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Christian Culture

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THE REV. CHARLES L. FRY, }

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All around me every bush and tree
Says Autumn's here, and Winter soon will be.
—Lowell.

Editorial.

Now that vacation is over it will take a good many people the rest of the year to recover from it—physically, financially and morally.

LOUDLY to praise courage, independence, and virtue in general in others by no means compensates us for the lack of that same virtue in ourselves. To praise a virtue is quite a different thing from possessing it. And if we think that we can pass off the former for the latter we deceive ourselves. The world knows better. "He that doeth righteousness is righteous." He that only talketh it is a hypocrite.

LOWELL dead? No; only his body. He still lives in the hearts and lives of his countrymen, and shall forever, making the Right among us stronger, the Truth more holy, and the Beautiful more altogether lovely.

If the discussion aroused by the present judicial contest shall really result in calling a halt to the corruption that seems for years to have been existing unrebuked in certain offices in the court house, it will have served so good a purpose as to make amends for some of its unpleasant and painful features. It certainly is high time for public honesty and decency to assert themselves; and every good citizen must rejoice at the popular revolt, tardy though it be, against the high-handed extortion and dishonesty practiced by some of the county's chosen officials. May it not stop until every department shall have been thoroughly purged and permanently reformed!

THE observance of Labor Day promises to be as general this year and as successful as it was a year ago. There are many strong reasons why it should appeal to the interest and sympathy of every citizen. We believe it can be made one of the most efficient means towards a final, peaceable solution of the great social problem. We deplore, however, two things that threaten to play a prominent part in the celebration, and that inevitably must do much to defeat its true purpose and end; first, the influence of ignorant demagogism, and secondly, the degrading influence of liquor drinking and intemperance. If nothing worse, it certainly detracts from the respectability and dignity of the laboring people and their cause, for them not only to tolerate the sale of intoxicants at their picnic, but themselves to do the selling. The money they may make from it will never repay them for the standing and respectability they will lose thereby in the eyes of their best friends and of all right-thinking people.

THE "sacred concerts" on Sunday afternoons at Rocky Springs are said to be a success. No doubt they are—for the proprietor, and the electric railway. But whether they contribute anything to the success of Lancaster as a Sabbath-keeping community—what with their accompaniments of merry-go-rounds, razzle-

dazzle, the sale of ice cream etc., etc.—that is another matter. Their object is certainly not, as has been piously said, to afford an opportunity to our working people to enjoy good music—this opportunity they have always had in our churches and Sunday-schools, where there is at least as good and as sacred music to be enjoyed without money and without price, as any that is discoursed even by the best of brass bands;—but their sole object is to transfer all the money possible from the pockets of a gullible public to those of the managers of the railway, Lady Gay, merry-go-rounds, photograph gallery and restaurants. We don't object to sacred concerts, in a park or anywhere else; but we do object to their being made the occasion and means of carrying on a private money-making business on Sunday. Be honest. Call things by their right names. Don't serve mammon under the pretence of serving God.

THE action of Gen. Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in notifying the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions that hereafter he will make such contracts with the mission schools as the interests of the Indian service may demand, without reference to the Bureau, has called forth loud and fierce denunciation and even abusive and slanderous language from the Catholic press of the country. And yet it is nothing more than plain conformity with the fundamental American principle of non-sectarianism in governmental matters. Why in all the world the Catholic Bureau should be consulted any more than the Mission Boards of the Methodist, Lutheran, or any other church is hard to see. To demand it is a piece of arrogance that to us seems amazing. Gen. Morgan's action calls for the unqualified commendation of every American citizen. We must ever insist on absolute nonsectarianism in all such matters; no discrimination against either Catholics or Protestants, as such; but likewise none in favor of either. It is a principle that cannot be too jealously guarded; and we are glad we have an Indian Commissioner who in this as in all his other acts is proving himself a courageous, faithful and efficient official.

THE first Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania-German Society, to be held in Harrisburg on the second Wednesday of October, promises to be a notable gathering. The literary exercises will consist of the annual address of the president, Dr. Wm. H. Egle, and addresses or papers on the history of the Pennsylvania-Germans by the Hon. S. W. Pennypacker, Dr. A. R. Horne, of Lehigh county, Lee L. Grumbine, Esq., of Lebanon, and perhaps some others. In the evening the Annual Banquet will be held, at which toasts and speech-making will of course also be indulged in. The local committee of arrangements at

Harrisburg is doing all in its power to make the occasion a success, and worthy of the vigorous young Society.

No. 2 of Vol. XV of the *Pennsylvania Magazine* of History and Biography does us the honor to print, in its always interesting department of "Notes and Queries," the substance of two short articles on the first pharmacopœia published in the United States, and its author Dr. William Brown, which first appeared in our "Local Lore," and contained some curious and important information never before published. The Magazine also has an appreciative notice of the Pennsylvania-German Society, while its historical and biographical articles are of even more than ordinary interest. The leading article is on Austin Allibone, the frontispiece portrait of whom is one of the finest specimens of photogravure we have ever seen. The article on the "Harriton Family Cemetery" suggests to us that the historical sketches of some of the many old family cemeteries found on farms in Lancaster county would make most interesting reading, and would be important, too, to the student of history. Why does not some one go to work on the subject?

Who speaks the truth stabs falsehood to the heart,
And his mere word makes despots tremble more
Than ever Brutus with his dagger could. —Lowell.

ORGANIZE!

How does it happen that the Sunday-school work of Lancaster county is not organized? We had a County Sunday-school Association some years ago, but like our County Historical Society, our local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and some more similar organizations, it was allowed to die—from heart failure, probably.

To those interested in the work of Sunday-schools it is rather humiliating that this county, one of the most populous, with its hundreds of well-equipped Sunday-schools, and one of the most prosperous in every respect, should be out in the cold, as it were, while nearly every other county in the State has its work thoroughly organized, and keeps up the interest and enthusiasm of its workers, and keeps on instructing and improving them, not only by the County and District Conventions, but by the mere consciousness of their all being bound together, united in an organic union; by the knowledge that each school is but a part of the whole; by the courage, strength and greater efficiency that inevitably come with coöperation, in spiritual matters as well as in temporal.

In a few weeks, from Tuesday evening to Thursday evening, September 22d to 24th, the State Sunday-school Convention will be held at Bethlehem, Pa., and we should be very sorry indeed not to have Lancaster

county enrolled there, but reported as "not organized." It would reflect upon our schools and workers. It would place us in a false position, as if we were lacking in interest and activity. It ought not be. There is no reason nor excuse for it.

Firmly convinced that all that is needed is properly to present the matter to the workers of the county, arrangements have therefore been made with the State Executive Committee to have Mr. William Reynolds, of Peoria, Ill., the efficient National Superintendent of Organization, as also Dr. James Morrow, President of the State Association, in our city on September 17th, to meet the Sunday-school workers of the county and address all interested in the work, on that day in the Moravian Church. Mr. Reynolds is an enthusiastic and veteran worker and skillful organizer, and we hope our Sunday-school people of all denominations will give him a warm welcome and cordial reception. Let there be a county organization effected then and there, and delegates chosen to represent it at the State Convention of the following week, which already promises to be one of the largest and most interesting ever held. We owe it to our Sunday-schools and scholars, we owe it to ourselves, we owe it to the cause of Christian union in general, to help wheel our county into line, to draw its noble band of workers closer together, and to make them an organic part of the great host that represents one of the most important and most promising departments of the entire Church of Christ on earth. By all means let us have a "Lancaster County Sunday-school Association."

THE Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me. —Lowell.

COÖPERATIVE CHARITY—A SUGGESTION.

We have from time to time found fault with the indiscriminate alms-giving, wrongly called charity, prevalent in our kind-hearted, easy-going city. We feel called upon now to supplement our protests with a suggestion, a mere crude hint it may be called by some, of a system for dispensing our charities in a more discriminating, less reckless, and therefore more helpful and effective manner than is usually done. If our suggestion be imperfect, and possibly be deemed impracticable, yet we trust it may at least arouse further thought on the subject, and perhaps lead wiser minds to arrive at a more definite and altogether better plan. And we make our suggestion now, in the hope that it may lead to something practical being done in the matter before the coming on of the inclement season, when the deserving poor most need our help and the horde of undeserving pro-

fessional beggars and vagrants most impose upon the public.

What to do with the social disease of vagrancy and pauperism, how to rid the social body of this parasite that has fastened itself upon it, and seems year by year to be growing, is one of the most serious questions of the age. We do not intend here to discuss it as such. All we presume to do is to suggest a superficial local remedy that may help to alleviate some of the most irritating symptoms of the disease here among us, and perhaps check its alarmingly rapid growth. In a few words, we want to try to give an answer to this question: How can we discriminate among the hundreds of applicants at our doors appealing for food and clothing, for shelter and warmth, so as to help the really deserving and to discourage the undeserving and imposters?

Every one knows that of those who ask for help, nine belong to the latter class to every one of the former. To give to every one who calls on us is to encourage and assist these nine in their laziness and imposture, is to give a reward, offer a premium to vagrancy, to feed and nourish a dangerous parasite. To refuse every one, is to make the innocent one suffer for the guilty nine, which is unjust and cruel. Is there nothing to be done but to choose between these alternatives? The only thing seems to be this: to carefully investigate the case of every applicant for help, and then act accordingly. But who of us has time, who can possibly afford to do this, even if he had the inclination, which very few have? It appears to us therefore to be a case clearly calling for coöperation among the charitably disposed. What we cannot do individually, we may do collectively. That is, we can delegate a certain number of us to make it their business to become thoroughly acquainted with the needs and merits of every family and individual in the comparatively small class of really needy people of our city. Then we can empower this same, or another, number to disburse our charities for us according to this knowledge of theirs, helping the worthy, refusing and exposing or apprehending the unworthy. Of course all this can at best be done only approximately; yet even that is better than the careless, haphazard, harmful alms-giving now prevalent.

Now, suppose our local Dorcas Society would be willing to undertake the task of acting as the agent of charities for our community. That noble band of women already, through its visiting committee, is acquainted with all the poor of the city; knows just who needs and deserves help, how much, what kind, and knows also who deserves to be made to do without any assistance from others. Suppose then also that the Dorcas Society would agree to dispense our contributions for us in such manner as to make them do the most good—and the least harm. Would it not

be less trouble, less expense, and less danger of our making mistakes, for us simply to pay over to this Society the amount we usually give to beggars, even leaving out of account food and clothing? In order to systematize the matter, why not enter into an arrangement like this: For every dollar received from any one let the Dorcas Society give to that person say a dozen tickets. Now when a beggar comes to me, instead of giving him money or clothing or anything else, I simply give him one of these cards, which he takes and presents at the office of the Society—for it would have to have an office and an agent always there. The agent at once knows the bearer and treats him accordingly, or if he does not happen to know him, his case is at once examined into, and if worthy he receives the clothing, order for groceries, coal, etc., he needs. Of course imposters and loafers would very soon discover the uselessness and even danger of their presenting themselves for alms. The mere offer of a "Dorcas ticket" would soon be enough to show whether the beggar were worthy or not.

We are sure the system once in working order would so strongly appeal to the self-interest, even if to no higher motive, of our citizens, that hundreds would gladly take a few dollars' worth of such tickets if called upon, and thus make the total amount put in the hands of the Society amply sufficient to meet all proper demands upon it, besides paying the rent of an office and the salary of a permanently located agent there. Certainly by means of some such system all the real cases of want in our city could be abundantly relieved, and all the necessary expenses of office rent, salaries etc., be met besides, at less than one-fourth the aggregate amount now paid out by our community in indiscriminate alms, nine-tenths of which is wasted, or worse, serves only to breed parasites. For it to meet with any degree of success, however, it is absolutely necessary that a considerable proportion of our citizens should coöperate in it. Only so can professional begging be done away with, by meeting its demands everywhere with a "Dorcas ticket." And only so can we be reasonably sure that our alms will reach and help the really needy and deserving.

Why not try some such system this winter? Who will move in the matter?

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

Lancaster has within the last few years made several desperate efforts to "boom" itself; but thus far, at least, with no appreciable degree of success. Can it be possible that something else is requisite to make a city prosperous and desirable for residence or business than what Boards of Trade can give, or handbooks setting forth all the various advantages of the place,

or "boom editions" of newspapers, describing, with illustrations, everything possible to describe and much that is indescribable? It seems so.

The one thing that none of these agencies can furnish is, unfortunately for our city, also just the one thing without which no city can ever enjoy the right kind of a boom—nor deserves to do so, namely, *public spirit*.

We have again been forcibly reminded of this fatal lack by several recent instances following close upon one another's heels, one of them where the gentlemen who had intended making a pleasure drive-way along the Conestoga were met in so selfish and grasping a spirit in certain quarters as to make their project well nigh impossible. Another case was where the public will be the sufferer even more directly. The great need of a park, an adequate park, moved some gentlemen to endeavor to procure enough land for the purpose adjoining the present West End Park. But here too the plan was foiled by this same spirit seeking to turn the wants of the public into a means of private profit and individual gain. Numerous like instances in the history of the last few years will occur to every reader in which local enterprise and the public's interests were defeated by the unreasonable demands of individual selfishness and narrow-minded, short-sighted self-seeking.

Now what we deplore, and believe to be the chief obstacle to Lancaster's permanent growth and truest prosperity, is precisely this spirit of self-seeking and self-enrichment at the expense of the public. There are too many people who possess it. No sooner is any matter or enterprise of public interest and benefit undertaken than they ask themselves, not *How much can I do for it?* *How much can I give of my time, labor, money etc.?* but invariably only *How much can I make out of it?* If they see any chance of profit for themselves, they will be loudly in favor of the improvement. If not, then they will as loudly oppose it.

Such people seem to imagine that to pay one's taxes and break no laws are about the only duties of a citizen. It may be that they are, legally. But certainly not morally. Morally it is our duty both to help one another individually, and also to help the collective body, the community, of which we are members. It is every citizen's duty, and by every good citizen is counted a great privilege, to do anything that, without injuring himself, may be conducive to the greater good and happiness of the community to which he belongs.

As soon as we have as many citizens who will do this, as we now have citizens who persistently and habitually refuse to do it, Lancaster will boom—not a day before.

THROUGH the clouded glass
Of our own bitter tears, we learn to look
Undazzled on the kindness of God's face.

—Lowell.

MUSICAL MASTERS.

BY E. PAULINE COOPER.

V.—FREDERICK CHOPIN.

"A little private imitation of what is good is a sort of private devotion to it, and most of us ought to practice Art only in the light of private study—preparation to understand and enjoy what the few can do for us."

"A slim figure of middle height; fragile but wonderfully flexible limbs; delicately formed hands; very small feet; an oval, softly-outlined head; a pale, transparent complexion; long, silken hair, of a light chestnut color, parted on one side; tender brown eyes, intelligent rather than dreamy; a finely curved, aquiline nose; a sweet, subtle smile; graceful, varied gestures;"—that was Chopin! What must have been the charm of such a personality! Small wonder that his music is what it is—graceful, airy, elegant; full of quick, sudden surprises; developing into strength and great power, and anon returning softly, smoothly, to lowest breathed murmurs of beauty and love. Telling at one time in heart-rending tones of the sorrows of his country; and again of the happier times when her nobles danced the Polonaise and Mazurka in the rich palaces and stately halls of ancient Warsaw. Now whispering to Heine of the "beautiful little water-nymph who knew how to fasten her silvery veil so coquettishly round her green locks," and now stirring the soul's deepest emotions in one of his passionately uttered Scherzos or Impromptus. And in all the various changes through which his music leads, he is always Chopin—always polished, always refined and elegant; never allowing anything to betray him into awkwardness, rudeness or coarseness. He had an antipathy to such things. Many of Beethoven's works he disliked because they were too rough, too colossal; they jarred painfully on his extremely sensitive nerves. Mozart he loved and revered above all composers because he most uniformly presented the beautiful. Some of Schubert's Songs he liked, and others were positively repugnant to him because of their vivid pictures of mortal anguish.

Born in a country whose entire history is fraught with suffering and humiliation, Chopin, no doubt, got much of the melancholy in his disposition from the contemplation of her woes. His father, Nicolas Chopin, was a French emigrant who was first a private tutor, and afterwards became a professor in the Warsaw Lyceum. His mother was a Polish lady of excellent family. Chopin's extremely delicate organization showed itself early, as, when he was quite young he could not bear even musical sounds, his protestations, though inarticulate, being very decided. His only instructors were Zwiny, for the piano, and Elsner for composition. When Chopin was but twelve years old, the former gave up teaching him, as he seemed to have acquired all his master knew. From Elsner he learned, besides composition, that rigid self-examination and dissatisfaction which alone make the true artist. In 1818, at the age of nine, he played in his first concert. Of course he had been richly dressed for the occasion. Upon his return home his mother asked him, "Well, Fred, what did the people like best?" "Oh, mamma," replied the youthful *maestro*, "everybody was looking at my collar." When Chopin reached his fifteenth year, he entered

the Warsaw Lyceum. Here he gained many aristocratic friends. In fact his pleasant manners and rather mischievous disposition made him a general favorite. He loved practical jokes; and mimicry, for which he had extraordinary talent, was one of his favorite ways of entertaining his friends.

Chopin, like all the great masters, began composing when he was very young. Some of his earliest works are Polonaises, Marzurkas, Waltzes, etc. His first visit to Vienna occurred in 1829. While there he gave two concerts, at one of which he played his beautiful variations on "La ci darem mano." In Vienna he met many celebrities; amongst the rest, Count Gallenberg, the husband of Giulia Guicciardi (poor Beethoven's lost love), Count Moritz Lichnowski, Schuppanzigh, Czerny, Lachner, etc. The critical Viennese public seemed pleased with the Polish pianist's playing, but found fault with its extreme delicacy. "He did not play loud enough," they said; whereupon Chopin remarked that he would rather be accused of playing too softly than too loudly. In the following year he gave three concerts in Warsaw. At the first two he played his F Minor Concerto, and at the third his E Minor Concerto. Constantia Gladkowska, Chopin's earliest love, who afterwards proved so faithless to him, sang at this, his last concert in Warsaw. Not long afterwards Chopin left his beloved Poland never to return. The pupils of the Conservatorium sang a cantata, composed by Elsner for the occasion, and then presented him with an elegantly wrought silver cup filled with Polish earth. Chopin preserved this cup carefully, tenderly, until his death, when the handful of earth was scattered upon his coffin. Travelling slowly through Vienna, Linz, Salzburg and Munich we finally find him in Paris by December, 1831. In the gay French capital he soon gathered around him a circle of brilliant friends—Liszt, Hiller, Cherubini, Baillot, Kalkbrenner, Franchomme, Heerz, etc., and later George Sand, Heinrich Heine, Delacroix, Ary Scheffer and others. His first concert was given at Pleyel's rooms, in the spring of 1832. During the season of 1832 and '33 he was heard quite frequently, and at once "took his place as one of the acknowledged pianistic luminaries of the capital." His popularity grew day by day; not with "the masses" of the concert room, but in the select, aristocratic salons, where he was so well fitted to rule. Liszt says there was something in his appearance that made one involuntarily bow to him as to a prince.

In May of 1834 Chopin and Hiller spent that pleasant day at Düsseldorf with Mendelssohn which was remembered by the latter as such a "pleasant episode."

The following year Chopin met in Dresden some old Polish friends, the Wodzinskis. He fell in love with the tall, graceful, black-eyed Maria Wodzinska and the next summer he met her again at Marienbad where he proposed, and was rejected. Poor Chopin, he seems destined to have had his faith in women pretty severely shaken even before he met his large-eyed Lélia. This really did happen in 1837. There are various accounts given as to how they met, some of them very poetical and beautiful; but the true one seems to be that given by Liszt, who states that they met in Chopin's rooms at a small *soirée*, whither he had taken Madame Sand with the Comtesse d'Agoult. Chopin's health failing and signs of the dread disease beginning to show themselves only too plainly, he

went with Madame Sand and her two children, Maurice and Solange, to Majorca for the winter. They settled first at Parma, but finding the house unbearably damp, they at length obtained more comfortable quarters in an old monastery, Valdermosa, not far from Parma. The poetic beauties of the place, however, hardly compensated for the discomforts. The invalid's extremely nervous temperament, added to his precarious state of health, made him unusually susceptible to the terrors which such a place could inspire. On one occasion Madame Sand and her children, having been detained by a frightful rain, returned late to find Chopin seated at the piano playing one of his wondrously beautiful *Préludes*. George Sand relates: "On seeing us enter he rose, uttering a great cry; then he said to me with a wild look and in a strange tone, 'Ah, I knew well that you were dead.'" He had seen it all in a dream, and no longer separating his dream from reality, he had almost soothed himself to sleep, believing that he, too, was dead. Upon their return to France they were obliged to tarry for some time in Marseilles owing to the state of Chopin's health. By June they were settled at Nohant, a country place belonging to Madame Sand. Chopin's love for this talented woman was not one of those sudden tropical growths of a night; (indeed he had at first taken quite a dislike to her) but it was a sort of dependent clinging affection that had its birth, no doubt, in her tenderness and thoughtful care of him during the winter at Majorca. As his love increased, gradually, with the years, in just so much did hers decrease. Some time after their return to Paris she depicted him in her novel of "Lucrezia Floriani" as "a high-flown consumptive, and exasperating nuisance." There are several reasons given for the rupture between them, but the real one of course was that Madame Sand had grown weary of her artist-lover, as of all the others. "She left him," says Dannreuther, "after eight years of sentimental amenities, to his cough, and his piano." It was a terrible blow to Chopin, and one from which he never quite recovered. He met Madame Sand but once afterwards, in March of 1848. She gives the following rather laconic account of the meeting: "I pressed his cold and trembling hand. I wished to speak with him; but he escaped." Poor Chopin used to say "that his life consisted of an episode, without a beginning and with a sad end."

Meantime, he had been appearing less and less in public owing to his growing physical weakness, and aversion to playing before large audiences. He was never successful as a concert player. Only the comparatively few who understood and loved him could fully appreciate his wonderful playing. In 1848 he made his second visit to England (the first had been a brief one in 1837) and one to Scotland. The last time he appeared in concert was in London at a "Grand Polish Concert and Ball." "The people hot from dancing, who went into the room where he played, were but little in the humor to pay attention and anxious to return to their amusement. He was in the last stage of exhaustion and the affair resulted in disappointment." How ineffably touching! What an ending to the career of such an artist!

By January of 1849, Chopin was again in Paris. From the Place d'Orleans he first removed to the Rue Chaillot and afterwards to No. 12 Place Vendôme. He gradually grew weaker and weaker, so that by

October he was unable to sit up without support. His sister Louise, who had come from Poland, was with him constantly, as were also the Princess Czartoryska, Madame Clésinger (the Solange of other days), Franchomme, and Chopin's beloved pupil, Gutmann. And George Sand? Chopin had not forgotten her. Two days before his death he said to Gutmann, "She had said to me that I would die in no arms but hers." It is told that she really did come to see him, but was refused admittance. The Countess Delphine Potocka (who was in Nice at the time), a dearly-loved friend of Chopin's, on hearing of his condition, hastened to Paris. When Chopin saw her standing at the foot of his bed, clad in white, and tall and beautiful as an angel, he begged her once more to sing for him. The poor Countess, controlling her agitation, complied with his wish. When she had finished singing, he entreated her to go on. In the middle of the second piece she was interrupted by the death struggle. But the end was not yet. On the 16th he received the sacrament from the Polish priest. Towards evening he grew worse. All through the long night the struggle continued. Towards morning he was persuaded by Gutmann to drink something. Supported in his pupil's arms he drank; then, murmuring "cher ami," he sank back quietly and died. Gutmann preserved the glass, with the marks of the beloved master's lips on it, till he died. Knowing his fondness for flowers "they were brought in such quantities that the bed, and indeed the whole room disappeared, hidden by their varied and brilliant hues. He seemed to repose in a garden of roses. His face regained its early beauty, its purity of expression, its long unwon'ted serenity. Calmly—with his youthful loveliness, so long dimmed by bitter suffering, restored by death, he slept among the flowers he loved, the last long and dreamless sleep." His body rests in the cemetery of Père La-Chaise, but his heart, the heart that always yearned so over Poland, was borne to his native land and is preserved in the Holy Cross Church at Warsaw.

Chopin's *Polonaises* and *Mazurkas* are his most distinctively national compositions. How vividly the *Polonaises* picture the heroic brave Polish men, and the strangely fascinating, graceful women as they glide through the numbers of the dance! And the *Mazurkas* with their wondrous charm; how they enchant one with descriptions of the dance which the women of that ill-fated land alone knew how to execute so bewilderingly! . . . Who has not listened with a sense of exquisite pleasure to the softly-breathed beauties of Chopin's *Nocturnes*, reminding one of the gentle airs from that land of the south, "where the pale citron grows;" the land of poor Mignon's dreams. . . . Chopin's own favorite among the waltzes was the one in A Minor with its touching, half-veiled melancholy. . . . The *Etudes* are both difficult (as every piano-student knows) and beautiful. The third one of Opus 10, is peculiarly touching. One day, while Gutmann was playing it, the master threw up his arms and clasping his hands exclaimed in sorrowful tones "O ma pative!" . . . One of the finest of the *Scherzos* is the one in C Minor, with its scornful octave passages followed by those wholly sweet and smiling parts which are only too soon covered again by the scorn, the whole seeming to end with a burst of angry disdain! . . . I would also mention the

Ballades, especially the one in A Flat Major (Opus 47) with its beautiful opening theme; also the other one in A Flat Major (Opus 59), so "full of yearning and beseeching."

The rest of Chopin's compositions comprise, Fantasies, Préludes, Récitatives, Impromptus, Variations, Rondos, a Barcarolle, two Concertos for piano and orchestra, three piano Sonatas, a Trio for piano and strings, and others. The Berceuse, (Opus 57) which I did not mention, is probably the most beautiful "cradle song" ever written. Surely the child whose slumbers are rocked on the wings of such harmony dreams sweetly of the most dainty, airy fairy like wonders even of fairyland. And what a benediction are the last chords! It is the mother rising softly and bending over her sleeping child with a whispered prayer for his purity.

If I have not done this great master justice, it is because my pen is but a clumsy one to delineate so much genius combined with such rare delicacy and refinement of soul. He was indeed

"A mighty Poet,
And a subtle-souled Psychologist."

Assuredly if one would say to us, there dwelt once upon earth a being beautiful, tender, sensitive, who loved much and suffered much, and who wrote such marvelous melodies for the piano, we would reverently bow the head and say—It is Chopin.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

—Lowell.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

From purest wells of English undefiled
None deeper drank than he, the New World's Child
Who, in the language of their farm-fields, spoke
The wit and wisdom of New England folk,
Shaming a monstrous wrong; the world-wide laugh
Provoked thereby might well have shaken half
The walls of slavery down ere yet the ball
And mine of battle overthrew them all.

Newburyport, August 15.

—John G. Whittier.

In our April number "Uno" gave a pretty full account of the life and poetical works of him whom since then, on August 14th, amid the lamentations of all the English-speaking world, we sadly laid in his grave. He died on Wednesday, August 12th, at Elmwood, his beautiful home in Cambridge, Mass., at the ripe age of seventy-two years and not quite six months, having been born on February 22d, 1819. As the poem of his old friend Whittier, quoted above, is the best on the subject we have yet seen or are likely to see, so we reprint from the editorial pages of *The Christian Union* the following as the best estimate, the truest and most beautiful, that has been, and we almost feel like saying that can be, written of Mr. Lowell as a man:—

Mr. Lowell stood so near many of the younger men of the country that they find it hard to speak of him dispassionately. So stainless a life, so inspiring a mind, so compelling a personality, were his that he seemed to share the permanence of a type or an ideal. Those who remember his prime and those who knew the noble maturity of his age could not associate decline with him; as for death, that seems a thing incredible. His abounding vitality, his resolute and powerful grasp of life, his depth and range of nature, were unmistakable evidences of greatness; which is a

quality of nature and of life, even more than the source of great works. Nature had done more for Mr. Lowell than for any other of the New England group of writers. His working moods were often fitful, and his work is uneven, but there is more impulse in it, more color and fire, more spontaneity, more rich human feeling, than in that of any of the men with whom he was most intimately associated. So fertile was his mind, so strong his personality, so rich the tides of thought and feeling that registered their ebb and flow in his talk and work, that, in spite of all he has done, he seemed never to realize his possibilities; there was always in him a thought deeper than he expressed, a life profounder than that he disclosed. This is true only of men of real greatness; such men are always richer and ampler than their work.

To Mr. Lowell belongs the supreme distinction of having written the only great poetry yet produced on this continent, the "Commemoration Ode," a poem which rises to the height of the greatest achievement yet wrought on these shores, and sustains itself with a noble breadth of thought and fullness of emotion; a poem in which the American spirit finds a music worthy of its highest reach. In the "Biglow Papers" Mr. Lowell touched the soil and the keen, homely life of his own people as no one else has touched them. The humor, the humanity, the ringing honesty, the splendid indignation, of those homely but vital and varied poems are not likely to be eclipsed by any later achievements in the same field. The sturdy Americanism of one national type will never be better expressed; while of the "Biglow Papers," with their introductions, notes, and addenda, as a piece of intellectual work, a *tour de force*, it has been truly said of late, not only that no other American could have written them, but that the work lay within the power of no other writer of English. In prose Mr. Lowell stood with Emerson and Hawthorne in the front rank in a country which has produced great prose. Never, surely, was more fascinating reading than those essays whose very discursiveness has the charm of overflowing richness of knowledge and unflinching wit. Clear thought, wide scholarship, easy and intimate familiarity with all literature, splendid touches of imagination, a humor that plays like genial lightning along the whole horizon of thought, a deep and beautiful idealism, are the characteristics of these essays, which, in the form of criticism, are among the most original products of our literature.

So much at least we must say of Mr. Lowell's literary achievements, even at a moment when another phase of his character claims foremost recognition. Mr. Lowell's Americanism was so pronounced, so deep, so genuine, and so intelligent that he will be remembered with Emerson and Lincoln as one of our great patriots. A man of fastidious taste, of the deepest culture, of the choicest associations, he illustrated the essential simplicity of nature and the profound faith in man which belong to the truest Americanism. He was as far as possible removed from the shallow Americanism so often forced upon us; he never for a moment mistook boasting for achievement, bluster for strength, or vulgarity for independence. He had the calmness, the dignity, the reserve, of a high nature; his Americanism was neither *Chauvinism* nor provincialism; it was the deepest loyalty to the democratic idea and ideal. He believed in man as man; in the dignity and

trustworthiness of manhood; in manhood as the unit and base of society. To understand the difference between real Americanism and its cheap imitation one has but to compare the average political speech with Mr. Lowell's political addresses and essays; the cheap flattery, the undisguised materialism, the appeal to selfish instincts, the narrow conception of national prosperity as secured by indifference or antagonism to other peoples, which furnish the average politician with his stock-in-trade, are offset by Mr. Lowell's noble honesty in dealing with his countrymen, by his resolute insistence that a civilization must justify itself in the things of the mind and the spirit, by his steady refusal to overvalue material prosperity, by his constant appeal to Americans to justify republicanism by a nobler type of society than has yet been produced. Mr. Lowell had a political genius and instinct as sound as his literary genius and instinct, and his political writings will some day become the text-books of a true Americanism.

Mr. Lowell's patriotism had the candor which belongs to a true affection. His country was an ideal to him; not a vast opportunity to make money. He loved it with a depth which often revealed itself in the tremor in his voice. In England he stood always and everywhere as its uncompromising defender and persuasive interpreter. No one ever sneered at America in his presence without a rebuke, which was all the more effective because it took the form of wit. No American ever served his country better than he on foreign soil, because none ever made it more honorable and noble in his own person. Because he loved his country, he did not hesitate to speak the truth about it. In the days when a mockery of peace was made between slavery and freedom, no voice stung the conscience more keenly than his; in the dark years of storm and battle his song, as another has said, was worth an army corps; when there was a question of exact fulfillment of National pledges in the payment of the National debt, his indignant protest against possible dishonor cleared the air like the peal of a trumpet; when ignoble methods and the rule of "bosses" and machines threatened to degrade our public life, he did not falter through fear of alienating a great popularity; and when the question of recognizing the rights of foreign authors in their works was before the country, it was he who insisted that the discussion should be kept on the moral ground, and it was he who made the issue between honesty and dishonesty clear in a quatrain which was better than a thousand arguments. His love of country was so great that he could not acquiesce in or remain indifferent to the things which degrade our public life. He abhorred the spoils system as every high-minded American must; and he abhorred every man who uses the arts of the demagogue, the power of the machine, or the corrupt instrumentalities of "practical politics." He saw that such men defile that ideal of republicanism which we ought to set as a beacon before the world.

Now that the lyre is silent, and the voice hushed, and the gracious presence vanished from the ways of men, this is our first thought of him; that he was a true American, who loved his country beyond praise or blame, and honored her with life and art. He helped to clear the vision, to erase the stain, to bring nearer that spiritual America for which we wait. In

his own person he disproved the reproach that America produces only average men; that it is the paradise of the commonplace. For he was in all things the superior man; distinction marked his life, his thought, his spirit, and his work. No one knew his people better, none honored them more by appealing to what was best in them, none loved them with a nobler loyalty to truth. He illustrated that lofty patriotism which loves one's country not as against the world, but as one with the world; the patriotism which in honoring its own honors humanity, and in seeking the best for its own compasses all mankind with its deep hearted beneficence.

"Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her!
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!"

LONGING.

BY ALICE WHITSON.

Sometimes in the heart lie hidden
Thoughts so deep, so undefined,
That the words which come when bidden,
To the real thought leave us blind.

Can the spirit, tired, aweary,
Pour into another's ear
Aught of that nameless longing,
Which about it lies so near?

'Tis a longing after something
Human hearts have never known;
'Tis a grasping for an echo,
Down by heavenly zephyrs blown.

And the soul while reaching outward
For the heavenly message sent,
On its prison bars is beating,
Breeding holy discontent.

Wake, O wake, my soul, and listen!
Hark to that heavenly song;
For the life is but beginning
When the soul has learned to long.

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.

MORAVIAN hymn and Roman chant
In one devotion blend,
To speak the soul's eternal want
Of Him, the inmost friend;
One prayer soars cleansed with martyr fire,
One choked with sinner's tears,
In heaven both meet in one desire,
And God one music hears.—Lowell.

EPISCOPAL.

St. James.—During the past month all the regular services were acceptably conducted by the rector's assistant.

The rector, the Rev. Percy J. Robottom, has returned from his vacation, with his family, and will take charge of all the regular services on and after Sunday, September 6th.

LUTHERAN.

Trinity.—The parsonage has undergone a very thorough renovation, and has also been largely recarpeted and refurnished.

The pastor and his bride are expected home from their extended European tour on Thursday, 17th inst., at 2 P.M. They will arrive at Philadelphia on the 14th, and be given a reception there at the home of the bride's parents. On the evening of the 17th a reception will be given them under the auspices of the Junior Missionary Society. It will be held in the large room of the chapel, from 8 to 10 P.M., and all the members of the congregation are cordially invited to the same. On Sunday afternoon, 20th inst., the Sunday-school will welcome home their pastor and his wife, and offer their congratulations to them, with exercises of a specially interesting character.

There will be no services in the church on Sunday, 6th inst., but there will be on the 13th. All regular services and meetings will be resumed after the pastor's return.

St. John's.—All the regular services have been resumed. Work on the chapel is progressing rapidly, and it is hoped that it will be ready for dedication at an early day.

Mr. H. C. Ricksecker has been engaged on trial as organist.

MORAVIAN.

All the regular services will be resumed on Sunday, 6th inst. There will be special music at the forenoon service of that day, with the celebration of the Holy Communion in the evening. Sunday-school resumes its afternoon sessions with special exercises, music, etc., the young men's orchestra will be in attendance. A full attendance of teachers and scholars is desired.

A meeting of all interested in the work of Sunday-schools will be held in the church on the evening of Thursday, 17th inst., with a view to organizing a County Sunday-school Association. The meeting will be addressed by the Rev. Jas. Morrow, D.D., of Philadelphia, President of the Pennsylvania State Association, Mr. Wm. Reynolds of Peoria, Ill., Superintendent of Organization of the International Association, and probably Prof. J. A. Sprenkel, Field Secretary of the State. A meeting will probably also be held in our Hall in the afternoon of the same day. It is hoped that there will be a full attendance of all the Sunday-school workers of the city and county.

The "Butterfly Fete," given by the Misses Bitner on the beautiful lawn of their home, 842 Marietta Ave., was a novel and altogether delightful affair. The proceeds went to the Church Improvement Fund.

The pastor has been appointed by the Executive Committee of the State S. S. Association to make an address at the State Convention to be held at Bethlehem from the 22d to the 24th of this month.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The church during the last two Sundays of August has been closed. Dr. Mitchell is, however, expected home from his summer's trip and will again take charge on September 6th.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered on the morning of September 13th. Preparatory service will probably be held Wednesday and Friday evenings previous.

The regular session of Sunday School hereafter will begin at 1:45 P.M.

The Wednesday evening prayer meetings during the pastor's absence were discontinued. The Y. P.

S. of C. E., however, gave a series of song services during this time.

The second annual meeting of the local societies of C. E. throughout the county will be held in the chapel on Monday, September 7th. Rev. Geo. B. Stewart, President of the State Union, is expected to be there. Persons interested in church work are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

REFORMED.

First.—The pastor of this church, Rev. Dr. J. M. Titzel, returned from his summer vacation on the 25th ult. And is now prepared with renewed energy to pursue his ministerial and pastoral work.

The repairing of this church to which reference has heretofore been made, has now been actually begun. For several weeks past workmen have been engaged in replacing the soft bricks in the walls by hard ones, and slate is on hand for a new roof. After the roof is on the church will be refrescoed, repainted and refurnished in the inside. The front of the church will also be changed and greatly improved. These repairs when completed will add much to the appearance of the church as well as to its comfort.

St. Paul's.—Rev. J. W. Meminger pastor, has returned from his vacation, spent in the central part of the State, and at Ocean Grove, and preached to large congregations on Sunday morning and evening.

The Sunday-school, will hold its sessions in the afternoon at 1:45, from this time on. The Sacrament of infant baptism will be administered next Sunday afternoon at the close of Sabbath-school.

The Harvest Home and Children's Services will be held the fourth Sunday in September. The holy Communion will be celebrated the first Sunday in October.

The Twilight Services will be resumed this month. A programme of very interesting topics is in course of preparation. The Twilight Services have been introduced in about seventy congregations and in every case have been attended with great success in building up the congregations and developing the young people in Christian work.

ALWAYS at the door
Of foulest hearts the angel-nature yet
Knocks to return and cancel all its debt. —Lowell.

Y. M. C. A.

On September 1st Mr. H. W. Gibson, assumed charge of the Y. M. C. A., of this city as its general secretary, after very nearly three years experience in the various progressive associations of the State. He will introduce methods conducive to progressive work among, and benefit to our young men.

In the gymnasium, physical examinations and measurements will be introduced, business men's, senior and junior classes conducted, and special attention given to the building up of strong, healthy bodies. Excellent shower, spray and sponge baths are now in position. Cheery parlors have been furnished with piano, organ, games of skill, etc., and receptions arranged for.

In the educational department, classes in "Book-keeping and Penmanship," "German," "Mechanical Drawing" or "English Branches," will be conducted if proper encouragement is given. The library, con-

taining 7,800 volumes, in a few weeks will receive a large addition of new books. The reading room is stocked with the best periodicals and magazines of the day. A course of free practical talks to young men by our professional and business men is being arranged to be given during the winter months. In the religious department, classes for thorough systematic Bible study and training for personal work will be organized. The regular young men's meeting held on Sundays at 3:30 P. M. will be continued, also the consecration meetings, held the first Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock of each month.

Through the liberal subscriptions of our citizens, the association is enabled to give all these privileges to young men at the rate of \$2.00 and \$5.00 a year, about one-third the cost. Any *worthy* young man, who is *unable to pay*; upon application to the general secretary, can receive a ticket of membership free.

"IN HIS NAME."

At the regular monthly Joint Meeting of all the local Circles of King's Sons and Daughters, held on the evening of Thursday, August 27th, in the hall of the Moravian Chapel, the Secretary was directed to send the cordial greetings of the Order to the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor at its County Convention, to be held in our city on the 7th inst.

Arrangements for systematic visitation at the County Alms-house were also made.

The next Joint Meeting will be held on the last Thursday of September.

WOMAN'S INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

After the midsummer recess, the regular monthly meetings will be resumed on the third Saturday of this month, September 19th, in the Reading Room of the Moravian Chapel, at 3 P. M. A full attendance of all the members is urgently requested.

V. P. C. E.

At the County Convention of the Young Peoples' Societies of Christian Endeavor, to be held in the Presbyterian Church on Monday, 7th inst., delegates from all over the county are expected to be present. After the devotional exercises at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. There will be reports and addresses on The Social Committee by Miss L. G. Gable, Workings of the Local Union by Mr. E. H. Frantz, Relation of the C. E. Society to the Church by Rev. W. S. Hinman, What is your Local Society doing? by Miss Annie R. Bower. In the afternoon there will be the election of officers and other business, and addresses on Special Work among Young Men by Mr. F. A. Duttenhoffer, The Pledge by Miss A. V. Grosh, The Prayer Meeting Committee by Rev. F. Smith, Interdenominational Idea of the Society by Miss D. A. Witmer, Junior Societies by Rev. C. L. Moench, C. E. Work among non-church-goers by Mr. N. C. Richter, Reports from Societies. In the evening there will be a general meeting at which addresses will be made by prominent C. E. workers from all over the State.

The society of the Presbyterian church will entertain all delegates remaining over night.

Sixteen societies are represented in this union up to the present writing. H. Burd Cassel, of Marietta, is president.

The banner taken by the Pennsylvania delegates at the National Convention at Minneapolis, Minn., will be on exhibition.

DAS EWIG-WEIBLICHE.

How was I worthy so divine a loss,
Deepening my midnights, kindling all my morns!
Why waste such precious wood to make my cross,
Such far-sought roses for my crown of thorns?

And when she came, how earned I such a gift?
Why spend on me, a poor earth-delving mole,
The fireside sweetnesses, the heavenward lift,
The hourly mercy, of a woman's soul?

Ah, did we know to give her all her right,
What wonders even in our poor clay were done!
It is not Woman leaves us to our night,
But our brute earth that grovels from her sun.

Our nobler cultured fields and gracious domes
We whirl too oft from her who still shines on
To light in vain our caves and clefts, the homes
Of night-bird instincts pained till she be gone.

Still must this body starve our souls with shade;
But when Death makes us what we were before,
Then shall her sunshine all our depths invade,
And not a shadow stain heaven's crystal floor.

—James Russell Lowell.

OUR COLLEGE.

The fall term if College opened on Thursday morning 3d, inst., at 10 o'clock, the opening address being delivered by Dr. J. H. Dubbs on "Petrarch and the Renaissance."

There will be accessions to all the classes except the Senior. At least fifty new students will be in attendance and the lower classes will be larger than ever before.

The gymnasium building has been completed but has not yet been furnished. This will be done at as early a date as possible. The athletic interests of the term will, of course, centre on the race for the championship pennant of the Central Pennsylvania Inter-collegiate Foot Ball Association, consisting of the teams of Swarthmore, Haverford, Dickinson, Bucknell, State College and Franklin and Marshall. A meeting of the executive committee will be held in September and the dates for the championship games will be fixed and the referees and umpires named. Besides this series of games which will be played during the latter part of the season, a number of games will be arranged with some of the best teams to be played at earlier dates. Some of these games will be with Princeton, University of Pennsylvania and Rutgers. The training of the team will be begun at the opening of the term. Some of the best players of last year's team, Harrold, Nothstine, Gabriel and Line, will not be in this year's team, having graduated. Their loss will be quite a handicap, but there is promising material in the "scrub," besides the accessions of new men.

The Glee Club loses but one man, Mr. Keller, by graduation. His place, especially as a soloist, will be hard to fill. The old officers of the club have all been re-elected and very little change in its make up is expected. Its concerts will probably cover a larger field, but will not be as numerous as they were last year. The Mandolin Club will probably be augmented by one or two additional instruments. Negotiations are in progress for concerts in Brooklyn, New York, Fordham and New Brunswick.

A large number of students have been soliciting subscriptions during vacation to a fund for the erection of a pipe organ for the college chapel, of which

fund Mrs. Dr. J. B. Kieffer is treasurer. A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested among the students before vacation in the enterprise, and it is expected that a neat sum will be obtained.

SCIENCE was Faith once; Faith were Science now,
Would she but lay her bow and arrows by
And arm her with the weapons of the time. —Lowell.

Local Lore.

History herself, seen in her workshop.—LOWELL.

OLD TIME HOSTELRIES.

By S. M. SENER, Esq.

II

John Harris obtained a license from the Court in 1741 for a place of entertainment and opened a hotel on North Queen street, calling it "The Grape." The old hostelry did not stand where the present edifice is, but it was built upon the adjoining lot, where Martin Bros.' clothing store now stands. Harris remained landlord until 1769 when Adam Reigart purchased the tract, and when he did so it had erected upon it "one brick messuage and stables, and was bounded on the north by Conrad Schwartz's lot and on the south by Michael Fordney's lot."

Reigart was licensed, however, in 1765 and kept hotel near by, until he purchased the Harris plot of ground in 1769, when he transferred his establishment and at the same time abandoned the name by which his own place of entertainment had been known and assumed the name of "The Grape" for the establishment. Reigart kept the tavern until March 3, 1794.

The original sign of the hotel—a wrought-iron bunch of grapes—still hanging in front of the hotel, was made for and used by Adam Reigart.

In 1794 John Michael, who had previously kept a public house, succeeded Reigart and became mine host of the hotel. In 1804 he changed the name of the place to that of the "Conestoga Waggon," by which cognomen it was known until 1821 (May 5), when John Michael, jr., became the landlord, who restored the original name, and kept the hotel until 1839.

Up to 1839 the hotel had been kept on the tract which Harris purchased, but on March 30, 1839, John Michael, Jr., purchased the lot adjoining the old site from the executors of the estate of William Kirkpatrick. He refitted the place, and moved his establishment with the old familiar sign to it, and opened up business. The tavern was conducted by different members of the Michael family until a few years ago when the property passed into other hands, and at the same time its name was changed to the "American House," but this famous old-time hostelry will always be known as "The Grape" or as "Michael's Hotel."

During the time that the present site was owned by Mr. Kirkpatrick it was occupied by him as a dry goods and grocery store. In 1836 it was occupied by Samuel Bonde, as a dry goods and grocery store, and subsequently by George W. Rathvon, Mr. Lemon and others for the same purpose.

Clustered around "The Grape" are many reminiscences of olden times which endear it to the heart of the historian and antiquarian. The Committee of Observation of the county of Lancaster met pursuant to a call issued "at the public house of Adam Reigart on April 27, 1775," there being in attendance Edward Shippen, esq., William Atlee, William Bausman, Charles Hall, William Patterson, Casper Shaffner, Eberhart Michael, Adam Reigart. At the meeting in question it was agreed that a general call should be issued, which was done, to all members of the committee throughout the county, for a meeting to be held at the same hotel on Monday May 1, 1775, to take action and adopt measures looking to the protection of the borough, as news received stated that General Gage was endeavoring to compel the colonists of Massachusetts to render submission to the Parliament of Great Britain. The meeting was held accordingly and at it the following persons agreed that the county could have their powder, etc., at prices ranging from £14 to £15 per cwt. for powder, and 40d to 45d per cwt. for lead: Charles Hamilton, 26 casks powder and 8 cwt. of lead; Josiah & Robert Lockhart, 5 casks powder and some lead; Matthew Slough, 4 casks powder, and lead; Andrew Levy, 2 casks powder and 200 pounds lead; Christian Wirtz, 5 casks powder and 150 pounds lead; John Hopson, 2 casks powder; Mr. Crawford, 10 or 12 pounds powder; Mr. Bickham, 1 quarter cask powder and some lead; Mr. Graeff, 1 quarter cask powder.

At the same meeting Charles Hamilton, was accused of having sold tea contrary to the Association of the Continental Congress. Mr. Hamilton purged himself of contempt and said that the tea had been sold by a clerk in his absence and contrary to his orders. The committee acquitted Mr. Hamilton. At a subsequent meeting a resolution was adopted to notify all gunsmiths in the county to make their proportionate share of firelocks and bayonets required by the county within two weeks from November 27, 1775 or stand accused of being enemies of their country. During the same year the Supreme Executive Committee held a session at "The Grape."

Andrew D. Mellick, Jr., in his recent work, *The Story of an Old Farm* relates the story of a brave continental captain having been murdered in New Jersey by a Tory regiment, and how Washington, as a retaliatory measure, decreed that one of the British officers in the hands of the Continentals should be executed, and says "This inhuman murder (of Captain Joshua Huddy) filled the country with indignation, and urgent demands were made that immediate punishment should be visited upon the murderer. Thereupon the authorities insisted that the British commands should deliver up Lippencott, threatening that, otherwise, one of the English officers in their hands must die in his stead. In furtherance of this retaliatory measure eight captains and five lieutenants, who were on their paroles in Pennsylvania, were directed to report at Lancaster, in order that the victim might be selected. They assembled on the morning of the twenty-fifth of May, (1782), in a room of the 'Black Bear Tavern,' twenty mounted dragoons waiting in the inn yard to bear away the unfortunate who should be chosen."

In locating this incident at the "Black Bear" Mr. Mellick is mistaken. The "Black Bear" was an inn

kept on East King street and all local authorities on the subject state that the incident above alluded to occurred at the "public house of Adam Reigart, on the west side of North Queen street, near the public square." Adam Reigart kept "The Grape" from 1769 to 1794 and consequently the incident related occurred at that hotel and not at the "Black Bear."

As the incident alluded to may be new to many it is related in this connection. It was at the house of Adam Reigart that the lots were drawn in order to determine upon which one of the 13 British officers, held as prisoners of war at Lancaster, the *lex talionis* should be applied in retaliation for the murder of Captain Huddy, who had been executed in violation of military law. The drawing of the lots was conducted by Col. George Gibson, in the presence of Brigadier-General Moses Hazen, commandant; his aide, Captain White; Mr. Witz, commissary of prisoners, and Major Gordon, a paroled British officer in charge of the prisoners. The names of the thirteen British officers were written on separate slips of paper and placed in a hat; another hat contained thirteen slips of the same size, all blank but one, which was inscribed, "Unfortunate." Captain White and the commissary held the hat while two drummer-boys simultaneously drew the papers. When the one was reached on which was written "Unfortunate," it appeared with the slip containing the name of Captain Sir Charles Asgill, of the "Foot Guards," who was the youngest officer present; he was a youth possessing many graces of mind and person, and was of high connections in England. At once, upon the result of the drawing being known, the brigadier turned to the dragoon officer, saying,—"This gentleman, Sir, is your prisoner." The meeting then broke up, every one in tears except the young man selected. When Major Gordon was conducting Asgill away from the place where the lots had been drawn, the latter partially fainted and fell prostrate. Major Gordon upbraided him, remarking: "For God's sake don't disgrace your colors."

Major Gordon prevailed upon General Hazen to delay the departure until Tuesday the twenty-seventh; on that day Asgill and Gordon left Lancaster for Philadelphia, escorted by the dragoons. Finally through the interposition of Lady Asgill, the mother of Sir Charles, the French Minister used his influence with Washington and obtained his release, and thus rescued him from being executed in obedience to the *lex talionis*.

Washington, visited Lancaster, and there has been much speculation as to the hotel he stopped at. Some maintain that he stopped at the "Indian Queen," others at the "Bear" and still others at "The Grape." As to his having stopped at "The Grape" the late Dr. S. S. Rathvon who worked at tailoring in the present building before it was converted into a hotel (from September 1, 1839 to March 1, 1840) stated that while employed there, the store was frequently visited by an old gentleman named George Doeblen, who told him that President Washington had stopped at the Grape, that he had seen him there and that Washington impressed him as a tall, dignified man in military dress, and that he was accompanied by an aid or a servant. There are a number of persons who deny however that Washington ever visited Lancaster. No matter where he stopped whether at, the "Grape," "In-

dian Queen" or "Bear," Washington did visit Lancaster, as is evidenced by the following local notice from the *Lancaster Journal*, under date of Friday, September 25, 1796; "Lancaster, September 23d.; the President of the United States arrived here on Tuesday afternoon last, and on Wednesday morning at six o'clock proceeded on his way to Mount Vernon."

General Lafayette stopped at "The Grape" on his visit here in July 1825, and in later times it was the favorite stopping place of President Buchanan, and many noted political conferences have been held beneath its roof. When Buchanan was minister to England Daniel E. Sickles was secretary of legation. Buchanan was careful in money matters. On one occasion he deputized Sickles to do some entertaining and to have the bill sent to him. Sickles did as directed. The bill was for \$500, and when the minister read it he was speechless for some moments. When he found his tongue he exclaimed:

"Five hundred dollars! Why, I could have got the same thing at 'The Grape' for \$25!"

In July 1826 a line of stages between Lancaster and Reading was established in this city by William Hull and the office was at "The Grape."

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

The following interesting note has come to hand since the publication of the sketch of the "Cross Keys." While Bethel kept the hotel, in March 1738, an Indian outrage occurred there, which Samuel Blunston reported to the Provincial Council. On a Sunday night two Indians, one of whom had a large hunting knife in his hand, came to the house and asked for rum. Bethel's wife, he being in bed, persuaded them to go out, when she quickly shut the door, fastening it. The Indians then thrust a large board through the window. Daniel Sutherland and John Judson, who were in the tavern, went out to prevent their doing any further damage, when the Indian with the knife assaulted Sutherland, stabbing him in the abdomen. He then turned upon Judson and stabbed him in the breast. The Indians then departed and next morning a party of men followed in pursuit, securing one of them. He was brought to Lancaster and lodged in jail, awaiting trial, but was subsequently released, both men having recovered.

Swiftly the present fades in memory's glow,—
Our only sure possession is the past.—*Lowell.*

THE GOLDEN-ROD.

O rod of gold!
O swaying sceptre of the year—
Now frost and cold
Show Winter near,
And shivering leaves grow brown and sere.
The bleak hillside,
And marshy waste of yellow reeds,
And meadows wide
Where frosted weeds
Shake on the damp wind light-winged seeds,
Are decked with thee,—
The lingering Summer's latest grace,
And sovereignty.
Each wind-swept space
Waves thy red gold in Winter's face—
He strives each star,
In stormy pride to lay full low;
But when thy bar
Resists his blow,
Will crown thee with a puff of snow!
—A. D. T. Whitney.

THE serf of his own Past is not a man;
To change and change is life, to move and never rest;—
Not what we are, but what we hope, is best. —Lowell.

Our Book-Shelf.

The one grand necessity in reading is to be vigilantly, conscientiously select, and to know everywhere that books, like human souls, are actually divided into what we may call sheep and goats—the latter put inexorably on the left hand of the judge; and tending, every one of them, at all moments, whither we know, and much to be avoided.—CARLYLE.

"Another star 'neath Time's horizon dropped,
To gleam o'er unknown lands and seas."

Lowell is dead! It is hard to think or write or talk about anything else just now. And yet it is so short a time since I talked at length to you about the now dead laureate of America, and the sense of loss is still so fresh and painful, that I really don't trust myself to dwell on the subject to-day. Instead I will try to tell you a few things about Browning, or rather, will direct you to what Mrs. Sutherland Orr tells about him and his wife in the two beautiful volumes, uniform with the "Riverside Edition" of his works, and just issued in this country by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, under the title of *Life and Letters of Robert Browning*. (Price \$3.)

American literature has suffered no greater and more irreparable loss in the death of Lowell than has English literature in that of Browning; and the world was yet in its first mourning over the latter when it was again shocked by the news of the former. Yet in our present grief, the death of Robert Browning at Venice on the 12th of December, 1889, already seems far away. There is a certain mournful parallelism between the two. Neither was the senior poet of his land. Both were, until shortly before the end, supposed to be healthy, robust men, with apparently a good many years more of life and activity before them. Yet both have died, within a year and a half of each other, while the older and feebler Tennyson and Whittier are spared.

In a number of other respects, too, there was a certain similarity between the two men, and even in some sense between their works, as there plainly is between the relation the poetry of each holds to the literature of their respective countries. I mean that Browning's poetry holds to the literature of England a relation somewhat similar to that which Lowell's poetry holds to the literature of America. You may follow this hint out for yourself, however; my task is a simpler and easier one; to tell you about the two volumes mentioned, the latest addition I have made to Our Book-Shelf.

The "Life and Letters of Robert Browning," by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, may in a measure be regarded as the authorized biography of the poet. Mrs. Orr for many years was an intimate friend of Mr. Browning and his family; he knew she was going to write his life, and not only did not object, but frequently helped her in gathering her facts and material, as also and especially did his sister, to such an extent that, as Mrs. Orr says in her preface, "without her help it

could never have been undertaken." The work differs notably and happily from some recent biographies; first, in that the author has exercised the most delicate taste and skill in discriminating between facts and letters that are essential and delineating the true life of her subject, and such as would merely satisfy idle curiosity; between what the public has a right to know, and what belongs to the sanctity of the family-circle alone; and secondly, in that she knew, and respected, and loved Mr. Browning too well to make of her biography a mere eulogy. She recognized his and his poetry's faults, and does not try to hide or explain them away. In short, she has given us almost an ideal work of its kind; one that will never be superseded, but will always remain the biography of Browning. I do hope as good a biographer will be found for Mr. Lowell, as Underwood's excellent sketch of him is no adequate biography.

Mrs. Orr's work has a double value, as being also virtually a biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. I confess that it has given me a clearer and fuller knowledge of that wonderful, lovely, woman than all other biographies of her that have ever been written; for no adequate one ever was written. For example, I never knew before that the cause of her almost lifelong invalidism was her having when a child overbalanced herself in saddling her pony, and hurt her spine in falling.

The whole story of the courtship, marriage, and married life of this pair of geniuses is so romantic and so ideally beautiful as again to verify the saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction." How Mr. Browning, full of admiration for her "Lady Geraldine," wrote to Miss Barrett; how this led to an introduction; and this to their mutually and utterly falling in love with each other; all this has often been told. Not as well known, however, is the story of their clandestine marriage on September 12th, 1846, and final elopement a week after. Her father had given his consent to their marriage conditioned upon her health improving. The doctor had declared that nothing but a visit to Italy could prolong her life. But her father refused to let her risk the journey; in fact, he had evidently made up his mind that she was destined to be an invalid always until her death. He had nothing against Browning, as he himself afterwards said to that faithful friend of the family, Mr. Kenyon: "I have no objection to this young man, but my daughter should have been thinking of another world." He never became reconciled with them.

The account of their elopement is thus graphically told: "In the afternoon or evening of September 19, Mrs. Browning, attended by her maid and her dog, stole away from her father's house. The family were at dinner, at which meal she was not in the habit of joining them; her sisters, Henrietta and Arabel, had been throughout in the secret of her attachment and in full sympathy with it; in the case of the servants, she was also sure of friendly connivance. There was no difficulty in her escape, but that created by the dog, which might be expected to bark its consciousness of the unusual situation. She took him into her confidence: 'O Flush, if you make a sound, I am lost.' And Flush understood—as what good dog would

not?—and crept after his mistress in silence. I do not remember where her husband joined her; we may be sure it was as near her home as possible. That night they took the boat to Havre, on their way to Paris." And thence to Italy.

Prior to this romantic, and fatiguing journey, she had not for years been out of her room, scarcely off her couch, save once or twice. Naturally every one thought it would kill her. But it did not. It did just the opposite. "She rallied surprisingly and almost suddenly in the sunshine of her new life, and remained for several years at the higher physical level; her natural and now revived spirits sometimes, I imagine, lifting her beyond it." In fact, the whole history of the married life and love of Mr. and Mrs. Browning is to me one of the most remarkable illustrations extant of the dominance of spirit over the flesh. Not only her almost miraculous restoration to at least temporary health and strength, comparatively speaking of course, for she never was other than frail and delicate; but also, and especially, the fact of their married life having been one unbroken honey-moon, in the face of what may justly be regarded as physically a most unnatural union—he essentially vigorous and robust, she essentially fragile and invalid. It proves the overmastering power of their heart-love, enabling both to live that life of deepest, truest happiness that comes alone from perfect and habitual self-denial and self-sacrifice the one for the other.

There certainly never was a more truly devoted couple, never a more ideal heart-union than that between this strong impulsive man and this tender, feeble-bodied woman. All their letters breathe the tenderest mental consideration, and never-tiring admiration. Says she, in writing to her intimate friend, Miss Mitford: "He loved me for reasons which had helped to weary me of myself * * He has drawn me back to life and hope again when I had done with both * * * Have faith in me, dearest friend, till you know him. The intellect is so little in comparison to all the rest—to the womanly tenderness, the inexhaustible goodness, the high and noble aspirations of every hour. Temper, spirits, manners—there is not a flaw anywhere. I shut my eyes sometimes and fancy it all a dream of my guardian angel." The whole depth of her passionate soul she poured out in those marvellous "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the most matchless love-poems ever written; and exaggerated as their language sometimes seems, I am sure it yet fell far short of expressing what she felt. They are full of new significance and beauty in the light of the history Mrs. Orr's work gives us. Mrs. Browning meant every syllable of them, e. g. of this seventh one:

"The face of all the world is changed, I think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
Move still, oh, still, beside me; as they stole
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
Of obvious death, where I who thought to sink
Was caught up into love and taught the whole
Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole
God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink,
And praise its sweetness, sweet, with thee anear.
The names of country, heaven, are changed away
For where thou art or shalt be, there or here;
And this—this lute and song—loved yesterday,
(The singing angels know) are only dear,
Because thy name moves right in what they say."

Of Mr. Browning's constant glow of affection for his wife almost every act and word of his from the time he first saw her to the end of his days bear touching witness. A very characteristic story showing it is told by a writer in *The Christian Union*, though it is not found in Mrs. Orr's book. A lady was traveling in Italy in the same compartment with an elderly gentleman. They fell into animated conversation on poets and poetry. "Never," says the lady, "will be forgotten the thought, the imagery, that flowed in a continuous stream from his lips. 'Who are your favorite poets?' he asked, abruptly. I named them, and without further comment quoted my favorite poem—a Portuguese Sonnet. When I had finished, my companion resumed his post at the window, and did not deign to notice me again. I was much discomfited. Had I given offense? Before reaching our destination I ventured to say: 'I suspect, sir, that you do not like Mrs. Browning's poetry?' The dark, soulful eyes of the stranger turned pitifully to me, and, in a voice that was almost an echo, he said: 'Madame, that sonnet is the sweetest, and its singer the most precious, gift life has given me. She was my wife.'"

To the last Mr. Browning considered his wife far superior to himself as a poet. In 1871, for example, he wrote to Miss Blagden: "The simple truth is that *she* was a poet, and I the clever person by comparison—remember her limited experience of all kinds, and what she made of it. Remember, on the other hand, how my uninterrupted health and strength and practice with the world have helped me." So to another friend who hinted that she preferred his poetry to his wife, he replied: "You are wrong—quite wrong—she has genius; I am only a painstaking fellow. Can't you imagine a clever sort of angel who plots and plans, and tries to build up something—he wants to make you see it as he sees it—shows you one point of view, carries you off to another, hammering into your head the thing he wants you to understand; and whilst this bother is going on God Almighty turns you off a little star—that's the difference between us. The true creative power is her's, not mine." He meant every word of it; for he was free from envy, self-conceit, and was generous towards other writers to a very remarkable degree.

When on June 29th 1861 his wife died, his grief was painful to behold. One or two letters attest this; while Miss Blagden, the intimate friend, under whose roof he and his now motherless boy spent the weeks immediately following, and preceding his departure from Florence, "always spoke of this period as her 'apocalyptic month,' so deeply poetic were the ravings which alternated with the simple human cry of the desolate heart: 'I want her, I want her!'"

This is only one of the many proofs we have in Mrs. Orr's volumes that Robert Browning, contrary to what I used to think, was of a highly nervous, very emotional temperament, with sensibilities that were feminine rather than masculine. Quite in accord with this is the fact that all his most close and intimate friendships were with women, not with men; or, perhaps, I should rather say, his most intimate confidences, for he had also many very warm and tender friendships

with men. Yet his letters to and intercourse with them always seem more reserved than when he writes to women friends like Miss Blagden, Mrs. Quaire, and a few other women. From the usual portraits of him I was led to expect the opposite. In fact neither his outer appearance, nor much of his poetry, reveals that essentially gentle, tender, affectionate, sensitive nature which was a fundamental characteristic of the man, only less marked than, what after all is perhaps but a phase of this same disposition, his inflexible constancy to all degrees of friendship and love. "What he loved once he loved always, from the dearest man or woman to whom his allegiance had been given to the humblest piece of furniture which had served him."

Politically Mr. Browning was a Liberal, though in no sense bound to any political party, and in fact disagreeing emphatically with many of the latest developments of the Liberal party. Philosophically he was an optimist and a theistic, if not Christian, evolutionist. Vitally and essentially a Christian, full of reverence, and absolute trust in divine Providence, yet rejecting or questioning many of the dogmatic teachings of the church. His life was pure and beautiful in every respect.

As to his methods of work, while in early life he was fitful and dependent upon "moods," even as our own Lowell always was, he later became more methodical and laborious. Says his biographer: "He finished his work very carefully. * * * I have heard him say: 'People accuse me of not taking pains! I take nothing *but* pains!'" He corrected his work carefully for every new edition, aiming always, though, many of us think, frequently with little success, to achieve greater smoothness of expression as well as greater accuracy and force. "He produced less rapidly in later life, though he could throw off impromptu verses, whether serious or comical, with the utmost ease. * * * He was glad to have accomplished twenty or thirty lines in a morning. After lunch-time, for many years, he avoided, when possible, even answering a note. But he always counted a day lost on which he had not written something. * * * He repeatedly determined to write a poem every day, and once succeeded for a fortnight in doing so. He was then in Paris, preparing 'Men and Women.' 'Childe Roland' and 'Women and Roses' were among those produced on this plan; the latter having been suggested by some flowers sent to his wife."

After reading the two delightful volumes of his *Life and Letters*, one not only returns to the study of his works with renewed enjoyment, but one feels with his biographer that "We mourn the poet whom we have lost far less than we regret the man; for he had done his appointed work, and that work remains to us. But the two beings were in truth inseparable. The man is always present in the poet; the poet was dominant in the man. This fact can never be absent from our loving remembrance of him. No just estimate of his life and character will fail to give it weight."

UNO.

Ah, side by side with heart's-ease in this world
The fatal nightshade grows and bitter rue! —Lowell.

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