original research in the rich field of Lancaster county history and antiquities. All our articles on "Local Lore" thus far have been genuine contributions to local history or biography, of intrinsic and permanent value; while we have in store for the near future many more of equal interest and importance. Indeed, the number of our contributors to this department is becoming unexpectedly large, and the prospects are that we shall soon have to increase the space allowed it beyond our original intention and most sanguine hopes—as we must in this number.

THE MONSTER IN OUR MIDST.

The recent revolting revelations of some of the gross and disgraceful immorality that exists in our community have horrified every decent man and woman in the city. Unfortunately, being horrified does not help the matter. Neither disgust nor shame will of themselves root out the monster evil that has long already been at work, in secret and in a multitude of different shapes and forms, surely sapping the higher manhood and womanhood of our social life; and, if unchecked, as sure to destroy the very foundations of all society, of private purity, domestic peace, and public prosperity.

What shall be done about it?

Something must be done. It is too dangerous and threatening a thing any longer to treat with indiffer-

Egypt and probably to as early an age as that of Abraham. Up to this time three great periods of history have been accepted in regard to South Arabia: (1) that of the *Makârib*, or priest-kings; (2) that of the real king of Saba (the Sheba of the Old Testament and the Sabæa of the classical geographers); and (3) that of the kings of Saba and Dhu-Raidân. But Glaser has now proved that before the *Makârib*, there existed a long period, that of the Minæans, of which we had no suspicion.

Semitic scholars have for sometime been aware that the Himyaritic inscriptions of South Arabia belong to two classes which are distinguished from one another by a broad difference in dialect. The dialect of one class is called Minæan, because it was spoken in Ma'in, which represents the people whom the ancient Greeks named Minæans. The other dialect is called Sabæan, because spoken in Sabæa, the country of the Queen who visited Solomon. All along till now it was supposed that the two dialects were contemporaneous, though spoken in different sections of South Arabia, and that the Minæan and Sabæan kingdoms existed at the same period side by side. Even Prof. Müller takes this view in his article on *Yemen*. It was felt, however, that there were geographical difficulties in the way, since the two kingdoms occupied the same tract of country and their cities were intermingled. Moreover the Minæan dialect is philologically older than the Sabæan, containing fuller and more primitive grammatical forms. It is strange that these difficulties did not lead to the suspicion that the two kingdoms belonged to different periods of time. At all events, Glaser has now proved by the most conclusive reasons that the Minæan kingdom antedated the Sabæan, and that the Minæan inscriptions indicate a much higher age, ranging from 1000-2000 B. C.

It is evident that the Minæan kingdom had perished already before the time of Sargon II., who in his Annals (715 B. C.) knows only of the kingdom of Saba (Sabæa, or Sheba), whose king Ithamar brought him tribute. Indeed it had ceased to exist before Solomon mounted the throne; for it was a queen of Sheba, not of Ma'in, who visited the king of Israel. This accounts for what would otherwise be a strange fact, that neither in the Old Testament, nor in the Assyrian inscriptions is any mention made of the Minæans. The classical writers, it is true, are acquainted with the Minæan people, but are in absolute ignorance of a Minæan kingdom.

Just when that kingdom was overthrown and superseded by the Sabæan we are unable as yet to say. It was before the age of Solomon, possibly a century or more earlier. However it must have had a long existence. Already the names of thirty-three of its kings are known to us, and thus calculating the probable length of their reigns, we are carried back well on to the year 2000 B. C.

Let the reader pause a moment to think what that means. It means that at that early epoch alphabetic writing was already known and practiced. Hitherto the earliest alphabetic writing with which we were acquainted was that on the Moabite stone, dating from about 875 B. C. But now the Minæan inscriptions carry us not less, probably, than a thousand years further back into the past. And then when we read the inscriptions themselves we find that, at that remote

epoch, a mighty empire flourished in South Arabia, and was the center of the world's trade. Wealth abounded as the fruit of an extensive commerce by sea with India and the far east, and of caravan trade by land through the heart of Arabia to the countries of the Mediterranean. The Minæan princes not only settled colonies in the north of Arabia, but extended their power as far as the borders of Palestine. One of their inscriptions mentions Gaza. Manifestly Arabia was not then what it is now, a land of dreary deserts and uncultured nomads. It was astir with a busy, active life.

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.—Mr. Walter Bausman, who has taken charge of the music of the church, is taking his vacation in the White Mountains and other portions of New England. He will return by September 1.

LUTHERAN.

Trinity.—This month's excursion over the Mt. Penn Gravity Road, at Reading, Pa., will take place on Tuesday, the 12th inst.

Of the pastor's four vacation Sundays, two were taken last month, and the remaining two will be August 17th and 24th. It is hoped that provision can be made for holding the morning service on these days without interruption.

Zion's.—The pastor, Rev. F. P. Mayser, and his family, are spending the summer in Europe; he will probably return early in September.

MORAVIAN.

THE Huss Circle of King's Sons, when they organized the series of Sunday evening half-hour Young People's Meetings, hardly thought that they would arouse as much popular interest as they have done. The topics and leaders for the August meetings are: Aug. 3d—*Duty*: Jos. Shultz; Aug. 10—*Self-Denial*: Benj. Shultz; Aug. 17—*Helpfulness*: Jno. Brenner; Aug. 24—*Forgiveness*: Albert Marsch; Aug. 31—*Confessing Christ*: W. Morenzy. The meetings are conducted entirely by the young men. The regular Sunday morning services of the church have also been remarkably well attended through the summer months thus far.

Workmen have been busy for some time converting the second story of the old stone building adjoining the church into a hall for the Sunday-school's use, for committee and society meetings, and for social purposes in general. When completed it will be as commodious and handsome a room of the kind as any in the city.

REFORMED.

Rockland Mission.—This mission was begun and is carried on by the students of F. and M. Theological Seminary. On August 7 an "Egyptian Fete" will be given for its benefit in Martin's Hall, Chestnut street. Features of the occasion will be Mr. H. Mouk-hadim's lecture on "Egypt," and the Egyptian cos-

tunes of all the participants in the fete. There will also be excellent music.

Reformed Spiritual Conference.—Last year sixty-two ministers came to share the pleasure and profit of this vacation retreat on our college campus. A still larger number is expected this year.

An hour's Bible-study on the epistle to the Ephesians, will be followed by the reading and discussion of the appointed essay each day. At 4 P. M. daily there will be evening devotions with brief addresses by various members of the Conference.

In Social Circles.

WITH so many of our society people at the seashore, in the mountains, in Europe,—and behind closed shutters, there is very little going on in local social circles at this season, and what there is ought to come under the head of "Outing Events."

QUITE a large party of young men and women, chaperoned by several older persons, spent a very pleasant week in a kind of camp at Wild Cat on the Susquehanna, a more commodious kind than the usual camping parties indulge in.

BESIDES the various church and Sunday-school picnics, there are daily private picnics, nearly all of them at Potts's Landing and thence by the new little steamboat to Rocky Springs. Neither of these places is at all adequate as an out-door resort for a population as large as that of our city. That in spite of this they are so largely patronized, so largely indeed as generally to be over-crowded, ought to make Lancaster alive to its crying, urgent need of a large public park.

Or the regularly organized camping clubs all have had their outing except the Algonquin Club, which will go into its fifth annual encampment in the pavilion at York Furnace, from August 4 to August 9. This club numbers about thirty members, and expects to have as enjoyable a time this year as it has ever had in the past. It retains the custom of having Wednesday set apart as "Ladies' Day," when the lady friends of the members visit the camp. In the evening of the same day Mr. Robert Bair, of York Furnace, will lecture on "An Index to Some Old Graves." His antiquarian talks are a regular and highly enjoyed feature of the Algonquin's annual camp. On Friday, August 8, will be the annual "Club Day," specially set apart for the entertainment of invited guests, and for the Camp Dinner, complimentary to Mr. John Bair. Among the guests expected to be present on that occasion are Mayor Clark, Judge Livingston, Dr. J. H. Dubbs, Prof. McCaskey, and a number of other prominent gentlemen from Lancaster, besides some from Newark, N. J., York, Columbia, Marietta, Lititz, and other places. In addition to the excellent dinner, the occasion always calls forth much wit and eloquence in the various responses to toasts and other speeches. The badge of the Algonquins is a white Lancaster county Indian arrow-head, mounted in gold, with a neat bow of brown, green and crimson ribbon, these being the colors of the club, as they were those of the great Indian nation whose name it has adopted.

EARTH AND LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER.

Earth hath not space for life; the narrow round
From pain to joy, and joy to pain again,
Doth mark a circle all too closely bound
To clasp a restless soul. The spirit fain
Would soar through lofty heights to greet the day,
And feebly strives in yearnings to be free,
But baffled, fretted, held to senseless clay,
Droops, half despairing, in its slavery.

Our deepest thoughts are dumb: soul harmonies
Like discords seem when voiced amid the din
Of daily toil. We find the muddy lees
Instead of rich, red wine, and peer within
The cup unsatisfied. Time cannot give
The touch that makes Creation's melody;
And life needs more than breath; souls only *live*
Within the vastness of Eternity.

Local Lore.

GEORGE ROSS—A CORRECTION AND A CONJECTURE.

BY THE HON. MARRIOTT BROSIUS.

Next to John Hancock's, the boldest and strongest signature to the Declaration of Independence is that of George Ross, of Lancaster. Very little has been written about this Lancaster county signer, and some of that little has not been true. In the July issue of CHRISTIAN CULTURE is an article from a Lancaster pen in which an error, which has been perpetuated for a century by careless chroniclers, received a new lease of life.

The writer says: "He was elected to Congress in 1774, where he remained until 1777." Every biography I have seen of George Ross contains a similar statement. It is, therefore, an error into which any writer relying upon secondary sources of information would be likely to fall. It is not a point of great consequence in the history of our distinguished signer, and would perhaps not be worth correction but for the fact that the misstatement implies that George Ross was present and had some agency in the adoption of the immortal Declaration; whereas, in truth, he was not a member of the Continental Congress at the time the memorable Act occurred, nor for six months previous thereto.

Original sources of information make it clear that George Ross was first elected as a delegate to the Continental Congress on July 22, 1774. The Congress convened on the 5th, but he only took his seat on the 14th of September, of that year. The Session adjourned on the 26th of the ensuing October. He was again elected on December 15, 1774, to the Congress which convened on May 10, 1775. At the next election of delegates, on November 3, 1775, he was not elected. On July 20, 1776, he was again elected and immediately took his seat. In January, 1777, he obtained leave of absence on account of illness, and never afterwards returned. He occupied his seat in the Continental Congress from September 14th to October 26th, 1774; from May 10th to November 3d, 1775; and from July 20, 1776, to January, 1777.

When not in Congress he was not idle. He was a patriot firmly attached to liberty and independence, and rendered effective service to the Revolutionary

cause, both as councillor and commander. In the controversies between the colonists and the Indians he became the mediator between them, and made his country greatly his debtor by the judgment and wisdom with which he conducted his negotiations with the Red Men.

On July 6th, 1776, he is in Lancaster writing to Col. Galbraith, and enclosing the resolves of Congress on the subject of Independence, which he had just received. At the same time he appears as President of the Lancaster Committee of Inspection, Observation and Correspondence. He was also Colonel of the First Battalion of Associators of Lancaster. On July 16, he was elected Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Convention of which he was a member. On March 20, 1777, he was appointed Ensign to Col. St. Clair's Battalion. Numerous other public services are recited in the current biographies. Perhaps no one of his cotemporaries was more assiduous and unremitting in his labors in behalf of the interests of the Colonies than George Ross, and his appointment as a Judge of the Court of Admiralty, in April, 1779, was an eminently fitting recognition of the distinguished services he had rendered his province, and his country.

My "Conjecture" relates to the absence of Ross's portraits from Trumbull's painting of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. I have been asked by one of my constituents, a venerable and highly respected descendant of George Ross, how this omission occurred. That it did occur I suppose there is no doubt, though I am unable to verify the fact by inspection. The roll of names attached to the picture as a guide to visitors does not contain the name of Ross; neither does it appear in any of the "Guide Book" descriptions of the painting. Nor have I been able to find in Trumbull's autobiography, or elsewhere, any authentic statement of the persons represented in the picture. Proceeding upon the assumption that the omission exists, I consulted such sources of information as are easily accessible with a view of giving the best answer I could to my friend's inquiry.

In some portions of the history of the adoption and signing of the Declaration of Independence there is a strange confusion of tongues. Out of the chaos of statement found in the histories, it is to be hoped the truth will some day emerge with such clearness that we will feel the assurance of knowing something about it. Accessible data touching Trumbull's painting furnish no explanation of the absence of the Ross portrait. All is left to conjecture. The delegations to Congress from some of the Colonies on the 4th of July were changed before the 2d of August, when the signing was chiefly done. For example, the Pennsylvania delegation on the 4th of July contained three men who ceased to be delegates before the instrument was signed, and at the latter period there were in the delegation five men who were not in it at the former. It is thus seen that the *personnel* of the Continental Congress changed so frequently that the entire identity of the body was rarely preserved continuously for any length of time.

It seems established by a fair preponderance of authority that no signatures were put upon the paper on the 4th of July, excepting those of John Hancock the president, and Charles Thompson, secretary.

The order made by Congress on the 4th, as shown by the Journal, was that, "the Declaration be authenticated and printed." Nothing is said about signing. On the 19th of July, Congress passed the following resolution.

"*Resolved*, That the Declaration passed on the 4th be fairly engrossed on parchment with the title and style of 'The unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America,' and that the same when engrossed be signed by every member of Congress." On the 2d of August, the Journal says: "The Declaration of Independence being engrossed and compared at the table was signed by the members." The signers were of necessity the members of the body at the time the instrument was submitted for signatures, and the delegates who had left Congress between July 4th and August 2d could not sign. On the latter date most of the members affixed their names. Two of them signed later in the fall, and Thomas McKean not until January, 1777.

These observations are made to explain how it came that some distinguished patriots who assisted in the adoption of the Declaration were not, and others who were absent at the time of the memorable act, were signers. George Ross belongs to the latter category; and it is an interesting inquiry how Mr. Trumbull came to overlook him. A hasty look into the dusty volumes, which contain what has been recorded on this subject, reveals the fact that twelve at least of the signers were omitted from the picture. Of Pennsylvania's nine signers but five are found upon the canvas.

Mr. Trumbull was employed by the Government to paint a picture of the "Signers." He was an artist of great skill and assiduous industry. He was working on a number of historical studies illustrating our revolutionary history at the same time, under a contract with the Government. He traveled extensively in Europe in search of portraits, for the purpose of his paintings, and traversed the States with the same end in view. His idea, as stated in his autobiography, was to preserve the resemblance of the men who were the authors of this memorable act; and the rule laid down for himself in the composition of the painting was, to admit no ideal representations. The only deviation from this rule seems to have been in the case of Benjamin Harrison. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, Conn., gives me the following incident, derived from the painter himself: No portrait of Harrison could be found, and after long search the painter was convinced that none was in existence. One day, when the painting was nearly completed, a stranger came into the studio, and after looking at the picture sometime, remarked, "I don't see Governor Ben Harrison there. He signed the Declaration." "Did you know Governor Harrison?" asked the artist, impatiently. "Well, I ought to," was the answer, "he was my father." "Is there any likeness of him?" asked Mr. Trumbull. "No," said Mr. Harrison, "there's no picture, but my mother and the family have always told me that I was the image of my father, at the same age, except for the difference in color of eyes and hair." "Please stand just where you are," was the peremptory command of the painter, who caught up palette and brush and began at once to make a sketch of the visitor, making the requisite changes in eyes and hair. When the sketch

was completed, he showed it to Mr. Harrison who, after studying it for awhile, said, "Well, I don't believe there's a man in Virginia who ever saw Governor Harrison that would not recognize *that* as his likeness." Further inquiry among friends and acquaintances satisfied the artist of the trustworthiness of the portrait, and he gave it a place in the completed picture.

He found it difficult, he said, to ascertain who were the individuals to be represented. Should he regard the fact of having been actually present in the room on the 4th of July indispensable? Should he admit those only who were in favor of, and reject those who were opposed to, the act? On these questions it is said he consulted Adams and Jefferson, who concurred in the advice that the signatures to the instrument ought to be the general guide in the selection of the persons to be represented. The artist evidently adopted a broad gauged test, for he admitted to the privilege of his canvas some who adopted but did not sign, some who signed but did not adopt, and some who did both, and two, at least, who did neither, viz: John Dickinson, who was an eloquent and powerful opposer of the measure and never signed, and Thomas Willing, who voted against it also, and being retired before August 2, of course never signed. It is easily seen that George Ross was within the rules which governed the artist's selection of subjects for the picture. Add to this the fact that there was extant a portrait of this eminent signer painted by Benjamin West, which was accessible to the artist if he desired it, and of which he may fairly be presumed to have had knowledge, for he was a friend of Benjamin West and a frequent visitor at his house in London during the years that the "Great Picture," and the persons who were to compose it, were upon his mind, and the mystery of the omission sensibly deepens.

I find an interesting incident recorded in the life and studies of Benjamin West, by John Galt, which, as it refers kindly to those whose memory is loved and cherished by some of Lancaster's good people, I take the liberty of reproducing.

Young West was visiting a friend by the name of Flower, a Justice of the Peace in Chester county, who had a legal friend in Lancaster by the name of Ross. "Lancaster," says the biographer, "was remarkable for its wealth, and had the reputation of possessing the best and most intelligent society to be found in America." Mr. Flower brought his young friend to the Ross mansion on a visit. "The wife of Mr. Ross," says the chronicler, "was greatly admired for her beauty, and had several children who were so remarkable in this respect as to be objects of general notice." Mr. Flower, at dinner, advised his friend Ross to have the portraits of his family taken, and suggested that they would be excellent subjects for young West. Application was accordingly made to old Mr. West and permission obtained for the little artist to go to Lancaster for the purpose of taking the likeness of Mrs. Ross and her family. Allen Cunningham, in his "Lives of Painters and Sculptors," says: "West at this time was not over fifteen years old."

Another incident worth recalling is recorded by Galt: "At the time of West's visit to the Ross family he met a gunsmith by the name of William Henry,

who, having something of a classical turn, proposed to the young artist to paint the death of Socrates. West had never heard of Socrates, but the gunsmith booked him up a little, and he made a sketch which was very clever. He, however, was in doubt how to represent the slave, and he said to his friend, 'I have hitherto painted faces and people clothed, what am I to do with the slave who presents the poison? he ought, I think, to be naked.' Henry went out to his workshop and brought in one of his workmen, a handsome man stripped to the waist, saying, 'There is your model.' The artist introduced him into the picture." If any of the descendants of Judge Henry or of his workman are now living they may be interested in this incident.

A look at the chronology of these events will almost raise a doubt as to their historical accuracy. George Ross came to Lancaster in 1731, at the age of twenty-one years. Benjamin West was born in 1738, and if he was fifteen years old when he visited the Ross family, it must have been about the year 1753, when George Ross was about twenty-three years of age. It is hardly likely he had a very large family at that time, and his children must have been very small. A cyclopedia of painters consulted, says West set up as a portrait painter at the age of eighteen. In 1760, when he was twenty-eight years old, he went to Italy, and in 1763 settled in London, and as far as I am able to discover never returned to this country. It is obvious then that he must have painted the portrait of George Ross sometime between 1753 and 1760, and in all probability it was done about the time he was visiting the Ross family. A copy of this picture, painted in 1875 or 1876, by Philip Wharton, from a photograph from the original, now hangs in Independence Hall.

It would seem not a little remarkable that any one in possession of a portrait of so eminent a personage, at a time when a group of figures to whose companionship he had so just a title was being painted by order of the Government, did not produce it, even without request. So, in view of all the facts I have been able to gather, I think the most likely explanation of the strange omission is, that along from the years 1800 to 1817—when Mr. Trumbull was searching for portraits for his historical studies—the Ross picture was stored away in somebody's closet, out of sight, and perhaps out of mind, so that the artist's search failed to reach its hiding place; and the result of this and other like omissions is, that the celebrated painting of the Signers, for which the Government paid eight thousand dollars, is but a painting of most of the Signers and a few other people.

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

JOHN BECK.

A PIONEER EDUCATOR OF LANCASTER COUNTY.

BY SIMON P. EBY, ESQ.

II.

When the gentleman from Baltimore came to Lititz, it was on a Saturday, and he found Mr. Beck engaged in painting, one of the methods employed by him to add to his income of teacher, as already stated.

The account of this interview between the teacher

and the gentleman who sent him the first pupil from abroad will best be given in Mr. Beck's own words:

"The stranger's first inquiry, whether the teacher resided there, having been responded to affirmatively, was followed by a second. 'Could I get to see him?' to which I replied, 'I am the person.' 'Well, sir,' said he, 'I have come from Baltimore to see whether you will receive my son as a pupil.' 'My dear sir,' I rejoined, abashed, 'I have no boarding school; I merely instruct the village boys; you have been misinformed; there is a ladies' seminary here, but none for boys.' 'No, sir, I have not been misinformed,' said he, 'your school is highly spoken of in Baltimore, and I have been recommended to you.' 'Why,' said I, in utter astonishment, 'who should know anything there of me or my school; I have never been there, nor do I know a single person in that city.'

"He then recounted to me what the two strangers had related to him, expatiating at length upon their strong recommendations of the school, as well as the village. He insisted upon the admission of his son, and I as steadily continued to refuse. After a long conversation upon the subject, he finally said, 'Mr. Beck, think the matter over; I shall meanwhile go to the hotel and dine; will you call there this afternoon for further conversation on the subject?'

"Upon my arrival at the hotel, he met me at the door and exclaimed, 'It is needless for you to say no; I have taken a liking to you, and you must receive my son; if you ask \$500 a year, I will pay it to you.' Still shrinking from so great a responsibility, I proposed to show him my academy, hoping that a glance at the old blacksmith shop would change his mind. Arrived there, my first remark to him was: 'This is my academy; surely you would not fancy your son's admission into so mean a building.' His reply much astonished me: 'You need no better recommendation than this humble building, and the sequestered village about it, where my son may be safely removed from the temptations and perils incident to a life in a metropolis.' Hereupon I finally, but reluctantly, agreed to receive his son, who arrived ten days later, accompanied by his mother.

"I tried my best to persuade her not to leave him here, but she, like his father, at once became equally prepossessed, not only with Lititz, but with my humble school-room, remarking: 'In just such a school I want my son to be educated.' She left him in my charge on the 30th of August, 1819, on which day I entered him in the school, cherishing the fond hope that as he was the first he would be the last one I would receive from abroad.

"Little did I imagine on that day that my future destiny would be to become the educator of many hundred boys, who would be brought to me from nearly all the States in the Union. In God's Providence it has, however, come to pass during fifty years, as the catalogue shows.

"About four weeks after the first boy from abroad had been entered, five more came from Baltimore, all

sons of highly respectable families. They arrived without preliminary application, and I was much concerned what to do with them, for I was deficient in boarding accommodations; but it nevertheless really appeared as though a Higher Hand had regulated the matter, for family after family in the village offered to receive not only the new-comers, but a number of others who soon followed."

The boys brought to him were considered as so many precious charges entrusted to his care, and the responsibility correspondingly great. Hence for them his labors never ceased, his vigilance never slept until they were safely returned to parent or guardian. One only was not so restored, and his was the only death that occurred among the many under his charge.

His school grew in numbers and efficiency. In 1822 the old blacksmith shop was taken down, and the new academy building erected in its place. After some time, this failing to hold all who came, the old Brethren's house, a large, roomy, stone building, close to his academy, and no longer used for its original purpose, was turned over to him, and apartments in it fitted up for class-rooms as they were needed. Assistant teachers were employed, selected mostly from among his former pupils.

His health, which some time previous had threatened to give way under his increased labors and over-exertion, was now fully restored.

Meanwhile, and in fact during all the time, he was educating and improving himself for his enlarged duties; he never refused to avail himself of any suggestion, trifling as at first it might appear, if in his judgment it promised to benefit his school or add to the health and comfort of his pupils. He read books and in various other ways gathered information as to the manner in which the best schools in this country and Europe were conducted, and he cheerfully imparted the knowledge thus acquired to other teachers when desired, and seemed pleased at their

success in their work.

Selfishness and jealousy formed no part of his composition; and his astonishment and indignation were greatly excited when Joseph Lancaster refused him permission to see his school after he had gone all the way to Baltimore for that purpose. He lamented the day when teachers looked upon each other with jealous eyes, and rejoiced in the happier period when sociability began to be cultivated among them.

In 1836 he presided over a convention of teachers who met at West Chester. Afterwards he was instrumental in forming a society of teachers, known as the "Lancaster County Teachers Lyceum," which met monthly and increased in numbers. To extend its influence, and enlist parents more seriously in the cause of education, he visited various parts of the county, and often addressed large audiences in English and German, in both of which languages he was a ready and eloquent speaker. He also visited the schools around Lititz, traveling on horseback, as often as he could spare the time, with a view of imparting



JOHN BECK.

his experience to younger teachers. After some time he found himself a welcome visitor, and soon those teachers returned his calls, especially on Saturdays, so that for a number of years his academy became, during the months of August, September, and October, a kind of Normal school, which continued until the Normal School at Millersville was established.

Meanwhile, with all this outside work, his academy continued to flourish with increasing numbers. He procured for it a complete philosophical and chemical apparatus, a telescope, magic lantern, maps and natural history charts for illustration. Evening lectures on various scientific, moral, and historical subjects were introduced during the winter seasons.

From and after about 1833 his school occupied three rooms in the stone house in addition to the one in the academy building. The four rooms were in charge of four assistants, while he supervised the entire establishment and taught some of the classes himself, as occasion required, generally in penmanship, elocution and philosophy; or he assisted in arranging and starting new classes, and in the work of transferring them.

His academy had then become widely and favorably known, and he, in his blue cloth frock coat, black pants and vest, and silk hat, was the best known figure on the streets of Lititz; while his boys, when not actually engaged in school, full of young life and ready for all kinds of innocent fun, could be seen and heard in all parts of the village, and on fine days upon the adjoining farms. Examination day at Mr. Beck's academy had become a festive occasion; young and old, from village and surrounding country, flocked to the church to hear the pupils recite and declaim, and to witness the scientific displays given under the direction of the highly gratified principal and his assistants.

What then were the elements of his success? Some of them may readily be named, beginning with the least: (1) The environments of his school; (2) His natural capacity and great love for boys; (3) The conscientious performance of whatever he undertook to do; bringing to the task his best abilities, a sleepless vigilance and untiring industry.

Lititz was admirably suited for a school like his. A quiet moral atmosphere pervaded the place; it offered few temptations, and no bad company for the boys. The Moravian congregation held supreme title to the land of the village and owned several of the adjoining farms and wood-lands. It was under a mild but strict church government, outsiders could not become land holders, and undesirable tenants could not intrude themselves upon the community. A "Collegium" of church members regulated the affairs of the village, presided over by a "Vorsteher," and a committee of chimney inspectors looked after the sanitary condition of the place.

Most of the villagers were quiet, respectable tradesmen and mechanics, and their wives tidy housekeepers and kind mothers. Many of the latter were educated in the Ladies' Seminary of that place, and some of them, having served in it as teachers, were intelligent and refined in manner.

Among these people the pupils from abroad were distributed in sets of from two to six or more in number. They were boarded, lodged and cared for, and became like members of the same family. The good

dames of the house took them under their protection, particularly if yet small boys, rejoiced with them in their successes, sympathized with them in their troubles, and nursed them in sickness, that is, if they ever got sick, for Mr. Beck's boys were a remarkably healthy set. So that Mr. Beck was not often called upon to make peace between his pupils and the boarding house people. If she happened to be a poor widow, then, her helpless condition appealing to the magnanimity of her boarders, who were of good families and manly fellows, they championed her cause against outsiders, and upheld her authority at home. If one of their number was mean or became refractory they put him down, and the mistress of the house might lock him up—she would be sustained if she had treated her boarders fairly. But woe to the man who attempted to impose upon his boarders, stint them in their fare, or feed them too much on salted mackerel; he might as well have given up the business, for there is no limit to the devices half a dozen boys can invent for his annoyance, and he could expect no rest, day or night. Fortunately these were exceptional cases.

When school was dismissed in the afternoon, a piece of home-made bread, thickly spread with butter and molasses, and sometimes with honey, would be ready for each one, and away the boys would go, shouting and munching their pieces, to the play-ground, perhaps to the spring, or for a run into the country for nuts, or after rabbits, returning home with good appetites for supper and plenty of exercise to insure a sound night's rest.

Besides these attractions there were other inducements, which contributed to make the boys feel at home. The village, always neat and attractive, was located in the midst of a charming agricultural country, abounding in streams containing fish; fields in which rabbits could be started in season without much trouble, and woods full of nut-bearing trees, to which the boys could go on their Saturday excursions.

The people who lived upon the farms were respectable, thrifty farmers, not disposed to quarrel with the boys, and on friendly terms with their principal, many of them sending their sons to his school during the winter season.

Their board was good and wholesome, and in all the wide world there were no such pretzels and "streissel-cakes" as could be had at the cake-shops of old Mr. Petersen and his successor, John William Rauch; or such taffy as the Sisters, a few of whom still remained in the old Sisters' House, sold for a cent a stick; at least so the boys seemed to think.

Then there was the bright, neat old church, close to the schools, its clock keeping time while the boys went through with their lessons, and telling the hours and quarters on its two bells in the steeple. In front of the church was the square, gay with holly-hocks in summer and green with cedar trees in winter. Close on its eastern side stood the Ladies' Seminary, out of which proceeded on almost every fine week day, and came up the village street, a train of demure, sweet-faced school girls, accompanied by several teachers, out for their afternoon walk. Upon these the boys looked with indifference; being of the weaker sex, they could neither fish, hunt, skate, or climb trees with them. The fair train was allowed to pass and repass, and the boys "made no sign." Love-

making was not allowed—hardly thought of. Once in many years an academy boy opened a correspondence with Linden Hall, and Mr. Beck shipped him in a hurry.

The old-fashioned tally-ho mail coach and four, with the well remembered knee-sprung sorrel off leader, rolled up in front of the hotel every other day, and carried mail and passengers between Lancaster and Reading.

The sooty-faced chimney-sweep came several times a year, and to the great delight of the boys sang his comic, and alas, sometimes too, his drunken songs, from the tops of the chimneys until he fell down inside.

The community of Lititz had a fine ear for music, and quite a number of expert performers. They had an orchestra with a grand piano in their concert hall above the main school room. They had a brass band, of course. None, however, of the kind who think the louder the noise the better the music, but who believed in the "concord of sweet sounds." Mr. Beck's boys could not fail to take the infection, and flutes were heard in many of the boarding-houses and in the school buildings while passing along the streets after school hours.

Parents who came and saw and heard could not fail to conclude that it was safe to place their sons within such environments.

Dear old Lititz, now like a plum with the bloom brushed off! Thy fences have been let down. Vorsteher and Collegium have laid down their magisterial robes. Burgess and town council sit in their seats. The stranger is within thy gates, and his shadow upon thy door-sills. I know to say aught against progress is considered rank old-fogyism. Progress demands the earth. Yet there are some old things too good to be overthrown, even by the relentless march of progress. Linden Hall still holds fast to her ancient sanctuary, and faithful Audubon guards within his embowered retreat such jewels as could be saved from the wreck of the old Academy:

"But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

(*To be Continued.*)

Our Book-Shelf.

MERE COINCIDENCE?

BY W. U. HENSEL, ESQ.

I never had much sympathy with the assaults so often made upon clergymen, orators, poets, and other men of letters, for their appropriation of other people's ideas and for the incorporation into their own productions of the thoughts of those who have expressed them before. In many instances, no doubt, such appropriation is wilful and sneaking; and that plagiarists abound is not to be disputed. Very often, however, the charge is inspired by a spirit of hypercriticism more contemptible than the offense complained of. That "there is nothing new under the sun" is at least as nearly true of forms of literary expression as of anything else in intellectual development; and those who write and speak should be as much privileged to work over the old material as the artist, the

inventor, or the mechanic. One need only take up the ordinary book of quotations to discover by a reference to the history of many of the most familiar of them that their real origin is lost in antiquity and doubt; and some of the "best things" ever said by the men whose names are linked with them as their authors, were said, perhaps centuries before, in substantially the same form.

A recent example of literary parallelism, which I do not believe is plagiarism, has come to my notice. A leading New York newspaper printed in its literary department the other day this poem, which purported to have been written by J. H. Symes for *Chambers's Journal*:

THREE ROSES.

Together on a slender spray they hung,
Dowered with equal beauty, passing fair,
And blent, as though an unseen censer swung,
Their mingled perfume with the morning air.

Not theirs the fate to linger till decay
Strewed their sweet-scented petals on the ground,
For ere the close of that bright Summer day,
Each sister rose another fate had found.

Twined in the meshes of a beauty's hair
One blossom faded slowly, hour by hour,
Until at parting, some one in despair
As a memento craved the withered flower.

One went an offering to a vain coquette,
Who plucked its leaves, and as they fluttering fell,
Whispered a test that has believers yet,
"He loves me—loves me not—he loves me well."

A maiden's form lies in a darkened room,
In folded hands, upon a pulseless breast,
One touch of color in the deepening gloom,
The last of the three roses is at rest.

ENVOY.

O Love and cruel Death, so far apart,
Rose-sisters fair, could I but change with thee
And choose the fate of either of the three,
O happiest rose of all, my choice would be
Thy place above the maiden's pulseless heart.

I assume that the publication has been very recent, and that Mr. Symes claims original authorship. But years ago—at least the verses are to be found in his published poems of the edition of 1882—Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote this exquisite poem, which, in idea and form, is so similar to Mr. Symes's as to readily suggest plagiarism to the suspicious:

DESTINY.

Three roses, wan as moonlight, and weighed down
Each with its loveliness as with a crown,
Drooped in a florist's window in a town.

The first a lover bought. It lay at rest,
Like flower on flower, that night, on Beauty's breast.

The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's hair.

The third, a widow, with new grief made wild,
Shut in the icy palm of her dead child.

Three roses hanging together, it will be noticed, furnish the subject for each poem. Their destinies are almost identical; in the one instance the flower lay at rest on beauty's breast, in the other it is "twined in the meshes of a beauty's hair;" in Mr. Aldrich's poem one rose shrinks "in the tangles of a harlot's hair," in Mr. Symes's it is plucked to pieces by "a vain coquette;" in both the third rose rests in the cold palm of the dead.

Every reader may determine for himself or herself whether this is a coincidence or a case of literary theft.

Another, that is still more striking, has come within my knowledge and experience: Nearly twenty years ago two friends who did not come to be any the less friends when they became husband and wife, turning to the skies one night and to the things and thoughts suggested by the stars, chose two bright points among the wheeling constellations upon which they agreed to ever fix their thoughts when absent one from the other. They turned to the Great Bear ("Big Dipper") in the Northern skies, because it is always above the horizon, and chose the middle star in the tail or handle because of the name, "Mizar," its characteristic as a double star, and because closely attendant upon it is the faithful, though more feebly shining "Alcor." For many years and through extended correspondence ran continuous reference to these stars and to identically the same idea as is contained in Mr. Story's verses to which I beg to call attention. I am absolutely certain that neither of these two persons had ever read or heard of this poem. And yet years after one of them came across it in Story's "Graffiti D'Italia:"

TWO STARS.

Look! love, into the sky, and say,
When I am gone beyond the sea,
What stars of all the many stars
Shall shine for you and me.

See! there above, in Charles's Wain,
Those two, that close together shine,
One bright and large—that shall be yours—
The little faint one, mine;

The little one, that has no praise
From all who look—the satellite—
I know not if it have a name,
It shrinks so out of sight.

Here the reference undoubtedly is to the identical two stars, "Mizar," "bright and large," and "Alcor," "the little faint one," the satellite. Although this poem had been published earlier than the agreement I have related, I am absolutely certain that it had never been seen or heard of by those to whose minds the selection of these particular stars was suggested by an entirely different train of thought; and when it was first read, years afterward, it sounded like an echo from a world of pre-existence.

A NOTABLE NOVEL.

BY MISS A. M. H.

When one looks back over the literature of this past century, one of the most noticeable facts is the sudden growth in popularity of the historical novel. From Scott as a beginning, no one class of fiction has held its place like the historical novel.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward was a very successful writer, before she attempted the historical novel, but her last book, written in connection with her husband, Herbert D. Ward, is undoubtedly the great effort of her life, so far. One always has a comfortable feeling when reading a book which we are assured is reliable, and as Herbert Ward is considered an authority on Assyriology, we can proceed without any further worry on that score, and consider the merits of the book, which are increased much by Mr. Ward's contribution.

Mrs. Ward would hardly be herself if she did not have a ghost or spirit, or, at least something mysterious in a book, but in the character of Mutusa-ili,

she has toned it down considerably, while Daniel has it to a wonderful extent, but with, on the whole, a pleasing effect. Of course from our familiarity with Daniel we are very much in favor of him, and in spite of Allit's beauty, where our favorite's happiness is concerned, we can hardly forgive Lalitha's preference for Allit any more than we can quite appreciate Lalitha's weak, rather passive character possessing such an attraction for so strong a spirit as Daniel's.

The story is told with accuracy, simplicity, but we miss the one thing that probably in such a novel is most wanted, and is most conspicuous by its absence, that is the suitable oriental richness and luxuriousness of language. Mrs. Ward is new to this style of writing, and up to this time has written books that required at least no more than the simplicity of style that she gave; but in a work treating of the richest court of its period, and a wonderful character—two wonderful characters—one might look for a more sumptuous style. However, that can be excused when you get interested in the book as you must do as you proceed with the story; and probably the very simplicity of the language gives to Daniel an additional charm of purity that otherwise might be lacking, while Amytis more plainly becomes a character with whom we have no sympathy whatever.

Any book to be worth remembering will trace the development of character and one cannot help admiring the strong combination of causes brought to bear on the effeminate Babylonish fop, Allit, to change him to a sober, trustworthy believer. The strange mystical influence of Daniel, made stranger by his greater moral strength; the training of Lalitha, working on him through his love for her, and finally the great wrong attempted on her, all lead him to the deeper life he grew to know.

Altogether, although "The Master of the Magicians" cannot rival "Ben Hur," our favorite modern work of historic fiction, still it has some rare beauties of its own and only needs a glance through it to insure our interest; and when we are through we pronounce it a very pleasing book, in spite of our disappointment at the authors' conception of Daniel's character.

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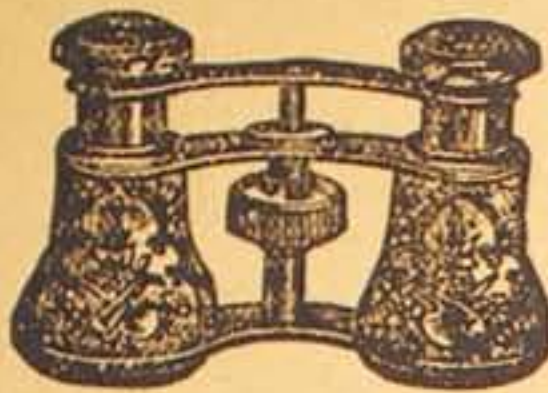
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