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READING ROOM
OF THE
Theological Seminary,
LANCASTER, PA.



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LANCASTER, PA., OCTOBER 1, 1890.

Contents.

EDITORIAL: Notes and Comments	Pages 1, 2
Manners	" 2, 3
SELECTED: Practical Christian Union	" 3
POETRY: Under the October Maples	" 3
Lyman Abbott on Extempore Speaking	" 3, 4
CONTRIBUTED: Glaser's Discoveries in South Arabia, H. By Prof. F. A. Gast, D. D.	" 4, 5
John Keats. By Herman E. Hoch	" 5, 6
POETRY: A Snake Fence	" 6
Our College	" 6
LOCAL LORE: David Ramsay, By S. M. Sener, Esq.	" 7, 8
Old-time Extravagance. By Geo. M. Steinman,	" 8
POETRY: The Library	" 8
OUR BOOK-SHELF: Some Important Books. By Uno	" 9, 10
Our Puzzles	" 10, 11

"See the fading, many-colored woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark." —Thomson.

Editorial.

SOME people have apparently not yet awakened to the fact that vacation is over. They are still resting.

WHILE there is a gratifying activity in church circles throughout our city, we notice that the church grumbler is also hard at work at his favorite occupation. Probably it is true that under the mysterious leading of Providence he, too, has his uses in this world, even as fleas, flies, and mosquitoes are said to have.

How different is the October landscape from that of May! Yet who will say that the beauty and charm of the former are not fully as great as those of the latter? Go out of town but a few miles, it makes no difference in which direction, so rich is our county in beautiful scenery—and the view over the broad fields, meandering streams, and forest covered hills and mountains will more than repay you for your trouble. October colors, of earth and sky, have a richness and variety all their own; October sounds, of wind and birds, are different from those of any other season; the October air is crisp and bracing, sparkling and invigorating to a degree not shared with it by that of any other month. By all means go out into the country as often as you can—early, at noon, and at sunset—and enjoy the wondrous beauties, and all the tonic and inspiring influences in this most perfect autumn month.

THE sudden death of the Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, D. D., D. C. L., Canon of St. Paul's, London, on September 9th, has removed from the Christian pulpit one of its most eloquent, brilliant and popular preachers, and from the arena of Christian theology one of its most earnest, trenchant, and learned authors. He was, perhaps, the most able and prominent leader of the conservative wing of the High Church party in England, strongly opposed to liberal tendencies in religious thought and uncompromising in his attitude towards the scientific spirit in theology and philosophy. He was in every respect the very opposite of him who now remains without a rival as the most popular preacher, most sympathetic and broad-minded thinker, and most humane, hopeful, and helpful Christian teacher in England, the versatile, eloquent Canon Farrar; yet he was not on that account less useful, less sincere, or less highly esteemed by all.

WE have not yet heard that the committee of gentlemen appointed by our County Forestry Association to visit, inspect, and report upon the condition of the woodland and other land along the banks of the Conestoga, east and south of the city, has done anything in the matter. It is not yet too late, but the time left for their performance of this duty is very short; for the committee is to report at the next meeting of the association, to be held on October 7th, at Rocky Springs. We hope the matter is not being neglected.

Lancaster still hopes some day to have an adequate public park somewhere along the banks of the Conestoga, and it was confidently expected that the report of this committee would have some important bearing on this subject. Gentlemen of the committee, what are you waiting for?

SO FAR the political campaign has been a clean one, and bids fair to remain such. This goes far to reconcile us to the fact that neither of the gubernatorial candidates is a man of known ability in statesmanship, brilliancy of attainment, or greatness of character. If neither excites our enthusiasm, yet we need not be ashamed of either. With this we console ourselves.

No Christian can habitually speak evil of his fellow men, or cherish envy, unkind feelings, an unforgiving spirit. Nor will he be pleasant to one's face and talk against him behind his back, pretending to be a friend but really being an enemy. It is well to be reminded of this once in awhile; for some professing Christians are daily and habitually given to unkind gossip, envious slander, deceitful conduct, and unforgiving vindictiveness, all unconscious that they thus become liars and hypocrites and a reproach to the name of Christian, just as much as if they broke the letter of any or every one of the ten commandments.

It is not the people who are sensitive for themselves that are most troublesome in church and society; but those who are sensitive for others. The former can be pitied. Theirs is one of the weaknesses that come with a selfish disposition. But the latter can only be scorned and shunned. The trouble with them is less a weakness than wickedness. Their going about and telling others how these others have been slighted, ill-treated, insulted, and so stirring them up to take offence and feel hurt, where, if left alone, they would never have been so unreasonable as even to suspect such a thing, this is malicious meddlesomeness and one of the most noxious forms of sin. It is the direct opposite of that sweet Christian charity that "thinketh no evil;" and shows a love of mischief-making that betokens a heart unregenerate and in sore need of being radically "born again."

MANNERS.

Truer words were never written than these of Emerson, that "Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behavior." We were reminded of them very forcibly the other day at the railway station. A countryman, who had evidently never traveled much and was bewildered by the crowd and confusion, acted very ignorantly about securing his ticket and having his

baggage checked. The poor man was plainly in great distress. Some of the bystanders seemed to think it great fun, and, instead of trying to help him, began to make sport of him. A plain, rough looking day-laborer, however, stepped up to the man, and in a kindly manner took him in charge, saw that he got his ticket, had his baggage checked, and directed him to the right train. We said to ourselves, surely not all gold glitters; there is a gentleman, in spite of his roughly clad exterior.

It had been only a short time before that we noticed with pleasure an example of good manners revealing nobility of character in a yet more unusual and gratifying way. A poor woman was shopping with a babe in her arms and another little child clinging to her skirts. Both children were tired, out of humor, worrying and troublesome. The mother was almost distracted. Other people in the store stared at her and even made unkind remarks. But one sweet-faced young lady, richly dressed and well known in our best society, with a winsome smile said to the woman: "Let me hold the baby a minute; I love babies!" She took possession of the crying little one, attracted the attention of the other, and soon had them both quiet and laughing, while with a grateful look the worried mother finished her shopping. Here was a real lady for you. Her dress did not prove it; anyone with money enough can have handsome gowns. But her manners demonstrated it. Only the refined and gentle nature can have gentle and refined manners.

So true is this that we know beyond cavil that some of the most perfect gentlemen in Lancaster work at the mechanic's bench from morning till night to earn an honest living. Unhappily we know, too, with equal certainty, that some of the most ill-bred and essentially coarse and vulgar men and women pose as "leaders of society," and think no social gathering could be complete without them.

It is not very long ago that we had to see, at a brilliant social occasion, how a cluster of women, who evidently had nothing fine about them but their dress, deliberately and openly insulted a young lady, infinitely their superior in everything belonging to true womanhood, but who was honest enough to work for her living and to dress according to her means—insulted her by their insolent stares, ill-bred whispers, and significant smiles, as she entered the room where they were. The insult was really as much to the hostess as to the young lady; for the latter was her guest just the same as they were, and yet their conduct was so thoroughly ill-mannered and rude that nine-tenths of our washwomen and factory girls would have been ashamed to be guilty of it. And they are prominent and popular in social circles, and consider themselves the pink of propriety, and models of refinement and culture! So, indeed, did also that other young

woman whom one evening, at a brilliant and refined assemblage, we saw sitting on a table, swinging her feet, and boisterously laughing and talking with several young men standing before her! No, she is not a person of questionable reputation; nor did it happen in a bar-room, but in an elegant parlor at a crowded fashionable gathering; and she is so popular that few teas, parties, or receptions are given at which she is not present. But what a "private history" she disclosed by such vulgar and indecent attitudes and behavior! What an uncouth, low-bred nature her manners revealed!

The shrewd, the enterprising, the industrious, often, too, the merely unscrupulous, may have riches, fine dress and luxury; the fortunate may have grace and beauty of person, the ambitious and skillful may acquire popularity and social standing; but wealth cannot buy, nor fortune bestow, nor can skill ever acquire those refined and gentle manners that show forth the fine nature, the noble man and gentle woman. Other qualities there are that declare what a man has, but manners prove what a man, or a woman, really is.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN UNION.

The following words from a sermon of the Rev. A. H. Putnam, recently published in *The Christian Union*, are so full of truth and good sense that we herewith commend them to the earnest and prayerful consideration of the Christian pastors and church members of Lancaster. They are as appropriate and much needed here in our community as in Boston where they were uttered:

"We have talked much about our love for all Christ's people, we have spoken largely of the Church's united front to the world, and have remained sinfully weak to grapple with the world's great and growing problems. I tell you, brethren, the world is not so much moved by mere professions of love and union in the Christian Church, else, long ago, a higher standard of action would have been raised in all spheres of social and political life; for surely we have talked enough. But let the world see the Church standing shoulder to shoulder in a great interdenominational movement to right earth's wrongs and cast out the impurities and false standards from the Nation's life, and the combined Christian sentiment of a community or State, as formally voiced by authorized representatives, will be a power which he will be a bold man who would dare resist. Then the world would have that evidence for which the Saviour prayed: 'That they all may be one, . . . that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.'"

Be merry, but with modesty; be sober, but not sullen; be valiant, but not venturesome; let your clothes be comely, but not costly; your diet wholesome, but not excessive; mistrust no man without cause, neither be thou credulous without proof. Serve God, fear God, love God, and God will so bless you as either your hearts can wish or your friends desire.—*Syly*.

UNDER THE OCTOBER MAPLES.

What mean these banners spread,
These paths with royal red
So gaily carpeted?
Comes there a prince to-day?
Such footing were too fine
For feet less argentine
Than Dian's own or thine,
Queen whom my tides obey.

Surely for thee are meant
These hues so orient,
That with a sultan's tent
Each tree invites the sun;
Our Earth such homage pays,
So decks her dusty ways,
And keeps such holidays,
For one, and only one.

My brain shapes form and face,
Throbs with rhythmic grace
And cadence of her pace
To all fine instincts true;
Her footsteps, as they pass,
Than moonbeams over grass
Fall lighter—and, alas,
More insubstantial, too!

—James Russell Lowell.

EXTEMPORE SPEAKING.

Dr. Lyman Abbott was recently asked what was the best way of learning how to speak in public without notes. The reply was given through *The Christian Union*, and as Dr. Abbott is himself one of the most faultless of extempore speakers in the country, what he has to say on the subject comes "as from one having authority." He says:

"The method of preparation conducive to the best extempore speaking is, to my thinking, as follows:

"First: Years of practice. Do not expect to attain by any school method in a month or a year that which your elders have attained only by long exercise in the study and on the platform.

"Second: Constant use of the pen. No man ought to trust only to the voice as a means of expression. If he does not write sermons, he ought to write something else, and write with care, with dictionary of synonyms before him, with careful weighing and study of words and sentences, with careful rewriting, elision of all repetitions, rewriting of sentences in an endeavor to improve their form, their clearness, their compactness, their rhythm and cadence.

"Third: Some reading of the best writers—not only to get their thoughts, but to familiarize one's self with their methods of expression. Some careful study of literary forms, of musical cadence, of methods of emphasis; in brief, of the aesthetics of language.

"Fourth: In special preparation, five successive steps. 1. What is the object of this speech? What end is it to serve? What verdict is it to win? What result is it to accomplish? 2. Central thought. What thought lodged in the mind of an auditor will best accomplish the desired result? 3. Analysis of this central thought into three or four propositions, the enforcement and illustration of which will serve to fasten in the minds of the hearers the central thought, and so to secure the desired result. 4. Some illustrations or concrete statements of each one of these separate propositions. 5. These four points firmly fixed in the mind; then an endeavor on these lines of thought to win this result with this audience, exactly

as one would endeavor to win assent from an individual. Style, conversational; rising into the oratorical only as the excitement of the occasion and the attention of the audience produces spontaneously the change.

"The preparation of such an address will take quite as much time as the preparation of a manuscript. It must be more thoroughly prepared; the subject must be more thoroughly thought out; the mind must be familiar with it in all its aspects; the speaker must have more to say than he has time at his command, and be conscious of the fact, and feel himself under pressure to condense and compact his thought. And when he rises to speak he must forget himself, pray to be delivered from the ambition to be eloquent by an ambition to win a result; be careless of admiration and covetous of practical fruits in his auditors' lives. Without this moral preparation he will be a mere declaimer: with it he may be an effective speaker. And whether he is what men call an orator or not is a matter of no consequence."

GLASER'S DISCOVERIES IN SOUTH ARABIA.

II.

BY PROF. F. A. GAST, D.D.

We have seen that Glaser, on the authority of his lately discovered texts, has disclosed to our view a new period in the history of Arabia. He has proved that the Sabæan kingdom was preceded for ages by the Minæan, extending from about 1000 B. C. back probably not less than 2000 B. C. It may be that future finds will enable us to trace the history still further into the dim past. However that may be, it is sufficiently surprising to find at that early time a South Arabian kingdom carrying on the trade and commerce of the world, as the Phœnicians did at a later time, and establishing stations not only in North Arabia, but also on the shores of the Mediterranean—a kingdom of immense wealth and a high degree of culture, in which, to our great amazement, alphabetic writing was in general use.

But besides this, Glaser has added another unexpected period to the history of the Sabæan kingdom. It is that of "the kings of Saba, Dhu-Raidan, Hadramant and Yemen," which extends over three centuries from about 300 A. D. to the conquests of Mohammed. Though the latest period, it is for several reasons the most interesting. The inscriptions relating to it are the most abundant and complete, one text having not less than one hundred and two lines. Many of these inscriptions are dated, and as fortunately we knew the era (first discovered by Halévy and now confirmed by Glaser) by which they were dated, viz: the year corresponding to 115 B. C., an exact chronology of this period is possible. But what is of special interest is the fact that in this period Judaism and Christianity make their appearance for the first time in the Sabæan inscriptions, the former favored by the rulers at home, the latter by the foreign powers of Axum and Byzantium, and both tending to shape the religious conceptions of the people. This as we shall see, throws a much desired light on what without it has proved a perplexing historical problem—the origin of Mohammedanism and the Koran.

Already in 1884, before Glaser gave to the public any of his inscriptions, it was conjectured that the expression *rahmânân*, found here and there in earlier known Sabæan inscriptions, pointed to the presence of a monotheistic factor, and perhaps to Judaism. For the South Arabian *rahmânân*, "the merciful One," compounded as it is of *rahmân*, "merciful," and the post-fixed definite article, *ân*, is identical with the North Arabian (the language of the Koran) *al-rahmân*, pronounced *ar-rahmân*, undoubtedly derived from the Jews, to whom God was the *merciful* and gracious One. Moreover, the expression, whenever found, occurs always in inscriptions which are wanting in the usual names of the heathen gods. This conjecture has now been established as certainly true by a number of new inscriptions all dating from the fourth and fifth centuries A. D. In these, besides the expression, *rahmânân*, "the merciful One," occurs another, viz., "the (one) God (*Allâh*), Lord of the heaven." From all this it is evident that *ar-rahmân*, so commonly applied to God in the Koran, and *Allâh* (contracted from *al*—"the," and *ilâh*, "god"), the Koranic designation of the true God, are much older than Mohammed; and that they owe their origin to Jewish influence is shown by a fragment of the same date, where we read, "in the name of the Lord of the heavens and Israel."

Now, for the first time, the native tradition that the South Arabian king Dhû Nu'âs, killed 525 A. D., was a Jew, is placed in its true historical light. The Jews still living in South Arabia say, that, according to their traditions, their ancestors emigrated from Palestine a century or two before the Christian era. Jewish colonies were planted in Sabæa, one of whose rulers became a convert to the Jewish faith. Indeed, for several generations, the throne was occupied by princes who adopted Judaism as the true religion. Gradually they extended their dominion along the west coast as far north as Mecca, and thus we arrive at the important fact, that Jewish influence made itself felt in the future birthplace of Mohammed.

But Glaser's inscriptions throw light on what we only understood in an imperfect way before, viz., that Christianity, though in a corrupt form, played an important rôle in Sabæan history for two centuries and a half prior to the appearance of Mohammed. In all probability it gained a permanent foothold through the Ethiopic kingdom of Axum. That kingdom, as Glaser shows, was founded by the Habâsa, or Abyssinians, who, when they first come to view in the inscriptions, still live in South Arabia, but who migrated to Africa a century or a century and a half before the Christian era. The first Christian Abyssinian king was Aizanas, who, for a short time (360-378 A. D.), actually conquered the Sabæan empire, and probably at the same time introduced the Christian religion. In 378, however, we again hear of another native king in South Arabia, who was not a Christian yet monotheistic; and his non-Christian (Jewish) monotheism maintained itself, perhaps uninterruptedly, till the year 525 A. D. Still, Christian communities existed in various parts of the country under the protection of the kingdom of Axum. A violent persecution of one of the communities by the Jewish king of Sabæa was avenged by the Abyssinian conquest of the country in 525, when the king lost his throne and his life. From that day Christianity became a state religion in South Arabia; and it is interesting to learn that one of

Glaser's longest and most complete inscriptions, written in the year 542 A. D., begins with the words: "In the power and help and mercy of the all merciful and his Messiah, and of the Holy Ghost."

All this is not a matter simply of historical curiosity. It is of immense importance for explaining the origin and distinctive character of Mohammedanism and the Koran. We have now come to see that the religion of the Prophet is not the strange, isolated phenomenon it has often been supposed to be, springing into existence suddenly from the brain of one man without antecedent historical conditions of any kind. It was rather the outcome of a movement which had been going on for several centuries.

Emanuel Deutsch has well said that Mohammedanism is "neither more nor less than Judaism as adapted to Arabia—plus the apostleship of Jesus and Mohammed." It was a protest on the part of the Prophet against the heathenism and polytheism of his people. Already before his day the religion of Arabia had become worn-out, and lost its hold on the minds of men. Religious indifference was general, and it was not uncommon to scoff at the gods. Here and there, however, individuals, not content with a mere negation, sought a higher and purer religion. They were called *Hanifs*, probably meaning "penitents." Though not organized as a sect, they rejected polytheism and acknowledged Allāh, and to this faith they joined a sense of responsibility and of coming judgment.

Now it is beyond question that Mohammed did not originate the truths of his religion, but owed them to the *Hanifs*, with whom he came into connection through a cousin of his wife. But what was the ultimate source of these higher, more spiritual beliefs of the *Hanifs*? It was in the main Jewish. Mohammed, at least, was indebted to the Jews for almost all the stories and a great part of the laws of the Koran, and the theological language of Islam is full of Jewish Aramaic words, which the Prophet often used in a wrong sense. *Millah*, for example, means "word," but in the Koran it means "religion." It is clear that Mohammed did not make use of written sources. His narratives differ widely from those of the Bible. Many of the alterations are found in the Jewish Hag-gada and the New Testament Apocrypha. Unquestionably he owed his knowledge of Old Testament history to oral communications from the Jews. The many strange misconceptions found in the Koran betray an inattentive listener rather than an attentive reader. How else could Mohammed have confounded Haman, the minister of Ahasuerus with the minister of Pharaoh, or identified Miriam, the sister of Moses, with Mary (the same as Miriam), the mother of Jesus? And if he did not derive his information directly from the Old Testament, so neither could he have picked it up in a casual way while on his commercial journeys to Palestine and Syria. There must have been a permanent source at hand from which he drew, and on this Glaser's researches throw new light. We know now that the rule of the Sabæan Kings had extended over Mecca, and that Jewish ideas and beliefs had made their way into the home of Mohammed centuries before his birth. Future investigations will doubtless show how much he owed to the Sabæan kingdom of South Arabia.

Nor is this all. Mohammed owes something to

Christianity, though not in any of its great historical developments. Jesus, according to him, was one of the six Apostles specially chosen to proclaim new dispensations. But, besides this, the original and productive forces of Islam did not spring from Judaism, least of all the ideas of judgment and the inexorable demands set before the creature by his Creator, which are so prominent in the early portions of the Koran. These ideas must be traced to a Christian source and that this source must be sought in South Arabia, in the Christianity introduced by the Abyssinian kingdom of Axum, is evident from the fact that the words of Christian origin found in the Koran come in part from the Abyssinian. The word *shaitân*, "Satan," was, in the first instance, borrowed from the Abyssinian and had already probably been introduced into the Arabic when Mohammed entered on the stage of history. The possibility of this is evident from the fact that the Axumites succeeded in obtaining possession of Sabæan territory, and secured a footing in South Arabia by planting there colonies of Christians, and also by the fact that Abraha, the Christian vice-king of Axum, made an expedition against Mecca in the very year Mohammed was born.

JOHN KEATS.

BY HERMAN E. HOCH.

It has been said by literary critics that by the death of John Keats (1821) English poetry suffered an irreparable loss. This much could well be said of any great poet of any age in English literature. But by the death of John Keats English poetry suffered not only an irreparable but an *incalculable* loss. Death claimed this most unfortunate of English poets at the early age of twenty-six, before he had given to the world the full benefits of his powerful genius. Death silenced this sweetest of modern bards just when he had outgrown the tremulous sensibility of youth, when he had learned to string up his looser chords and had ceased to chant in the exuberant strains of his "Endymion," and was giving tone to the purer notes of his more strongly conceived "Hyperion."

The poetic genius of John Keats was far superior to that of any of the modern English poets, outshining even the passionate powers of Byron and the spiritual insight of Wordsworth, and finds a comparison only in the genius of Milton or Shakespeare. Keats was, above all things, the purest of *artists*. The love of the beautiful was in him an intense passion that bursts forth in every line of his poetry like a flame of Promethean fire. The politics and philosophy of his day troubled him but little. His spirit, of too fine a mould to hover about the material, must mount into the ærial regions of pure poesy for its proper nourishment. His muse never sang so sweetly as when, far above the finite, his spirit held communion with the infinite; and with Apollo, in his "Hyperion," he would fain request the "lonely goddess" to

"Point me out the way
To any one particular beauteous star
And I will flit into it with my lyre,
And make its silvery splendor pant with bliss."

His soul was attuned to the sweetest melodies of nature's minstrelsies, and ever and anon, descending from these towering flights of fancy, his senses are made drowsy with a voluptuous happiness, when

"A light-winged Dryad of the trees
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green and shadows numberless,
Singeth of summer in full-throated ease."

No other poet than Keats has ever imbibed sweeter or more intoxicating draughts from the "inspired Castalian spring," and no other bard than he could so happily convey these inspirations through the medium of lyrical verses to the senses of the most obtuse. What gorgeous hues of romance, mingled with the golden tints of Hellenic choiceness, are interwoven into the delightful odes to Autumn and to a Nightingale! With the poet we almost drink of the waters of the Parnassian spring, from whence these choice effusions were imbibed, and our senses reel under the intoxicating significance of the opening lines:

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of Hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk."

And the closing lines of the same ode:

"Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside, and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades.
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: do I wake or sleep?"

It was his genuine love of the beautiful, in all its manifold phases, and his disgust of the material and commonplace that made Keats the purest of English Hellenic poets. Though he could not read Greek he was yet, probably, the best lyric interpreter of the myths of ancient Greece and Rome. Making acquaintance with Greek literature and art only through the medium of classical dictionaries and translations, his power of conception was such that he realized more fully and became more deeply imbued with the golden beauty and poetic spirit of Grecian mythology than many of the more classically educated of English poets. While other poets of his time were invoking their muse and spurring their Pegasus to penetrate the misty realms of philosophy or the more darksome regions of passion, he alone, with his deeper poet appreciation of the sublime, poured forth his pure Hellenic strains in the brighter altitude of a loftier sphere.

There is not an instance in the history of English literature of the death of a poet so lamentable and deeply pathetic as that of John Keats. The seeds of consumption were in him, and he knew he would never live to realize his ambition's fondest dream. He felt the stirrings of a potent genius, but knew it would never grow to a full fruition. The bud of his vast powers, ready to burst into the perfect flower of matchless poetic beauty, must be torn from the stem before it could unfold its lovely petals to a wondering world. Already he had won unfading laurels, but the crowning fame of a Shakespeare which might have been his, was to be snatched from his grasp by an untimely death. His "Ode on a Grecian Urn" had indeed given him a place among the immortal poets, but his "Hyperion," which was to have placed his name with Shakespeare and Milton among the greatest of poets, must be left unfinished—must forever remain a fragment—must forever stand but as an "inlet to severe magnificence."

A SNAKE FENCE.

Softened by time and storm to smoky gray,
Brodered with mosses sage and malachite,
Its airy course it zigzags out of sight
In the green vines that fringe the dusty way.
Beneath the rails the happy crickets play
Their wild extempores with keen delight,
And pausing on it in his whirling flight
The partridge gayly drums at close of day.
In billowy balm the clover round it nods,
And at its feet the milkweed's waving free.
Where dragon-flies dart o'er the wayside rill,
And where the asters vie with golden-rods,
The Indian corn a rustling symphony
Murmurs responsive to the wind's sweet will.

—R. K. Munkittrick.

OUR COLLEGE.

Franklin and Marshall College is entering upon a year which promises to surpass all preceding years in her history. The Professors have all returned from their vacations refreshed and eager for the work; the students are alert in their undergraduate organizations, and the Alumni were never so completely affiliated with the interests of their Alma Mater as at present. All agree that a new era is opening for our literary institution. President Stahr's Inaugural Address attested this fact, and evinced that the Doctor understands the situation.

The college library with its new shelving and cases is an attractive retreat in which to spend an afternoon. The best of modern magazines are accessible. To Dr. Kieffer belongs the credit for the improvement. What a pity the Doctor does not have a large, well-equipped library, comfortably housed and commensurate with his love for and knowledge of books and their authors! Such a consummation can be but a matter of time.

The Glee Club has held its trials and elected men to fill the vacancies. The following singers will represent the college for the season of 1890-91: First tenors, Naly, Kershner, Summer and Reiter; second tenors, Masters, Cort, Bolger and Jones; first basses, Irvine, Griffith, Smith and Goodell; second basses, Greenwald, Keller, Harnish and Leinbach. The club will have a stronger volume than it had last year. The Mandolin Club will contain, possibly, eleven men. Concerts will probably be given in Reading, Lebanon, Lancaster, Allentown, Altoona, Greensburg, Bellefonte, Butler, Pittsburg, Frederick, York, Hanover, Hagerstown, Harrisburg, Washington, D. C., Baltimore, and other towns and cities.

The foot ball team has reached the apex of all aspiration in playing such renowned teams as those of Princeton and of Lehigh. Our boys will, of course, be defeated, yet is it not something to be able to say that they have played both the State champions and the champions of America? Princeton has never before played a college of less note than Lafayette and the University of Pennsylvania. Franklin and Marshall is the first of the smaller colleges to receive so favorable recognition for her foot ball prowess. Games are also arranged with all the smaller colleges of this State.

The plans for the gymnasium have been completed by the architect, and it is hoped that the building will be ready for the apparatus by January 1st, 1891. The fact that Mr. W. U. Hensel is at the head of the enterprise assures the speedy completion of the same.

Local Lore.

DAVID RAMSAY.

THE FATHER OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY S. M. SENER, ESQ.

David Ramsay was born on April 2, 1749, in Drumore township, this county, his father having been James Ramsay, a respectable farmer who had emigrated to this country from Ireland. James Ramsay was a man of intelligence and piety, and early sowed the seeds of knowledge and religion into the minds of his children. His mother was Jane Montgomery, who, it is claimed, was a cousin of General Richard Montgomery, of Quebec notoriety. This claim has never been directly established, however, but the circumstances favoring the claim are many and strong ones. Jane Ramsay died when David was quite young, but his father compensated in a measure for the loss by taking uncommon pains to give David the best education which was obtainable at that early date.

When quite young David had evidenced a taste for books and it is related that at six years of age he read the Bible with facility, and that before he was twelve years of age he had read the classics. His early studies were directed by Rev. Sampson Smith, of the Chestnut Level Presbyterian church. When yet too young to enter upon a collegiate course he accepted the position of a tutor in an academy at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He continued in that capacity for a year, and then went to Princeton, from where he graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1765.

Having completed his studies when only sixteen years of age, he went to Maryland and spent two years as a tutor in a private family there. He then commenced the study of medicine under the direction of the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush at the Medical College of Philadelphia, which college subsequently became the University of Pennsylvania. From there he graduated in 1772 with a diploma of Bachelor of Physic. Dr. Ramsay always held the highest regard for Dr. Rush and never hesitated in declaring himself an advocate of Dr. Rush's theory of medicine. Upon his graduation, he located in Maryland, at the "Head of the Bohemia," where he remained for a year and then permanently located in Charleston, South Carolina. Dr. Rush, under date of September 15, 1773, in a letter to friends in Charleston, said of young Ramsay: "I consider him far superior to any one heretofore graduated from our college. He writes, talks, and—what is more—lives well. I can promise more for him, in everything, than I could for myself."

At the commencement of the revolution and during its progress he was a member of the Legislature of South Carolina. He was also a member of the Privy Council and was banished by Cornwallis to St. Augustine. In 1782, he was elected a member of Congress; was again elected to the same office, and was chosen President pro tempore during the illness of John Hancock in 1785. In 1786 he resumed the practice of his chosen profession and subsequently became distinguished for his strict attention to duties. In 1787, January 23, he was married to Martha, a daughter of Henry Laurens, Governor of South Caro-

lina, by whom he had eleven children, eight of whom survived him.

Although he won reputation as a medical savant he became more celebrated as an author, and in that character he is best known. His reputation as an author was well established in this country and in Europe. He has in fact been regarded as the father of history in this country. He began the collection of data and materials shortly after the close of the Revolutionary war, and when his work was completed submitted it to General Greene, who having given his assent to all the statements made therein, the "History of the Revolution in South Carolina" was given to the world in 1785. This work was translated into the French language. While in Congress he had also gathered data from such public documents and records as could throw light on the Revolution, and in 1790 he published his "History of the American Revolution." In 1801 his "Life of Washington" made its appearance. In this work he gave our hero a character "above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

In 1808 Dr. Ramsay published a two-volume "History of South Carolina." He had, in 1796, published a short sketch on the climate, soil, weather and diseases of his adopted state. His wife died in 1811 and shortly thereafter he published a memoir of her life. In addition to these works he issued the following: "An Oration on the Acquisition of Louisiana," "A Review of Medicine in the 18th Century," "Medical Register for 1802," "A Dissertation on the Preservation of Health in Charleston," "A Biographical Chart for the study of History," "Eulogium of Dr. Rush," and a "Brief History of the Independent or Congregational Church in Charleston," to which church he had been strongly attached. The last and crowning work of his life was his "Universal History Americanized," for which he had been laboriously gathering material for forty years. He died, however, before his work was printed, and after his death it was given to the world by Carey and Lee in a nine-volume edition in connection with his "History of the United States," in three volumes.

Such was the prosperous career of David Ramsay until adversity overtook him in his old age when he lost his cherished wife and a talented son who was suddenly cut down in his early manhood. Amid all these calamities he stood firm and resolute, and the closing scene of his eventful life was alone wanting to put a seal to his character. He fell by the hand of an assassin whom he had never wronged, but whom, on the contrary, he had humanely endeavored to serve. A man by name William Linnen, a tailor, was thrown into prison for a crime and on his trial, it being represented that he was under the influence of mental derangement, Dr. Ramsay and Dr. Benjamin Simons were appointed by the court to inquire into the matter. The two concurred in opinion that Linnen was temporarily deranged. The man was saved from being branded as a felon and was sent to an asylum where he was detained until the return of his mental faculties when he was discharged. The man behaved himself peaceably for a while but was heard to declare that he would "kill the doctors who had joined in the conspiracy against him."

On Saturday, May 6th, 1815, at one o'clock in the afternoon, Linnen passed by Dr. Ramsay's house, on Broad street, in Charleston, and taking a large horse-

man's pistol from a handkerchief, where he had it concealed, shot Dr. Ramsay in the back, within a few steps of the latter's own house.

Linnen was arrested and committed to prison, where he remained as a maniac until his death. Dr. Ramsay, on being carried into his house, uttered these words: "I know not if these wounds be mortal. I am not afraid to die; but should that be my fate, I call on all here present to bear witness that I consider the unfortunate perpetrator of this deed a lunatic and free from guilt." He lingered for two days, during which time death had for him no terrors, and at seven o'clock on the morning of May 8, 1815,

"He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

Doctor Ramsay's principles throughout his eventful life influenced all his actions. His life was a chequered scene and presented many opportunities for the exercise of those principles. Possessed of talents, reputation, friends, and fortune he bid fair to end his days in the sunshine of prosperity until suddenly stricken down by the hand of a vindictive assassin. Such was the eventful career of one whose life began in the humble and unpretentious looking house, which, up to a few years ago, stood in Drumore township, this county.

OLD-TIME EXTRAVAGANCE.

COMPILED BY GEORGE M. STEINMAN.

In looking over the diary kept in Lancaster and Philadelphia during the Revolution by Christopher Marshall, we came across the following entries that throw considerable light upon the rather gay life and extravagant habits of our forefathers even during the darkest days of the revolutionary struggle.

"Jan. 21, 1780. Learned that there was a splendid Assembly last night at [the] Court House, Lancaster; twenty-one ladies, double quantity of men, band of music, dancing, singing, gaming, drinking, carousing, etc., etc. It's said, every subscriber is to pay Three Hundred Dollars, any interloper of assembly nights admitted upon paying Thirty Dollars, each night."

Next day we are told of a sleighing-party on a pretty extravagant scale, thus:

"22. . . . A set of Lancastrians sleighing about; went about three miles from town. A few days past, it's said, a company numbering thirteen, had a collation, afternoon and evening. Their expenses amounted to Four hundred and fifty Pounds. Jovial Times!"

The court-house spoken of in the first entry was not the one some of our citizens remember; but stood on the same site in Centre Square, and was destroyed by fire on June 9th, 1784.

It must also be remembered that the amounts mentioned as having been paid were in Continental currency, and therefore not really as extravagant as might otherwise appear. That kind of money was not worth much in those days, as will appear from the following list of prices paid at a sale, and entered under date of February 14th, 1780:

"14. After breakfast I took [a] walk to [the] vendue of Cornelius Land's household goods, where they were sold extravagantly, as per a specimen here annexed to show that the people in general set no store by our Continental paper money, viz.: A frying pan, Twenty-five Pounds; A wood saw, Thirty-seven Pounds, ten

shillings; Three split bone handled knives, three ditto forks, rusty, Twenty-two Pounds, ten shillings; An old mare of eleven years old for Eight hundred and five pounds; One gallon stone bottle of the bead sort, Seven Pounds, ten shillings; one common razor without a case, with hone for setting, Twenty Pounds; one pair of common spectacles in case, Eighteen Pounds; small Dutch looking-glass, six inches by four, no ornaments, but worse by age, Eight Pounds, ten shillings; fifty sheaves of oats for Eighty Pounds; an old eleven inch square face eight day clock, walnut case, Two Hundred and ten Pounds; an old straw-cutting knife, box, &c., Fifty Pounds; and so, in general, throughout the sale, the which so amazed me that I told them it was high time for a Bedlam to be built in Lancaster."

These high prices, however, did not keep our citizens from having their "Jovial Times!" as we saw, and as appears from numerous entries, of which we add but one more, the day after the "vendue."

"15. Last night, it's said, there was a great entertainment for the English officers (prisoners) at Peter Hofnager's; grand supper, with music, dancing, &c." The expenses are not given!

THE LIBRARY.

Give me the room whose every nook
Is indicated to a book.
Two windows will suffice for air
And grant the light admission there;
One looking to the south, and one
To speed the red, departing sun.
The eastern wall, from frieze to plinth,
Shall be the poet's labyrinth,
Where one may find the lords of rhyme
From Homer down to Dobson's time;
And at the northern side a space
Shall show an open chimney place,
Set round with ancient tiles that tell
Some legend old and weave a spell
About the fire-dog guarded seat,
Where one may dream and taste the heat;
Above, the mantel should not lack
For curios and bric-a-brac—
Not much, but just enough to light
The room up when the fire is bright.
The volumes on this wall should be
All prose and all philosophy,
From Plato down to those who are
The dim reflections of that star;
And these tomes all should serve to show
How much we write—how little know;
For since the problem first was set
No one has ever solved it yet.
Upon the shelves toward the west
The scientific books shall rest;
Beside them, history; above,
Religion,—hope, and faith, and love.
Lastly, the southern wall should hold
The story tellers, new and old;
Haroun al Raschid, who was truth
And happiness to all my youth,
Shall have the honored place of all
That dwell upon the sunny wall,
And with him there shall stand a throng
Of those who help mankind along
More by their fascinating lies
Than all the learning of the wise.
Such be the library; and take
This motto of a Latin make
To grace the door through which I pass:
Hic Habitat Felicitas!

—F. D. Sherman in *The Century*.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."—*St. Paul*.

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.

The book-lover's sense of satisfaction, of grateful sufficiency, as he settles himself in his arm-chair beneath the evening lamp with his favorite author before him, is a feeling which I don't believe any one else can have under any circumstances. At least I would not exchange it for any other pleasure I now can think of. It is the very essence of true contentment, incomparable with any other pleasure in human experience.

That is what I thought this evening as I sat at my library table and began cutting the leaves of a volume of the new "Riverside Edition" of *The Writings of James Russell Lowell*, fresh from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Of course much of this feeling of satisfaction depends upon the publishers' taste and skill. Some books there are that you can read and even enjoy in any kind of an edition. But others, such as the works of the great classic writers, the immortals, of our literature, you must have in an appropriate form. The "eternal fitness of things" demands it. There must be a certain harmony between form and spirit, between the exterior that appeals to the sight and touch, and the interior, the contents that speak to the mind and heart, or your satisfaction is incomplete and your contentment and peace not perfect. In finding and expressing this fitness and harmony lies the publisher's skill. Therein consists the art of book-making. And that art no American firm possesses more fully than the publishers of the altogether perfect "Riverside Editions" of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell. They are the editions in which these American classics will go down to posterity. They are the only editions worthy of them. No true student lover of these authors may be content with any other.

As this edition of Whittier is uniform with the one of Longfellow in everything except the color of the cloth binding, so the new edition of Lowell's collected works differs from both of these only in the binding. There is the same beauty of proportion, the same heavy superfine paper, faultless typography and press-work, while the covers are of a rich deep red cloth. When complete the set of ten volumes will be fit to adorn the shelves of the most fastidious bibliophile.

When I first looked at the four beautiful volumes thus far issued I felt like demurring at the absence of the old familiar titles to the uniform one of "Literary Essays," "My Study Windows," and "Among my Books" had become so identified in my mind with the scholarly critic and genial humorist that I felt I should hardly recognize "My Garden Acquaintance," or the "Library of Old Authors," "A Moosehead Journal" or "Dante," under their new and perhaps more accurate and dignified classification. But I suppose, after all, it is better so. We don't want our

"Willie" and "Fannie" to go down into history as such, but rather as "William" and "Frances." Pet names are only for temporary use. And doubtless an author feels the same way about his spiritual offspring. Temporary titles must be dropped when the works themselves have become immortal and a part of the history of eternal truth.

Besides the four volumes of "Literary Essays," there will be one volume of "Political Essays," one of "Literary and Political Addresses," and four volumes of his "Poems." Three portraits of the author at different periods of his life will adorn the volumes. While Mr. Lowell has revised the whole, and rearranged the various parts in the order and form which he intends to be final, we are glad to be assured by him in the preface that the works themselves will be left just as we have learned to know, admire, and love them these many years. He says: "I have refrained from modifying what was written by one—I know not whether to say so much older or so much younger than I—but at any rate different in some important respects, and this partly from deference to him, partly from distrust of myself."

We are told that to "The Biglow Papers" full explanatory notes will be added; which is well, as much of their fine humor as well as their cutting satire are lost to those unacquainted with the circumstances to which they directly refer. It is these inimitable "Biglow Papers," you will remember, to which Mr. Lowell first owed his popularity. They at once made him known throughout the land as the greatest wit and humorist of his time. And at the same time the very fame they brought him retarded by many years the general recognition of his greater and nobler merits as an essayist and poet. To-day, however, he is recognized the world over as America's ripest literary scholar, loftiest poet, and worthiest representative of her most finished culture. This fame rests most enduringly upon productions like his essays on Dante, Lessing, Chaucer, Spenser, and undying poems like *The Commemoration Ode*, *The Cathedral*, and *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. For these are works that are unequaled in American letters and unsurpassed in the literature of our language.

I wish I could induce you all to take down your Lowell, or better still, to get this new and exquisite edition of his complete prose and poetical works up to date, and to read and study him carefully for awhile, instead of reading the stuff on which I am afraid a good many of you waste your time. I am quite sure you would enjoy him. For he is always delightful as he is ever ennobling and inspiring. All I can tell you will not convince you as half an hour's reading of him will. So I'll say no more about him to-day, but take this chance to tell you of yet another work that has just been put on our book-shelf and in which I have become intensely interested. It is an *Economic and Social History of New England*, from 1620 to 1789, in two handsome octavo volumes, and happens likewise to come from the artistic "Riverside Press." A mere glance at the books suffices to tell you that. There is a certain dignified elegance about all of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s work that at once distinguishes it from all others.

The author of this history is Mr. William B. Weeden, who is quite as well known as an extensive manufacturer of Providence, R. I., as for his frequent and able contributions on economic subjects. That his literary taste and ability are of a high order is fully proved by this unique history. For it is unique; in no sense a mere general history of New England; with that we are getting to be pretty well acquainted, for the "Yankees" have managed to have themselves "written up" pretty extensively, a duty the rest of us have thus far neglected all too much. In the work before me the political history of New England receives but little attention; while the mirror is held up faithfully to reflect every detail of the ordinary life and daily occupations, the manners, customs, trades, professions, dress, food, etc., of early New England times. It is this that gives the book such freshness of interest.

Just to give you a taste of its rich stores of information of the kind the antiquarian and historian delights in, let me open the volumes at random and read you a few specimen paragraphs. Here, for instance, is a description of a typical kitchen of the period between 1640 and 1662: "In the wide fireplace and over the massive backlog, crane, jack, spit, and pothook did substantial work, while the embers kept bake-kettle and frying-pan in hospitable exercise. The children sat on blocks in the chimney corners, and a high-backed settee defended the shoulders of the elders from the air currents which swept the neutral ground between the fire circle and outdoors. A tin candlestick with long back hung from the wall over the mantel. But they often saved the fat pitch-pine or candlewood in summer, storing it for the winter light. Beams and ceiling were hung with ears of corn, crook-necks, and flitches of meat. This comestible comfort was typical of the place; the world was hard without, but there was simple life-giving abundance within."

In those early days everything was sought to be regulated by law, not only the people's religion and morals, but also their food and drink and dress. Thus "No one could run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting. No one should travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day. No woman should kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day. Whoever brought cards into the dominion paid a fine of £5. No one could read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or saints' days; make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, or jewsharp. The magistrates only should join in marriage, as they might do it with less scandal to Christ's Church. . . . All these cares of the anxious fathers were as nought when we come to their labors and pains in regulating dress. The function of dress in their minds was not only to cover and protect people, but to classify and arrange them. . . . Social prestige, rank, estate, and breeding were to be formulated in the garments of the wearer. . . . The town records are full of prosecutions, acquittals, and convictions for offences against these laws. In Salem, 1652, a man is presented for excess 'in bootes, rebonds, gould, and silver lace;' and in Lynn, 'Ester, wife of Joseph Jynkes Junior,

ffer wearing silver lace;' in Newbury, 1653, two women, each for wearing a silk hood and scarfe, but they were discharged on proof that their husbands were worth two hundred pounds each."

"Reading in 1649 fines three married women for scolding—the same occurs often—five shillings each; and Matthew Stanley suffers in £5, with 2s. 6d. fees, for winning the affections of John Tarbox's daughter without her parents' consent."

It is true there were no prohibitionists in those days, but the sale and use of liquor was minutely regulated by law. And not only that, but tobacco as well. At Windsor, Ct., 1647, "None under twenty-one years, nor any one not previously accustomed to it, shall take tobacco without a physician's certificate. No one shall take it publicly in the street, or the fields, or the woods, except on a journey of at least ten miles, or at dinner. Nor shall any one take it in any house in his own town with more than one person taknig it at the same time." In 1650 Massachusetts prohibits it; and Connecticut forbids the taking of it "publiquely in the street, highwayes, or any barne yards, or uppon traineing days in any open places." Verily, the way of the smoker was hard in those days of gnat-straining and camel-swallowing!

There are a dozen of other passages, still more interesting, I had intended reading to you, on love, courtship, and marriage, the meeting-house, the treatment of servants, etc.; but time forbids. I must draw the line somewhere, so I'll do it right here.

Before stopping, however; let me name one or two other books that are just out, and which I know you'll want to read. First, there is Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps Ward and her husband's new historical, or biblical, romance, following close on "The Master of the Magicians." Its hero is Lazarus; scene, Judea; time, about A. D. 30; title, *Come Forth*. The subject is a delicate one, and it is delicately treated. The historic and archaeological background is rich and accurately painted. Of course you want it; and I think it ought to go into your Sunday-school library, too. John Fiske's latest book, too, will meet a wide demand. Its title is *Civil Government in the United States*, and it is the clearest, fullest, best work on the subject yet published—a book for every intelligent citizen. Have you ever heard of *Miss Dorothea Lynde Dix*? She was a remarkable woman and one of the greatest philanthropists of our country or of the world. Her life-story, by Francis Tiffany, is just published and is full of interest. With this I stop for to-day.

UNO.

OUR PUZZLES.

The "Trees in Rhyme" which we gave as one of our Arbor Day Puzzles, have thus far been answered only by "Sigma," and even her answer was not entirely correct though very nearly so. We here-with give the correct solution:

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Pear, Tea. | 25. Citron. |
| 2. Hop. | 26. Woodbine. |
| 3. Beech. | 27. Broom. |
| 4. Spruce. | 28. Bass-wood. |

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 5. Tu-lip, Yew. | 29. Vine. |
| 6. Bay. | 30. Rose. |
| 7. Peach. | 31. Satin-wood, Aloe. |
| 8. Judas. | 32. (H)elm. |
| 9. Fir. | 33. Arbor Vitæ. |
| 10. Pine. | 34. Dye-woods. |
| 11. Date. | 35. Southern-wood. |
| 12. Weeping-willow. | 36. Cork. |
| 13. I-vy. | 37. Smoke-tree, Haze-l. |
| 14. Spindle-tree. | 38. Elder. |
| 15. Caper. | 39. Pop(u)lar. |
| 16. Syc-a-more. | 40. Wayfaring-tree. |
| 17. Locust. | 41. Birch. |
| 18. Plane. | 42. Ash. |
| 19. Medlar. | 43. Cof-fee. |
| 20. India-Rubber, Sago | 44. Palm. |
| Palm. | 45. Aspen. |
| 21. Fig, Damson. | 46. Deadly-nightshade. |
| 22. Chestnut. | 47. Bread-fruit. |
| 23. Lilac. | 48. O-range. |
| 24. Honeysuckle. | 49. O-live. |

The puzzle, "Flowers that bloom in the Spring," of June, by C. E. Z., was a comparatively easy one. The first correct answer we received was the joint work of two bright young ladies, A. D. and H. H., of our city, though that of Miss N. E. reached us only a few hours after theirs, and was soon followed by one from "Sigma." We give the answer herewith:

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Hepatica. | 10. Buttercup. |
| 2. Snowdrop. | 11. Tulip. |
| 3. Anemone. | 12. Daisy. |
| 4. Jonquil. | 13. Magnolia. |
| 5. Dandelion. | 14. Spiraea. |
| 6. Crocus. | 15. Dicentra. |
| 7. Violet. | 16. Deutzia. |
| 8. Cowslip. | 17. Dogwood. |
| 9. Arbutus. | 18. Lilac. |

An anagram puzzle that will keep some of our young literary students busy has been contributed by one who therewith makes his *débüt* in our columns, and we hope will "come soon again." Who'll find in the following gibberish

FIFTY AMERICAN POETS.

BY H. C. H.

1. E. galloped near.
2. Lo, Jerusalem's swell!
3. I ran to fling the Jew here.
4. Shall N. Y. fowl grow down there?
5. Mr. Poll wears no head.
6. An' can't men muddle creeds?
7. I hate cold hairy lambs.
8. Ye boa perch.
9. Nat W. Thawmil.
10. O, will Mrs. H. love Ned Lee?
11. A horned ram poked J. S.
12. Z'len the Greek calf.
13. H jags yonder fox.
14. Thy dandie new tile.
15. Dr. H. T. Acorn is her daddy.
16. Wm. R. Cheet is ill.
17. No rye grog, Rebekeh!
18. R., a fine pupil he!
19. Say they will help.

20. Beer and ten rats.
21. M. hurt Jno. Bull.
22. I can beat T. Herr, F. R. S.
23. Oh! J. E. has brilliant gold.
24. J. Erb won't go third.
25. Ray, a bald Tory.
26. O go! an ideal eel?
27. O dear, O dear! go lad!
28. W. H. all ragged.
29. I crawl to Nell.
30. Jail liquor men.
31. Joe, sell my boily ear.
32. Noah T. Alman's two corns.
33. R. R. bag to rent!
34. M., stop our machine.
35. Ay, sinner, I led.
36. Jenny Van Choeche.
37. Blasted ferret.
38. No bath, J. B.
39. O, Sam won straps!
40. Ma, alarm Zeus.
41. Then John can sue L. K.
42. Is't hot ham, Ed?
43. Oh nay, J. H.
44. Yea, in a phantom hull.
45. C. Cull, mayor.
46. Orn's postal geographer.
47. D., get a learn'd ram.
48. F. cries stock at N. Y.
49. Will in war-time.
50. Nell, I'll cry; I want a bum.

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