THE

Pennsylvania-German

VOLS. 5-6
CONTENTS.

1

HISTORICAL.

PREFACE TO VOL. VII.

FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS

HISTORICAL TERRORISM

From Wendish to Herrnhuter.

PHILADELPHIA-GERMAN MEMOIRS

Adolphus Dietrich Genealogical Data.

POETIC GEMS

24

En Poesia Del Leones

Red Sector Past Kristiawichi Front

En Siempre Poesia Front

The Stampede.

The Stampede.

He Was a Hero.

He Was a Brush.

|FIGHT|

The Gentleman Again.

HOME NOTES

26
THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY

The Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania-German Society was held October 22, 1903, in the old city of Lebanon, Pa. The local members of the association, of whom there were then twenty-five, were the hosts of the occasion, and whilst it may not be proper to say much about one's own generosity or cleverness, it is yet a cause for happy reflection by all these that their two hundred or more distinguished guests coming from far and near were greatly delighted with the reception and hospitality accorded them. For their entertainment two of the city's handsomest churches were thrown open, the Salem Memorial Lutheran Chapel for the holding of the day sessions, and the Zion Lutheran Church for an hour's most delightful musical entertainment in the evening. The banquet at night proved most highly satisfactory as a social event to the more than two hundred members and friends who attended. A free excursion was furnished the Society to Cornwall's celebrated ore hills, Mt. Gretna Park and a few of the most progressive iron works of Lebanon. This rounded out the day's literary program beautifully, which besides the official reports and business, consisted of an Invocation by the Rev. Dr. F. J. F. Schantz, of Myerstown. Addresses of welcome by Lee L. Grumbine, Esq., and Mayor A. Hess, of Lebanon, a response by General John E. Roller, of Harrisonburg, Va., the President's address by Rev. Dr. J. A. Seiss, of Philadelphia, a brief history of Lebanon and its surroundings, by the Editor of The Pennsylvania-German, and a historical paper on the "Curieuse Nachricht von Pennsylvanien in 1700," by Julius F. Sachse, Litt.D., of Philadelphia. Thus passed into history another annual gath-
ering of this progressive association of the sturdy sons of Saxon blood once settled as pioneers in Penn’s wild forests.

Vol. XII of Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society is on our desk. It is a book of over 700 folio pages, chuck full of most instructive contents which are the proceedings and papers of the Harrisburg convention of two years ago. Happy he who possesses a full set of these rich treasure-houses of Pennsylvania-German history. This volume, besides giving full reports of proceedings, contains the Ephrata Cloister music by Dr. Sachse, the completion of Dr. Schmauk’s matchless documentary history of the Lutheran Church in Pennsylvania between 1638 and 1800, and poetic gems in the dialect of a high order by the poet of the race, Lee L. Grumbine, Esq., with a bunch of metrical translations of great merit by Col. Thos. C. Zimmerman.

N. B.—The year is again new. This magazine greets and congratulates all its readers. The world is getting wiser and better and happier. We want this little quarterly to help push on “the good time coming.” It enters upon its fifth year, which should remind all its readers, who may not already have done so, that time for renewal has come. So send on your dollar with arrearages if any, and a receipt will soon show you square with us for the year of grace 1904.

We deem it appropriate, in view of the Pilgrimage article leading us into Old Virgina this quarter, to have the sketch of a famous son of our stock from these haunts appear in our galaxy of Famous Pennsylvania-Germans.

A DIALOGUE AT THE GATE OF ST. PETER IN PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

St. Peter: “Wer bist du?”
Stranger: “‘N Pennsylvanisher Deutscher.”
St. Peter: “Bist du ’n Subscriber zum Croll sein ‘Der Pennsylvanische Deutsche’?”
Stranger: “Jah!”
St. Peter: “Husht du dann ah dei Subscription ufbezahlt?”
Stranger: “Nay, ich hab’s vergessa.”
St. Peter: Ei, hut dich der Editor dann net dra’ erinnerdt?”
Stranger: “Joh! Aver ich—”
St. Peter:
Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

GEN. JOHN D. IMBODEN

THE Editor, having learned that Mrs. Myrta Lockett Avary, the accomplished author of "A Virginia Girl in the Civil War," is a sister-in-law to the late General J. D. Imboden of the Confederacy, asked her, during the past year, for a sketch of the noted Southern Pennsylvania-German warrior. The result was that our letter was forwarded to the General's daughter, which called forth the following reply and the accompanying sketch of her father, published by a Southern journal at the time of the General's death.

Roanoke, Va., March 18, 1903.

Rev. P. C. Croll:

My aunt, Mrs. Myrta Lockett Avary sent me your letter in regard to my father, General J. D. Imboden.

My father's parents, Isabella Wunderlich and George Imboden, were born near Lebanon, Pa., but moved to Virginia in their early married life and all their children were born near Staunton, Va. I enclose you clippings from the paper which will give you a brief outline of General Imboden's life and from which I hope you can make the sketch. I wish that my pen were capable of the task but I fear I could not do justice to him, not only as a soldier, but as a man, so gentle and courteous in manner, with an intellect so powerful in its grasp of all subjects. My father wrote many papers of a scientific nature, also for a number of years contributed "war articles" to the Century Magazine and also the Galaxy. The last year of his life he wrote a number of little sketches, "Reminiscences of a Grandfather," namely, "An Old Virginia Mountaineer Recalls the Past," "Our Post Bellum Years," "Politics in the Forties," "Virginia in the Long Ago," "A Bloodless Revolution," "The Legislature in 1850," "Humorous Incidents of the Long Ago," "Raid of Old John Brown," "Grandfather's Reply." These articles were also published by the Richmond Times and the one "Legislature in 1850" I think gives detail of the Mt. Vernon affair.

I have also several letters to my father from General Lee, praising him highly for service rendered during the war and for personal bravery.

My father left a widow who has devoted her life since his death to church work, for the Episcopal church at Damascus which she built her-
self and presented to the Episcopal Church of Virginia. He left four daughters, namely, Miss Russel Imboden and Mrs. H. W. Snyder, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. R. H. Bolling, of Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. John T. Trout, of Roanoke, Va., and one son, Frank Howard Imboden, of Honduras, C. A.

I will send you two photographs of my father and you can use either. One taken during the war, the other five years before his death. He was six feet three inches in height, very erect military carriage and magnificently proportioned, a grand looking man, showing none of the decrepitude of age, though in his seventy-third year when he died. When looking at my father’s bier some one remarked that they had never before realized the majesty of death. He was a loyal, great-hearted man, always ready to help others with no thought or conceit of self. I feel he has left me a heritage of which to be proud. I trust you with these papers and photos which are very precious to me, so please be sure to return. Have written you a lengthy letter hoping it might be helpful in preparing the sketch. I would very much like to have a copy of the magazine containing it, and thank you for the compliment to my father’s memory.

Very truly,

(MRS.) HELEN I. TROUT.

Mrs. John T. Trout, 610 Campbell St., Roanoke, Va.

Any additional information could be given you by his brothers, Captain Frank Imboden, Abingdon; or Colonel G. W. Imboden, Fayette county, W. Va., P. O. Ansted.

GENERAL IMBODEN.

A Relic of the Late War and Prominent Citizen of Virginia

General John Daniel Imboden, who departed this life at his home in Damascus, Washington county, Virginia, on the 15th day of August, 1895, after a three days’ illness from an attack of cholera morbus, was born on the 16th day of February, 1823, on the old Christian farm, on Christian Creek, about six miles southeast of Staunton, where one of the three first stockade forts was built by the first settlers in the county, and was the eldest of the eleven children of George and Isabella Imboden, of Washington county, Va., all of whom are now dead except four sons, viz: Colonel G. W. Imboden, of Fayette county, W. Va., Major J. A. Imboden, of Washington county, Va., and Captains F. M. and J. P. Imboden, of Salvador, Central America.

He was raised on the farm, attending the “outfield” schools of that day, until about the sixteenth year, when he was sent for two terms to Washington College (now Washington and Lee). After leaving college he commenced the practice of law in Staunton,
and soon after married Eliza, second daughter of Colonel Franklin McCue, of Long Meadows, and formed a law partnership with the late Hon. William Frazier, which continued until the death of John Frazier, when William gave up his law practice and took charge of the Rockbridge alum springs. After this the late Judge John H. McCue became his law partner. He was elected twice to the legislature, and was in favor of building the old Virginia railroad by way of Staunton, as also for the two State institutions at Staunton.

In May, 1857, he was elected clerk of the county court of Augusta county, defeating the Hon. Jefferson Kinney, who had abley and efficiently filled the office for over thirty years. About this time he was district deputy of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons in Virginia. He was several times presidential elector on the Whig ticket. Up to 1860 there was no man in the old Whig party more popular than he. In the memorable and exciting canvass of 1860 for the election of two delegates in the State convention, he was one of the defeated of the four candidates. After supporting Bell and Everett he took the ground that after the election of Lincoln, "the only hope for the South to prevent a long and bloody war was for all of the Southern States to act unitedly in opposition to coercion of them by the Federal government." But the unconditional Union sentiment in old Augusta was too strong, led as it was by Hon. John B. Baldwin with his matchless eloquence.

In April, 1857, his loving wife Eliza, after a lingering illness, died, leaving four sweet children surviving her.

In May, 1859, he married Mary Wilson McPhail, a daughter of the late John P. McPhail, Esq., of Charlotte county, a most accomplished and loving mother, who died in 1865, leaving one daughter, who has since married A. Bowling and is living in Mobile, Ala.

His third wife was Miss Edna Porter, daughter of Commodore William Porter, U. S. N.

His fourth wife was Miss Anna Locket, of Mecklenburg county, who died, leaving one daughter, Helen, and who is now living with her uncle, Phil. Lockett, Esq. His surviving widow was Mrs. Florence Crockett, of Bristol, Tenn.

He had but one son, Frank Howard, who is now in San Salvador, Central America, and four daughters.
In 1859, during the John Brown raid, he organized the Staunton artillery as a volunteer company, and was furnished four brass six-pound field pieces. He was elected captain. His company was called out on the 17th day of April, 1861, and proceeded to Harper's Ferry. He was exempt by law from military service, being the county clerk, but no man in Virginia more promptly answered the call of his State, and none more cheerfully made the sacrifice of home comforts, and more devotedly espoused the cause of his State in her hour of need, and how well he performed his duty during the four long years' struggle is well attested by his superior commanders, especially Jackson and R. E. Lee, who never gave him any word but praise in the official reports, commending his conduct as a soldier, and both of whom, as is well known to the old soldiers of the lost cause, reposed the greatest confidence in him and his military courage and ability. As evidence of this General Lee assigned him to the command of the Valley district, thus succeeding in command of that district the hero Stonewall Jackson, who had been called to Richmond with his army. His battery at Harpers' Ferry in May, 1861, was attached to the Second Brigade of infantry, commanded by Brigadier-General Bee, who so gallantly fell at the head of the Fourth Alabama.

During the winter of 1861-2 it was reorganized; this battery was stationed at Dumfries, near the Potomac, and from there it went with J. E. Johnson's army. About the first of May, 1862, it was reorganized by the election of new company officers. He had promised his men that he would serve them as captain the first year, and refused promotion offered him in the artillery service, but he declined to serve them longer, to their regret, for the reason that during the past winter he had passed a bill through the Confederate Congress authorizing the organization of one or more regiments of partisan rangers, to be made up of men within the enemy's lines, who were willing to volunteer, having the privilege to elect their own company and regimental officers, and on his leaving his old battery he proceeded to Richmond, where he was commissioned Colonel First Regiment Virginia Partisan Rangers, with full power from the Secretary of War to enlist men, organize companies of sixty or more and muster them into service, and he proceeded to Staunton, where he published a proclamation.
He soon organized several companies and took part in the battle of Port Republic under Jackson, and then, when Jackson left the Valley, he commenced his operations in the south branch valley on the B. & O. railroad, increasing his command rapidly. He soon had a regiment of mounted men, a regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery. On the 15th of December, 1862, the 18th Virginia cavalry was organized with G. W. Imboden colonel, and the old regiment dropping its partisan ranger organization in January, 1863, reorganized as the 62d Virginia infantry, with the gallant G. W. Smith as colonel. The 33d Virginia cavalry was organized with Colonel Robert White as colonel and Chas. T. O'Ferrall, now Governor of Virginia, battery of artillery, and J. H. McNeil's independent company constituted the brigade for the campaign of 1863. However, before these regiments were organized he had been commissioned Brigadier-General C. S. A.

His command was mostly composed of men from that portion of Virginia which was mainly within the lines of the Federals, and who were the patriots fighting on principle and whose service in the war is a part of the history of the Army of Northern Virginia.

After the surrender, he having lost all his property during the war, turned his attention to the development of his native State by inducing capital to invest and develop the natural resources of the State. He was industrious and active to the last, always of a cheerful nature and ready to battle animosity in any form; a man of great grasp of intellect which had been fully developed by activity, a forcible speaker as well as an able writer on almost any subject; a man of great magnetism and with a heart always in sympathy with suffering humanity. He was generous to a fault. No private soldier ever went away from his tent feeling that he had been unkindly received or treated. He was one of the judges from Virginia at the centennial exhibition in 1876 at Philadelphia, and also at Chicago in 1893.

For the past twenty years he has made his home in Washington county, Va., and has devoted his time and best energies to the development of Southwest Virginia.

He sleeps his last sleep under a silver maple he had some years before planted with his own hands in the enclosure of the little churchyard at Damascus, Washington county, Va., where he wished to be buried, he being the founder of the town.
OUR pilgrimage from the Susquehanna to the Potomac closed at Harper's Ferry, which is the gateway to the great valley of Virginia.

A few general considerations bearing upon the contour and features of this singularly long and narrow valley may not be uninteresting in this connection.

It is believed to be the longest and most continuous valley in the world. It is largely traversed by railways and the effect upon the traveler in at least some portions of its course during favorable seasons of the year is that of passing through a beautiful continuous park.

Considered as an integral part of the Appalachian mountain system of the eastern part of North America it may be looked upon as extending from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of not less than 1,300 miles.

The mountain ranges which include it may be traced from the promontory of Gaspé at the south side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to the foothills in the center of Alabama.

The elevation of the country then speedily declines to the coast, the geological formation superposed being distinctly later in point of time than that which we meet in the long course of the valley.

Still the Great North Valley, as it may be termed, has a real length of no less than 1,000 miles. The great Mississippi Valley vastly exceeds it in breadth, but in point of length they may be considered equal.

Of its length more than 150 miles may be considered in Pennsylvania and at least 300 in Virginia. To the south, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama form its continuation. To the north it extends through Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts and Vermont. The general direction is that of the mountain system, from northeast to southwest. While the ranges of the mountains and the valleys preserve this general direction, yet at certain points the course seems altered and the local designation then becomes misleading as regards the points of the compass.

The great Valley has different local names in its long course. Through Pennsylvania east of the Susquehanna it is known as the Lebanon Valley; to its west it is known as the Cumberland Valley. In Virginia its northern half is known as the Shenandoah Valley. In the Cumberland Valley
it has a width ranging from ten to twenty miles. Its general average width in Pennsylvania may be given as fifteen miles. At Harrisburg, Pa., it has an elevation of about 350 feet above sea level. It increases to 600 feet as we proceed up the Cumberland Valley, but again declines toward the Potomac, and at Harper’s Ferry, where the Potomac breaks through the Blue Ridge, it is about 250 feet above sea level. But in going up the Valley of Virginia the elevation rapidly rises until in the plateau region of North Carolina and Tennessee an elevation of from 2,500 to 3,500 feet is reached. Here, however, the valley greatly widens and at places the mountain ranges bifurcate and greatly disturb the regularity of the Valley. This regularity is more fully maintained in Pennsylvania than elsewhere, as will be recalled later on.

This valley in general terms may be considered as bounded by an eastern, or coast wall and by a western boundary of mountain ranges. The sides of these mountain ranges towards the coast, or on their eastern side, are more steep and abrupt than on their western side. They also preserve a more regular outline on that side. This is well seen when the South Mountain is viewed from Gettysburg. It is finally outlined on the eastern wall of the North Mountain when viewed from Carlisle, in the Cumberland Valley, or at other points in the Valley. The mountain wall on the east side of the valley in Vermont is known as the Green Mountains, in Massachusetts as the Taconic, in New York and New Jersey as the Highlands, while in Pennsylvania it is known as the South Mountain; in Virginia it becomes the Blue Ridge and in North Carolina the Smoky Mountains or the Unaka range.

In the North this wall reaches a height of from 3,000 to 4,000 feet or upwards. In the South it reaches its greatest elevation, reaching from 4,000 feet to 7,000 feet in height on their summits, above sea level. In Pennsylvania they are lower than elsewhere, reaching only a height of 1,000 to 1,500 feet above sea level. For about one-third of the distance in this State they sink very markedly in height. Through this opening as it were the limestone of the Cumberland Valley protrudes into Lancaster, York, Delaware and Chester counties, giving them their great fertility. Spurs are given off from the South Mountain which sweep around the interior of York county, giving rise to enclosed sub-valleys.

The width of the South Mountain proper from the Cumberland Valley across to what may be termed the Adams county, or Gettysburg Valley is from ten to fifteen miles. The formation of the mountain can be well observed from the observatory of Quirank at Penn Mar. The valleys on either side are visible and the broken, moundlike protrusions and depressions of mountain formation are clearly impressed.

Crossing the valley to the west side, more especially in Cumberland Valley, we come to the western wall, which for a long distance is known as the North Mountain, or the Kittatinny Mountain.

It received this name from the Indian term, “Kau-ta-tin-chunk,” signifying “the endless mountains.” This wall appears as a prominent,
smooth topped ridge, broken only by occasional gaps through which highways have been constructed to the north and west. Both east and west walls are covered by forests which formerly afforded fuel for numerous furnaces at their bases. Numerous gaps rend the mountain walls of the Blue Ridge which became historic during the late Rebellion. Other gaps are gateways for mountain streams and rivers which then pursue their way to the seaboard.

The North Mountain is seen to the best advantage from the Cumberland Valley, while the South Mountain appears to the best advantage from the Gettysburg Valley. The North Mountain in the Cumberland Valley sweeps around majestically and at places is folded upon itself. After a snowfall other ranges beyond the first become visible which under ordinary circumstances seem to coalesce and form one continuous level outline. The parallel ranges are in close proximity to each other, as will be recalled by those who viewed the Vanderbilt tunnels that were partly constructed but later abandoned.

One-half of the Cumberland Valley, the side adjacent to the South Mountain, is of limestone formation. This is watered by the Yellow Breeches Creek, which rises near the water shed far up the mountain and flows parallel with it and empties into the Susquehanna. The remaining half of the valley adjacent to the North Mountain is a slate shale formation, which is not nearly so fertile as the limestone. Geologically this is a later formation than the limestone, and the demarcation between the two can be traced very accurately. Here and there slate patches are curiously observed existing in the limestone, showing that the process of denudation is incomplete. At other places tongues of slate formation cross over and protrude into the limestone. Farther up the valley alternate sections of slate and limestone are found.

Isolated sections of limestone are found in the South Mountain. A section of trapdike crosses the valley above the lower Mechanischburg and disappears in the adjoining county to the north. As we proceed up the valley from the Susquehanna the limestone becomes more superficial and crops out markedly.

The north side of the valley is watered by the Conodogwinit Creek, whose sources are in the North Mountain. It meanders markedly and in a direct distance of thirty miles it actually measures one hundred miles.

The early settlers mostly preferred this section for settlement since water was more easily obtainable. However, many later changed their settlements to the limestone section. To the east of Chambersburg occurs the water shed that separates the drainage of the Susquehanna and the Potomac. To the Potomac flow the Antietam and Conococheague Creeks. Those eastward have been already mentioned. Very marked differences are believed to exist in the adjoining sections as regards the time for sowing and harvesting of crops.

The Great Valley had been from time immemorial the pathway of the red man, and from certain points various trails diverge. In fact our
modern roads, turnpikes and railways have largely followed the trail of
the red man. This natural trough seemed to have been given over to the
theatre of war among the aborigines, the Potomac being the dividing line
between them. Tradition relates that many sanguinary contests occurred
between the red men of the North and those of the South which were
forerunners of those that took place in more recent times among their
dispossessors. Neither party as a rule occupied it. It was a No Man's
Land which seemed to be given over to the god of battles. It was not until
1716, or more than a century after the settlement of the Tidewater region
of Virginia, that the settlers even ventured into this region.

The source of the Potomac was unknown. When the Shenandoah was
first discovered it was believed that it flowed northward to the Great Lakes.
In fact only two great streams have since been found in the United States
that flow northward. The Valley of Virginia in 1725 proved a decisive
battle-ground for the last time between the red men of the South and
those of the North. The latter enacted the role of invaders, but were re-
morselessly punished, if not almost wholly exterminated.

A white man, a Hollander by the name of Van Meter, accompanied the
Indians from the North who, notwithstanding the terrible calamity, took
note of his surroundings and determined to return in a more peaceful
role. Accordingly with his brother he visited Governor Gooch, of Vir-
ginia, in 1730 and entered into an agreement to settle the region beyond
the Blue Ridge and across the Potomac. They were to locate forty fam-
ilies upon 40,000 acres within two years. But the Van Meters sold their
contract to a German by the name of Jost Hite, who was married to a
woman from Holland who was related to them.

Hite came to New York in 1710. In 1716 he had moved to Germantown
in Pennsylvania, and in 1717 he removed to the Perkiomen region, on the
Schuylkill, which is across the river from Valley Forge. He built a mill
and in addition pursued farming. He signed a petition to the Governor of
Pennsylvania in 1728 against the marauding Indians. He sold out in 1730.
This tract is now owned by Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania. He
had acquired considerable means and now bought out the interests of the
Van Meters in Virginia and determined to settle there. Obtaining the
aid of Robert McKay, a friend, he set out in 1732 with sixteen families
by the way of Wright's Ferry to the Potomac. They crossed the Potomac
at what was then known as Pack Horse Ford. This later in 1734 was
taken up by Thomas Shepherd, who purposed starting a town here. This
ford was the only known place for crossing the river and the Indian trails
all led to this point. Of its future as a fording place we will speak later.

Hite and his followers settled permanently on the Opequon, called
Springdale, which is now Bartonsville, about five miles above Winchester.
This settlement grew rapidly and Hite and his friend made good their
agreement with the authorities. Meanwhile they had made arrangements
to colonize 100 additional families on 100,000 acres.

The authorities had an object in view in making these grants by placing
a cordon of advanced settlers around and beyond their own settlements
to protect them from the incursions of the savages. The authorities of Pennsylvania had done the same thing in the Cumberland Valley in encouraging the settlement of the hardy, daring men from the north of Ireland who were resolute and unflinching in maintaining their homes and settlements. But Hite's colony remained singularly free from the incursions of the savages. Hite's settlements trenched upon the domain of Lord Fairfax, who claimed that portion of land known as the "Neck," between the Potomac and the Rappahannock rivers. Litigation ensued which continued many years. Fairfax died in 1781 and Hite in 1760. The latter was known as the "old German Baron." He left a family of sons and daughters none of whom acquired prominence. Others emigrated to Kentucky.

The country began to settle rapidly and towns were laid out. Frederickburg, to the southeast, had already been laid out in 1727. Winchester began about 1738, but was not laid out until 1752 and incorporated in 1779. It was first known as Frederick Town. Charlestown was founded in 1760 and was named after Charles Washington, a brother of the General. It is now the county seat of Jefferson county and is noted as the place where John Brown and his followers were imprisoned, tried and executed. The adjoining counties of Berkeley and Frederick; in the latter of which Winchester is situated, is a choice spot on the earth's surface and has been called the garden of the world. During the war Winchester suffered severely, the effects of which have not even yet disappeared.

The valley was a noted highway for the opposing armies. Winchester, it is related, was occupied sixty-five, some say eighty-five, times alternately by both armies. There is a Union and a Confederate cemetery located here, both containing many thousands of soldiers. The Blue Ridge offered a peculiar screen to the armies of the Confederacy, permitting movements for Northern invasion which on numerous occasions afforded much trouble to the North. Every portion of the valley resounded to the din of arms and numerous severe engagements occurred.

The valley was a constant source of menace to the border. Thomas Buchanan Read, in his noted poem of "Sheridan's Ride," which took place from the Taylor Hotel, Winchester, relates graphically how at Cedar Creek

"Up from the South at break of day  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay;  
The affrighted air, with a shudder bore  
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door  
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

"But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good, broad highway leading down;  
And here through the flush of the morning light  
A steed as black as the steed of night"
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight
As if he knew the terrible need
He stretched away with his utmost speed.
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay
With Sheridan fifteen miles away."

History records how Sheridan arrived on the scene and by his energy and presence stemmed the torrent and snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat.

"He dashed down the line mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray.
By the flash of his eye and with red nostrils play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
'I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day.'"

The poet sums up the result when he says:

"And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's temple of fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said in letters bold and bright,
'Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester twenty miles away.'"

Another town of importance on our route is Martinsburg, which was founded in 1778. It is on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and other lines to be noted later. Near it are traces of the road cut by Braddock's army on its fatal march westward. A well that was dug for its purposes is still in use. In the vicinity of Martinsburg lived three officers of the Revolution, Alexander Stephens, Horatio Gates and Charles Lee. The will of the last mentioned still remains in the clerk's office of record.

In this town two men settled after the Rebellion who had a noteworthy record. One was Ward H. Lamon, the later biographer of Lincoln, who accompanied him on the historic night ride from the Jones House at Harrisburg before his inauguration to Washington. The other was General Henry Kyd Douglass, "Stonewall" Jackson's lieutenant who so graphically described the invasion of Maryland in 1862, in the Century Magazine, his command crossing the Potomac at White's Ferry above Leesburg, the men hilariously wading through the river while the bands were rendering "Dixie" and "Maryland, My Maryland." It was this
command that Whittier had in mind as passing through the streets in Frederick town, which was defied by Barbara Fritchie.

This community is full of historic spots and habitations. At least four Presidents, natives of Virginia, were more or less identified with the neighborhood and passed much time therein. Washington became a surveyor at the age of sixteen and followed that occupation in this region. He was on intimate terms with the Hites, Shepherd, Harper and Lord Fairfax. Jefferson spent much time at the site of Harper's Ferry, as has already been noted. Madison and Monroe were familiar personages here. Prof. Robley Dunglison, late of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, had in his youth been called to a professorship in the newly founded University of Virginia by Thomas Jefferson. He later became the physician to Jefferson, Madison and Monroe.

This valley and neighborhood was the scene of "Stonewall" Jackson's memorable exploits. His familiarity with its topography enabled him to make his rapid marches and to deal his unexpected blows which created consternation among his opponents, and immortalized him in the pages of history. The ruins of "Harewood," the residence of Samuel Washington, another brother of the General, is another point of interest in this locality. In the neighborhood close by is found the ruins of St. George's, an Episcopal chapel, whose history is interesting. A cave is also pointed out close by where tradition has it that Washington and others of the masonic fraternity held their meetings. Not far from the old chapel is "Saratoga," the residence of General Daniel Morgan, the hero of Saratoga and the Cowpens, which he built for himself, utilizing the labors of Hessian prisoners who were captured under Burgoyne. It will be recalled that British prisoners were confined at Frederick, Hagerstown and Winchester who were sent over the Monocacy road from Wright's Ferry. Not far away was "Greenway Court," where for more than thirty years lived Thomas Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, colonial proprietor of that princely domain of more than five thousand acres between the Rappahannock and the Potomac rivers. Other ruins are the houses of Edmund I. Lee, a grandson of Richard Henry Lee, of Revolutionary fame, and the mansion known as "Fountain Rock," the former home of Alexander R. Boteler, a great-grandson of Charles Wilson Peale, the patriot artist of the Revolution. These houses were destroyed during the devastation of the Shenandoah Valley by orders of General Hunter. The letters of reproach that were written by some of the sufferers are memorable in epistolary literature. In fact this community was one of the most noted in the history of the Rebellion. No other excelled it in the maintenance of traditions that were handed down from colonial times.

Since the war new conditions have supervened and old things are passing away. Railroads now communicate with all distant points and new industries are being developed. Winchester is now connected with Harrisburg by railroad, the distance being 116 miles. Martinsburg is distant 22 miles, and Hagerstown 42 miles, and Chambersburg 64 miles. The
Shenandoah Valley railroad, now Norfolk and Western, commencing at Hagerstown, crosses the Potomac at Shepherdstown, passes through Charlestown and thence down to the famous caverns of Luray and to Waynesboro, Va., and beyond. A railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester and beyond has long been in existence. The Western Maryland railroad extends to Hagerstown and beyond. The Cumberland Valley is also well supplied with railroad facilities. In addition to the Cumberland Valley railroad and its numerous branches, the Philadelphia and Reading with its outlets is found on the South Mountain side of the valley.

The proposed Vanderbilt unfinished road pursued its course along the North Mountain side and penetrated its ranges by tunnels.

The country possesses great natural advantages and must eventually occupy a very important place. The Cumberland Valley railroad after leaving Hagerstown crosses the Potomac at Falling Waters, from which Martinsburg is about ten miles distant. The Shenandoah Valley railroad commences at Hagerstown and crosses the river below Falling Waters at Shepherdstown. A branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad commences at Weverton, below Harper's Ferry, and, extending up Pleasant Valley to the rear of Maryland Heights, terminates at Hagerstown. Both of the last two railroads cross the Antietam battlefield. The topography of this section is especially interesting in relation to a fair understanding of the invasions of 1862-3.
When Lee made his first Northern invasion in 1862 his aim was to cross the Potomac below Harper's Ferry in the neighborhood of Leesburg, crossing at White's Ferry. The aim was to arouse Maryland from its lethargy, which it was believed was largely enforced, and to at least threaten Baltimore and Washington. His army largely passed through Frederick and thence across the South Mountain through its passes. Jackson had been detailed to invest and reduce Harper's Ferry. This required more time than was expected, so it became necessary to retard the pursuing Union forces. This was done by offering opposition at Turner's and Crampton's gaps, and thus occurred what is known as the battle of the South Mountain. Lee took up his position at Sharpsburg, his right and left touching the bends in the Potomac, which was in his rear. When Jackson accomplished the reduction of Harper's Ferry he crossed the river at Shepherdstown and took up position on Lee's right. When Lee disappeared he crossed the river to his rear, extending from Shepherdstown to Williamsport. A sanguinary engagement occurred between the opposing forces on the bluffs of the river at Shepherdstown which resulted disastrously to part of the Federal forces, many of the men being driven over the bluffs into the river by the retreating army.

Lee in his second invasion in 1863, being foiled in crossing the river below, crossed above at and near Falling Waters and proceeded down the Cumberland Valley to Chambersburg with the principal part of his army. From thence he crossed to the eastern side of the South Mountain and met the Union forces at Gettysburg. In his retreat he passed up the mountain and mostly crossed at Monterey pass, and passed from thence directly to the Potomac at Falling Waters and Williamsport. But the river was swollen and the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters had been destroyed by the Union forces. Lee had a wagon train which covered seventeen miles, which was conducted by General Imboden and was much harassed by the pursuing Union cavalry. This train history records was one long extended wail of agony produced by the great number of suffering wounded men that were transported. An engagement appeared imminent on the banks of the Potomac. But in the meanwhile the Potomac fell and the pontoon bridge was rebuilt. On the night of the 13th of July the forces of Longstreet and Hill crossed the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters while Ewell's corps forded the river at Williamsport. Thus it is seen that the topography of this interesting country produced different aspects and results in the two campaigns. These details are also interesting from the fact that the campaigns are better understood when we study the natural and peculiar features of the country.

"But peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." James Rumsey, who was born in Maryland in 1734, first exhibited at Shepherdstown on the Potomac a boat which worked against the stream, in September, 1784. Later, on March 6th, 1786, he publicly demonstrated that a boat could be propelled by steam against the current of the river at the rate of four miles an hour. General Washington was one of the passengers.
This was done by pumping in water at the bow and expelling it at the stern. In the summer of 1786 John Fitch, a Connecticut Yankee born in 1743, also exhibited a steam boat on the Delaware. Rumsey claimed priority of invention, and both men had eager partisans, and a controversial pamphlet war followed. Fitch obtained exclusive rights in steam navigation in New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania, while a similar privilege was granted to Rumsey in Virginia, Maryland and New York. Neither Fitch nor Rumsey made a practical success in steam navigation. In 1793 Fitch tried to introduce his invention in France but unsuccessfully. He met with nothing but disappointment and poverty and in 1798 he committed suicide. Rumsey's career was more promising. A Rumsey society was formed in Philadelphia in 1788 and others in England, whither Rumsey went to perfect his invention. He made a successful trip on the Thames, but a few days after died in London, December 23, 1792. A monument was erected to the memory of Fitch during the past year near the spot where he propell'd his boat on the Delaware, in Bucks county, Pa.

Fitch's invention was suggested to him by conceiving the idea of using steam as a motive power, the thought coming to him one day as he was watching a wagon moving along the road. Originally he intended to drive land vehicles by steam power, but after some experiments he resolved to direct his labors to steam boats. He was a born inventor in many directions, but like so many other pioneers in invention both he and Rumsey sowed where others reaped. But it remained for Robert Fulton, a native of Lancaster county, Pa., to make the steamboat a practical success. This he did with the Clermont in going from New York to Albany, a distance of 150 miles, the time being thirty-two hours. The return trip was made in thirty hours.

"Then Fulton look'd beneath his wandering eyes;
Gay streamers lengthen round the seas and skies,
The countless nations open all their stores,
Load every wave and crowd the lively shores;
Steamers in mingling mazes streak the air
And commerce triumphs o'er the rage of war."

Crossing the Potomac at Falling Waters a distance of eleven miles brings us to Hagerstown. It is six miles additional to Mason and Dixon, the well-known boundary line. Maryland from here extends westward embracing three counties, Washington, Allegheny and Garrett. The Potomac and its branch forms its southern boundary, while for 100 miles westward it is separated by the boundary between itself and Pennsylvania, Mason and Dixon's line. The line continues westward seventy-five miles more between West Virginia and Pennsylvania to the Panhandle of the former State, which extends north about seventy-five miles with a breadth of from five to fifteen miles. Its western boundary is the Ohio river.

Western Maryland thus is very narrow, varying from four to thirty miles. At Hancock it has a breadth of less than five miles and at Cum-
berland it is about ten miles. This was a matter of some importance in the
days of the underground railroad, as escaping fugitives could pass the
Potomac and through Maryland into Pennsylvania in a single night. But
it also enabled the rebel cavalry during the war to pass over in a single
night and appear in Pennsylvania the following day. It was at Hancock
where McCausland crossed the river and proceeded in the direction of
McConnellsburg, and crossing the North Mountain here called the Tus-
carora, he stole upon Chambersburg. Sometimes the Confederates pressed
through the Cove Mountain, appearing in the neighborhood of Loudon
and Mercersburg.

THE HISTORIC DUNKARD CHURCH ON ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD.

To the south of Hagerstown, or between Harper’s Ferry and the for-
mer, lies Sharpsburg, in what is locally known as the Antietam Valley,
being watered by the stream which bears that name. Here occurred the
sanguinary battle of that name, September 17th, 1862. It is noteworthy
of remark that in both invasions Lee gave battle from the north and west,
the Union army following from the east and south. It is noticeable that
in both cases his line of retreat leading to the Potomac was very short
and direct, which was owing to its direction and numerous bends and also
owing to the direction of the mountains and their passes.

Washington county, Md., had many German settlers, many of whom
were Tunkers, or Brethren, whose principles were adverse to slaveholding.
Washington county did not have as many slaves as the adjacent counties of Virginia. Many non-resistant people were settled in Antietam Valley. The historic Tunker church on the Hagerstown pike stood in the midst where some of the severest fighting occurred. The triangular cornfield in front of the church was fought over repeatedly. It is related that eighty-seven dead Confederates were laid in the church on a platform improvised from the seats. The fences, trees and the church give evidence after forty years of the severity of the firing. To the southeast are the Mumma and Roulette buildings, and towards Sharpsburg east of the pike is the famous “Sunken Road” or “Bloody Lane” where so many dead Confederates were found, and also buried therein. These bodies have been removed and taken to Southern cemeteries. Following the Antietam on the Union left we come to the Burnside bridge, which was carried by Hartranft’s 51st Pa. Volunteers and the 51st New York Volunteers. The position would suggest that severe losses must have been sustained, which the reports fully justified.

The Antietam cemetery is a beautiful and hallowed spot containing thousands of graves of Union soldiers. A large monument stands on the plot on which is inscribed: “Not for themselves but for their country.” The site of the cemetery was within the Confederate lines, as was the town of Sharpsburg. The place is a quiet one and outside of the battlefield possesses little interest. Keedysville and Boonsboro became noted as points in connection with the movements of the opposing armies. Antietam has been called the bloodiest battle of the war.

“With copious slaughter all the field was red
And heaped with growing mountains of the dead.

So fought each host with thirst of glory fired,
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expired.”

In the distance of the South Mountain we see the Washington monument erected by Washington county. The Kennedy farm, where John Brown had his headquarters, is adjacent. George Alfred Townsend’s

*The Editor found on this famous field in 1895 a dilapidated mill, whose date-stone bore evidence that it was built by a German in Revolutionary times, bearing this partly decipherable legend:

```
EIN-1782-EHR: ORNDORFF.
AUF - GOTT - SETZ - DEIN - VERTRAUN:
WANN - THUTST - EINE - MUEHLE - BACEN:
AUF - MENSCHEN - HILF - VERLAS - DICH - NICHT:
SONST - BIST - DU - VERLASSEN - EWIGLICH.
DANN - MENSCHEN - HILF - DERF J. - DU - NICHT
GROF - VERDEUTZT GROF: WH. STEU:
GROF J. VERDEUTZT GROF: J. STEU:
```
(Gath), the correspondent's home in the mountains, is not far away. A peculiar style of architecture is noticeable in the more primitive houses of Maryland and Virginia. Monuments are commencing to dot the battlefield. The Union lines were in strong contrast with those later formed at Gettysburg. Antietam was an offensive battle chiefly on the part of the Union army, while at Gettysburg the Union army was chiefly on the defensive.

Between Hagerstown and Sharpsburg is the College of St. James, conducted under the auspices of the P. E. Church of the Diocese of Maryland, the main building of which was the old manor house of General Samuel Ringgold. New buildings were being erected in 1860 fifteen miles north of Baltimore at St. James Station, but owing to the War of the Rebellion the project was abandoned. A little to the northwest of Hagerstown we have Williamsport, which became well known as a crossing place for the armies during the Rebellion.

Hagerstown was first called "Elizabethtown," and has become a thriving town and is considerable of a railroad center.* During the Antietam campaign in 1862 Lee's farthest movement north was Hagerstown, but the action at Sharpsburg, on the Antietam, caused a speedy withdrawal of these troops to the latter place and the subsequent retreat into Virginia. But during the campaign of 1863 Lee's army had an undisputed route through the Cumberland Valley almost to the Susquehanna. His ad-

*It was founded by Daniel Hager, formerly a Berks County German, who named the town for his wife.—Editor.
vanee columns passed to the east of the South Mountain and thence through Gettysburg and York to the Susquehanna at Wrightsville.

Six miles from Hagerstown we reach State Line, or Mason and Dixon, and cross into Pennsylvania. Five miles farther on we reach Greencastle, and eleven miles thence, or twenty-two miles from Hagerstown, brings us to Chambersburg, in Franklin county. The country through which we pass is fertile and productive. The Consolidated Agricultural Fair of Adams and Franklin counties, Pa., and that of Washington county, Md., is held at Hagerstown. Martinsburg and Winchester also have fairs that receive many visitors from the Cumberland Valley.

Near Greencastle several events occurred that are noteworthy, which are commemorated by fitting monuments. The first event was the murder by the Indians in 1764 of a schoolmaster, Enoch Brown, and all his pupils with the exception of a boy who after being scalped feigned death and escaped the tomahawk. Two old Indians guarded the door while a young Indian entered and belabored the master and pupils with a club and scalped them. The teacher begged them to kill him alone and spare the children, but the savages were inexorable. The other event took place at the farm of Archibald Fleming in 1863 when William Reeds, the first Union soldier on Pennsylvania soil, who fell in a skirmish with Confederate cavalry. Beyond the line in Maryland a tree was still visible some years ago where a lynching occurred. In fact it is generally believed that this summary form of punishment originated not far from the path of our pilgrimage in Virginia with an old farmer by the name of Lynch, whose stern and vindictive measures earned him the sobriquet of “Judge.” In a pamphlet before us, printed in 1881 in Philadelphia, recording the fact of a lynching in the northeastern part of Pennsylvania, it is alleged that the case stood alone in the annals of the State. While some would trace the origin of lynching to remoter times in the Old World, yet it cannot be denied that on the whole it is an American innovation, more particularly related to newer and primitive communities or such as retain peculiar notions in relation to certain crimes.

In the southwestern part of Franklin county near the Cove, or North Mountain, a settlement of Mormons existed for several years—about 1848-9—embracing in all several hundred persons. They entertained great expectations which were disappointed. Such later noted leaders as Sidney Rigdon, Heber Kimball and Oscar Hyde ministered to the faithful. A paper was published called the “Conococheague Herald,” copies of which are still in existence. A neglected graveyard is all that now receives the notice of the passerby. The country to the west is broken up into valleys among which are Path, Bear, Amberson and Horn Valleys. Some of these valleys are limestone but are surrounded by slate formations.

In the southeastern part of the county to our right is the thriving town of Waynesboro. The land on which it stands was taken up as early as 1749. The town is noted for its manufacturing establishments, chief among which are the Geiger Manufacturing Company, builders of agricultural machines, and that of Frick and Company, builders of steam en-
gines and boilers. The manufacturing industries of this town are worthy of a special visit.

At the junction of Franklin, Adams and Washington county, Md., we have Pen Mar, its peculiar combined orthography signifying that it is situated on the borders of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Here the Western Maryland railroad crosses the South Mountain to penetrate into Maryland and southeastern Pennsylvania. This had been the objective point of Stevens' "Tape Worm Railroad," which had been commenced as early as 1835, and was abandoned after expending nearly one million dollars. Pen Mar is a noted summer resort and much visited by excursionists during the summer. The observations of "High Rock" and "Quirank" afford magnificent natural views. The former is 2,000 feet above sea level and affords a grand view of the Cumberland Valley. The latter has 2,500 feet elevation and affords a still more extended view which has been already alluded to. It must be remembered our pilgrimage is on the opposite side of the South Mountain, and in a reverse direction than that in our last paper. Frederick and Hagerstown are separated by a distance of about thirty miles, while Chambersburg is distant from Gettysburg about twenty-five miles.

(To be continued.)

**PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN TID-BITS**

**ADDITIONAL DE LONG GENEALOGICAL DATA**

The Editor has received additional data concerning the early forbears of the DeLongs and Webers not contained in the sketch of the DeLong family, published in our last issue. From Diedrich Willers, of Fayette, Seneca county, N. Y., we learn that Jacob Weber, the father-in-law of the Peter DeLong, the founder of the Berks county family of DeLongs, with his wife Ann Elizabeth and two daughters Eve Maria and Eve Elizabeth (wife of Peter DeLong), were natives of the Palatinate, whence they came to England in 1708, where they were naturalized on August 25, 1708, and sailed that same year with Rev. Joshua Kocherthal to America, where they took up abode at Quassaick (now Newburgh), Ulster county, N. Y. These facts are contained in Vol. 3 of the Documentary History of New York. In Vol. 5 of the Colonial History of New York, among the list of Palatinate who accompanied Rev. Kocherthal, June 28, 1708, appear the names of Jacob Weber, husbandman and vineyardist, 30 years old; his wife Anna Elizabeth, 25 years old; his daughter, Eva Maria, 5 years old; his daughter, Eva Elizabeth, 1 year old.

Other documents consulted make it known that the Webers sailed from England with Rev. Kocherthal in the ship "Globe," of which Carolus Congreve was captain and which landed in New York January 1, 1709. On board this vessel two children were baptized by Rev. Kocherthal, or their baptism recorded, which are the first entries of his baptismal record in the Quassaick church records still extant. (See memorial of the Hartwick Synod of the Lutheran Church by Strobel, pp. 372-405.) The first of these was Johann Herman, son of Jacob and Elizabeth Weber, which oc-
NOTES ON THE DE LONGS.

The second was Carolus, son of Andreas and Anna Catharine Volek. These two fathers, Jacob Weber and Andreas Volek, were appointed by the Provincial Council of New York trustees over 500 acres of Glebe land for the maintenance and support of the Lutheran minister forever at Quassaick, or West Camp, now Newburgh, then Ulster, now Orange county, N. Y.

The "Globe" was eleven weeks making voyage, which proved quite tempestuous and suffering, had on board besides Rev. Kocherthal about twenty-five Palatinate families. In same fleet came Lord Lovelace, the new Governor of New York and New Jersey. They landed on Governor's Island, January 1, 1709, and remained for some time, after which they settled at Quassaick (Newburgh), on the Hudson, on 2,190 acres of land lying adjacent to Quassaick Kill, called by Hollanders "De Dans Kammer," where present town of Newburgh is situated.

In 1724 Weber deeds over 200 acres of land with signatures of self and daughters, and already at 17 years of age Eva Elizabeth signs her name DeLange.

Another prominent member of the family has been discovered in the Hon. Horace T. DeLong, of Grand Junction, Colo., one of the present-day progressive Senators of that great State, a brother of the Prof. Ira M. DeLong, of Boulder, Colo., who last year visited his cousins in Eastern Pennsylvania. We have in hand a full sketch of Senator DeLong.

We append also the following communication received on Notes on the DeLongs:

NOTES ON THE DE LONGS

DEAR EDITOR: I was much interested in the genealogy of the DeLong family published in your last issue. I am not myself a descendant, but closely connected. My sainted mother, nee Specht, had three older sisters who were married to three DeLong brothers, born near the old homestead in Maxatawny. For the benefit of the association I give the following data pertaining to the DeLongs, not of the Berks county progenitor, but probably of the same stock.

(1) In 1750 the sheriff of Cumberland county ousted some squatters on Augwick creek in now Huntingdon county. Among them was Nicholas DeLong. (Rupp's Cumb. Co.)

(2) Among the very first settlers of Bald Eagle Valley in now Clinton county, 1772, were two DeLong brothers.

(3) On February 26, 1888, John DeLong died in Sugar Valley, Clinton county, aged 96 years. Buried in Brush Valley. He was the most remarkable man, physically, ever known in that region. When 94 years of age he was still engaged in business as a salesman for agricultural implements. When 95 years of age he read without spectacles. Had cut his third set of teeth, etc. (See Lock Haven "Daily Democrat," 1887, "Historical Journal," 1887 and 1888.)

A. STAPLETON.

Wrightsville, Pa., Nov. 18.
EIN PSALM DES LEBENS.

Nach Longfellow.

Contributed by E. M. E. Translator unknown.

O singt mir nicht das Lied voll Kummer;
Das Leben sei ein leerer Traum.
Todt ist die Seele ja im Schlummer;
Die Dinge sind nicht nur Schein und Schaum.

Wirklich und ernst ist das Leben auf Erden,
Sein Ziel ist nun und nimmer der Tod;
Daz "Staub bist, Staub wirst du werden,"
Der Seele nicht gilt das düstre Gebot.

Nicht des Daseins Freuden und Sorgen
Sind uns bestimmt als Ziel der Bahn;
Zu handeln gilt's damit das Morgen
Uns weiter trifft als das Heute an.

Lang ist die Kunst, rasch flieh'n die Tage,
Und unsere Herzen, ob stark und kühn,
Doch mit gedämpften Trommelschläge
Den Leichenmarsch zum Grabe zehn.

Hier auf dem weiten Kampfplatz der Erde
Auf des Lebens Feldlagerwacht,
Sei nicht gleich der stummen getriebenen Heerde,
Geh' hoch als Held voran zur Schlacht.

Traut nicht der Zukunft lockender Sage,
Ihre Todten begrabt die Vergangenheit;
Zur That noch heute, am lebenden Tage,
Mit Muth in der Brust, mit Gott zur Seit.

Es mahnt uns grosser Männer Leben,
Wir können erhaben auch unser Geschick,
Und scheidend lassen von unsrem streben
Fusztapfen im Sand der Zeit zurück.
Fussspuren die, wenn sie erspäht ein andrer,
Insegelnd über das dunkle Meer,
Dem verlorenen schiffbrüchigen Wanderer
Erfrischen den Muth, gesunken und schwer.

So lasst uns denn, zur That uns erhebend,
Trotz bieten jedem Schicksalschlag,
Und immer ringend, immer strebend,
Wirken und warten auf unseren Tag.

DER SAILOR DAS NIMMYMEH KUMMT.

BY HARRY HOWER, LEBANON, PA.

‘N Madel so yung war die Minnie,
  Mit ma Hertz unschuldich un Blake—
‘N Hertz unschuldich un Blake.
‘N Shiff uf ’m See war die “Guinea,”
  Un ’n Sailor-buh war der ersht mate—
  Der Sailor-buh war der ersht mate.
Die Minnie die wart an ’m Haus bei ’m Sec,
  Un sucht alle Shiff, is es gross oder klee,
  Un vermist net ’n Daag’s an die Posht Office geh
  Fer der Sailor das glei widder kummt.

Sie denkt an die Meetings das ware,
  Un no an der “Lover’s Walk”—
  Im See-Sant en “Lover’s Walk.”
‘N Schtimm kummt in ihra Ohra
  Un ’n G’sicht nau schlipt ’rer in ’s Aag—
  Sell trauvoll, powervoll Aag.
“Nau glei kummt die ‘Guinea’ un bringt der gross Buh
  Im a Daag oder tzwa,’ sagt der Brief, ‘hav ich Ruh.’
Ich meet ’n am Shiff un greish laut “Helloo,”
  Mei Sailor das nau widder kummt.

Die Daage sin kumma un ganga
  Mit der Minnie am Schtee bei em See—
  Der trauerich, seifzerich See!
Mit ma schmerzliche Hertz-verlange
  Weit naus ins gross Wasser zu geh—
  Der Sailor-buh sucha zu geh.
O Madle, geh Heem! Dei Beau is am end
  Der artlicha Trip; sei Wunsch is gegrant.
Die Welle die schnaufe der Dodes-Chant—
  Vom Sailor das nimmy-mee kummt.
Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt,
Betend, das Gott dich erhalte
So rein, so schön, so hold.

Heinrich Heine (1799-1856).

GLISH TRANSLATION.
Like a flower so pure and lovely
And beautiful thou art;
I thee behold, and sadness
Creeps softly into my heart.

Meseems that upon thy head
My hands I should lay in prayer,

DIE LETSCHT MAUD MULLER.

Die Maud, e' schöner Dag im Summer,
Hot Haa! gerecht beim Sollie Wummer.

Am Sol sei feinie Bauerei
Geht der Turnpike an die Felder bei,

In sein Automobiel nemnt der Judge 'n Reit;
Die Maud war im Feld am Turnpike Seit,

Und unnig ihr Schrutherford glänzet froh
'N lieblich G'sicht und Auga blo.

"So 'n lieblich G'sicht und schö
Puschtur
Hab ich noch net g'selma, sell is schur!"

So sagt der Judge, und schtoppt am Feld
Und frogt die Maud ob sie mit ihm wöllt.

Fon Automobiliets hot die Maud schon g'hört,
Und oft gewunnert wie m'r dort drin fahrt.

No hot sie gedenkt, "Do is mei Chânce";

Asking that God ever keep thee
So pure, so lovely, so fair.

PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN VERSION.

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So lieblich, süß un schö;
Ich guck dich a' un sis m' r bang
Es du' r dir epper weh.

Es kummt mir fo hr als wenn
Ich sõt immer mit dir geh
Un selma dass du allfort bleibscht
So lieblich, süß un schö.

M. A. Grubei.
DRESCHERLIED.

From "Der Libanoner Morgenstern," den 18ten Januar, 1869, published weekly by J. Schnee, Lebanon, Pa., by permission of George Gerberich, Washington, D. C.
[We deem this threshing-song a fitting window through which to take a peep upon one phase of Pennsylvania-German life a hundred years ago, showing industry, simplicity, gratitude, cheerfulness and piety.—Ed.]

Dreschet, Brüder, dreschet munter,
Hier hinauf und dort herunter,
Daz aus unsern Garben allen
Alle Weitzen Körner fallen.

Werden unsere Arme müde,
Wollen wir mit unserem Liede
Hohen Muth in uns erwecken,
Frisch den Flegel aufwärts strecken.
Wohl uns, dass wir Gottes Gaben
In der Scheuer um uns haben!
Weib und Kind und Knecht und
Knaben
Soll das Brod im Winter laben.

Stroh soll unser Dach bedecken,
Spreu soll in dem miste stecken.
Unser Vieh soll by den Garben
Diesen Winter auch nicht darben.

Gott gab Sonnenschein und Regen,
Gott gab uns’rer Erndte Seegen,
Voll sind wieder unsre Scheuern,
Brod hat jeder für die seinen.

Gott sey dank wenn wir nun essen,
Wollen wir Gott nicht vergessen,
Auch der Alten, auch der Armen
Wollen wir uns gern erbarmen.

EN STICK UEWER’S AERNDEFELD.
VOM CALLENDERMAN UFG’SETZT.


Die gold’ne Aern is wider do,
Die hoyet is verbei;
Die geele Felder gucka froh,
Sie wawa schö im Wind, you know,
Un Marga ge’en m’r nei.

M’r hot als mit der Sichel g’rüpt—
Wo’s g’stanna hot gereff;
Des war en Elend many a day,
Von Schwitza un von Buckelweh,
Un soreness right un left.

Der picture, wo do owa steht,
Is weit behind the age;
M’r lacht wan m’r en Sichel seht,
Un even’s Reff is ausgeplayed—
Reapers sin now die rage.

En Sichel un en Wätzaschaeb
Hot’s Mädel in der Hande!
Was macht der Drucker do for
Sichel
Sell basst yo gar net now-a-days,
Die Mäd hen meh verstande.

En Mädel now in Aerndefeld,
Wär gut for Augaweh!
Uf so en scene sin des my strictures,
Sell los da Poets un da pictures,
’S is nix in our day.

Wer now en Aernede-Picture macht,
Losst Mäd un Sichel wek;
Spannt Geil in Reaper, wie en stage,
Dann gehts ahead in perfect rage,
Un kracht in alle Eck.

Wer des geplan’d hot, der verdient
Die thanks von every soul;
Un doch en mancher dummer Trop,
Verlacht des Studya mit dem Kop,
Sei eg’nes kan er wohl!
THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN.

SCHPOTJOHR.

BY FRANK R. BRUNNER, M. D.

Es Schpotjohr kumt 
Zu uns g’tschumpt
In zeit und aller Pracht.
Sie geet ah ferd
So schnell, mer werd
Krum, schteif, ferliert sei kroft.

Schpotjohr meent fiel,
Es is en ziel
Des uns sagt—'Sis bal draus.
Zwelf monat sin
In ehm Johr drin,
So kertz, mer find's kaum aus.

'S Johr fangt ah kalt,
'S wachst nix im Waldt;
Mer ruht, mer denkt, mer wardt;
'Sis nergend nix,
Alles aus fix;
Es hot noch nix ken ardt.

Fun fruh bis schpot,
Bringt muth und nodt,
Zu mensche und zum vieh.
Und schpot im Johr,
Hots seines g’fohr;
Mer wees net wan, net wie.

Drum fangt fruh ah
Und halt euch dra;
Noh geet ihr mit der zeit.
Wer nix ferseimt
Wan die Sun scheint,
Der lebt in erllichkeit.

En Garte, guth,
Geht Weibslt muth
Und ah debei fiel freed,
Sie planse fiel
Mit Hach am Schtiel;
'Sis ihne net ferleet.

Wer planst und seed
Mit muth und freed,
Bei denne seents guth aus.
Die schoffe all
So hoffnungsfoll,
Bis sie hen alles draus.

Krumbire, chö,
Fiel gros, deel klee;
Die wachse fruhr im Johr;
Und Böhne, Kraut
Köp rund und schtout;
Der froscht bringt deel in g’fohr.

Tomäts, so gros
Wie en Gichtros,
Sin ah guth und gesund.
Und Rüwe, roth
Est mer mit Brod;
Sie wachse all im grund.

Und zel’rich, zardt,
Fun beschter ardt,
Is ah gar laschtig guth.
Den est mer roh,
Er scherft em so,
Und macht em frisch, jung bluth.

Süs Welschkern is
Per uf der Tisch;
Mer kännd und dert es ah.
Und Gum’re sin
Ah en fei ding,
Mit sals und Essig dra.

Und Erbse,
Und Kerbse,
Die kumme oft schö nei,
En guthe Frah
Die brauch sie ah
Fer koche und fer Pei.

Und Zwiwle scherkt
Per uf der merk.
Die hots im Schpotjohr ah,
Mit knowloch schteek
Und Deiwels dreck
Sin sie befreund—denk dra.

Deel werd g’kännd,
Noh aus g’pliinnd
Ferwas, wohie, wonaus.
Und wer recht schaft
Und denkt und hoft,
Der kumt am eud guth raus.

Und Deitscher Kees—
Per all ich wees,
Is ah en guthe koscht.
Doch wees ich net
Wer’n gleiche sed,
Sei schmell gebt mir ken Troscht.

Ja, weibslt sin
In alles drin,
Und lewe ah gern lang,
Sie rischte sich
Wer’n guther Tisch,
Fer’m schterwe sin sie bang.
Der Bauer ah
Mit Kinner, Frau;
Die schaffe früh und schpot.
Sin all dabei,
Und samle ei,
Noh hen sie in der noth.
Fiel obscht und Frucht
Macht ihre luscht;
Doch schtärdt es langsam aus.
Es neunt lang zeit,
Bis alles dreibt,
Am end kumts doch guth rous.
Und äppel, schö,
Deel gros, deel klee;
Die werre week g’du,
In Box und Bär'l
Bei guthe kerl;
Noh macht mer sie guth zu.
Mer mahlt ah deel
In äppel mühl,
Und drückt der seider raus,
Und kocht Ladwerk
So guth und schterk;
Noh gebts en mätsch ins Haus.
Und Essig, Wei,
Fun seider, nei,
Werd oftmoils fiel g’macht,
Und guthe schnitz
Gedert mit Hitz,
Do werd ah oft gelacht.
Dem junge schtoft
Kumt ardlich oft
En Pärtie notschion ei;
Noh singe sie
Und mätsche hie,
Und Bosse ah dabei.
Es kumt en zeit
Wan fiel schaft leit
So obscht sach kanfe ei.
En ganse lot,
Grad wie mer's hot
Gehn noh zum merick nei.
Drum schaft mer herd
Und macht so ferd
Bis mer alt is und reich.
Im lewe, schpot
Is no ko noth,
Mer schteet dem Beschte gleich.
Wan all die Frucht
Is zuamer g’sucht,
Und alles an sein Platz;
No werd g’zeelt,
Gesucht was feelt,
Und find en guther Schatz.
Wer Summers ruht
Und hut ken muth,
Der hot Schpotjohr's ah nix.
No is er alt,
Sei Haus werd kalt,
Und alles sonscht aus fix.
Deel an're hen
So weunig drin
Das es schier net bezahl't.
Sie hen g'lebt
Grad wie's ne geet,
Am schaffe oft g'wahl't.
Wer net guth seed,
Und früh ufschteet,
Und halt sich bei der heck;
Des find mol ans,
Es hot ken Haus,
Und ah en schlechte Deck.
'Sis noh zu schpot,
Und wenwig Brodt
Wofon mer lewe mus.
Mer kan net meh
Ferd schaft geh,
Noh gebts alsmoohl ferdrus.
Im lewe meent
Mer schpotjohr keemt,
Oft ob mer es bedenkt,
En jedes griett
Wie es sich sichtet,
Doch hot es meh ferlängt.
Juscht einmol's Johr,
Kumts Schpotjohr fohr,
Der Herr hots so g'macht
Sel meent—Bal draus,
"Beschtell dein Haus,''
Noh hoscht dirs guth bedacht.
Die lebenszeit
Per uns, ihr Leit,
Is in fier Deel g'macht,
Erscht zwanzig Johr
Kumt kindheit fohr
Sel sagt—Net fiel g'schaft.
In zwanzig meh
Mus mer schon geh,
Und schaft schaft pot und früh,
Sel weist summer,
Arbeit, Kummer,
Mer wunnerd—"Wo führts hie?"
Sin die ferbei,  
Kumts drit Deel ei,  
Sel meent noh schon—Schpotjohr.  
Alt werd mer noh,  
Mer haft meh schloh,  
Mer seent ah nimm klohr.

Der Winter is  
Noh uns g'wis;  
Mer werd runslich un derr.

**DER BU AM SCHTEELESE.**

*BY REV. ADAM STUMP, D. D.*

Doh bin ich dra';  
Doch geht es net so gut!  
Dich awer geht's nix a'?  
Dort driwe leht miH Hut!  
Ich hab ihn uf der Bode g'schmisse  
Und an'rer Dorn miH Rock verisse!

Von Schtee geht's viel;  
Sell is sogar gewiss;  
Es is ke' Kinnergschpiel.  
Des sin so harte Nuess!  
Ya, deht mer doh a' alles wisse,  
Doh waer des Satan's Sack verisse!

Ich bin net blaed,  
Und in mein Glaube fescht;  
Ihr Buwe und ihr Mael,  
Du ganzes Menscheg'schlecht.  
Uf dere Welt deht gar nix fehle—  
Der Alt saet Schtee fer uns zu 
g'waele!

Des muss ich scheten—  
Wan's nur bal Mitdag waer!  
Ich haw a' Buckelweh,  
Un bin a' hungrich—sehr!  
'Sis a' zu windig so zu schaffe,  
Im harte Joch vergesht des Lache.

Ich bin en Kind;  
Doh sette Maenner bei!  
So starrick is der Wind,  
Er greischt wie'n Bobegei.  
Ich wuensch ich breicht net laenger 
grannem.

Ken schöheet noh;  
Kop blodt und groh,  
Und bal holt uns der Herr.

Mir ernde noh,  
Grad dert wie do,  
'Sis die best Bänk am end.  
Was mer nei duth,  
Des schteet zum guth,  
Bezahlt hundred "'Pro zent.'"

Du Wind, blos mir die Schtee zu-
samme!

So geh ich heem,  
Un fort ganz owwenaus!  
Es hut wol dort ken Baem,  
Doch a' ken Schtee dort draus;  
Ich wed doch liewer ganz verwese,  
Viel liewer als en schtund Schtee-
lese!

Du armer Bu,  
Von Herze daur' ich dich!  
Doch alles kommt zur Ruh;  
Yetz horche mohl an mich:  
Es gebt en End hut's immer keese,  
Schtee brauchst du a' net immer 
lese.

Dann hab Geduld,  
Es kommt en bessre Zeit;  
Dei Bukel dragt ke Schuld;  
Es gebt en Dag noch Heit;  
Es kommt jo noch en leichtres wese,  
Die Welt vergeht—un a's Schtee-
lese.

Ja, ich und Du,  
Mei liewes, muclies Kind,  
Des sag ich noch dazu,  
Jetzt sei mer net so blind;  
Mer muss net immer doh dra 
schtarre,  
Gebt's doh nix suncht, so werd mer 
Parre!

York, Pa.
GENEALOGICAL

THE CROLL FAMILY AGAIN

[A certain Leander H. Crall, of New York City, has employed Mr. Allaben, a professional genealogist, to go into the history of this family, has been in correspondence with us and called forth this last full letter, which will prove interesting to all our readers we trust.—Ed.]

REV. P. C. CROLL.

Dear Sir,—Pardon my delay in acknowledging your letter of weeks ago, sent with courteous promptness in reply to mine; but during the past eight weeks I have been once more in the field, investigating the knotty problems of the Croll affinities—most of the time in Frederick county, Md., but also in Montgomery, Bucks, Northampton and Lehigh counties, Pa.

The Christian Croll, or Krall, of Montgomery county, Pa., 1734, I believe I have now traced from that place and date until his death in Maryland in 1784. It has been assumed, but not proven, that he was the Christian Kroll, or John Christian Kroll, who came over in the same ship with Ulrick Kroll, in 1729. But this is in doubt through the fact that another Christian Crall, or Kroll, was his contemporary in Pennsylvania in that early day, and that the latter lived in the same county as Ulrick. In fact, there are five pioneers between whom there is reason to suspect relationship: (1) Ulrick Kroll, of Lancaster county, Pa.; (2) his brother, Mathias Kroll, of Lancaster county, Pa.; (3) Christian Crall, or Kroll, of that part of Lancaster county, Pa., which was erected into York county in 1749; (4) Isaac Krall, of Montgomery county, Pa., and (5) Christian Krall, of Montgomery county, Pa.

1. Ulrich Kroll, who came over in the ship Mortonhouse, qualifying at Philadelphia, August 19, 1729, had 200 acres surveyed to him in Lebanon township, Lancaster county, Pa., in 1737, for which he received a confirmatory patent in 1762. In his will, proved at Lancaster in 1773, he describes himself as of Elizabeth township, Lancaster county, and mentions his wife, Magdalen, his "brother, Mathias Crall," his "three eldest sons" and his "six younger children," naming the nine children in the following order: (1) Isaac Croll (of Elizabeth township, Lancaster county, in 1771-3 and of Bethel township in 1779-1782); (2) Christian Croll (of Elizabeth township, 1771-1802); (3) Mathias Croll (of Elizabeth township, 1773-1782); (4) Ulrich Croll (of Elizabeth township, 1773-9); (5) Mary; (6) Magdalen; (7) Barbara; (8) Joseph and (9) Abraham.

2. Matthias Crall, brother of Ulrich, Sr., had 200 acres in Lancaster county, Pa., surveyed to him in 1737, and in 1743 another or the same 150 acres surveyed to him in Lebanon township, Lancaster county. In 1766 two tracts in the same county were surveyed to him and Jacob Fennis, one of 178 acres, 117 perches, the other of 246 acres, 85 perches. In 1773
he entered a caveat against the survey of 100 acres in Paxton township, same county, to John Simpson, claiming a title in the same, but in 1784 withdrew his caveat. In his will, made in 1783, proved in 1785, he describes himself as of Lebanon township, Lancaster county, though from 1771 to 1779 he appears in the tax lists and deeds as a resident of Heidelberg township. Ulrich Krall, no doubt his nephew, son of Ulrich, Sr., is a witness to his will, in which he mentions his wife Mary and the following children: (1) Mary, wife of George Krier; (2) Abraham Crall (of Lebanon township, Lancaster county, 1771-1782); (3) Elizabeth; (4) Christian Crall (of Paxton township, 1771-2, and of Lebanon township, 1782); (5) Catherine; (6) Barbara; (7) Anna; (8) Henry Crall (of Heidelberg township, 1779-1782), and (9) Magdalene.

3. Christian Crall, or Kroll, who at least as early as 1735 settled in that part of Lancaster county, Pa., west of the Susquehanna River, which in 1749 became York county, was one of the Germans who were long in doubt whether they held their lands under Maryland or Pennsylvania. In 1735 he is referred to in a deposition as one of twenty armed men under the leadership of Thomas Cresap, who claimed to be under the jurisdiction of Maryland; but about the same time his own deposition was taken in evidence, while in 1744 he was naturalized as a resident of Lancaster county, Pa. In 1750, a year after York was erected out of Lancaster county, a patent was issued to “Christian Crall, of the county of York” for 300½ acres of land “on the north side of Great Conewago Creek in Warrington township.” In 1752 three warrants entitled him to three lots in the village of York, two of them situated “on the north side of High street” and the third on “George street.” In his will, made July 31, 1758, proved August 22 of the same year, he mentions his wife Elizabeth, sons (1) Michael; (2) Philip and (3) John, and (4) a daughter, Mary.

From the simple fact that he lived in the same general region of Pennsylvania as Ulrich and Matthias, one might naturally take him to be the Christian Kroll who came over on the same ship as Ulrich, in 1729, and assume that he was a brother of Ulrich and Matthias. On the other hand he lived in a part of Lancaster county distant from that where the brothers, Ulrich and Matthias, had settled, while the names of the children of this Christian include none of the characteristic names of the Ulrich and Matthias families—Isaac, Christian, Matthias, Ulrich, Abraham. But these considerations, on either side, are slim and precarious foundations for speculation. You yourself, personally, however, must see in the names of the children of this Christian Crall a striking likeness to those which prevailed in the early generations of your own line of descent, and it is not impossible, as we shall see, that you descend from this Christian Croll.

4. Isaac Krall, as he signs his name to a deed, in 1744 bought a farm of 100 acres in Towamencin township, Philadelphia (now Montgomery) county, Pa., on the southwest side of the Sumneytown and Spring House turnpike, embracing much of the site of the present village of Kulpsville. In 1756 he bought an adjoining strip of six acres, 142 perches, along the said road, and in 1767 erected a new house upon his farm, a part of which
was subsequently moved to the site of the present residence of John C. Boorse, Esq. of Kulpsville, and was for a time occupied by him. Isaac Krall was a cordwainer by trade and a prominent Mennonite. In the spring of 1771 he and his wife Elizabeth sold their farm at Kulpsville, Montgomery county, Pa., and in the fall of the same year bought 100 acres near Graceham, Frederick county, Md., which farm they deeded to their son, Isaac Crall, Jr., in 1784, stipulating that he pay therefor £200 to his "seven brothers and sisters." Of these, the name of one, Margaret, is alone certainly known, although Nicholas was probably one of the sons of Isaac Crall, Sr., as along with Isaac, Sr., he appears in the tax list of Towamencin township, Montgomery county, Pa., in 1769, and a young unmarried man disappeared from that township and county at the same time as Isaac, Sr. (1771), and appeared in Frederick county, Md., about the same time as a young married man who purchased a farm not far from that of Isaac, Sr. The descendants of this Nicholas are known, but those of Isaac, Sr., and Isaac, Jr., have not yet been traced. Nicholas, supposed son of Isaac Crall, Sr., and his wife, Elizabeth, named his two children Isaac and Elizabeth. Isaac Crall, Sr., was undoubtedly a Mennonite, as tradition in Montgomery county asserts of him, and did not have his children baptized in infancy; certainly his son, Isaac, Jr., though born in 1754, was not baptized until 1787, as proven by the records of the Moravian church at Graceham, Md.

5. Christian Krall, who paid quit-rents on 50 acres in Salford township, Philadelphia (now Montgomery) county, Pa., prior to 1734, according to the late James S. Heckler, had his land in that part of the original township of Salford afterwards erected into Lower Salford; and the Christian Crall farm of 50 acres Heckler positively identified as the Samuel Krupp farm near Harleysville, declaring, "We know" that Crall had this farm. Widow Krupp would not show her old deeds to Heckler, but since his and her death the farm and old deeds have passed into the hands of Mr. Harry Heckler, through whose kindness I examined the deeds, which give a consecutive history of the place from 1717 down, with no reference to Christian Crall. According to Heckler, Crall sold the farm to Conrad Gehr in 1735 or 1736; but according to the old deeds Conrad Gehr secured the land in 1735 by patent from the Lords Proprietors. Yet Heckler may be right. Crall may have had the land surveyed to him, but not patented, and then sold his rights to Gehr, who had the patent issued to himself. This often happened, and is exactly what this Christian Crall did in Bucks county later on.

Christian Crall and wife Barbara bought another farm in Lower Salford in 1760, and Heckler, assuming that he had lived in the same township between 1734 and 1760, says it is a mystery where Crall resided between those dates. The mystery is solved very simply by the fact that Christian Crall left Salford township, and indeed Philadelphia county, in 1734, and probably did not return to either until about 1760. Thus is disproved the theory of Rev. P. C. Croll, that Christian Crall acquired the Justice Michael Croll property in Upper Salford township, Philadelphia county, and erected
the old Croll house upon it in 1757. The truth is that 1734, the year of his disappearance from Philadelphia (now Montgomery) county, is the year of his first appearance in Bucks county, Pa., 200 acres in Bucks being surveyed to Christian Crall in 1734. Again, in 1743 Christian Crall, of Bucks county, was naturalized. In 1750 Christian Crall appears among petitioners for a road, all being residents of Upper Milford township, Bucks county, the road in question being one passing through Upper Milford and connecting Macungie with the Maxatawny and Philadelphia road. Thus we learn that the 200 acres surveyed to Christian Crall in 1734 were in Upper Milford township, which was a part of Bucks county prior to 1752, was a part of Northampton county from 1752 to 1812, and since 1812 has been a part of Lehigh county, situated near the converging boundaries of Bucks, Montgomery, Berks and Lehigh counties. In fact, the present village of Zionsville, Upper Milford township, Lehigh county, has for a part of its site one corner of the Christian Crall farm of 200 acres, two of the boundary lines of the farm, at right angles one to the other, passing just in front of the Lutheran and Reformed churches, respectively, of Zionsville, and uniting to form a corner of the farm between the two churches. The Lutheran church land, indeed, embraces one acre of the Crall farm, although this was acquired from a later owner of the farm. In 1734 Christian Crall was the sole resident on the crest of the mountain where Zionsville now stands. He sold his farm to William Shaeffer some time between 1750 and 1760. I am unable to fix the date more precisely at present, as the deed of sale by him was never recorded, either at Doylestown, Bucks county, Easton, Northampton county, or Allentown, Lehigh county. A work on the Lehigh Valley states that Christian Crall never consummated his title to the land for which the warrant had been issued to him in 1734 by taking out a patent in his own name, but sold his right and title under the warrantee deed to Shaeffer, who had the land patented to him in 1782, this patent becoming the subsequent base of title. It is also claimed that Christian Crall had 250 acres, though his warrant called for 200. Two hundred and fifty was patented to Shaeffer, and a local antiquarian who had defined and drafted the boundaries of Crall's farm, from descriptions of his boundaries in the old deeds of adjacent tracts, found that these boundaries embraced 250 acres.

I found no record of baptisms of the children of Christian Crall in the German Lutheran or Reformed church records in or near Zionsville in so far as I was able to get access to them, and the local antiquarian who worked out his farm boundaries maintains that Crall was a Dunkard or Mennonite.

In 1760 Christian Crall bought 150 acres in Lower Salford township, Montgomery county, on the old Skippack road, between Skippack and Lederachsville. Frederick Seitz now owns the farm, and from him I purchased for Mr. L. H. Crall, of New York, two old parchment deeds, one of the sale of this farm to Christian Crall in 1760, the other of its sale by him and by his wife, Barbara, in 1765. Is this the same Christian Crall who was in Lower Salford, Montgomery county, prior to 1734, and in
Bucks, now Lehigh, from 1734 to 1750-60? Either the same, or a son of the same, of the same name, for the original autograph of the signers of the Upper Milford petition of 1750 seems to plainly identify him with the signer of the deed in 1765. His signature was a peculiar mark, the initials, C. K., made in a very characteristic way, which seems to afford a means of identification more unmistakable than an ordinary autograph would be. From this point on the identification is perfect, being attested at each point not alone by the peculiar signature of Christian Crall, but also by the name and signature of his wife, Barbara.

In 1767 Christian Crall bought a farm of 150 acres near Line Lexington, New Britain township, then and now in Bucks county, Pa., giving a mortgage deed to secure a payment of £400 on the same. His characteristic signature appears on the mortgage. The old Mennonite church of New Britain township stands on one acre which had belonged to this farm before Christian Crall bought it. In 1771 Christian Crall and his wife, Barbara, with their characteristic signatures, sell this farm. This is the year in which Isaac Krall, of Montgomery county, Pa., sold his farm, a few months later buying one in Frederick county, Md. Similarly, we next hear of Christian Crall and his wife Barbara in Frederick county, Md., where, in 1773, they buy a farm near Mechanicstown, now Thurmont. In 1781 Christian Crall and Barbara, his wife, with their characteristic signatures, sell this farm in Frederick county, Md.; and in that county is filed the will of Christian Crall, with the same peculiar signature, while in the instrument he mentions his wife Barbara. The original will, with the testator’s signature, is on a single page, and I had it photographed for comparison with his original signature to the deed of 1765, signed by him in Montgomery county, Pa. His will, made in 1778, proved in 1784, mentions the following children: (1) a son, Peter Crall, and daughters, (2) Barbara, (3) Elizabeth, (4) Hannah, (5) Mary Groese or Gross (also a daughter, Catharine) and (6) Ann Weller. The executor of this will subsequently put in a claim for expenses in traveling to Bucks county, Pa., to collect a debt due the estate of Christian Crall from Jacob Gross, whom we naturally infer was the husband of Mary, Christian Crall’s daughter. The Bucks county, Pa., records show a Rev. Jacob Gross who flourished at the very time supposed by this theory, and his wife’s name was Mary. He was the second Mennonite minister of the old church of that denomination at Deep Run, Bucks county; in Bedminster, the township adjoining that of New Britain, where Christian Crall lived from 1767 to 1771, while this Jacob Gross had previously lived in that part of Montgomery county, Pa., where Christian Crall lived from 1760 to 1765. Jacob Gross and Mary Crall, his wife, had two sons, Isaac and Rev. Christian Gross, the latter of whom was subsequently a minister of the Mennonite church at Deep Run, where also another descendant, Rev. John Gross, was until very recently a minister.

I have given these details because of the interest connected with Christian Crall of Montgomery county, and the attempt to make him appear as the great ancestor of those of the name in those parts. So far as we can judge from his will, the Christian Crall of Upper Milford, Bucks (now
Lehigh) county, 1750. Montgomery county, 1760-65, Bucks county, Pa., 1767-71, and Frederick county, Md., 1773-84, had only one surviving son, Peter, and could not have been the father of Justice Michael, Henry, Christian, Polly, etc., of Montgomery county, Pa. It is natural to suppose that the Christian Crall, a petitioner of Upper Milford in 1750, is the same Christian who acquired 200 acres in that township in 1734, was naturalized in 1743 and was in Montgomery county for a short time prior to 1734. In that case, the children of this pioneer are those mentioned in the Maryland will of 1784.

It is possible, however, that Christian Crall, of Montgomery county, Pa., prior to 1734, and of Bucks, now Lehigh, from 1734 to 1743, etc., was the father of the Christian of Upper Milford, 1750, whose signature identifies him with the Christian, wife Barbara, whose history from 1760 inward is now ascertained. Three discoveries are possible, any one of which would settle the question: (1) that of the original deed of sale by Christian Crall of the 50 acres in Philadelphia county prior to 1734, to see whether his wife's name was Barbara and his signature identical with that described above; (2) that of the original deed of sale of Christian Crall of Upper Milford, Lehigh county, to see if the Christian who sold to William Shaeffer was the Christian to whom that land was granted in 1734, and if his signature and name of wife agree with the natural expectation; and (3) that of some record in Upper Milford of the children born to Christian Crall there between 1734 and 1760, to see if they agree with those named in the Maryland will of 1784.

Not alone is there no evidence that Justice Michael Crall, of Upper Salford, Montgomery county, Pa., was a son of Christian Crall of Lower Salford, but I fear that we must give up the thought that the old Crall house, with its date, "1757," was built by a Crall. The tract of land on which it stands, originally 150 acres, was given to Yost Cope under a warrant of survey January 8, 1734. In 1767, if my memory serves me, Michael Crall purchased the tract, while in 1768 it was resurveyed and patented to him as "Crall's Choice." Since the old house upon it, at Salfordville, bears the date 1757, it could not have been built by a Crall ten years before a Crall owned the site, unless the land had been leased by such a person—evidence of which I have never found. Michael Crall married Catharine, daughter of Jacob Wentz, Sr., of Worcester township, Montgomery county, Pa., and granddaughter of Peter Wentz, and by her Michael Crall had the following children: (1) Elizabeth, b. Dec. 6, 1768, married Jacob Snyder, and was survived by six sons; (2) Sarah, born April 23, 1769, married William Shuler and had two sons; (3) Catharine, born Aug. 20, 1770, mar. George Hartzel, and left a son; (4) Anna (also called Nancy), b. Jan. 14, 1772, mar. Benjamin Reiff, and left four sons; (5) Jacob Crall, b. Sept. 29, 1773, whose two sons left descendants some of whom are known to you; (6) Rebeeca, born April 18, 1775, married Gabriel Klein, and had a son; (7) Susanna, b. Dec. 26, 1776, living unmarried in 1799, and died before 1822; (8) Johannes Crall, b. March 31, 1779, lived at Salfordville, and died unmarried Jan. 22, 1847; (9) Michael Crall, born in 1780 or 1781; (10)
Maria, b. Aug. 7, 1782; mar. Abraham Gerhart and was survived by two sons, and (11) Sophia, b. in 1783 or 1784, mar. Philip Boyer, and had a son.

I am not certain about the ninth child, Michael, b. in 1780 or 1781. There were several Michael Crolls about that period in both Montgomery and Berks counties, and you will pardon me for saying that your attempt to identify Michael, son of Justice Michael, of Salfordville, with your Michael Croll, of Greenwich township, Berks, who married Rebecca, daughter of Elijah Geiger, is quite confusing. In Pennsylvania-German, ii., No. 1, p. 37, you say of Mary Geiger, buried at Salfordville, “She was the wife of the first Croll settler in Berks county.” But in your pamphlet the wife of your Michael Croll, of Berks, is Rebecca, not Maria Geiger! Again, in pamphlet, your Michael Croll, of Berks, comes from Montgomery county in 1790-3, whereas Maria Geiger, buried at Salfordville, was not born till 1799! Nor could any one born in 1799 be the wife of “the first Croll settler in Berks county,” for Crolls settled in Berks so early that some of them had probably died of old age before 1799, the birth date of this woman. A “Johan Michael Graul” or “Michael Crowel” landed at Philadelphia in 1736. I am inclined to think he was the man who had lands surveyed to him in Philadelphia county, 150 acres in 1737, 150 acres in September, 1743, and 50 acres in December 1743, under the names, respectively, of Michael “Crowell,” “Crowle” and “Groul,” and that these tracts were in that part of Philadelphia county which in 1752 was embraced in Berks county. Berks became a county in March, 1752, and in April, 1752, 76 acres were surveyed to “Michael Graul,” of Berks, as in the same year were tracts of 271 and 159 acres surveyed to Henry “Groul” or “Greul,” in Berks county, and in 1775 to Jacob Grauel 100 acres, in 1784 to John Graul 270 acres, and in 1794 to George Crowl 200 acres. Henry Crowl had land in Berks in 1752—part of a tract of 2,990 acres which in 1750 was returned as “near Mosellein, Philadelphia county,” now Berks. This will probably indicate the general locality to you, as you are probably familiar with the geography of Berks, as I am not. I only refer to these names, however, as indicating the settlement in Berks at an early day of one branch of the Croll sept, and think this particular branch has generally adhered to the name of “Crowel,” spreading from Berks into York county, Pa., and Frederick county, Md., prior to the Revolution.

A “Michael Croll” paid taxes in 1785 in Maxatawny township, Berks county, and may be the Michael Croll who married Rebecca Geiger and subsequently settled in Greenwich township. What is your authority for thinking he came from Montgomery county? I ask the question in a cautious, not a skeptical spirit. There was a Michael Croll of Whitemarsh township, now Montgomery county, in 1767, when for £1,900 he bought three tracts on Wissahiccon Creek, one of 198 3/4, one of 18 1/2, and one of 2 and a fraction acres. In 1772, for £1,200, this Michael Croll, of White Marsh township, buys 157 acres in Upper Dublin township, in the same county. In 1775 he and his wife, Mary, sell the latter farm, he being then described as of Upper Dublin township. This man might be the father of Michael who married Rebecca Geiger. I found in Montgomery and Phila-
delphia counties no record of his will, or an administration of his estate, or of the baptism of any of his children.

Before proceeding to give clues which may help to an investigation of your ancestry, I must clear away one more misapprehension. In assuming that your great-grandfather, Henry Croll, was a brother of Justice Michael Croll, you refer to a Henry Croll, saddler, of Upper Salford township, Montgomery county (Penn.-Germ., ii., No. 1, p. 38, note). I found a tradition, preserved in two lines of descent from this Henry Croll, that he was a relative of Justice Michael. A granddaughter of a son of this Henry remembers hearing her grandfather speak of his uncle Michael Croll, of Upper Salford. But certainly this Henry was not your ancestor. He married Elizabeth Klein, and had three children born in Upper Salford township, now Montgomery county: (1) Henry, Feb. 2, 1773. (2) Daniel, Aug. 29, 1776, and (3) Catharine, Aug. 18, 1778. Justice Michael Croll and his wife Catharine being witnesses of the baptism of the last-mentioned child. Henry Croll was a saddler and a Revolutionary soldier. He removed from Montgomery county, Pa., to Baltimore county, Md., and there, Aug. 24, 1783, another son, (4) William, was born. Another son (5) was Zebulon. Of these sons, Henry married Elizabeth Brandt, was a soldier in the war of 1812, and died in Philadelphia after 1852. Daniel married Hannah Brandt and is buried in the Trappe churchyard. His granddaughter, Mrs. Rittenhouse, lives in Norristown, Pa. William married Elizabeth Kolb. His grandson, Abraham Croll, lives in Frederick township, Montgomery county. Zebulon is buried at Norristown, Pa., and his descendants are known.

On the other hand, some data I found in Montgomery county has led me to give some attention to the tradition handed down to you by your father. That tradition is, I believe, that Philip Croll came from Germany, or, at least, settled in Montgomery county, Pa., and had four children: (1) Christian, (2) Henry, (3) Michael, and (4) Polly; that of these, Christian remained in Montgomery county, Henry removed to Allegheny and subsequently to Berks county, Michael (I have not your pamphlet and have forgotten what happened to him, or whether he is the Michael who married Rebecca Geiger and settled in Berks), and that Polly, or Mary, married Jacob Esser, of Kutztown. Now it happens that there was a Christian Croll who lived and died in Montgomery county, Pa., at a period which would fit this theory, and that he was the son of a Philip Croll, and probably had a brother Michael, as I have reason to believe. For all I know, he may have had a brother Henry and sister Polly in Berks county, which is all that is lacking to realize the terms of your tradition.

In the Lutheran records of the Old Goshenhoppen church at Salfordville appears this item in the list of confirmations for the year 1772: "Christian Croll, alt 14 Jahr, Pater Philipp Croll." This is the only reference to this Philip Croll that I have found in Montgomery county, although in Bucks county, Springield township, a "Philip Crull" was in 1779 taxed as owner of 125 acres, 2 horses and 4 cattle.
According to the confirmation record just cited, Christian, son of Philip Croll, was born in 1758, which is the year of birth of the Christian Croll buried in the old Mennonite graveyard two miles south of Skippack. The inscriptions on the tombstones of himself, wife and three children, are as follows, though not verbatim:

Kristian Kroll, b. 9 Feb., 1758, d. 27 Apr., 1814, aged 56 years, 2 months, 2 weeks and 2 days.

Hannah Kroll, b. 7th Oct., 1759, d. 20th Sept., 1819, aged 60 years, 2 months and 13 days.

Jacob Croll, b. 18 Nov., 1784, d. 7 June, 1819, aged 34 years, 7 months, 11 days.

William Croll, b. 19 Jan., 1803, d. 16 Oct., 1820, aged 17 years, 8 months, 18 days.

Chas. Croll, b. 15 May, 1801, d. 15 March, 1822, aged 20 years, 10 months.

I must not take space to give the full documentary history of this Christian Croll which I have. Suffice it to say that in a deed signed by himself and wife Hannah in 1802 he is described as of Whitpain township, Montgomery county, innholder, in a deed signed by them in 1805, is described as a Springfield township, Montgomery county, innholder, and later on in the latter year (1805) signs a deed with his wife as of Skippack and Perkiomen township, innholder. He died at Skippack, intestate, in 1814, leaving his widow, Hannah, and seven children: (1) Jacob Croll, (2) Michael Croll, (3) Mary, (4) Sarah, (5) David Croll, (6) Charles Croll, and (7) William Croll, the three last-mentioned being minors.

When I had discovered the facts so far, I suspected that this Christian Croll was the ancestor of the Crolls at Pennsburg, Montgomery county. They could only go back to their grandfather, David Croll, b. Dec. 12, 1799, and buried in the cemetery of the “Six-cornered church,” near Pennsburg, who married in 1820 Catharine Schwenk, and to their great-uncle, Michael Croll, born Dec. 11, 1780, died March 15, 1858, and buried in the same graveyard. They had heard of no other brothers than these two, Michael and David, but thought there was a sister. I had found that Jacob and Michael Croll, presumably his sons, were two of the administrators of Christian Croll. One, of course, was the son. Jacob, buried beside his parents. The birth-date of Michael, buried at Pennsburg, would do for the second son, Michael, son of Christian and Hannah, and would also permit him to be an administrator. The birth-date of David, buried at Pennsburg, 1759, would also make him a minor in 1814, when Christian died. The ignorance of the descendants of David concerning any great-uncle except Michael was explained by the early death of the other three brothers of David, Jacob, Charles and William, as attested by the tombstones below Skippack.

Hence I wrote to Mr. Simon Croll, of Pennsburg, telling him I suspected that his great-grandfather was Christian Croll, and hoping this clue might enable him to find some confirmation. I did not hear from him for three months, but on my recent return home found a letter enclosing a copy of a certificate found in the old Croll family Bible in the possession of his brother. This is as follows:
"I do hereby certify that Christian Croll, of New Hanover township, in Philadelphia county, blacksmith, hath voluntarily taken and subscribed the oath of allegiance and fidelity as an Act of General Assembly of Pennsylvania passed the 13th of June, A. D. 1777. Witness my hand and seal the 31st day of May, A. D. 1778.

"(L. S.) Richards. No. 841."

The possession of this certificate seems conclusive. If your great-grandfather, Henry Croll, was a brother of that Christian Croll, son of Philip Croll, who is referred to above, as the tradition handed down in your family indicates, then you have cousins at Penssburg. In 1778, when but 20 years old, if he was the Christian born in 1758, Christian Croll lived in New Hanover township, and there some further memorials of his father, Philip, may be found. It happened that New Hanover township, Montgomery county, was not explored by me. Those parts that my clues led me to search carefully I combed with a fine-toothed comb, and do not think that much in the way of public or church documents escaped me.

It is quite possible that Philip, father of Christian Croll, may have been a brother of Judge Michael Croll. On the death of Christian, some of his real estate was sold to Jacob Croll, of Upper Salford, son of Judge Michael. Again, Benjamin Reiff, son-in-law of Judge Michael, was one of the administrators of Christian Croll, and Jacob Croll, son of Judge Michael, seems eventually to have become one, after the death of Jacob Croll, son of Christian, one of the first administrators. The son of Mr. Henry A. Croll, now of Philadelphia, told me that his grandfather, Philip, grandson of Judge Michael, once told him that their family had come to Montgomery county, Pa., from "York State." I know of no documentary countenance of such a tradition. But if we simply suppose that "York State" is a corruption of "York county," the tradition at once can appeal to data which, on its face at least, and until proved inapplicable, certainly seems most appropriate.

The facts are these, so far as my data goes: Christian Croll, of York county, Pa., 1735-1758, was survived by a wife, Elizabeth, and four children: Michael, Philip, John and Mary. Of these children, John seems to have remained in York county. But Michael and Philip, so far as my data goes, apparently left York county. It is true that a "Michael Crowel" died in York county, his will being made and proved in 1778, in which he speaks of his wife, Anna Maria, and children (1) William, (2) Conrad, (3) George, (4) Henry, (5) Peter, (6) Michael, (7) Catharine, wife of Vernor Mo, and (8) Elizabeth, wife of Michael Live. But his children appear to have retained the name of "Crowel," while he and his family seem to be claimed by the "Crowel" family of Frederick county, Md., and Ohio, one of whom has lately written to ask if I can name the father of a "Crowel" who between the years 1752 and 1764 had children, William, Elizabeth, Conrad, George, Henry and Mary. I have written that the dates and similarity of names point to Michael Crowel of York county. But among the deeds at York are several in which a "Michael Croll" is grantor or grantee. I have a note of this fact, but unfortunately the abstracts of
these deeds which I took when at York, Pa., in 1892, have been lost, and I can not recall the dates, nor whether they afford any genealogical data. I can not say whether the son, Michael, was executor of the will of his father, Christian. But if he was, and if the deeds at York county in which a "Michael Croll" is mentioned dispose of property owned by Christian Croll, and if they are dated prior to 1767 or 1768, after which the name of Michael Croll disappears from the York county records, then all this would of course be very suggestive of an identification with the Justice Michael who appeared in Montgomery county, Pa., in 1767 or 1768. I can support this supposition so far only as to say that the tax lists of York county for 1779, 1780, 1781, 1782 and 1783 contain no "Michael Croll," under any spelling of the surname, and no "Philip." Neither are there wills of a "Michael" or "Philip" recorded at York which could fit the sons, Michael and Philip, of Christian, except that of "Michael Crowel," already cited. Notice that that of Michael Crowel contains none of the characteristic names that might be expected among grandsons of Christian, except only "Michael," which is explained by the fact that this was the testator's name. Christian Croll had a wife, Elizabeth, sons, Michael, Philip, John, and a daughter, Mary. Among the sons of Justice Michael were a Michael and a John, and among his daughters a Mary and Elizabeth, while he had a grandson, Philip. His oldest son, Jacob, was no doubt a namesake of the wealthy maternal grandfather of the child. Jacob Wentz, Sr. Again, your great-great-grandfather, Philip, is supposed to have had children, Christian, Henry, Michael and Polly (Mary). Assume that this Philip is the Philip, son of Christian of York county, and how appropriate are the names! According to this theory, Philip names his eldest son Christian, after his own father. The next, Henry, may be a namesake of Philip's wife's father. The next, Michael, is named after Philip's brother, Michael, while his daughter, Polly, is named after his sister Mary. Of course this is mere speculation; but my experience leads me to assert that in more than fifty per cent. of such cases we do not find mere coincidences, but clues to the truth of relationship.

If my memory serves me, the will of Christian Croll at York was in German, and I took nothing from it but the dates and names of wife and children. A certified copy of this will, and copies or abstracts of the Michael Croll deeds at York, and of any in which a Philip Croll is mentioned, might throw more light on the subject. It would seem to be important, also, to look up at Reading the will, administration papers and land deeds of your great-grandfather, Henry Croll, of Berks county. Trips to York and Reading, or documents obtained from the authorities there, might clear up your ancestry. Personal visitation is much preferable. The fees for certified copies of documents soon exceed the expense of a personal trip to copy them, while you can never trust perfunctory officials to make an exhaustive search of the various department records—tax, marriage and court records, as well as wills, administrations and deeds. I speak from a ripe experience. Time and again have I tried to get what I wanted from officials, and after they have pretended to make an exhaustive search and send copies of everything. I have gone in the field and found the vital things, which were under their noses all the time.
Should you attempt to solve this problem for your line of the family, I will be pleased to hear of the result. Facts ascertained, which do not in themselves tell their story, may become eloquent in the light of some additional and seemingly disconnected data. Should you learn anything further the immense mass of data I have accumulated may illuminate it in some such way, and I will gladly give you the benefit of any light I can throw on any facts submitted to me. The different Croll families together unite to form one of the most tangled skeins of genealogical yarn that I have ever put my hand to; and having had to do with the matter until I almost feel like a Croll myself, it would give me pleasure to see the tangle straightened out until the last knot was untied.

I also have much interesting data concerning a number of anniger Croll families in different parts of Germany, some of them quite ancient; but, of course, the attempt to connect with any of these is idle until the lines here are unmistakably worked back to the immigrants, of whom some twenty-five or more landed at Philadelphia prior to 1800.

As you see, I have established the fact that two Christian Cralls, or Crolls, were in Pennsylvania as early as 1735. They can not be identified, as the naturalizations of both are on record, one in Bucks county, in 1743, the other in Lancaster (now York) county in 1744—the first present in Bucks as early as 1734, the other present in what is now York county, as early as 1735. Both of these can not be the Christian, or John Christian Kroll, who came over on the same ship as Ulrich Krall, Aug. 19, 1729. It is possible that the other may have come over in the same year, and that through a misreading or misprint his name may be hidden in that of the “Johan Christ. Krolf” who landed at Philadelphia Sept. 15, 1729. You are no doubt familiar with the fact that the middle name was the significant one among the early Germans, and the first name almost as distinctly a family name as the surname itself. Thus, two brothers, John Philip Gabel and Johan Frederick Gabel, came over in 1739. They were the sons of Johan Jacob Gabel, of Germany. Similarly, the sons of Johan Philip Gabel were Johan Frederick Gabel, Johan Peter Gabel and Johan Philip Gabel. Yet all these names are more commonly found in the old records with the “Johan” omitted, and only the middle and surnames used. But in the formal church record “Johan” is given. I suppose they belonged to a branch of the Gabel family which might be called the “Johan Gables,” tracing descent from some Johan Gabel who stood out in prominence. I have found the same thing among the early German names throughout Pennsylvania and Maryland, and have no doubt the custom was general in that day. The same thing prevailed among the Hollanders, who even dispensed frequently with the surname altogether, except that among these the individual name was the first, not the middle name. Thus, among Hollanders, sons of Jacob Gabel would be Philip Jacobse Gabel and Frederick Jacobse Gabel, or Philip Jacobse, etc., with the surname omitted. The sons of Philip, in turn, would be Frederick Philipse Gabel, Peter Philipse and Philip Philipse Gabel. But pecca vi! Pardon this enormous epistle.

Very truly yours,

FRANK ALLABEN.
FIRST GERMAN LUTHERAN PREACHER IN AMERICA

The two hundredth anniversary of the first ordination of a Lutheran minister in America was celebrated on November 24th. The special services were held in the chapel of the Mount Airy Seminary, as Gloria Dei (Old Swedes') Church, where the ordination was held, is now under the control of the Episcopalians, though its altar to this day bears a Latin inscription indicating its dedication to the service of God "according to the Augsburg Confession." The man ordained was Justus Falkner, a German, whose father and grandfathers were Lutheran ministers. He had received a university training at the University of Halle, under A. H. Franke, and came to America in 1700. The ordination was conducted by the Swedish Lutheran ministers then in charge of the Gloria Dei Church, Revs. Rudman, Bjoerk and Sandel.

In 1638 the Swedish Luthers had established themselves on the Delaware. They have left as memorials of their zeal and activity the old Swedish churches of Wilmington, Del., and Philadelphia, both erected at the close of the seventeenth century.

One of the Swedish pastors, Rev. Andrew Rudman, after having served Gloria Dei church for a time, was called as the pastor of the Dutch Evangelical Lutheran church in New York City. When his failing strength obliged him to leave the work there, he appealed to Justus Falkner, who was then laboring among the German Lutherans in Falkner Swamp, Montgomery county. Falkner accepted the call, and it was this call to New York which led him to present himself for ordination in Gloria Dei Church.

Thus the Swedes ordained a German to labor among the Dutch. Falkner began his work in New York on December 2, 1703, and continued to serve the church faithfully and with great success until his death, twenty years later, 1723.

At the time of the ordination of Justus Falkner there were hardly a dozen Lutheran congregations in America, and scarcely as many ministers. The churches of Philadelphia were as yet under the supervision of the bishops of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Church. No Synods had been organized. No schools or colleges were in existence.

During and subsequent to this time there was a free interchange of pulpits between the Lutherans and Episcopalians, and when the King of Sweden failed to send new pastors to the Swedish churches many of them accepted Episcopalian pastors, and the Lutheran Church was the loser, not only in members and church buildings, but in prestige and opportunity.—Lutheran Observer.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT’S OPINION OF OUR GERMAN-AMERICAN POPULATION

About one hundred and fifty representatives of the Allied German Societies of Washington, D. C., recently called upon our honored President, who received them in the East Room of the White House and addressed them as follows, in reply to words of greeting by their chosen chairman and spokesman:
"You are quite right, Mr. Chairman, when you speak of the stand that the German element in our citizenship has always taken in all crises of our national life. In the first place, from the beginning of our colonial history to this day the German strain has been constantly increasing in importance among the many strains that go to make up our composite national character. I do not have to repeat to you the story of the early German immigration to this country—the German immigration that began in a mass toward the end of the 17th century but before that time had been represented among the very first settlers. Allow me to give you one bit of ancestral experience of mine.

The first head of the New York City government who was of German birth was Leisler, in about the year 1680. He was the representative of the popular faction in the New York colony of that day, and among the Leislerian aldermen was a forbear of mine, named Roosevelt. You are entirely familiar, of course, with the German immigration that went to the formation of Pennsylvania from the beginning. That element was equally strong in the Mohawk Valley, in New York. It was equally strong in Middle and Western Maryland. For instance, in the Revolutionary War, one of the distinguished figures contributed by New York to the cause of independence was that of the German Herkimer, whose fight in the Mohawk Valley represented one of the turning points in the struggle for independence, and one of the New York counties is now named after him.

"The other day I went out to the battle-field of Antietam, here in Maryland. There the Memorial church is the German Lutheran church, which was founded in 1768, the settlement in the neighborhood of Antietam being originally exclusively a German settlement. There is a list of its pastors, and curiously enough, a series of memorial windows of men with German names—men who belonged to the Maryland regiment recruited largely from that region for the Civil War, which Maryland regiment was mainly composed of men of German extraction. In the Civil War it would be difficult to paint in too strong colors what I may well call the all-importance of the attitude of the American citizens of German birth and extraction toward the cause of Union and liberty, especially in what were then known as the border States. It would have been out of the question to have kept Missouri loyal had it not been for the German element therein. It was the German portion of the city of St. Louis which formed the core of the Union cause in Missouri. And but little less important was the part played by the Germans in Maryland, and also in Kentucky—Louisville, and other portions of Kentucky.

"If it were proper in addressing a body representing various creeds and shades of religious belief, I should ask you all to attend services next Sunday at my church, which happens to be the German Reformed church. They haven't a Dutch Reformed church here, so I go to the nearest to it.

"Each body of immigrants, each element that has thus been added to our national strain, has contributed something of value to the national character, and to no element do we owe more than we owe to that element represented by those whom I have the honor this day of addressing."
GEES AND TREE-DUCKS.

28. Lesser Snow-goose.
30. White-fronted Goose.
32. Fulvous Tree-duck.
33. Black-bellied Tree-duck.

See Book Notices—next page.
Pennsylvania-German. This collection of poetic and prose productions in the
dialect edited and published by the well-known publisher
of Reading, Pa., Mr. Daniel Miller, is another evidence
that there is an increasing demand for the best thoughts that have ever
been expressed by Pennsylvania-Germans in the vernacular. The volume
is of nearly 300 pp., octavo size, and about half the book is occupied with
specimens of poetic effusions of quite a variety of the fertile brains of this
stock's poetic sons, while the remainder is filled with remarkable and
humorous incidents told in good Pennsylvania-German prose, much of it
from the pen of the Editor himself. This volume differs from many of its
predecessors and many newspaper articles in that its contents are exclu-
sively clean and dignified, if occasionally humorous, in contrast to the
almost invariable tendency towards the vulgar, the profane or the ludi-
crous that characterizes so much of the literature of this sort hitherto
published. It is taken out of the heart of true Pennsylvania-Germanism.
The book can be had from the publisher at $1.

Our Feathered Game. This is a handbook of our North American
game birds. The picture on the opposite
page gives some idea of the twenty-nine full-
page plates gathered at the end of the volume as bird portraits, though it
can scarcely hint even of the many full-page colored prints scattered
throughout the volume to illustrate hunting scenes. The author has made
an exhaustive study of the subject, and in his forty-eight chapters treats
all classes of game birds, gallinaceous, swimmers, waders and the rail
reed, crane and pigeon class. Their habits, haunts and hunting laws are
so well told that the book must prove an enthusiastic instructor to the
amateur, a thrilling reminder to the professional sportsman and a pleas-
urable pastime to him who loves to approach nature through the bypaths
of a book or its illustrations, before some glowing hearthfire and by the
holiday lamplight on a winter's night. Over 300 large 8vo. pp., well bound,

Joe's Signal Code. It is with an especial thrill that the reviewer took up
this volume for examination. Its forthcoming had
been announced and was anxiously awaited. Its au-
thor had long ago found his way into the inner recesses of our
heart, where he occupied a prominent place in the throne room, the limbus
amicorum of our affections, which right of occupancy was established by
purity of sentiment and loftiness of endeavor in days of uplifting religious
co-work, where some of the "boys" to whom the book is dedicated re-
ceived our double two-fold touch and the soul of the characters enshrin-
ed—particularly Pennsylvania-German Andy—were daily companions and where the naming of the ship and the inspiration of the new signal code may have been born. It was a struggle that solemn religious duties and professional engagements could be kept from slight when first the book came. And when pressure of work seemed to have formed a conspiracy against its peaceful, uninterrupted perusal with other members of the family we took our flight to our mountain "Crow's Nest," and there, before a blazing hearthfire, surrounded by a group of sunny heads, a long and delightful evening was spent in poring over the adventures of these imaginative and stranded young voyagers, with their heroic and inventive brains. The story is one of naval adventures and experience, where the fertile imagination and an accurate knowledge of the applied mechanical sciences and of geography and natural history stand the author in good stead in giving us a well-laid plot. Nobility of character clothes the chief actors, and they are here made to act by the author as his "Boys of Three States" have been influenced to act by him as Sunday-school teacher—to do the right and religious thing rather than to preach it. Altogether it is such a story as will carry the average boy whose mind has not been vitiated by "blood and thunder" tales, along with an eager and increasing interest to its close and leave in his mental garments the scent of a rose-garden in June or a perfume-laden East Indian isle when he emerges at the other end. We trust many may be lured to go its way. Well done, brother Rieff! Lee and Shepherd, Boston. 12mo, cloth, $1 net.

German-Towne.—We have received a very interesting pamphlet on the debt we owe the founders and progenitors of this oldest of Pennsylvania-German towns. It is very ably written and comes from the pen of a present townsman, Edwin C. Jillett.

"Valley Forge."—A beautifully illustrated and intensely interesting brochure on this famous Revolutionary camping ground from the camera and pen of W. H. Richardson, Jersey City, N. J.

"Town of Fayette."—An elaborate centennial historical sketch of this town of Seneca county, N. Y., from the pen of its illustrious citizen, Hon. Diedrich Willers. It reveals the fact that Mormonism had its rise here and that one of its many German residents, Peter Witmer, of Lebanon county, Pa., birth, was one of Joseph Smith's coadjutors in the founding of this Church. His family were long identified with the movement, and one son, John Witmer, was the first Mormon historian.


The Reformed Church Publication Board of Philadelphia, by authority of the Eastern Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, has recently brought out a voluminous historical work, which is the best collection of the official papers and historical documents of the first sixty years of the planting of this Church in America. This documentary history begins with three preliminary reports of the pioneer minister of this Church in Pennsylvania to the Synods of Hol-
land and the coetus minutes for the forty-five years of its existence (from 1747-02), covering the period of this Church’s founding and thus by far the most important account. The discovery and bringing together of this invaluable mass of documentary history is due largely to two of the Church’s most indefatigable historical students, Revs. Dr. James U. Good and Wm. J. Hinke, whose tireless researches and unwearyed labors and liberal expenditure of time and means, have made this volume a possibility. It is to the Reformed Church what the “Halle Reports” are to the Lutheran Church—the only reliable account of the beginnings of the denominational life in Pennsylvania, where both these German-American mission churches were first founded. Its publication was possible only by the recent discovery in Holland of the most of these valuable papers, but it must meet with a general welcome by all the students of the Church. The volume contains 463 large quarto pages, and the edition will probably be speedily exhausted.

Fanny Crosby’s Life-Story.

BY HERSELF.

Who has not heard of Fanny Crosby? Who has not known her, at least through her five thousand helpful spiritual hymns? These have introduced her favorably as of the simplest nature, of the most spiritual frame of mind and of the most lofty conceptions of our holy religion and its adorable Founder. But she alone knows the inward struggle of her soul and is most intimately acquainted with the winding current of her own life-course so that she is best able to write her own biography. Hence this brief autobiography will be widely welcomed. It consists of the account of her life from infancy to the present, now past four score years of her existence, embracing accounts of her childhood, her career in the New York Institute for the Blind, her marriage, her acquaintance with many of America’s eminent men from Henry Clay’s time to the present, her addresses before Congress and the story of her hymn-writing with special incidents concerning their making. The book is a work of 160 pages, beautifully bound in cloth and is sold for $1.00 a copy for the aged authoress’ personal benefit. Gotten out by Everywhere Publishing Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.

As the years increase The Youth’s Companion endeavors to keep pace with them in all that is wise, beautiful and progressive, and not only to retain but to deserve the honorable and exceptionally high place it holds in the confidence and affection of three generations of readers. The greatest living authors in all branches of literature continue to contribute to it.

Among the important series of articles will be one on the occupation of the farmer in many parts of the world—in England, in Ireland, in India, in Argentina, etc.

The annual announcement number of The Companion, describing the principal features of The Companion’s new volume, will be sent to any address, free.
The Pennsylvania-German

Vol. V. APRIL, 1904. No. 2.

CONTENTS.

FRONTISPICE................................................. 49
EDITORIAL .................................................. 49
FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS......................... 51
Rev. Henry Harbaugh, D.D.
HISTORICAL PILGRIMAGES.................................. 61
From Winchester to Harrisburg.
POETIC GEMS................................................. 73
Die Womelsdorfer 'Cadémie,
Ein Gedicht Auf's Leben.
'S Neu Fogel-Haus.
Das Alt Schulhaus an Der Krick.
Der Ehrlich Schmidt.
GERMAN PRINTING IN AMERICA.......................... 81
KIEHL GENEALOGY.......................................... 90
GERMAN SETTLEMENT OF WINCHESTER.................. 93
BOOK NOTICES............................................. 95
REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, D. D.
A SUGGESTION.

E print in this issue a valuable article from the pen of Rev. A. Stapleton, to which we call special attention. It furnishes a vast array of additional prints from the German presses of Pennsylvania and adjacent States during the first century of printing in America, supplementing the work on the same subject by Prof. Oswald Seidensticker, issued a decade ago. We do not know whether an attempt is made anywhere, beyond that by the Pennsylvania Historical Society of Philadelphia, to gather copies of this valuable and numerous list into a complete collection, but we certainly think the Pennsylvania-German Society should make the most strenuous effort, through a large and prudent committee of active and wide-awake men, to gather into a library a complete set of these German prints and provide for their careful and safe housing, the richest nucleus of the future Library of the Pennsylvania-German Society. With so many live and intelligent members as this society now contains, the work of collection might be made comparatively easy and if this journal may suggest names for this committee, it would respectfully name the following: Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, Mr. Julius F. Sachse, Gen. John C. Roller, Rev. A. Stapleton, Rev. Dr. J. Max Hark, Editor Frank R. Dieffennderfer and Mr. Henry S. Heilman [et cetera].

What greater achievement could the Society aspire to, as its next great feat, than to rear in some central Pennsylvania-German city, such as Germantown, Lancaster, Reading, Harrisburg or Allentown, a fine fire-proof building, with library wing to it,
for the holding of its annual meetings and the storing and preservation of its library and museum—prominent among which would be an alcove containing a complete set of the early German American imprints. This, with its published history, begun and accomplished, would prove the Society's best monument and grandest excuse for its being.

ST. PETER AS COLLECTOR.

The brief dialogue between St. Peter and a subscriber to this magazine, published in last issue (editorial columns) has had the effect of striking terror into many innocent readers' minds. One subscriber, a State Senator, feared the consequences of that silent monitor (§) and straightway cleared his skirts; a noted architect believed in rearing for himself a structure pointing upward rather than downward, and followed suit; while from the National Capital came another renewal with a rehearsal of the amusing incident between Frederick the Great's court preacher and royal counsellor. But the lax delinquent took no heed or prefers to take his chances; alas!

This leads us to say, however, in all charity, that, as this class is not so very large, the delinquency is most likely due to oversight and an innocent sort of procrastination. Were a personal agent to call from year to year, on all subscribers there would be very few who would not reach for their dollar, as soon as his genial face came in sight; but this journal is conducted largely as a labor of love for a select and special class, and the finances do not allow this more expensive way of gathering in the annual dues from subscribers. And busy men can easily overlook, mislay or postpone a trifling little statement, like such as have been sent out from our business sanctum, and yet be thoroughly clever and honest. Others, by more punctilious business methods, less distraction in their duties, and moved by a kindly and honest Pennsylvania-German "fellow feeling," are led to pay up promptly at every annual call.

It is to aid the class who will be ready to do their whole duty in this respect when pointed out that we indicate here by a red line about this paragraph that subscription for 1904 is now due and must be paid before April 10th, or it will advance to $1.25. Those who owe for 1903 will have a red and blue line and will please remit $2.25 before said date, or $2.50 thereafter, to set them square on our books. And for every additional line, an additional year's arrearage of $1.25 should be added.
HERE is perhaps no one, living or dead, who has contributed more to bring to the notice of the general public the nobler traits and modest virtues of his own people, than that prince of Pennsylvania-Germans—the late Rev. Dr. Henry Harbaugh. In his own personality, rising above poverty and all the hindering obstacles to the successful attainment of an education, and the highest place as preacher, author and theological teacher in his church, he has beautifully exemplified the sturdy qualities of his race; while in his writings, especially his sweet and touching poems in the vernacular, he has immortalized their dialect itself. It is with a feeling of holy reverence that we undertake to sketch the life of this truly good man, who in power and quality of intellect was a philosopher, in tenderness of soul and vividness of imagination a poet, and in devoutness of heart a saint.

Mr. Harbaugh was born of humble, pious parentage—George and Anna (Snyder) Harbaugh, of Franklin county, Pa.—on October 28, 1817. The old stone farm-house, in which he first saw the light of day, and made famous by his matchless and touching poem on “Heemweh,” is still standing, and, both in its interior and exterior arrangement, substantially as when the future writer and preacher as a boy slid down the old stair banister, or warmed his toes and nursed his youthful poetic fancies at the old-fashioned “Feuer-herd.” The homestead is located at the base of the South Mountain, near the town of Waynesboro. While this is intact, the old church alluded to in another of his poems, where as a child he worshiped, when congregational singing was in vogue, and where according to his version

“In’s Lied hat alles eigestimmt.
Sell singa war en Freed”
has yielded to a new and more modern church edifice, with a large and beautiful Harbaugh memorial window to adorn it, while of the school house there is nothing left to mark its spot, save the stump of the oak that used to shade it, and mentioned in that best known of Harbaugh's poems:

"Das Schulhaus an der Krick."
The infancy and early boyhood of young Harbaugh were surrounded by the best influences of a pious home. His parents early dedicated him to God in holy baptism, which in that day and by them especially was evidently most solemnly regarded, viewed as a holy sacrament rather than a mere semi-religious, semi-ceremonial rite, as it is too often regarded by parents nowadays. Frequent allusion was made to this solemn rite. The mind of the growing child was stirred up by way of remembrance and admonition concerning the sacred covenant entered into, so that the youth became deeply impressed with his intimate and blessed relationship towards Christ and His Church. So deeply was this lesson of union with Christ enjoined that it is said when, on one occasion in after years, his eyes fell upon the record of his baptism in the Church book, he was moved to tears.

His early religious culture was not neglected by church or home. His home was stocked with an array of devotional books introduced and read by the early German settlers of Pennsylvania, and these, together with the family Bible and his catechism, helped to store his mind early with the knowledge of the principles of our blessed religion. As members of the German Reformed church, the pastors often visited the old homestead and it is recorded that one day while his father was engaged in talking with the visiting pastor, Rev. F. A. Scholl, young Henry was standing by eagerly listening to the remarks, when the pastor suddenly laid his hand upon the boy's head and said: "Henry, you must some day become a preacher," which word lodged in his young heart with the power of a sacred benediction, and made itself felt all along the upward struggle into the sacred office. It was at this early age, amid the scenes and associations of a genial and happy rural home, that the foundations of his future goodness and greatness were laid. Here the theologian and poet was born and nursed, and to these scenes of his childhood he reverts to find subjects that could waken the songs of his tender harp.

It seems that his determination to become a minister of the Gospel was communicated to his parents in early maturity, but his father not divining the superior talents, and failing to appreciate the inborn desire of his son, refused to furnish the means necessary to prosecute his studies. This threw young Harbaugh wholly upon his own resources and thus, between plying a trade
(that of carpenter and mill-wright) and teaching school, he gained means to pay for his advanced course of study, which was pursued at such intervals as circumstances would permit. Often he walked for miles to his work with tools on his shoulder, to gain the means that would enable him to pay for his theological preparation, without calling upon others for help. Thus a portion of his time was spent in Ohio, alternating between manual labor and assiduous mental application to theological books.

In 1840 he entered the institution of the Reformed Church at Mercersburg.

A fellow student* thus describes him at that period: "We remember him perfectly well as he then appeared, a somewhat slender and tall young man, with the evidences of hard work and earnest efforts deeply impressed upon his features. His athletic frame, sun-burned countenance and bony hands, gave him an appearance wholly different from that of the future Dr. Harbaugh, with the image of whose pleasant and genial countenance we are all so familiar. He was, however, there in the power and spirit of his future self. In his regular studies, and in all his exercises, literary and theological, he exhibited that same earnestness, ardor and persistent application, which so eminently distinguished him in after life. In the discharge of his duties, in the seminary and college, as well as in his occasional addresses to Sunday-schools, which, with other students he used to attend in the country, he was always enthusiastic, fresh and instructive; but his style of speaking was then comparatively rude and his gestures exceedingly awkward, owing greatly, no doubt, to his self-forgetting earnestness in the presentation of the truth."

He completed his studies in 1843, and thereupon was licensed and ordained to the ministry of the Reformed Church. He served first the Lewisburg, Pa., pastorate, where he continued to labor with much acceptance and success for over six years, when he received and accepted a call from the First Reformed Church of Lancaster, Pa., at a time when that congregation was passing through a critical period of its existence. Yet he stamped upon it the impress of his vigorous and well-balanced personality and led the same through fiery trials to great success and stability. His pastorate here continued for ten years and it was an exceed-

---

ingly busy period of his life, as besides his many pastoral duties, he was much occupied with literary pursuits in the field of authorship.

In 1860 the newly-organized congregation of St. John's Reformed Church, of Lebanon, extended him a call which, after due deliberation, he accepted. He brought to this new field his inherent energy and a now well-matured judgment, which were called into play in the guidance of this newly organized flock.

His genial personality and his rich and beautiful sermons soon attracted a strong following at this place, thus leading the congregation to erect one of the largest and most expensive church edifices of this city. The congregation made steady progress and the outlook was most promising for a very successful pastorate, when, an enervating sorrow of a delicate character crept into the bosom of his own family and almost crushed his sensitive heart. From this time on he is said not to have been his former self, and the work of his pastorate became a burden to him. But Providence opened for him another door when, in 1863, his Alma Mater, at Mercersburg, called him to the chair of Didactic and Practical Theology but recently vacated, which call he accepted and soon thereafter entered upon his duties of this new sphere.

In this capacity he served his church most faithfully and acceptably until his last sickness, in the fall of 1867, rendered him unable to continue. His biographer has said that "no better choice could possibly have been made for this important post. * * * * Intellectually and spiritually, as well as by his naturally happy temperament, he was admirably adapted to gain the confidence and hold in unbroken sympathy with himself the hearts and affections of the young brethren, who came under his potent and controlling influence. He had a peculiar power to illustrate and make familiar the most important and abstruse questions in philosophy and theology. He was in the best and highest sense a popularizer of what was naturally deep and obscure. His rare power lay in a peculiarly happy combination of profound speculation and a semi-poetical and familiar mode of representation. The higher exercises of the intellectual faculties were thus brought into living union with the familiar objects of every-day life, and thus rendered intelligibly and attractive to men of even the most ordinary capacities."
Dr. Harbaugh died of mental overwork on Dec. 28, 1867, in the very prime of his life, aged fifty years and two months. In the presence of a vast concourse of people, friends and admirers of him, including among the ministry many of the leading lights of his church, he was laid to rest a few days later, in the very shadow of the Seminary in which he had done his last and ripest work. The spot has since been marked by a beautiful monument of Italian marble, which is one of the tributes his church has paid to his memory. Among other inscriptions found on the different faces of this monument are stanzas of his own hymns and poems illustrative of the faith in Christ and hope of immortality upon which he rested so securely in the years of his activity and in the hour of death.

We would like to give the reader a few of his touching and pathetic poems in the Pennsylvania-German tongue, which are among the finest literary gems that ever dropped from his pen, but finding their translations unsatisfactory and being also limited in space we must direct them to his "Harfe," a posthumous volume into which are gathered these unique and characteristic effusions. We insert only a familiar one in "Poetic Gems" columns, which we trust may please our readers.

Dr. Harbaugh was a voluminous writer, and it is these products of his busy brain, together with the fine new church edifices he helped his people to erect in each one of his parishes, that serve as better monuments of his worth and work than even the fitting shaft that keeps watch at his grave. In 1848 he published a volume on "The Sainted Dead," doubtless suggested by the sore bereavement of his young and much beloved wife. To this he added, in 1851, a second volume on the same general subject, entitled "Heavenly Recognition," and in 1853 a third, entitled "The Heavenly Home." He also published the "Life of Michael Schlatter" in 1857, following which, in quick succession, came the first three volumes of the series of "Fathers of the Reformed Church." His "Birds of the Bible," "Union with the Church," "The True Glory of Woman," and "Golden Censer" are also publications well known. For the Sunday-schools of his church he composed or gathered the material for a volume on "Hymns and Chants," which he published in 1861, and as a special theological work, appeared in 1864 his "Christological Theology."
Besides these volumes, Dr. Harbaugh founded the Guardian, a church paper, which he conducted, as chief editor, for seventeen years. He also compiled numerous Church Almanacs, edited the Child's Treasury, a Sunday-school paper, and contributed a great number of sketches to the German Reformed Church Cyclo-pedia, and at the time of his death edited the Mercersburg Review and was one of the staff of the Reformed Church Messenger.

Dr. Harbaugh was twice married and his domestic life was most happy. His first wife was Miss Louisa Goodrich, of Ohio, with whom he lived but a few years and had two children, when she was suddenly stricken down by death. His second wife was Miss Mary L. Linn, daughter of James F. Linn, Esq., of Lewisburg, Pa., who, with six of their children, survive him, some remaining to this day and filling honorable positions in life.

Friendly tributes to his worth, written by men standing high in the church, abound, but we shall hear but one. The late Dr. Philip Schaff wrote the following concerning his general character and social qualities, as quoted from the Reformed Church Messenger. He says: "Dr. Harbaugh was no common man. He was endowed with rare gifts of mind and heart, and indomitable energy and perseverance. He had exuberant vitality, a rich imagination, great power of popularizing and illustrating deep thought, and an unfailing source of genuine good-natured humor. The defects of his early education he made up by intense application. By the integrity of his character, and the disinterestedness of his labors, he won the esteem, and, by the kindness and generosity of his heart, secured the affection of all who knew him. His cheerful disposition, rich humor, and an inexhaustible fund of original anecdotes, made him a most agreeable companion."

In 1900 the Reformed Sunday-school Publication Board of Philadelphia brought out from the pen of his son, Linn, a complete and charming biography of this celebrated divine of that church, to which volume we refer the reader for fuller data concerning the interesting life and achievements of this man.

We will close this sketch by giving two specimens of his English poetry, which in rhythm and sentiment we consider equal to any in our language. Besides these a volume of Pennsylvania-German poems and several rich and popular hymns form the compass of his poetic effusions.
Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years
It reaches its blooming time,
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers:
The floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers,
But the plant to a flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you heard the tale of the pelican—
The Arab’s Gimel el Bahr—
That lives in the African solitudes,
Where the birds that lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise!—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them, dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake;
For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then in the soot, still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven,
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies:
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard those tales; shall I tell you one—
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall—
How He left the choirs and anthems above
For earth, in its wailing and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of his foes?
O Prince of the noble! O sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to thine.

Have you heard this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew,
His seed prevails and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the skies above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain—
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.
At the loom the weaver sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro,
Foot and treadle,
Hands and pedal,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,
How the weaver makes them go,
As the weaver wills they go,
Up and down the warp is plying,
And across the woof is flying,
What a rattling,
What a battling,
What a shuffling,
What a scuffling,
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle,
Threads in single,
Threads in double,
How they mingle,
What a trouble!
Every color—
What profusion
Every motion
What confusion!
Whilst the warp and woof are mingling,
Signal bells above are jingling,
Telling how each figure ranges,
Telling when the color changes,
As the weaver makes the shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

At the loom the weaver sitting,
 Throws his shuttle to and fro;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion.
Well the weaver seems to know,
As he makes the shuttle go
What each motion,
And commotion,
What each fusion
And confusion
In the grand result will show—
Weaving daily,
Singing gaily,
As he makes his busy shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

At his loom the weaver sitting
Throws his shuttle to and fro
See you not how shape and order
From this wild confusion grow,
As he makes his shuttle go!
As the warp and woof diminish,
Grows behind the beauteous finish:
Tufted plaitings,
Shapes and shadings,
All the mystery
Now is history.
And we see the reason subtle,
Why the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

See the Mystic Weaver sitting
High in heaven—His loom below,
Up and down His treadsles go;
Takes for warp the world's long ages,
Takes for woof its kings and sages,
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages;
Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle,
Armies make them scud and scuttle,
Woof into the warp must flow,
Up and down the nations go
As the weaver wills they go,
Men are sparring,
Powers are jarring,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither.

See how strange the nations go,
Just like puppets in a show,
Up and down the warp is plying,
And across the woof is flying—
What a rattling,
What a battling,
What a shuffling,
What a scuffling,
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

Calmly see the Mystic Weaver,
 Throws His shuttle to and fro,
'Mid the noise and wild confusion
Well the weaver seems to know,
What each motion
And commotion,
What each fusion
And confusion,
In the grand result will show,
As the nations.
Kings and stations,
Upward, downward.
Hither, thither,
As in mystic dances, go.
In the present all is mystery.
In the past 'tis beauteous history—
O'er the mixing and the mingling,
How the signal bells are jingling:
See you not the weaver leaving
Finished work behind in weaving?
See you not the reason subtle,
As the warp and woof diminish,
Changing into beauteous finish,
Why the weaver makes his shuttle, 
Rither, thither, scud and scuttle?

Glorious wonder! What a weaving!
To the dull beyond believing!
Such no fabled ages know,
Only faith can see the mystery
How, along the aisle of history
Where the feet of sages go,
Loveliest to the purest eyes,
Grand the mystic tapet lies!
Soft, and smooth and even —
spreading,
As if made for angels’ treading
Tufted circles touching ever,
Inwrought beauties fading never.

Every figure has its plaidings,
Brighter form and softer shadings;
Each illumined — what a riddle —
From a cross that gems the middle,
'Tis a saying — some reject it —
That its light is all reflected;
That the tapet hues are given —
By the sun that shines in heaven!
'Tis believed by all believing.
That Great God Himself is weaving!
Bringing out the world’s dark
mystery,
In the light of faith and history:
As the warp and woof diminish
Comes the grand and glorious
finish —
When begin the golden ages,
Long foretold by seers and
sages.

Tillie:
A Mennonite Maid.

BY
HELEN R. MARTIN.

The long neglected and comparatively little known
"Pennsylvania Dutch" are beginning to be studied and
properly rated by historian and novelist. Scores of
books have recently appeared setting forth this unique
and important factor in our American population from
the historian’s standpoint, but with the exception of Rev. Hoover’s "Enemies
in the Rear," the present volume is the only one known to the writer that
treats this people in the light of fiction or story. And this new book shows
life only among a very small, but interesting segment of this thriving stock,
viz., the New Mennonites of Lancaster county. One may know the Penn-
sylvania-Germans in general, their honest thrift, their religious propens-
sities, their conservative adherence to inherited language, custom and habits,
and yet not know about half a dozen smaller sects that abound in Lan-
caster county, whom one must study in particular to portray them truth-
fully. As the authoress has lived among them and given them special
study, we would not presume to say that her picture is not life-like. We
doubt whether it gives the English reader a correct picture of the Penn-
sylvania-Germans as a people. It leads him, however, to the scrupulously
clean homestead of this religious and educational non-progressive sect,
from among whom the chief heroine is taken. This heroine’s pathetic
struggle for an education and refinement against great odds and with cer-
tain interesting aids are well told. The love element is not wanting, and
the peculiar idioms of speech and quaint, homely characters which are in-
troduced in the course of the tale make it interesting, at times humorous,
reading. It is illustrated. 12mo., 336 pp., $1.50. The Century Co., Union
Square, New York.
We have now fairly entered the Cumberland Valley and our pilgrimage will call up multitudinous associations. Franklin county has a large non-resistent population which has made its impress upon the material and other interests of the county.

Some distance to the north of Waynesboro is found the community of Snow Hill, a Seventh Day Baptist community, an offshoot from that of Ephrata, in Lancaster county. The resident membership of the community has now become extinct and the probabilities are that the property may revert to the State. More than one hundred miles to the west on Mason and Dixon's line, at Dunker Creek, another settlement from the Ephrata community existed which came to a melancholy end through Indian atrocities. Still farther down the Shenandoah Valley, below Strasburg, buildings exist that were erected by those who came from the Ephrata community, among them being the well-known Ezekiel Sangmeister.

Franklin county, during the first half of the last century, had a large influx of settlers from Lancaster county. The Germans, however, have been gradually working their way up the valley west of the Susquehanna for more than a century.

The Cumberland Valley was originally settled by the Scotch-Irish, many of whom came from Lancaster, Dauphin and other eastern counties at an early day. In time many of them again became pioneers in the great West. In the Cove Gap at "Stony Batter" above Mercersburg was the birthplace of James Buchanan, who became President of the United States. To the south, not more than fifty miles distant, in Adams county, the ancestors of one of the members of his Cabinet settled. This member was Hon. Jeremiah S. Black.

All through the Cumberland Valley in the limestone numerous springs abound. Falling Spring and Rocky Spring in Franklin county may be mentioned. Cumberland county, which extends to the Susquehanna River, also has a number of springs among which the most noted are Middle Spring, Big Spring, Doubling Gap, Silver, Green, Carlisle, Letort, etc. Some of these springs were noted points of settlement and also the sites of noted churches during the past one hundred and fifty years. Some of
the country churches that were once noted for large membership have now comparatively small congregations owing to extinction and emigration. Their history remains, however, and makes interesting reading. Some of these churches were so arranged as to be turned into fortresses at a moment's notice, against the attacks of the savages. Members of the congregations were killed on their way home from the services at different times.

Of the men of mark in Franklin county may be mentioned such names as Judge Alexander Thomson and several noted sons, one of whom is Frank Thomson, whose connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad is well known. His brother, William Thomson, M.D., became the Medical Inspector of the Department of Washington Hospitals, which in 1864 provided for one hundred and thirteen thousand three hundred and fifty-seven patients. He later was elected Clinical Lecturer on Diseases of the Eye and Ear at the Jefferson Medical College. Thomas A. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was a native of Loudon. He commenced life in a country store when ten years of age. The Chambers brothers, the Culbertons, the McClays, of ————, and General S. W. Crawford, who commanded the Pennsylvania Reserves at Gettysburg, also came from this locality. Such names as Nevin, Harbaugh, Governor William Findlay and a host of others rise before us in every enumeration of distinguished names.

Eighteen miles to the north of Waynesboro we reach Mt. Alto Furnace and its park which is noted for the fine views of scenery beheld from Oak Knob. Its "Narrows," its springs whose waters are icy cold are noted. The furnaces were erected more than a century ago by the Messrs. Hughes, from Hagerstown, who had large landed interests here. Their superintendent was Samuel Lane who was a son-in-law of the well-known Revolutionary soldier, Nicholas Bittinger, of Adams county. After the Civil War the estate passed into the hands of the late Colonel George B. Wiestling, who laid out and beautified the park and its surroundings. His own residence is an attractive spot and the numerous buildings and habitations for the workmen, the latter of which show the effects of time, are noticeable.

Along the mountain live many people who make a living by wood chopping and picking huckleberries, great quantities of which are sent away every season. The fires which occur almost yearly in the North and South Mountains, especially during dry seasons are of great extent and very destructive to the growing timber. It was here near the chapel at Indian Spring that Captain Cook, of John Brown's escaping band, was captured. David Boombaugh, a local resident, by chance met him coming down the gap of the mountain. His suspicions were aroused that this might be the fugitive Cook, for whom a large reward was offered. He hurried back unperceived by Cook and communicated his suspicions to Clegget Fitzhugh, the manager of the furnace, a man of strong pro-slavery sympathies; although reported as a nephew of Gerritt Smith's wife, who was a noted Abolitionist in the State of New York. Cook unsuspectingly approached
Fitzhugh, who was talking with a man by the name of Smith and Daniel Logan, a well-known hunter of fugitive slaves. Cook passed himself off as a hunter, and inquired where he could buy provisions. Logan directed him to his store, which however did not exist. The whole party started away together and in an unguarded moment the unsuspecting, half-famished Cook was seized. He struggled desperately and the outcome remained uncertain until Daniel, a cousin of David Boombaugh, approached him from behind, threw himself upon him and pinioned his arms. Cook was overpowered and bound. Looking upon his captors he asked, "For what am I arrested?" He was told, "We believe you are Captain Cook, and were with John Brown at Harper's Ferry." He answered, "I am Cook, and you want the reward of one thousand dollars for my capture. May my lastling curse rest upon you all. May you never while you live know rest or peace and all of you will die unnatural and violent deaths." Cook was taken to the jail at Chambersburg, but by series of fatalities he missed escaping as some of his friends and sympathizers had arranged. He was delivered to the Virginia authorities, taken back, tried and executed. His companions saw the train that carried him back, from their hiding place.

Whatever may be thought of Cook's predictions and maledictions, and similar ones, it cannot be denied that a curious series of mishaps followed the actors in what all the way through on all sides proved to be a tragedy. David Boombaugh became melancholy and for years was never known to go out of his cabin. For days he would lock himself up in his room, refusing food and drink, and at last was found dead. His cousin died of an abscess following a lung affection attended by much suffering. Others of the Boombaugh family died of obscure, mysterious affections. Smith was badly crippled by machinery and lived, though suffering greatly, for a long time. Fitzhugh was shot and killed in San Francisco. Hugh Logan, who assisted his brother in hunting fugitives was not present on this occasion. He later became an officer in the Confederate forces, came with General J. E. B. Stewart in his foray to Chambersburg, but later was shot and killed. Daniel Logan later removed to Middle Spring, Cumberland county, Pa., and became a staid citizen and good neighbor. He often expressed regret for the capture of Cook. Still later he removed to Lancaster and opened a livery and exchange stable. One of his former Cumberland county neighbors had a horse stolen. He sent a descriptive handbill to Logan. The thief unwittingly walked into the hands of Logan with the horse, was arrested, tried and convicted. A train of romance surrounded the prisoner. In 1892 Logan, in crawling under the safety gates of the depot, which were closed, was struck by a shifting engine and had a limb crushed. It was amputated but death occurred a few days afterward.

The next point we reach is Chambersburg, the seat of justice of Franklin county. It was founded by one of the Chambers brothers in 1764. It was previously to this known as "Conococheague," or "Chambers Settlement." It was situated on the pack horse route from Philadelphia to the extreme western frontier, and became an important point during the Indian
and Revolutionary Wars. It was an objective point during the late war and on three occasions was taken by the invaders. The last time it was laid in ashes, the alternative submitted being a demand for one hundred thousand dollars in gold or five hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks. This deed stands without a parallel in modern warfare. The town has been rebuilt but the conflagration impoverished many of its inhabitants. Wilson Female College is an educational institution of high standing. Many effects of the conflagration are still visible in the outskirts of the town.

Five miles to the east of Chambersburg is Scotland, which is situated on the Conococheague Creek, which is spanned by a high railroad bridge. This was destroyed by General Jenkins in the invasion of 1863. Here was a large settlement of Covenanters in early days. It was from this station that E. J. Merriam, one of John Brown's escaping men from Harper's Ferry, took the train for Philadelphia and escaped.

Franklin is largely an agricultural county and its well improved farms and tasteful buildings lend an added charm to the scene.

Patriotism was a predominant trait among the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of the whole Cumberland Valley. They were conspicuous in the old French and Indian Wars and were a cordon on the frontiers. When the American Revolution began these people of the Cumberland Valley, North Carolina and elsewhere almost to a man raised their voices against the encroachments of the British crown. We shall later see how almost entire congregations of able-bodied men with their pastors as chaplains marched to the front at the first sound of the struggle. "There is in the records of an old Presbyterian church in the Valley a notice of a series of charges presented to the session against a certain member of the church as the grounds of an exercise of discipline, and one of the specifications is that "he is strongly suspected of not being sincere in his profession of attachment to the cause of the Revolution." While no invidious comparisons must be inferred from the foregoing records of patriotism, it must be recollected that these statements apply to a people who settled and occupied this region almost exclusively. Their devotion to the cause was emphasized by the oppression their forefathers had endured at the hand of the British crown in Ireland, their former home.

We leave Franklin and enter Cumberland county at Shippensburg, which is situated close to the boundary line of the county. This is the oldest town in the Cumberland Valley. A settlement existed here probably before 1730 although it was not laid out as a town. During the French and Indian Wars two forts, Morris and Franklin, were erected. Their site is still visible. Many thrilling Indian experiences are current in the traditions of the time. In 1755 the place was the magazine for the stores of Braddock's army. It was a principal point on the old pack horse line and later on the wagon route that led by the noted "Three Mountain Road" to Fort Pitt and the West. It was the first seat of justice of Cumberland county, which was formed from York in 1752 and from which Franklin was later
formed in 1784. The seat of justice was later removed to Carlisle, twenty-two miles distant. A State Normal School was founded here in 1871.

Several miles north of Shippensburg we come to Middle Spring Church, which has had a remarkable history. A monument will shortly be dedicated to commemorate the striking part that was taken by this community during the days of the Revolution. The adherents of this church sent five colonels, one major, fifteen captains and twenty-eight privates to the Revolutionary army. Their pastor, Robert Cooper, accompanied the men as chaplain, his commission bearing date December 24, 1776. He acted as a soldier, bore arms, marched through the Jerseys on foot so long as he was able, and stood with the men in line of battle at Trenton. From this congregation came the famous Bradys, one of whom, Samuel, was a noted Scout and Indian fighter. His achievements in this direction are familiar to every schoolboy. As a dead shot, an all around athlete, his career presents no superior when compared with the exploits of Boone, Wetzel, Poe and a host of others. He marched to the siege of Boston when nineteen years of age and was a rifleman in Colonel Hand’s regiment. Many thrilling experiences are related of him while in the army. He was later detailed by Washington and Brodhead to act against the Indians. Many places in western Pennsylvania and northern Ohio are named after him in connection with his exploits.

Not far from this place is pointed out the site of the old Hopewell “Log Academy” which in connection with some of the old “Log Colleges” had such a notable history. A number of their pupils attained very high positions in the nation.

Along the South Mountain we have a strip of country a mile or more in breadth which extends through Franklin and Cumberland counties. Many curious ponds are found therein. Many other interesting features of “The Pines,” as it is known, might be recorded. The country adjacent to the South Mountain is studded with ore banks which yield a plentiful supply to furnaces at a distance. The charcoal furnaces at Big Pond and Cleversburg, etc., are now in ruins.

We next meet Oakville, which was formerly the seat of a large Methodist campmeeting and Sunday-school assembly. We are here in the midst of a rich agricultural community from which large quantities of grain is shipped.

Our next objective point is Big Spring or Springfield. This is a great body of water whose water is applied by a number of mills along its course. One of its mills furnished flour for the Revolutionary army. The town at its head is picturesque. At the head of the Spring stood an old building some years ago in which the first United Brethren Conference in Pennsylvania was held. Close by stood an old church in which the eccentric evangelist, Lorenzo Dow, often preached. In his journal he relates that after one of these occasions he rode to Shippensburg on the coupling pole of a wagon. The stream from the spring is noted as a trout fishing ground especially on “Opening Day” (April 15th) as it is known, on
which occasion several thousand fishermen have been seen along its banks. President Grant, the Governors of States, Senators, Representatives and other celebrities have been among the sportsmen who have tested their skill in angling the wary trout.

The South Mountain to the east is still visited by sportsmen to hunt the agile deer whose muscular activity is only rivaled by the former. A turnpike leads from here to Newville along the banks of the stream. The scenery along this drive is enchanting.

Newville is a fine town containing a population of several thousand inhabitants. The Big Spring church is historic. It was built as early as 1738 and tradition says the arms of the worshipers were stacked under the large trees that stood in its front, to guard against savage forays. Here is buried William Demming, an artificer of the Revolutionary army who made the first wrought iron cannon. A tasteful monument was erected to his memory by State appropriation some years ago. The first pastor of this church was Rev. Thomas Craighead. The Craigheads were a noted family of divines and unflinching patriots. They fanned the flames of patriotism from the Cumberland Valley to Mecklenburg in North Carolina.

Some miles to the north of Newville in gap and cove of the North Mountain is Doubling Gap Springs, a noted summer resort. Flat Rock, not far away on the mountain, affords a splendid sunrise vision far away in the distance. "Lewis the Robber," the "Sandy Flash" of the Cumberland Valley in the beginning of the last century, made this section one of his hiding places. His story, like that of James Fitzpatrick, Joseph Thompson Hun and other freebooters of that time, makes interesting reading. But like all men of that ilk his career terminated ingloriously in Center county of this State.

In the distance of the North Mountain we see "Three Square Hollow," so named by a humorous Irishman during a momentary flash of the fitness of things.

Below Newville we pass the scene of Joseph Ritner's early labors, as a hired man on the farm of Jacob Myers. He married Susannah, the daughter of Jacob Alter, after whom the first railroad station, Alterton, below Newville is named. Ritner became a member of the Legislature, having removed to Washington county. Later he became Governor of the State and was a strong anti-slavery man and a friend of the common school system of the State. Of him Whittier wrote:

"Thank God for the token! One lip is still free
One spirit untrammelled, unbending one knee;
Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and firm,
Erect when the multitude bends to the storm."

After using the name "Ritner," he pays a beautiful tribute to

"That bold hearted yeomanry, honest and true,
Who, haters of fraud, give labor its due;
Whose fathers of old sang in concert with thine
On the banks of Swatara, the songs of the Rhine."
Governor Ritner was born in Berks county in 1780 and died at Mt. Rick, Cumberland county, in 1869. A tasteful monument to his memory was erected and dedicated by the State during the past year.

At an early day along the North Mountain there lived a man who had a number of sons who became known as the "Fighting Butlers." Another family in Ohio later has been known at the "Fighting McCooks." It is rarely that all the members of a family possess a single bent in any one calling.

The Sharpe family has been numerously represented in this region. At the head of the Green Spring one of the sons of the original settler of that name located. He had in his employ to learn the tanning trade a young man by the name of Robert Garrett, whom he later set up in business in Baltimore. The young man proved successful and left the business to his son, John W. Garrett, who became the magnate of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. A number of the Sharpes attained to prominent positions in Church and State.
We pass on and in due time reach Carlisle, a town which was founded in 1752 and became the county seat. It is the seat of Dickinson College, founded in 1783. It has graduated many men who have reached distinction. Among them may be enumerated James Buchanan, Chief Justice Taney, Spencer F. Baird, M. D. Conning, and hosts of others. The barracks were built by Hessian prisoners who were taken prisoners at Trenton. It was long an army post, but has been devoted to the purpose of the Indian School under Captain Pratt. The barracks were destroyed by the Confederates under Fitzhugh Lee in 1863. They shelled the town, marks of which are still to be seen, notably on one of the pillars of the Court House which was struck by a rebel shell. Here "Molly Pitcher," the heroine of Monmouth, lived and died and has a monument erected to her memory.
The Presbyterian and Episcopal churches on the north corners of the square are historic edifices. The jail is a prominent building. Here Albert Hazlett, one of John Brown's men, was confined for two weeks, and after a determined legal contest, was delivered to the Virginia authorities, taken to Charlestown, tried and executed. He took the pen name of Richard J.
Hinton, one of Brown's men who only got as far as Chambersburg when the foray took place. Hinton in disguise later saw Hazlett taken from Carlisle jail and sent to Virginia. Hazlett's case raised some curious legal points.

Some noted springs are found in the neighborhood of Carlisle as well as some caves. Many old historic buildings are found in the town. The ancestors of James G. Blaine first settled at Donegal Church in Lancaster county. Later they removed to the vicinity of Carlisle and still later to western Pennsylvania. Ephraim Blaine, who held high office during the Revolutionary War, was a noted citizen here. Rev. George Duffield, a noted divine, became chaplain of the Continental Congress while at York. Such names as Duncan, Graham, Watts, Hepburn, Carothers, Gibson and others have shed lustre as legal luminaries. Taken all in all, Cumberland county is second to no other for men of mark and individuality.
From Winchester to Harrisburg

Some distance below Carlisle we cross the dike of trap rock which as a ridge extends from the South Mountain across into the adjoining county of Perry. We reach New Kingston, which had an interesting history during its early settlement. Here we meet such names as Kanuga, Junkin and Snowden. George Junkin, a noted divine, was born here. Two of his daughters were married to noted Confederate officers, viz., "Stonewall" Jackson and Colonel Preston. He lived at Lexington at the commencement of the Rebellion, and at the age of 73 he came North and cast in his lot enthusiastically with the Stars and Stripes. The rebel army during 1863 followed these roads, its scouts appearing in view of the river at Harrisburg. A skirmish occurred at Oysters Point within four miles of Harrisburg between the rebel and Union cavalry.

The valley now becomes perceptibly narrower as we approach the river. We approach Mechanicsburg which is a staid town composed largely of people who have retired from the activities of business. It is the seat of Irving Female College. The Dillsburg railroad intersects the Cumberland Valley railroad at this point. On the south side of the valley is Williams' Grove, which has been a noted place of meeting for the Patrons of Husbandry for many years. In the vicinity of Mechanicsburg is Trindle Spring. To the southeast is Eberly's Mills, where Daniel Drawbaugh, the noted inventor, lives. He is a man of genius and has perfected many striking inventions. His claim as being the original inventor of the telephone has much in its favor.

We next reach Shiremanstown, which is a beautiful, staid country town. In the vicinity is the noted Frieden's Kirche, a German Reformed church in which memorial services were held during the past year while a meeting of Classis was held in Mechanicsburg. Close by stands St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church. It is a conspicuous object for miles around and its adjoining cemetery is very beautiful. The surrounding country is very fertile and highly cultivated. Suburban trolley lines now extend from Harrisburg to Mechanicsburg, Carlisle and other points. The Cumberland Valley railroad has double track to Carlisle and its whole length to Winchester, 116 miles, will be speedily completed.

The country from Carlisle to Harrisburg is thickly settled and the farms are much less in extent than farther up the valley. The number of people of German descent is much larger east of Carlisle than it is to the west extending to Shippensburg. Carlisle is nineteen miles distant from Harrisburg while Shippensburg is forty-one miles.

The rebel forces who marched to the lower part of the valley penetrated the South Mountain fastnesses by way of the gap at Mt. Holly and other points. The rebel cavalry which came by way of the western part of York county in search of the rebel army followed in the wake of the concentrating army. Mt. Holly is noted for its paper mills and as a summer resort. The railroad from Carlisle to Gettysburg passes through here and enters the mountain gap. A branch extends to a noted picnic resort in the mountain known as Pine Grove, the seat of an old time furnace.
We approach a new town known as Riverton after passing through White Hill and Camp Hill. The rifle pits constructed during 1863 and the entrenchments are still visible. A busy scene greets us in the distance. Below us is Bridgeport, now rightly named since the river is crossed by four bridges with the piers ready for a fifth. The old time camelback bridge has given way to a new commodious modern bridge. Across the river the busy works of Steelton rise in view. Glancing down the river New Cumberland presents itself to our view. A view up the river is one of rare interest. Altogether on all sides the view is one that denotes activity. The numberless trains that meet our gaze show how great the traffic and travel through this point foists up in the aggregate. We have almost reached our starting point, which through a choice of routes is but the work of a little more than an hour.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

History of Franklin County.
History of Cumberland County.
Rupp's Cumberland, etc., etc.
Whittier's Poetical Works.
Thomas Buchanan Reed's Poetical Works.
Day's Historical Collections.
Swivton's Campaigns of Army of Potomac.
Hoke's History of Invasion of Pennsylvania.
Hoke's Burning of Chambersburg.
Resort book of Cumberland Valley.
Greeley's American Conflict.
Egle's History of Pennsylvania.

Burrowes' State Book of Pennsylvania.
Cumberland Valley Atlas by Townships.
Works on John Brown.
Nevin's Men of Mark in Cumberland Valley.
Biographical History of Nineteenth Congressional District.
Blaine's Twenty Years in Congress.
Gail Hamilton's Life of Blaine.
History of Buffalo and Brush Valleys.
McKnight's History of Our Border.
Loudon's Indian Narratives.
DIE WOMELSDORFER 'CADEMIE.

Nachst wo Alt Tulpehocka war
Und die zahlreich Rietha ruhga;
Wo der Conrad Weiser leit, so gar,
Und die Bauer drum rum bluga;

Schier gar am Berg wo der Adler's Kop
Sich schlrecht nach der Himmels Zelt,
Und an die Gluft macht schnell 'n Schtop—
'N Schtdtel is dort hie g'schellt.

Aus Heidelberg kummt des Schtick,
Als Middletown bekannt
'N humert-zwanzig Yohr zurick;
Now Womelsdorf genannt.

Die Zion's Kerch schtet uf 'm Hiwwel,
Und an die Schtros schier hunna
Fon yunga Leut war als 'n Gewiwwel
An die acht und die fier Uhr Schtumma.

Dort war mohl die Academie
In ihra Zeit berühmt;
Fiel Mä'd und Buwa ginga hie
Die now sin hoch esteem'd.

Der Lehrer dort zu sell'ra Zeit
Hot John S. Krumbine g'he'sa,
'N Mann mit Kop und Mund bereit
In aller Art Schul Wehsa.

Die Rechlerei in hocha Grad
War sei gross Element,
Und yeder Schuler geht er Rath
Zu schaffa bis er's kennt.

Des Algebra und Geometrie
Hen mir dort lerna kenna;
Und Sacha aus 'm Historie
Hot er uns macha nenna.
In Grammar und in 'Rithmetic
Hot mächtig er gedrillt,
Und oftmohls hen dehl grossa Schtrick
Im Drilla schier gebrillt.

'Mr hen au' noch der alt Weg g'schpellt;
'X Raai am Blackboard no'
Hen Xä'd und Buwa sich hie g'schellt—
Wer bescht war, owwa dro'.

Dann sin die harta Worta kumma,
Die kartza und die langa;
'Mr hen uf yeder Wort act g'numma
Und all Mistakes uf g'fanga.

Du Zeit! ich hab als "Head" sei wolla,
Und owwig mir zweh Mä'd,
Die hen ke' Wort feehlt im Schpella—
Die Xora und die Kate.

'S is siwwa-un-zwanzig Yohr zurick
Das letscht mohl Schul dort war;
Und mach ich dann 'n Ueberblick,
Wo is die Schuler Schaar?

'Mr findt sie hal' in yeder Schtand
Und yeder ' Ruf des Lebens;
Und iwwer unser grosses Land
Is ihra Bahn des Schtrebens.

Der Horace, Lawrence, Adam, Frank
Hen g'lernt die Doctorei;
Der Harry, Ed un noch 'n Frank
Hen Lawyer müssa sei;

Der Mart in Frucht und Lumber deal'd;
Der Davie is 'n Parra;
Als Acrobat der Elmer schpielt
Wo hunnert Dahler schtarra;

Der Dolph am alta Platz halt Schtohr
Und du't fiel Bisness macha;
Der Morg führt etlich Kercha Chor
Und deal'd in Music Sacha;

Der Ritsch 'n Bauerei regiert:
Der Jeck der halt 'n Schtohr;
Der Wall 'n Poschtamt fleisig führt
Seit 'm erscht McKinley Yohr;
'N dutzend John hen sellie Schul
Mit Schpass und Freilda g'föllt,
Und wann geuestion'd war 'n Rule
Hot oft ihr Wort gegöllt;

Sin etlich William dort gewesst—
Ferkartzt zu Will und Bill;
Paar Henry wara nei gepresst,
Und der Albert immer schtill;

Der Mahlon, Peter, Louis, Fred,
Paar Sam, paar Charles und der Ike,
Der Well, Darius, George und Ed,
Der Allen, Pierce und Mike.

Fergessa müss m'r net die Mä'd
Die ganz plasierlich gucka
Wenn schöna Bauera Buwa bläd
So cheu zu ihna nucka.

Die Schul hot etlich Katie g'hatt,
Paar Ella und die Nora,
Und etlich Emma wara dort,
Die Lovie und die Cora;

Die Lizzie, Fannie, Julia, Tillie,
Die Vanilla, Ida, Maggie,
Die Sallie, Rosie, Francis, Millie,
Die Beckie und die Aggie.

Die mänschta hen sich Männer g'rickt,
Mechanics, Doctor, Parra;
Dehl is 'na's noch net so geglückt
Und sin "Old Maids" dann warra.

Doch sin die Alta Mäd fiel werth
In dära Welt Gewimmem;
Fiel duna Engel Dienst uf Erd,
Dehl—warta bis im Himmel.

Der Lehrer und paar Buwa und Mä'd
Sin awwer nimmie do';
Sie 'tenda Schul fon e' höcherie Grade
Und folga 'm Beschta no'.

Seit unser gros Centennial Yahr
Is die alt Academie
'N Schtick und Dehl fon sell'm was war—
Fergangnie Historie.
THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN.

Doch lebt die Schul ihr Einfluss fort
In die Lessons dort gelernt,
Die heu zum Lehwa fiel gebatt
Und oft in Dinga gewarnt.

Die "different Branches" net alleh
Wara Lessons in sell'ra Schul,
Awwer dichtig denka und Sacha ferschteh
Fr yeders war die Rule;

'No mit 'm denka fleisig g'schaft,
Und selwert 's bescht gedu
Ob g'sucht is warra fr annerie Kraft
Oder g'froht fr Hilf dazu.

'N Schul die gutie Arwet dt'
In Lessons und im Drilla
Is bei die Leut gerechelt gut
Und hot ihra beschter Willa.

Die Schul die awwer mehner dt':
Lehrt denka und ferschteh,
Gebt Kraft und Saft zum höchschten Gut,
Und weist weller Weg zu geh—

So 'n Schul ihr Einfluss is meh wert
Als 'n humnert annera ihra;
Es helft e'ns lehwa wie es g'hört
Und Gutes eschtemiera

Washington D. C.                      M. A. Gruber.

EIN GEDICHT AUF'S LEBEN.

(A Psalm of Life.) Nach Longfellow.

BY C. G. EDWARD.

Contributed by H. D. Alspaugh.

Klage nicht in Jammertiönen,
Ach dies Leben ist ein Traum,
Ganz umsonst war, geist'ges streben,
Nicht der Mühe lohnt es traum.

Ernst und wahr ist dieses Leben
Und das Grab ist nicht sein Ziel,
Staub zu sein und Staub zu werden
Nicht dem Geist zum Antheil fiel.

Nicht Genuss und auch nicht Sorgen,
Sind des Leben's höchster Preis,
Doch zu seh'n, das jeder Morgen
Unsern Fortschritt neu beweist.
Kunst ist lang, die Zeit entfliehet,
Und das Herz oh kühn und rasch
Doch wie dumpfe Trommel schläget,
Us zum Grab den Trauermarsch.

In des Leben's Kampfgewühle,
Auf den Bühnen dieser Welt,
Sei nicht Puppe blos im Spiele,
Sei im heisen Kampf ein Held.

Bau nicht auf Zukunft's trügrisch Glück;
Was dahin, dich nicht beschwer,
Wirk frisch im jetzt mit heiterm Blick,
Gott die Muth und Kraft gewähr.

Alle grossen Menschen Leben
Zeigt dien Ziel dir klar und rein;
Möchten, wenn du einst geschieden
Deine Spuren sichtbar sein.

Spuren die viellicht noch andre
Deren böses Missgeschick,
Sie von Pfad der Tugend brachte
Leiteten darauf zurück.

So lasst uns den eifrig streben,
Stolz gefasst auf jed' Geschick,
Muth und Selbstvertraun im Herzen
Leg des Lebens-lauf zurück.

'S NEU FOGEL-HAUS.

BY E. M. E.

Ich charg sie aw ken Renta-bill—
Ich nem ke' Benz—detsch du?
Wan eens von meine Kersche will
Des helft sich frei dazu.
Juscht das sie fer mich singe doh
Wann ich guck's Fenschter naus.
Und bleiwa friedlich, glücklich,
froh,
In ihrem glene Haus!

Now, Bauer, shiess mei Fögel net,
Die singe siess un froh,
'N Froog ob ich in der Welt sie wet
Wär'n die Fögel nimm doh.
Fer die haw ich 'n Haus doh hie
Sin willkoom all zuhaus.
Blo-fogel, Amschel, Schwalm,
Pewee—
Wer's erscht kummt, dem is 's Haus!
DAS ALT SCHULHAUS AN DER KRICK.

BY HENRY HARBAUGH.

Heit is 's 'xactly zwanzig Johr,
Dass ich bin owwe naus;
Nau bin ich widder lewig z'rick
Un scythe am Schulhaus an d'r
Krick,
Juscht neekscht an's Dady's
Haus.

Ich bin in humnert Heiser g'west,
Vun Märbelste' un Brick,
Un alles was sie hen, die Leit,
Dhet ich verschwappe eenig Zeit
For's Schulhaus an der Krick.

Wer nied deheem is, un will fort,
So loss ihn numme gel'—
Ich sag ihm awwer vorne naus
Es is all Humbuk owwe draus,
Un er werd's selwert seh'!

Ich bin draus rum in alle Eck,
M'r macht's jo ewwe so;
Hab awwer noch in keener Schadt
UF emol so viel Freed gehat
Wie in dem Schulhaus do

Wie heemelt mich do alles a'!
Ich scythe, un denk, un guck;
Un was ich schier vergesse hab,
Kummt widder z'rick wie aus sein
Grab,
Un scythe do wie en Schpook!

Des Krickle schpield verbei wie's
hot,
Wo ich noch g'schpielt hab dra';
Un unner selle Hollerbisch
Do scphiede noch die kleine Fisch.
So schmart wie selli Zeit.

Der Weisseecch scythe do noch an der
Dhier—
Macht Schatte iwwer's Dach;
Die Druwuerank is ah noch grie'—
Un's Amschel-neschht — guk juscht
mol hi'—
O was is dess en Sach!

Die Schwalme schkippe iwwer's
Feld,
Die vedderscht is die bescht!
Un sehnscht du dort am Giebeschek

'N Haus vun Schtopple un vun
Dreck?
Sell is en Schwalme-neschnt.

Die Junge leie allweil schtill,
Un schlofe alle gescht.
Ward bis die alte kriege Werk
No'd herscht du awwer gross Ge-
lerm—
Vun Meiler in dem Nescht!

Ja, alles dess is noch wie's war
Wo ich noch war en Buhl;
Doch anner Dings sin net meh so,
For alles dhuft sich ennere do
Wie ich mich ennere dhu.

Ich schlech wie Ossian in sein Dhal
Un seh in's Wolkeschpiel,—
Bewegt mit Freed un Traur—ach!
Die Obrene kumme wann ich lach!
Kanscht denke wie ich belie.

Do bin ich gange in de Schul,
Wo ich noch war gans klee',
Dort war der Mieschter in sein
Stuhl,
Dort war sei Wip, un dort sei Ruhl,
Ich kan's noch alles seh!
Die lange Desks rings an der Wand,
Die grosse Schieder drum;
UF einer seit die grosse Mad,
Un dort die Buwe net so bleed—
Guk, wie sie piepe rum!

Der Mieschter watscht sie awwer
scharf,
Sie gewe besser acht;
Dort seller wo lotelettes schreibt,
Un seller wo sei Schpuchte treibt,
Un seller Kerl wo facht.

Die Grose und de Kleene all
Sin unner cener Ruhl;
Un des is juscht der rechte Weg;
Wer Ruhls verbrecht, der nemmt
die Schleg;
Odder verlooss die Schul.

Inwennig, um der Offe rum
Hocke die kleene Tschaps,
Sie lerne artlich hert, verschteh,
Un wer net wes sei A B C—
Sei Ohre krije Rapps.

S'is hart zu lucke uf so Benk—
Die Fiess, die schteh'net uf—
En mancher kriegt en wehe Rick
In sellem Schulhaus an der Krick,
Un fehlt gans krenklich druff.

Die arme Drep! dort hocke sie
In Misserie—juscht denk!
Es js kee Wummer—nemm mei
 Wort—
Dass sie so wenig lerne dort,
Uf selle hoche Benk.

Mit all was mer so sage kann,
War's doch en guti Schul;
Du fingscht keen Meeschter so, geh,
such—
Der seifre kann darch's ganze Buch,
Un schkipot keen eim Ruhl.

Bees war er! ja. dess muss ich
g'schlicht;
Gwippt hot er numme zu;
Gar kreislich gute Ruhls gelehrt,
Un wer Schleg kriegt hot, hen sie
g'heert,
Hot eppes letz gedhu.

Wann's Dinner war, un Seoul war
aus,
Nor'd hot mer gut gefiehlt;
Dheel is 'n Balle-Gehm gelunge
Dheel hen mitnammer Reh's
g'schprunge
Un dheel hen Sold'scher
g'schpilzt.

Die grosse Maid hen ausgekehrt—
Die Buwe nausgeschaalt!
Zu helfe hen en Dheel pretend,
Der Meeschter hot sie nausgesendet:
Die Ruhls hen's net erlaebt.

Die kleene Maid hen Ring gespielt
Uf sellen Waasum da;
Wann grosse Maid in der Ring—
'Nis doch en wonnervolles Ding!—
Sin grosse Buwe ah!

Die Grose hen die Grose taggt,
Die Kleene all vermisst!
Wie sin se g'schprunge ab un uf,
Wer gwumme hot, verloss dich druf,
Hot dichtliglich gekiss.

Am Chrischdag war die rechte
Zeit—
Oh, wann ich juscht dra' denk—
Der Meeschter hen, mer nausge-
schperrt,
Die Dhier un Jenschter fescht ge-
bärt—
"Nau, Meeschter, en Geschenk."

Nor'd hot er awwer hart browirt,
Mit Fors zu kumme nei';
Un mir hen, wie er hot geklopt.
'N Schreives unne naus geschtoppt,
"Wann's seinscht dann kamscht
du rei!"

Nau hot der Meeschter raus ge-
läst,
Gar kreislich schiepisch 'guk!
Foppel, un Keschte un noch meh',
'S war jusehment, in fäct recht
 schee',
Mir hen's mit Luschte g'schlucht.

Oh, wu sin nau die Schierl all,
Wo have do gerembt?
'S Dheel sin weidt ewek gereest,
Vum Unglick uf un ab gedscheest,
Dheel hot der Dodt gærnt!

Mei Herz schwellet mit Gedanke uf
Bis ich schier gar erschtick!
Kennt heile, 's dhut mir nau so leed,
Un doch geht's mir die greesche
Freed,
Dess Schulhaus an der Krick!

Gut bei! alt Schulhaus—Echo
kreisch!
Gut bei, Gut bei, zurück;
O Schulhaus! Schulhaus! muss
ich geh,
Un du schleichest nor'd do all allee,
Du Schulhaus an der Krick.

Oh horch, ihr Leit, wu nooch mir
lebt,
Ich schreib eich noch des Schtiek;
Ich warn eich, droh eich geht
doch acht,
Un nemmt uf immer gut enacht,
Des Schulhaus an der Krick!
DER EHRЛИCH SCHMIDT.

(From H. L. Fischer's "Kurzweil un Zeitertreib.") See Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith."

Dort unner'm alte Keschte-baan,
Dort war der alt Schmidt-schop;
Der Schmidt, der war'n schtarker man,
Mit dicke Aerm un rauhe Hand,
Un doch'n kluger Kop;
Sei Herz war warm un's Eise hees,
Sei Schtern war nass mit erlich Schweißes,
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Hammer, Schlegel, buff!
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Wan's hees isch schlagt mer druf.

Sei Hoor war kraus un schwarz un lang,
Sei G'sicht war dunkel-brau;
Sei Flächsen Hem un Leder Scharz,
Un alles in sein Schop war schwartz.
Warun? sei G'schäft war rauh.
Doch war sei Naame breet un weit
In Ehr for Fleiss un Ehrlichkeit.
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Hammer, Schlegel, buff!
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Wan's hees isch schlagt mer druf.

Woch in un aus, fon Daag bis Nacht,
War's immer, klang un klang;
Dorch Summer, Winter, Kalt un Hitz,
Ging Bloos balg, Flamm, un Schmook un Blit,
Un Amboos, Raschpel, Zang;
Pon Morgets früh bis Schterne-hell,
Pon Sun uf bis zur Owet-bell—
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Hammer, Schlegel, buff!
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Wan's hees isch schlagt mer druf.

Wan Schnuw war aus un Kinner frei,
Hin mir uns dort forweilt;
Hot er en Heeses raus gezoge,
Sin dausend helle Funke g'loge,
Un wan er Schtahl hot g'feilt,
Un hot 'n Schelme Liedt g'sunge,
Dan sin die Scheler Heemzas g'schprünge.

Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Raschpel, Zang un Feil.
Kohle druf un looos es uf,
Dau raghe mer e' Woi.

Dank zu dem alte ehrlich Schmidt;
Sei Lehr war immer recht;
En Schmidt-schop hot 'n jede Mann,
Un fors sei Schicksal wie er kan,
'S muss guut sei oeller Held.
All-sorte Menche macht en Woi.
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Hammer, Schlegel, Zang,
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Die Johr un Dange lang.

En alt Hufeise öwer der Döhur,
Un Hammer un Zang dabei;
Ken Hex, ken Denf el un ken Dieb
Hot so en Sehpanischer Reiter leib,
Un könne net forbei.
So war der ehrlich Schmidt bewacht
Un immer glücklich, Daag un Nacht.
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Hammer, Schlegel, Zang,
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
War'm alte Schmidt sei G'sang.

Die Fügel uf dem Keschte-baan
Hun g'sunge un gepiff
Un uf der köhle Schadde Seit
Hun all die nächsehte Bauers-leut
Gedengelt un geschlüffe,
Un luschteit, noch, dazu gesunge,
Bis alle Ecke hen geklunge;
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Hammer, Schlegel, buff!
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Un do muss Wasser druf.

Der Schmidt schlooft schon lang in
sein Graub,
Un ruhig ligt sei Kop;
Es Feuer am Heerd is schon lang aus,
Un fremme wohne in sein Haus,
Un schaffe in sein Schop;
Der Keschte-baan schteit als noch dort
Gans alt un dick un rauh un hart;
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Hammer, Schlegel, buff!
Kling, klang, klang, klang,
Der Schmidt wacht nimm uf.
MORE than a decade has passed since Prof. Oswald Seidensticker issued his valuable work, "The First Century of German Printing in America," and which embraced books, papers, pamphlets, and broadsides down to 1830. In the very nature of the subject it must be clear to any one that such a work, however valuable, must be far from being complete. Of this Prof. Seidensticker was himself fully aware.

Since Prof. Seidensticker's death no one has to our knowledge taken up the subject as a whole, although much valuable work has been done in special lines, notably by Prof. Julius F. Sachse on the issues of the Ephrata press, and Prof. Hinke on literature pertaining to the Reformed Church in America.

Our own researches, made mostly in the rural districts of Pennsylvania, have clearly demonstrated to our satisfaction that the early Germans of Pennsylvania far exceeded the English in the number, variety and excellence of their literary productions in comparison with their ratio of the population.

They were the first to print the Bible in the New World in a European language (Sower, 1743), anticipating the English about forty years. They were the first to print "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" (1754) and many similar religious works. Dock's work on teaching (1770) was the first work on that subject. Some of their publications involved a vast expense. Thus the great "Martyr Book" published at Ephrata in 1748 occupied the labor of fifteen persons for a period of four years. It is a monster folio of near 1,500 pages. The Germans, too, were the first to print the Bible west of the Allegheny Mountains (Somerset, 1813). The Germans were the first anti-slavery agitators in America and their publications on that subject were among the first. More than that, the Lutheran Tennessee Synod, which at that time was exclusively German, at its annual session held in Green county, Tennessee, October, 1822, passed a strong anti-slavery resolution.

Prof. Seidensticker enumerates forty-seven towns and cities in America where German printing was done prior to 1830, all but ten of which were in Pennsylvania. The press followed the Germans as they invaded the great valleys of the Blue Mountains, even in towns once entirely English. Prior to 1830 there had been established at Harrisburg thirteen different German publishers. Carlisle had three, and Chambersburg six. To the list of places given by Prof. Seidensticker where German presses were established we are able to add three more, viz: Hellertown, Northampton county, Sunbury and Wilkes-Barre. The publications of these places will be noted presently.

In this article we will only note issues of the German press omitted by Prof. Seidensticker for the reason that they had not come under his ob-
servation. The subject is by no means exhausted. Scores of publications will yet come to light. There are still great gaps to be filled. We know of a number of active presses for which there are but few publications listed. Periodical publications have many and frequent breaks. We may instance the Lutheran North Carolina Synod organized in 1803, the Tennessee Synod organized in 1820, and the Ohio Synod organized in 1818. Then also the various Reformed bodies. The annual proceedings of all these bodies were regularly printed in the German language. Only a few of the issues were known until recently. There are also great gaps of unrecovered issues of the Moravian yearly text book ("Die Tägliche Loosung"). This book is first noticed by Prof. S. for the year 1767. He lists but seventeen issues, while the presumption is that more than four times that number were issued.

In the following numbered references and titles we give the results of our researches in German publications in America prior to 1830.

We make no attempt to reproduce the titles of these publications as that would require more space than is at our disposal. We also assume that many of our readers are unacquainted with the German language, hence avoiding all technicalities our aim will be to make our matter clear to the Reader.

**NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICAL ISSUES.**

In March, 1807, during one of our historical jaunts we "struck" a large amount of ancient papers, books, almanacs, etc., in Oley, Berks county. My memorandum shows that in the collection was the first issue of Franklin's "Die Philadelphische Zeitung," May 6, 1732, the publication of which had hitherto been uncertain. Unfortunately for myself I failed to take the "old stuff" away and when I came to get it some months later most of it was gone. I found, however, the second issue. This, and also the first issue, which turned up elsewhere afterwards, are now in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. It was the first German paper in the New World. About 1829 George Miller, of New Berlin, Pa., began the publication of 2 "Der Correspondent," which had a short career.

About 1800, Jacob Breyvogel, of Berks county, established himself at Sunbury and issued a paper called 3 "Der Freiheits Vogel." ("Bird of Freedom"). We know that his press was active for a number of years. In 1808 he published a small book called 4 "Der Grauman,"

In 1812 John G. Youngman, also from Berks county, started 5 "The Northumberland Republican," which continued until 1816 when it changed hands and appeared as 6 "The Northwestern Post." It continued under this title until the building of the canal, when it was changed to an English paper called "The Canal Boat."

Of the Moravian Yearly Text Book ("Tägliche Loosung"), we have observed the issue of 7 1823 printed by Ebner, of Allentown, and that of 8 1827 by Held at Wilkes-Barre.
Of synodical publications the following additional have come under our observation: In September, 1826, was organized the Free or Herman Synod of the Reformed Church in Pennsylvania, the proceedings of which were regularly published in German (Prof. Hinke). Proceedings Free Synod, 1826, Do. 1827, Do. 1828, Do. 1829, Do. 1830.

The parent Reformed Synod likewise published its proceedings, beginning much earlier. Of these we have observed Proceedings of 1817 at York, Penna., and 1818, Philadelphia.

Of the proceedings of the Parent Lutheran Synod but very few have come to light. Prof. S. notes four issues. We have noted references to others but can give nothing definite.

The Southern or North Carolina Synod of the Lutheran Church was formed in 1803, and with its first session began the publication of its minutes. Prof. S. notes one or two issues. We have observed the issue for 1805, published by Gruber, Hagerstown, Md. Do., 1806, published by Henkel, New Market, Va., Do. 1807, Do. 1808 (1809-1811?), 1809, and 1810, place of publication unknown, but probably Henkel; 1813, 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, by Henkel; 1821, Ritchie and Magill, Frederick, Md.; 1826, Zetuler, Philadelphia.

In 1820 occurred the division of this Synod and the formation of the Tennessee or "Henkel Synod." We have seen a file of the yearly proceedings from 1820 to 1830, published by the Henkels.

The Ohio Lutheran Synod also published its minutes yearly from its organization. We have observed the following: 1813, Canton, Ohio, printed by Jacob Dietrich; 1821—? 1822, held at Greensburg, Pa.; 1823? 1824, held in Stark county, Ohio, printed by E. Shaffer, Canton, Ohio; 1825, Lancaster, Ohio; 1826? 1827, Columbus, Ohio; 1828? 1829, Lancaster, Ohio, printed by John Herman; 1830, Zanesville, Ohio, printed by Herman.

Of unknown Almanacs we have "Der Hoch Deutscher Nord Amerikanischer Kalender," by Held, of Easton, 1826.

Noten Bucher.—That the early Germans of Pennsylvania were thorough and skilled musicians has been clearly shown by Prof. Julius F. Sachse in his recent works on the Ephrata Brotherhood. Passing by for the present the smaller issues to be noticed presently we observed that queer-folio or large oblong music books made their appearance at an early day. We have found one of this kind of ninety pages with the title page torn out, the staff and text of which is printed while the music is written in by hand. This must have involved an enormous amount of work and made the book expensive. Then also 20 "Sammlung Geistliche Lieder nebst Melodien," printed and published by Conrad Doll, Lancaster, Pa., 1798, 112 p. 51 "Der Leichte Unterricht von der Vocal Music," by Joseph Doll, p. 108, Intro XII., printed by John Wyeth, Harrisburg, Pa., 1810. 52 Do. second ed., 1814? 50 Do. third ed., 1821.

The above book was for sale by Wyeth the printer, Conrad Doll, of Lancaster, and Jacob Doll, of York, Pa. The Dolls were a musical family. Jacob Doll was chorister of Christ Church at York for many years.
A characteristic of German printing was the production of "broadside" or sheet literature, murders, hangings, and other notable events, were related in poetry often reaching forty stanzas. These productions were generally sold by their authors. The story of strange and mythical characters, such as "The Wandering Jew," "Shinder-Houmes," and the remarkable story of Hans Framann, who is said to have visited heaven and hell and describes his experience and observations, were frequently reproduced.

The "Himmel's Brief," or the letter that fell from heaven, charms and bans against fire, pestilence, robbery, etc., were produced in ornate fashions, framed and placed on the wall as ornaments. Almost every home had something of this kind. This class of literature, once so abundant, is now quite rare.

Prof. S. does not note the following: From the Henkel press of New Market we have a splendid folio genealogical and baptismal record combined, ornamented with pictures of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man," printed 1811. *\*A Temperance Song, 16 stanzas, Rev. Paul Henkel; Ein Schoenes Lied," 11 stanzas, Henkel. From unknown printers we have the Miller family murder in 1822, at Myerstown, Pa., 16 verses of eight lines each; a 42-verse folio on the "Meyer-Hof" murder: a 25-verse (8 lines each) folio on Paul Springer's suicide in Lancaster county in 1772; the Schild murder in Berks county, Pa., 1812, a 16-page pamphlet, printed by Sage in Reading, 1813; a 29-verse folio (with picture) on "Concordia," a young woman of Hungary who disappeared on her wedding day and reappeared after a period of 120 years; The Grodoria "Himmel's Brief," folio, printed by Geo. Homan at Hellertown, Pa., prior to 1815; The "Heidelberg Himmel's Brief; Baptism and Confirmation Certificate, by Krebs, 1790; Do., by Peters, of Harrisburg, 1827.


It may be proper to note here that the historians of the Reformed Church in America are in error when they give the Miller edition of the Heidelberg Catechism of 1762 as the first publication of that confession in the New World. It will be seen in this catalogue that Sower printed it twice before that date, viz.: 1752 and 1755.


Liebhart, Pub.—128 High German A, B, C Book, 12mo., p. 16, 1797.

Mentz, Pub.—129 Heidelberg Cat., 16mo., p. 108, 1810.


Johnson, Pub.—135 Ready Reckoner, p. 195, 1794.

Rutter, Pub.—137 The Bible, 8mo., 1827; 138 Arndt’s “Wahres Christenthum,” 4mo., calf, 1830.

Printers unknown (Philadelphia).—139 “Gesprach Zwischen einen fluech tigen Vater aus Rom und ein Clerico,” 16mo., p. 192, 1740; 140 Address of the Constitutional Republicans, 8mo, p. 51, 1805; 141 Charter of the German Reformed School at Lancaster, 1787; 142 Programme of dedication of same, 1787; 143 “To the Reformed Church of Philadelphia and Vicinity,” 1804.


Reading, Pa.—Sage Pub. — Gock's Arithmetick, 12mo., p. 335, 1823; 152 Gock's "Ansichten."

Ritter, Pub.— Rev. L. F. Herman's Catechism, 1813; 154 Reformed Catechism, 1813 (3rd ed.).

Jungman, Pub.— "Der Kleine Görgel," 12mo., p. 24, 1790.

Unknown Pub.— "Der lang verborgner Freund," (The long hidden Friend), 12mo., p. 100, 1822. (A work on pow-wowing, charms, etc., by John Geo. Homan, a peculiar character, who came to America in 1802. He first located at Hellertown, Pa., where he printed "The Wandering Jew," and later removed to Reading, where he published a number of books noted by Prof. Seidensticker.


Mayer, Pub.— Inaugural Address before Theological Seminary, Carlisle, Pa., 1825.

Westling, Pub.— Century Almanac (1799-1899), 12mo., p. 64, 1819; 157 The Horse Doctor, 12mo., p. 196; 157 Doddridge "Rise and Progress," 12mo., leather, 1823; 157 Repentance Declared and Commended, 12mo., p. 250, 1827.


Wyeth and Boyer, Pub.— "Hübner's Bible Histories," 12mo., p. 335.

plates 104, sheep, 1826.

Gleim, Pub.— Sasse's "Geistliche Lieder," p. 125, 1814; 158 Haberman's "Gebet-Buchlein."

Unknown Pub.— "Gospel of Nicodemus."

Lancaster, Pa.— Albrecht, Pub.— "Der Psalter," 16mo., p. 152, 1791; 159 "Die Zierde der Jugend," 12mo., p. 58, 1796.


Grimer, Pub.— Discipline of M. E. Church, 16mo., p. 159, 1868.

Lebanon, Pa.— Stoever, Pub.— Life of Napoleon, 8mo., p. 36, 1811; 154 "To the free people of Pennsylvania," 8mo., p. 7, 1820 (political).

Hartman, Pub.— "Gnaden Ordnung," 16mo., p. 197, leather, 1820. ....


Easton.— Hütter, Pub.— "Rechenbuch und Schul Lehrer's Gehwulfe." 12mo., p. 201, 1810.
York, Pa.—Hardt, Pub.—1819 "Exemple Buechlein," (Sunday-school), 12mo., p. 20, 1819; 1818 "Lieder Buechlein," Do., p. 54, 1819; 1817 "Augsburg Confession" (Melsheimer), 1817.

Hanover, Pa.—Stettinius, Pub.—1818 "Treuherzige Errinnerung," etc., 12mo., p. 110. 1798;18 Controversy between Dr. Melsheimer of the Lutheran and Father Brosseus of the Catholic Church on Doctrine, 1797.

Stark and Lange, Pub.—1818 Select prayers and hymns, 16mo., p. 32, 1808: 18 Doctrinal Sermon, 16mo., p. 32, 1811 (by Melsheimer).


Schöpflein, Pub.—Const. of the U. S., Washington's Address, etc., 16mo., p. 92, 1816.


Somerset, Pa.—1812 "Kurtz gefastes Artzenei Buechlein," 12mo., 1812.

Gettysburg, Pa.—Neinstedt Pub.—1828 Luther's Catechism, 1828.

New Berlin, Pa.—The press of the Evangelical Association was established at New Berlin in 1815, and constantly occupied the labors of several men. We are certain that many issues of that press are as yet unknown to us. Prof. Seidensticker only notes a few of its issues. We deem it best to note in this connection the still earlier publications of this denomination. 18 Church Discipline (the first), 12mo., p. 75, 1809, printed by Ritter of Reading; 18 Small hymn book by Rev. J. Walter, 1810, (Ritter, Reading); 18 "Thatiges Christenthum," 16mo., p. 228, 1814, (Jungman, Reading). Thereafter New Berlin, now Union county, Pa., 18 Discipline, 12mo., p. 144, 1815; 18 Do., 1816; 18 Do., 1821; 18 "Geistliches Saitenspiel," (Hymn book), 16mo., p. 436, and reg., 1817; 18 "Menschenfurcht," p. 143, 1818; 18 "L'voile" (Small H. B.), second ed., 1824; 18 Do., third ed., 1830: 18 New Testament, 1826; 18 "Thatiges Christenthum," 1826; 18 Sunday Observance, 8mo. pamph., 1819.

Frederick, Md.—Melsheimer.—18 Circular pamphlet on the Maryland Bible Soc., 1811; 18 Smaller Lutheran Cat., pub. by Chas. Nagle, 1826; 18 "Haus und Stall Artz," 16mo., p. 134, 1794, pub. by Bartges.

Hagerstown, Md.—Gnther, Pub.—18 Heidelberg Catechism, 1803: 18 The unaltered Augsburg Confession, 1805. This was the first publication of the unaltered Augsburg Confession in America, the expense of its publication was borne by the wife of Rev. Paul Henkel, of New Market, Va. 18 Rev. Göring's Elegy on the death of Dr. Helmuth, of Philadelphia, 12mo., p. 16. 1808; 18 Confession of murderer Geo. Bordner, 1808; 18 Discipline of the United Brethren Church, prior to 1816; 18 Do., 1819. 16mo., p. 77, (bilingual); 18 "Die Kleine Lieder Sammlung," (Dunkard H. B.), small, p. 208, 1826; 18 Lutheran Cat., 1827.

Baltimore, Md.—Cushing.—18 Reformed Catechism, p. 108, 1812.

Shaffer and Maud.—18 "Gemeinschäftliches Gesang Buch," 1816.

Raine, Pub.—18 S. S. "Lieder Buch."

UNLOCALIZED PUBLICATIONS.

265 The True Art of Distilling, 12mo., p. 32, 1802; 266 Address of Repub- lican Committee to the voters of Berks County, 8mo., p. 16, 1805; 267 Ser- mon by Dr. Frees to a company of Soldiers who departed for the War of 1812, 8mo., 16 p., 1813; 268 Report of committee to investigate charges against Gov. Findley, 8mo., p. 29, 1820; 269 To the Germans of Pennsyl- vania (political), 8mo., p. 12, 1820; 270 The family dye-book (Eng. and Ger.), 16mo., p. 70. Additional.—271 "Himmel's Brief," Ritter. Reading, 1775; 272 Birth and Bap. Cert., Ritter, 1776; 273 Do., Hartman, Lebanon, Pa., 1767.

NOTES ON EARLY GERMAN PUBLISHERS IN THE SOUTH.

Possibly with the exception of a few in Baltimore, all the early German publishers in the South were of old Pennsylvania German stock. Samuel Saur, the first German publisher in Baltimore (1795), was a grandson of our original Christopher Saur, of Germantown. The first German printer south of the Mason and Dixon line was Matthias Bartges, whose father, a Palatine immigrant, established an honorable posterity in the
Keystone State. Mathias Bartges began printing in both English and German in Frederick, Maryland, in 1779. He died in 1825. The Maryland Historical Society is in possession of most of his outfit.

John Gruber was the first German printer in Hagerstown. He was born in Strasburg, Lancaster county, Pa., October 31, 1768. His grandfather, John Adam Gruber, came from Marburg, Germany, to Pennsylvania in 1726. Gruber learned the printer's trade in all its branches in Philadelphia. In 1795 he located in Hagerstown and began to print in both English and German. In 1797 he began the publication of his famous almanac which has appeared regularly to the present day. One of his first apprentices was Ambrose Henkel (b. 1786, d. 1870), a son of Rev. Paul Henkel, of New Market, Va., and a descendant of Rev. Gerhart Henkel, one of the earliest German Lutheran ministers in America, who came to Pennsylvania in 1717. A full account of the distinguished Henkel family will be found in the April number of Vol. IV. of this magazine. Ambrose Henkel established his press in his father's house at New Market, Va., in 1806. The business is still conducted by his grandsons, Ambrose L. and Elon Henkel, sons of the late Dr. Socrates Henkel.

From one of his nephews to whom he related it, we have the following interesting story of Ambrose Henkel's experience as a "weather prophet." Soon after he began his apprenticeship with Gruber, and still a mere youth, the latter said to him one day, "Ambrose, I give you the task of fixing the weather for next year's almanac." The boy strenuously objected by telling Gruber that he made no pretensions to being a "weather prophet." "That doesn't matter," said Gruber. "Go ahead, only don't get August weather in January, nor snow in August!"

With this latitude the boy went to work by simply changing the dates of the weather "probabilities" of previous years. As a novelty he made July 4th "cold." This guess was a great "hit," as it happened that hail storms were prevalent that day, and the reputation of Ambrose as a "weather prophet" was established.

A DILIGENT GENEALOGIST AND ANTIQUARIAN.

We are pleased to learn that our well-known contributor, Dr. A. Stapleton, of Wrightsville, Pa., has received many testimonials from leading historians attesting the great value of his recently published work, "Memorials of the Huguenots in America, with special reference to their emigration to Pennsylvania." The book will not be reprinted and our readers should secure a copy ere the small edition is exhausted.

So does he offer for sale in pamphlet form and for ten cents a copy, the valuable article appearing in this issue on "First Century of German Printing in Pennsylvania," the merit of which must be recognized by all.
THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN.

RIETH [REED] GENEALOGY.

Gathered from Rev. John Caspar Stoever's Record of Baptisms and Marriages (1730-1779); published in Dr. Egle's Notes and Queries, annual Vol., 1866.

CASPAR RIETH and ANNA SCHAEFER, Atolhoe, married Aug. 12, 1754.
HENRY MCENICH (Minnich) and CATHARINE RIEED, Heidelberg and Tulpehocken, married Dec. 16, 1765.

JACOB RIETH and MARIA EVA KILLHOEFFER, Warwick, married, May 21, 1751.
JOHN RIEGT and DOROTHEA ROEHRER, Atolhoe, married Feb. 5, 1759.

Children of George Reed, Dorum's son-in-law, of Swatara:
John George, b. Feb. 20, 1751; sponsors, Peter Brosius and Catharine Dor.

Children of George Riedt, of Swatara (probably same as above):
Andreas, b. April 6, 1751; sponsors, Andreas Schmidt and wife.
Anna Susanna, b. Jan. 28, 1753; sponsors, Michael Hartman and Susanna Thuron.

Children of George Riedt, of Summer Mountain:
Eva Margaret, b. July 13, 1749; sponsor, Margaret Dorothea Boeckel (Bickel).
Christina Barbara, b. Oct. 6, 1751; sponsors, Jacob Bich and wife.
John Jacob, b. Aug. 8, 1754; sponsors, Jacob Riedt and wife Eva Maria.

Eva Elizabeth Riedt was sponsor in family of Stephen Cumrat, of Swatara, for the children—John Peter, b. July 27, 1745; and Anna Elizabeth, b. Feb. 13, 1747.

John George Riedt and wife were sponsors in family of John Zerwe and wife Catharine for the daughter Catharine Elizabeth, b. Jan. 6, 1759.

Leonhardt Riedt and Anna Catharine Riedt were sponsors in family of Jacob Fehler for the son Leonhardt, b. Sept. 20, 1752. In the same family for the son John Niculus, b. Feb. 21, 1745, the sponsors were Peter Riedt and wife Anna Catharine.

[Note: Atolhoe was the name given to what is now Rehmersburg and vicinity, Berks county, Pa.]

Gathered from the tombstone inscriptions at Reed's Church, near Stouchsburg, Berks county, Pa.

Benjamin Rieth,
b. Feb. 8, 1772.
d. April 7, 1828.
m. Eva Maria Wagner,
b. March 18, 1776.
d. May 9, 1837.
dau. of Jacob and Catharine Wagner.
Children: 2 sons, 4 dau.

Catharine Rieth,
b. Nov. 28, 1771.
d. Aug. 16, 1826.
dau. of John Riet.
m. Michael Seibert,
b. July 1, 1766.

d. Feb. —, 1822.
son of Wendell and Catharine Seibert.

Christian Rieth,*
b. April 11, 1777.
d. April 22, 1847.
m. Eva Magdalena Meyer,
b. Sept. 16, 1777.
d. March 25, 1864.
Children: 9 sons, 1 dau.

Christian B. Rieth,
b. Jan. 18, 1783.
d. May 25, 1863.
son of Peter Rieth.

*Catharine Rieth. (See John Rieth, b. Feb. 24, 1805.)
RIETH [REED] GENEALOGY.

m. Maria Elizabeth Trauman,  
d. July 20, 1859.

CHRISTIAN RIETH,  
b. Aug. 27, 1802.  
d. March 19, 1853.  
m. Maria Himmelberger,  
b. Aug. 7, 1814.  
d. Jan. 29, 1898.  
Children: 3 sons, 2 dau.

CHRISTOPHER RIETH,  
b. Nov. 6, 1783.  
d. Nov. 2, 1865.  
son of Valentin and Eva Rieth.  
m. Margaret Illig,  

DANIEL RIETH,  
b. Feb. 25, 1735.  
d. June 14, 1797.

ELIZABETH RIETH,  
b. April 15, 1766.  
d. Sept. 22, 1830.  
m. Daniel Braun,  
b. July 16, 1768.  
d. Feb. 5, 1822.

ELIZABETH RIETH,  
d. Sept. 25, 1850.  
m. John Trauman.  
(No tombstone found.)

EVA RIETH,  
(No tombstone found.)  
dau. of Valentin Rieth.  
m. Peter A. Scholl (1st wife),  
b. Sept. 7, 1772.  
d. Feb. 25, 1839.  
Children: 3 sons, 2 dau.

JOHN FREDERICK RIETH,  
b. March 15, 1718.  
d. Dec. 24, 1794.

JACOB RIETH,  
b. June --, 1746.  
d. March 28, 1821.

JACOB RIETH,  
b. April 10, 1770.  
d. Nov. 1, 1835.

son of Jacob Rieth.  
m. Eva Maria Seibert,  
b. Sept. 10, 1776.  
d. July 29, 1846.  
Children: 3 sons, 2 dau.

JOHN RIETH,  
b. Dec. 17, 1738.  
d. Sept. 17, 1801.  
Children: 4.

JOHN RIETH,  
b. Sept. 10, 1801.  
d. Nov. 19, 1839.  
son of John Adam Rieth and wife, Juliana Braun.

JOHN RIETH,  
d. Nov. 18, 1869.  
m. Catharine Winter,  
b. April 1, 1813.  
d. June 19, 1879.

JOHN RIETH,  
b. Feb. 24, 1806.  
d. Sept. 16, 1837.  
son of John Jacob Rieth and wife Margaret Emrich.  
m. (1) Catharine Rieth,  
b. June 13, 1805.  
d. Aug. 9, 1834.  
(dau of Benjamin and Eva Rieth.)  
m. (2) Martha Scholl,  
(No tombstone found.)  
(dau. Peter and Eva Scholl.  
Children: 1st wife, 2 dau; 2d wife, 1 son, 1 dau.

JOHN ADAM RIETH,  
b. --- 1756.  
d. July 17, 1815.  
m. Julianna Braun,  
b. Nov. 12, 1766.  
d. Sept. 9, 1826.

JOHN S. RIETH,  
d. Dec. 8, 1878.  
m. Rebecca Eckert,  
b. March 28, 1811.  
d. May 6, 1866.

JOHN GEORGE RIETH,  
b. June 4, 1714.  
d. June 23, 1791.
Johan Leonhard Rith, (See note)

b. —, 1691.
d. — 1747.
m. Analisa Catharine ——
Children: 6 sons, 2 dau.

Leonhard Rith,
b. Sept. 10, 1723, in Schochery.
d. April 28, 1803.
m. Elizabeth Knoll,
b. June 10, 1729.
d. Aug. 11, 1797.
Children: 9.

Maria Elizabeth Rith,
b. Dec. 18, 1795.
d. Aug. 30, 1798.

(Maria) Margaret Rieth,
b. July 18, 1779.
d. Feb. 11, 1848.
dau. of Valentin and Eva Rieth.
m. Peter A. Scholl (2d wife).
(See Eva Rieth.)
(Tombstone shows that his 2d wife was widow Maria Wegly.)
Children: 1 dau.

John Nicholas Rieth,
b. June 4, 1716.
m. Maria Barbara Seibert,
b. May 18, 1722.

dau. of Christophel and Hanna Seibert.

Valentin Rieth,
b. Sept. 8, 1749.
d. May 6, 1825.
m. Eva Catharine Seltzer,
b. Jan. 1, 1759.
d. Aug. 5, 1828.
Children: 1 son, 2 dau.

William Rieth,
(No tombstone found.)
m. Eva Catharine ——
b. Aug. 29, 1775.
d. March 2, 1794.

William Rieth,
b. July 5, 1805.
d. Nov. 4, 1889.
m. Elizabeth Griess,

John Jacob Rieth,
(No tombstone found.)
m. Margaret Emrich.
(See John Rieth, b. Feb. 24, 1806.)

Peter Rieth,
(No tombstone found.)
(See Christian B. Rieth.)

Note.—In regard to the names John, Frederick, George, Catharine, Elizabeth and Margaret, which are variously spelled in old inscriptions, the common English form of spelling has been used in these records. The other names, including surnames, are given as they appear on the tombstones.
The special abbreviations are: b.—born, d.—died, m.—married, and dau.—daughter.
In a number of inscriptions on old sandstones, the letters are a form of plain English (Latin) capitals, and two of them are sometimes joined together, thus causing, among the uninstructed, errors in transcribing. Such is the case on the tombstone of Johan Leonhard Rith, where the “I” and “J” are represented by dotting the last part of preceding letters like II and N; as HR LIGD BEGRABEN OHAN, etc.
Combinations like the following are also found: IE N2 HW HR etc.

M. A. GRUBER.
EARLY GERMAN SETTLEMENT OF WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA

Washington, D. C., Nov. 4, 1903.

REV. P. C. CROLL, Lebanon, Pa.

My Dear Sir: A few Sundays ago I took the dollar excursion to Winchester, Va., arriving there at 12.25 and leaving at 6 p.m. I spent the greater part of the time in the city cemetery, gathering old inscriptions. This cemetery is quite a large piece of ground. The used portion is the northern half, the western part of which contains the old graveyard of the Lutheran and Reformed denominations.

In this part are found many familiar names, such as Becker, Baker (formerly Becker), Miller, Kremer, Grim, Hoover, Hoff, Kurtz, Linn, Senseney, Schultz, Conrad, Sowers, Babb, Helm and Swartz.

Both stones about 18 inches above ground, light reddish sandstones, letters, figures, lines and design similar to the drawings and rather rude in execution.

His father lying to the right of this stone, has a marble tombstone, English inscription, showing: Henry Baker died March 17, 1807, aged 75 years, 6 months, 7 days.

I copied almost a hundred inscriptions of persons who were born prior to 1800, mostly of German origin. Five of the tombstones have German inscriptions, although English letters were used. Most of the inscriptions face the west, that is, in the old graveyard from which nearly all the inscriptions I copied were taken. However, one of those in German faces the east, and being an old sandstone it could not be read in the afternoon; but I think the name is Linn.

Many of the old graves are marked with boards or planks in the shape of a tombstone, furrowed with age, or with rough stones all without inscriptions.

At the western border of the old graveyard is still standing the eastern wall (stone) of the old Lutheran church which is said to have been destroyed by fire about fifty years ago. Near this wall is a landmark of the Lutheran church. A medium-sized marble shaft marks the spot where
lies buried Christian Streit, inscription as follows: Christian Streit, born June 7, 1749, in New Jersey; died March 10, 1812, at Winchester, Va.; ordained to the Gospel ministry, 1769; First minister of the Evangelical Lutheran Church born in America; pastor at Winchester July 19, 1785, to March 10, 1812.

By his side lies his wife, who was twenty years his junior, the tombstone showing: Susan Streit, Relict of Rev'd Christian Streit, died April 12, 1836, aged 66 years, 11 months, 3 days.

A bluish tombstone, the top broken off and missing, has left on it the following inscription: — Junior, late of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who departed this life the 20th of August, 1707, aged 27 years.

No one seems to know who this may be.

The German inscriptions, on rather small sandstones, are brief. I have enclosed on separate slips three specimens. One of these specimens also shows design, etc., of tombstone.

In the cemetery proper lie the remains of General Morgan, of Revolutionary fame. A large slate slab lying flat upon the sod, broken into several pieces, the right lower corner portion having been taken away by relic hunters, shows the following inscription:

I have given you the foregoing information relating to the graveyard and its inhabitants at Winchester, Va., as it might contain some bits of news that might be of value in your next Trip from Harper's Ferry to Winchester.

With best wishes,

Yours most sincerely,

M. A. Gruber,

932 O St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Luther's Works, Vol. I. Again the postman may blow his trumpet and shout forth "Lutherus vivet!" as in the days when the pious monk was brought to light from his hiding place in the Wartburg Castle. Only now he has laid aside his Saxon robes and stalks into our American land by way of the library and in an English dress. The works of Martin Luther in English, from an American press! Surely this is enterprising and we think opportune. It could only emanate from a Luther lover and enthusiast such as its chief editor and promulgator, Rev. Dr. J. N. Lenker, is. And it could only be possible where the predominating religious consciousness was Lutheran, as it is in our great northwestern Lutheran State, Minnesota, and its capital city. So there comes from Lutheran in All Lands Co., of Minneapolis, Minn., this initial volume of Luther's Complete Works, to be issued forthwith in a series of thirteen volumes. The translation of this volume is based on Dr. Henry Coll's London version, the only English form in which it has ever appeared—nearly fifty years ago. The whole Protestant Church should hail this forthcoming achievement with delight, as the American Lutheran fold is stocking its fortress with one of the most powerful of defences. Luther's words are hammer strokes and thunder claps and their powerful detonation have lost very little by being reset in good English. The work will doubtless have a wide sale in every Lutheran stronghold. It should bring a fortune to the publishing house if the things of God and the truthful interpretation of Scripture were in demand in the churches as they should be. This first volume is on Genesis (covering few chapters only) the last from Luther's pen, and is generally known as his "swan song." It forms a most valuable commentary, critical and devotional, on this important initial book of Holy Scripture. Melanchthon said: "A single page of Luther contains more sound divinity than many whole volumes; then what must a work like this be worth with its 438 octavo pages of ripest thought? This volume contains also the prefaces and historic dedications of all the former editions of Luther's works. The price of $1.50 per volume (to advance subscribers) should make this edition sell by the tens of thousands.

Biographical Annals of Lebanon Co., Pa. Messrs. J. H. Beers & Co., of Chicago, have just issued a beautiful and voluminous work of 772 large quarto pages, well and artistically bound, containing biographical annals of between seven and eight hundred of the representative citizens and families of the county of Lebanon, Pennsylvania. The same is illustrated by a large number of full page portrait cuts. Like all such books it will be of considerable interest for a while
to readers to learn the sketches of persons they know or know about; later it will go on the shelf as a valuable reference volume for biography, genealogy and local history. It is in this way that many once familiar names, faces and deeds are preserved to succeeding generations.

The Passion of Our Lord. This excellent devotional manual of 141 pages of devotional reading, cloth bound, a work suitable for the Lenten Season, is from the pen of Rev. Dr. C. W. Heisler, of the Lutheran Church of Albany, N. Y. It presents in excellent form that rich legacy of Scripture contained in the four Gospels, descriptive of our Lord's sad experiences and earnest sayings during the last week of His earthly life, so arranged that on each day of the week every recorded occurrence comes in its proper place, to which are pre-faced explanatory directions by the author and suffixed suitable daily collects. It is embellished by a number of fine illustrations from the masters of art, and it thus forms a most excellent and helpful devotional manual for the followers of God's sacrificial Lamb, anointed and slain for the taking away of the sins of the world. Its reading will beget and strengthen Christian faith. Sold by the author at 65 cents, postpaid. Sabbath Literature Co., Albany, N. Y.

Why the Pennsylvania-German Still Prevails in the Eastern Section of the State.—This sixteen-page pamphlet from the pen of Dr. Geo. Mays, of 1931 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, answering well the question proposed, and from the press of Daniel Miller, of Reading, Pa., may be had from the author at 10 cents a copy.

Der Dangelstock We are in receipt, just as we are going to press, of a copy of a handsome autograph edition of this volume of Pennsylvania-German verse—original and translations. We regret that our space does not allow a full review of this charming volume, which as to its contents is the work of a master hand and in its elegant make-up of paper, binding, type and illustrations, reaches the highest notch of the printer's and book-maker's art. Besides an able treatise on the Pennsylvania-German dialect, the volume contains nine most excellent and characteristic original poems in the dialect of which the theme of one forms the title of the book, while a dozen admirable translations of so many shorter masterpieces of English verse completes the book. Although many attempts have before been made at versification in the vernacular, there is only one previous effort that rivals this volume for first place, viz., "Harbaugh's Harfe," by whose side it will forever hold its place on the "round-table" of every true Pennsylvania-German fireside, that shall be fortunate enough to contain a copy of this altogether too limited an edition. Large quarto, pp. 155. Author's address, Lebanon, Pa.
CONTENTS

- FRONTISPICE

PHILOLOGIE

FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS

Peter D. Rothmel

THE GERMAN COLONY AT FRANKENMUTH

POSTIC OELMA

Er. Tamp

Ler. Schonweiler

Halling's Bear

The Scholl's Bell

The Musical

REVISIONS

A Series of the Books of the Delaware

BOOK NOTICES

No. 3
BEST WISHES FOR A DELIGHTFUL VACATION

We extend to all our readers the very best wishes for an enjoyable, profitable and reinvigorating summer vacation. We take it for granted that they are all going to take one. It has become the universal American custom. And not only custom, but necessity. For we do things strangely in our American life anyhow. We race at neck-and-health-breaking speed to get wealthy in half a lifetime, so we may sit with folded hands in the best and maturest years of our life. But we do not rest. We either nurse dyspepsia or nervous prostration, or worry over our investments, or else have gained such an impetus in money-making that we set our stakes farther out at the million dollar mark and then race on with greater speed to attain it, or death, or hell—or all. So we work night and day for weeks for an occasional holiday, or hustle through the spring months of the year in the conduct of our various business enterprises so we may enjoy a summer vacation. Many, alas! when it comes are too tired to enjoy it. But such is American life. The "even tenor of our way" has been left behind. Railroad and steamship companies, and hotels and summer boarding houses send out their luring circulars, and so we join the grand procession to the seashore and the mountain, the lake and the pines. May yours be a delightful trip is the wish of the editor, who is planning his own.
A BOOK BARGAIN

The Masterpieces of Ancient and Modern Literature, at one time selling from $60 to $85 according to binding, has recently been greatly reduced in price and now sell, while they last, at $27.50 for the set of twenty volumes. Readers can send in their orders to John D. Morris & Co., 1201 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Volume XIII of the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society is on our desk. It contains the transactions of the meeting, held by this energetic and far-famed society on October 3, 1902, at Norristown, Pa. Besides the minutes of the meeting including its addresses of welcome and response, the annual reports of its officers, its chief contents consist of Parts XII and XIII of the voluminous History of the State that is being written by members of the society under the general heading of "The German Influence in the Settlement and Development of Pennsylvania." The former of these parts is an exhaustive treatise of the Schwenkfelders in Pennsylvania, by Rev. H. W. Kriebel; the latter, an able account of German soldiers in the Revolution and Franklin's visit to Germany from German Archives, by J. G. Rosengarten, of Philadelphia. Besides there is a brief descriptive and pictorial article on "The Picturesque Quality of the Pennsylvania-German," by W. H. Richardson, who is a master in the art of photographic snap-shots. The volume well maintains the high character of these most excellent annuals.

We lead our readers into a new section of the vast empire of the Pennsylvania-German in the pilgrimage article of this number. We trust that all may read it, and that for those, who are familiar with the old haunts here described, it may prove a veritable visit to the old home. It may lead to a real visit before the summer is over. We trust also that those who are not personally acquainted on the "Forks of the Delaware" may here learn what an empire of historic wealth borders on the banks of its environs.
Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

PETER F. ROTHERMEL

BY THE EDITOR.

On the hot summer evening of August 15, 1895, in his lovely home at Linfield, Montgomery county, Pa., died the famous painter of the celebrated "Battle of Gettysburg," full of years and honors. If ever this country has produced a greater painter than Rothermel, his fame has at least temporarily been eclipsed by this later luminary. Certain it is that Rothermel divides the honor for first place among American artists with the only other honest rival, Benjamin West. And it is a question whether the Pennsylvania-German painter with his above-named masterpiece of American history has not gained greater popularity than that other Pennsylvanian, of Quaker parentage, with his famous work of apocalyptic prophecy, "Death on the Pale Horse." Whatever the relative place that posterity will assign to either, it is certain neither will be forgotten while history is read and art is studied and admired.

The story of Mr. Rothermel's life is in many respects akin to that of the career of almost every other great man, in any walk of life. It is usually the discovery of some native genius by a simple circumstance, an intense desire to pursue this native instinct or bent of mind, and a persevering devotion to the attainment of success in that pursuit, despite the not uncommon barriers of poverty, repeated failure and a long apparently indifferent and non-appreciative public. As if these obstacles were the test of genius and greatness, true fame never comes to any one that has not the ability to surmount them all. Whoever does pass successfully their criteria will seldom lack readers of the story of his achievement and his life. Such distinction belongs to this painter of historic scenes.
Peter F. Rothermel was born in the village of Nescopeck, along the Susquehanna, in the southern part of Luzerne county, Pa., July 8, 1812. His ancestors came from Germany about the year 1730 and settled in Pennsylvania. His father was the hotel-keeper in the village named, situated in that romantic scope of forest, stream, vale, and mountain which Campbell has immortalized in his "Gertrude of Wyoming." Surely there was nothing wanting in picturesqueness of natural surroundings during the boyhood days of the young man to nurse any poetic or artistic taste that the embryonic painter may have possessed in his boyhood. He alludes to his own boyhood as follows:

"My early boyhood was spent under the fine old elms, butternut and walnut trees along the water's edge, fishing, whittling shingles, making houses and going to school. Was I a good boy? I can't say, but I never had a whipping and at the end of three months I took a prize. Rather curiously it was a representation of a dead oak leaf by Thomas Miller. I do not know exactly how I came to draw and paint. My first impression was watching a house and sign painter of our town painting a black horse sign. The background was a vivid chrome yellow, and all that there was about the horse was a silhouette in black paint. The whole process interested me very much, and I thought I, too, should like to paint a horse. We had a Yankee clock at home with a glass below on which was the picture of a white horse, so I got a pane of glass and copied that horse. My father was a hotel-keeper, and my next feat was to paint him a sign in good old dignified Roman letters in black on a white ground."

It was not long before the subject of painting so absorbed the young devotee that school books and the whittling knife were laid aside. Before he had attained his seventeenth year he passed as a journeyman sign-painter, and at that age he found his way to Mauch Chunk and there set up in business. A few years later he located at White Marsh, Montgomery county, and in 1835, when twenty-three years of age, came to live in Philadelphia, whither his parents had moved to take charge of the old Eagle Hotel on Third Street, between Market and Mulberry, now Arch, which was the Continental of the day in style and location. It was then that he first saw an art exhibition. This was held in
PETER F. ROTHERMEL.

an apartment over Mrs. Hobson's small stationery store in Chestnut Street, below Eighth. A collection of portraits and paintings were here brought together, among which Rothermel could always recall the principal ones. One of these was Tom Ashton's "Flight into Egypt," which so impressed the young aspirant of the brush as to embolden him to ask its painter for advice and direction in the search of a teacher of drawing. He was recommended to that excellent critic of that period, Mr. John Reuben Smith. Mr. Rothermel sat at his feet for three months—a most diligent pupil, when he was told by his teacher that he could not teach him any more. After this he attended, for a season, the Academy of Fine Arts under the Presidency of Judge Hopkins. With Bass Otis, the inventor of the perspective protractor, and the producer of the finest lithograph in America, the young artist studied color and copying, some specimens of which sold at fair prices.

He now hung out his sign as a portrait painter, establishing himself on Branch Street, between Third and Fourth. Here he painted a large number of portraits, among them the Hydes, the Blanchards, and that of Nathan Beach, the discoverer of the Beaver Meadow Coal Mines near Mauch Chunk. Later he removed his studio to Callowhill Street, where he finally gave up portrait painting and began to make fancy pictures. Of these he says: "Among the finest I painted were groups of boys—one tickling another with a straw, two boys fighting, with an old woman with a stick in her hand looking out of a door, and another picture of a boy tumbling his comrade out of a wheelbarrow. As I gained an experience I essayed more elaborate figure painting, illustrating Shakespeare, Coleridge and Scott. Colonel Cephas G. Childs brought me my first order for a picture, viz: "The Embarkation of Columbus at Palos."

This picture and the fine large "Columbus Before the Queen" started the painter on the road to fame, and the "De Soto's Discovery of the Mississippi" placed him securely before the public. Just about this time Prescott's work on the conquest of Mexico was making a great noise, and the thrilling incidents furnished the painter with congenial material, and there followed "Cortez Addressing His Troops," "The Surrender of Guatemozin," "Cor-
tez Burning His Fleet” and the “Launch of the Brigantines,” all of which found distinguished and ready purchasers.

The time had now come for the attainment of a complete mastery of the art, that the painter should visit the celebrated galleries of Europe. And, having previously married, he left America in 1856, accompanied by wife and several children, to study the great masterpieces in the capitals of Europe. He had determined to pay his own expenses, though a few years previously a friend and admirer of his genius had offered to pay for such a trip. Hence Mr. Claghorn, at the time President of the Academy of Fine Arts, asked Mr. Rothermel if he would take commissions, and, as he did not object, a letter was sent to him with twenty names commissioning him to paint pictures. He remained about a month in London, where he made a study of “King Lear” from the pose of Forest. He then went to Paris where he spent a short time looking through the art galleries. From there he went to Belgium, then to Dusseldorf, up the Rhine, and across the Alps to Florence and Genoa.

He had intended staying in Florence, but on his arrival in that city he abandoned the idea and went to Rome, where he remained about two years. While in that city he painted several pictures, among which were “King Lear,” purchased by the late Joseph Harrison, and “St. Agnes,” which was sold to Count Conchilef, and another called the “Virtuoso,” which went to St. Petersburg. The Grand Duchess Helena, a sister of the Emperor Nicholas, obtained the study of “Lear,” and the “Fountain Gen-net-z-zano.” For Prince Kotzebue, who was in attendance on the Duchess, he painted “Rubens and Van Dyke.” Mr. Rothermel found the Italians very liberal. At Colona Castle, at Gen-net-z-zano, where he stayed a short time, the padrone undertook to secure a studio for him, and when she went to the agent in charge of the castle, Signor Vannetella, the whole side of the immense building was offered to him. He subsequently found that he had fifty-seven rooms, and when artists came along he presented them with studios. Signor Vannetella would take no money for rent when Mr. Rothermel was about to depart, but accepted a picture he painted for him.

After he went on a prolonged sketching tour through Italy, and then started for Munich, where he remained until the sum-
mer, when he left for Paris. While in Venice he painted a picture from one of Byron’s poems, called “The Giants’ Staircase,” which was subsequently owned by the late William Bucknell. In the summer of 1859 he exhibited three pictures in the Salon which hung on the line. Very few of the commissions which he had were executed, as misfortune or death had overtaken some of those who ordered pictures, and new orders came in so fast that he was unable to finish all the old ones.

The fame of another great painter was now established both in his native land and abroad. Upon his return to his native country July, 1859, his brush was kept busy with orders from many most noted men and institutions. His painting of “Paul Preaching Before Agrippa” was executed for Jay Cooke, and the “Massacre of the Silician Vespers” for Anthony J. Drexel. A series of pictures dealing with the life of St. Paul now followed, most of which are today owned by the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. His paintings also adorn the walls of the Memorial Hall and the Philadelphia Art Club.

But without doubt Rothermel’s masterpiece is the “Battle of Gettysburg.” Had he done nothing else, this picture would have made him famous. Painted while the tragedy of Gettysburg was still fresh in the memory, the picture touched the popular chord and aroused an interest, such as no American product has done before or since. “The Battle of Gettysburg” may be taken as a representative of his achievements, his strength of composition, accuracy of detail, and his merit as a colorist. He always has cared more for color than for drawing. It is characteristic of the painter that he has never aimed at technical effects only, for all his pictures from “Columbus Embarking at Palos” to “Lady Deadlock” have a literary purport. The pages of history have given him food for his brush. “Shylock and Portia in the Judgment Scene,” “Cromwell Ordering Hitch Out of the Pulpit,” and “Murray’s Defense” were all purchased by art organizations.

“The Battle of Gettysburg” was painted on commission from the Pennsylvania Legislature for the Library Building at Harrisburg. It was the largest product of the brush ever done in America, in the way of oil, and two years were occupied in its completion, for which the artist received $25,000. Many of the figures are actual likenesses. General Meade sat personally for the artist, and he
remarked at the time that he thought the painter had almost as
hard a task to paint as he had to win the battle. Many soldiers
who have been in the battle asked to sit as models and many had
their wish gratified. It was painted in the northeast corner of
Fifteenth and Market, Philadelphia, and was first exhibited at
the Academy of Fine Arts, which was crowded for the occasion.
Joseph Harrison made the speech and Mr. Rothermel was called
forward and bowed to the large number of people in attendance.
General Sherman was there and remarked to the artist that he
wished he could have his battles painted in like manner. It was
placed on formal exhibition at Tenth and Chestnut, Philadelphia,
in 1871, in a building erected for the purpose, and made a great
hit. From there it went to Boston and thence to Chicago. While
there the great fire broke out. A saving hand cut it from the
frame, and for a while no one knew where it was, but it was
finally found in the possession of a man, who had carried it out
of the city. After this it was taken to Pittsburg, and then back to
Philadelphia, and exhibited in a building in the park near the
Green Street entrance, from where it was placed in Memorial Hall
for the Centennial. It is now in Harrisburg. Here it occupies a
conspicuous place in the Flag Room, a special apartment, some fifty
feet long, devoted to the preservation of battle flags and relics, in
the new Library Building. It has already become the center of
attraction in this place and many thousands from all over the
State will watch their opportunity sometime to see this greatest
achievement of Rothermel.

The particular subject described in it is the famous charge of
Pickett, made on the third day of that most sanguinary battle of
modern times. One who was an eye witness of that wonderful
attack, Colonel C. H. Banes, has given the following excellent
description of that particular part of the battle, the story of which
is so vividly told on Mr. Rothermel's canvas.

The spectator is supposed to be standing on the line of battle and look-
ing towards the left of the Union forces. This position was occupied by
our troops on the right of the 1st of July, and also on the 2d.

"On the extreme left, in the distance, are seen the elevations known as
the Round Tops, where the Pennsylvania Reserves did such memorable
fighting. In front of a line to our right of Round Top, nearer the Em-
mitsburg road, is the ground fought over on July 2d by General Sickles'  
Third Corps and General Longstreet, of the Confederates. Connecting
with the lines of the Third Corps and extending to the foreground of the picture is the Second Corps, under Hancock. With the exception of a brief attack immediately after the affair of the afternoon of July 2d this corps had no severe work excepting an occasional shelling and sharp shooting fire until noon of July 3d. Just prior to that hour a temporary lull seemed to betoken a movement of some unusual character. While the officers, with their field glasses, were trying to descry the next movement in the great battle, a single Whitworth gun was fired from the extreme Confederate left and just reached the clump of trees in the foreground, then a shell from the Confederate center, then a shot from the left and immediately, from right to center and center to left, burst forth one of the most terrible cannonadings of the war. The fire of over a hundred guns was concentrated on the same portion of Meade’s line. Round shot and shell, Whitworth bolts and spherical case, were all in the air at the same time. The Union batteries as quickly responded, and the ground seemed to tremble with the thunder of war. The infantry of both armies were silent before the work of death, watching the destructive effects of the cannonading. The ghastly wounding of men and horses, the dismounting of batteries and the flying missiles from the explosion of limbers and caissons, made a scene of horror never to be forgotten.

“Amidst all this the Union men, grasping their rifles and lying on the ground in silence, anxiously but firmly awaited the inevitable result of this bombardment, an infantry attack. At 3 o’clock the fire ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and from the line of woods beyond the Emmitsburg road the enemy was seen advancing in force. The Union batteries increased their fire, if possible, using case shot instead of shell, making rude gaps in the ranks of the advancing columns, which were closed as quickly as they were made. On they came, looking in the distance like a living thunder-cloud. As new batteries are placed in position the fire is increased, with no apparent effect except to mark with dead and wounded the track over which the force is moving. On they come! Nothing more gallant could be expected of desperate men in a desperate cause. gallantly the Union forces closed up their ranks and awaited the attack, like two giants about to grapple in a death struggle, each striving for the impetus to overcome the other. The little stone wall in front of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers is reached, and ‘Pickett’s men,’ of Longstreet’s corps, who up to this time supposed they were attacking the untried militia, cried out, ‘The Army of the Potomac!’ General Garnett, of Virginia, in the advance, with hat on his sword, was the first over the wall, exclaiming, ‘Give them cold steel!’

“Here came the grip of the fight. Gallant Hancock is down; Gibbon, severely wounded, is led to the rear; Generals Kemper, Garnett and Armistead, of the Confederate force, as quickly fall, and officers and men on both sides are as rapidly stricken down. For a few moments the antagonists survey each other. Armistead, the Confederate leader, and General Webb, of the Philadelphia Brigade, were literally looking into each other’s
eyes. Then the final struggle. Rifles and pistols, swords, bayonets and butts of muskets were freely used. Without formation of ranks Confederates and Union men intermingled, Union men in some places completely surrounded by the enemy. This lasted but a brief time, when the Southern men could stand no more, and, unwilling to risk a retreat over the path of death, many threw down their arms and surrendered. The fight was over. The last attack of Lee at Gettysburg was repulsed, and the highest wave of the rebellion reached its limit, ever after to recede."

This fierce scene of mortal conflict the great painter has caused to be fought over again to hundreds of thousands of spectators, and will to hundreds of thousands more who were not born when the actual battle took place.


In 1844 Mr. Rothermel married Miss Caroline Goodhart, of Philadelphia, who with three children survive him. The latter are Blanche K. McDowell, widow of James McDowell, and residing with the mother at Linfield; Peter F. Rothermel, Jr., a prominent member of the Philadelphia Bar; and John G. Rothermel, formerly connected with the Philadelphia Times.

For nearly a quarter of a century the family lived at No. 2020 Race Street, Philadelphia, but in 1870 Mr. Rothermel purchased a picturesque old country place, known as "Grassmere," near Linfield Station, on the P. & R. R. R., about thirty-five miles from Philadelphia, where the next seven summers were spent as a summer home, since which time it has become the family's permanent residence. Here in later years the old painter was permitted to lay aside his brush and find that rest and happy retirement, amid the environment of rustic comfort and friends, which is the desire of nearly every public actor, when overcome by old age. Here the artist found a congenial clime in which to spend his old age. The facile pen of that ubiquitous sketcher, the newspaper
Peter F. Rothermel.

reporter, who visited the painter a few years before his death, has drawn the following picture of "Grassmere":

"The first glimpse of the home of the artist is through a veil of green, where the branches of the maples are tossed aside by the fingers of the wind. The house is long and picturesque-looking, with quaint gables, wide windows shaded by bright-colored awnings, and extending along its front is a spacious piazza, 'a region of repose, a place of slumber and sweet dreams.'

"It is an old house built in 1803, and on its front the initials of its builder may still be traced. Time has dealt tenderly with the old mansion, for today it stands compact and serene, encircled with trees in whose shady tops the birds find a nest and the sun a hiding place. Vases of old-fashioned flowers dot the lawn, a honeysuckle swings its tendrils in the breeze filling the air with fragrance; the long arbors are clothed with the leafy luxuriance of the grape vine; in the yard a company of chickens stand dressing their feathers, and farther off on the farm the men are plying their rakes. The scene is instinct with the charm of happy home life. From every window and door of the picturesque old house streams the spirit of comfort, and hospitality meets the guest at the very door. As his foot touches the piazza, a well-fed cat, spotted black and white, curled up in a bit of sunshine, lazily comes forward appealing for recognition; a shaggy black dog wakes up with a sleepy shuffle; but once in the presence of the painter of Gettysburg all else fades into forgetfulness."

"Pleasantly situated as is the house, with its shaded piazza, lawn and green trees, a ramble through the halls and rooms is equally delightful. Fine old pictures cover the walls—family portraits, among them those of his three children, P. F. Rothermel, John G. Rothermel and Blanche, Mrs. Macdowell, who lives with her parents at Linfield; and among many other pictures from his brush, the Touchstone and Audrey, Hypatia and the wife of a condottiere in characteristic garb, which hangs near the head of a Roman girl painted by Sully. Books are scattered about the tables, a marble bust of the painter by the sculptor Bailey, and various objets d'art emphasize the pretty shaded rooms with the individuality of an artist's home. Here the painter lives out his life in the companionship of his wife. To come within the household of Mrs. Rothermel is to feel something better than mere acquainanceship. She is full of that sympathy so lovable in a little woman. A great pride with her is the perfect condition of her parlors and the pretty dining room, paneled in oak where everything even to the bunch of flowers on the long table expresses an invitation to eat, drink and be merry. While an industrious housekeeper, it cannot be said of her as of Tennyson's heroine, 'who knows but matters of the house while he—he knows a thousand things,' but rather as of Isabel, the queen of marriage, a most perfect wife."
In such a pleasant retirement the genial old painter spent his last days—a companion and lover of birds, flowers, pet animals and his own devoted family. He took an interest in his stock and farm, and frequently was seen to spend hours at a time with his servants at work on the farm or in the barnyard. He was always kind and genial to all about him.

Although long preserved in vigorous health, to enjoy life and the pleasant fruits of his successful career, after he had passed the four-score years, he began to grow gradually weaker of body, while several months before his death he was afflicted with cataracts on both eyes. His fatal illness, however, was necrosis, or decay of his left jawbone, which developed during ten weeks so as to prove utterly incurable and thus hastened his end, at the age of eighty-three years.

Many were the honors that were heaped upon the great painter during his long life-time. Among these were membership in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia; the Philadelphia Art Club, Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and honorary membership of all the principal art unions throughout the United States. And now that he is gone, the lovers and patrons of art in all the world will lead his own grateful countrymen in forever keeping green the memory of the great painter of "Gettysburg."

ST. MEMIN PORTRAITS.

Dr. William J. Campbell, the well-known bookseller of Philadelphia, is writing an elaborate work on St. Memin portraits. It will be in eight volumes with over eight hundred and thirty engraved portraits, all on separate pages.

The basis of the book will be the famous "collection" of 761 proofs made by the artist himself, which has recently come into Dr. Campbell's possession.

The Corcoran Gallery of Art and the Library of Congress both of which have extensive collections, are co-operating with the author, giving him the free use of any portraits that they possess that are not in his own collection.

Any of our readers who have information either biographical or genealogical, about any portrait that St. Memin made, or any information as to the present location of any original crayons, coppers or engravings, will confer a favor on the author by communicating with him.

Due credit will be given in the book for all information received.
Dr. Campbell's address is 1218 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
THE GERMAN COLONY AT FRANKENMUTH

BY REV. THOMAS MILLER CHALMERS.

[The following article illustrated the German grace and grit in Colonization and Evangelization in Michigan, just as the history of the Penn'a Germans illustrates these virtues. Only the latter antedates the former by at least a century. The leading spirit of that Lutheran movement was the Patriarch Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg.—The Editor.]

In 1841 a cry of need—a Nothschrei—came over the water from the wilds of America. It was the cry of a German immigrant pastor to his brethren of the fatherland. He told them of the religious desti-

...
settle among the red men, to preach and live the life of the Master in their midst. His prayers were overheard, and a group of young men, farmers and mechanics, from Rossthal and Almühlthal, offered themselves for the sacred mission. In the meantime a letter had gone from Löhe to young Hattstädt, pastor of the little German church in Monroe, Mich-

![Image](image.jpg)

**DIE FRANKENMUTH KIRCHE.**

igan, asking him what the Lutheran Church was doing for the Indian and what it was possible to do. A cheering reply had come to him from the president of the newly organized Michigan Synod. "With thanks to God, my dear brother, we grasp your brotherly hand, and reach our own across the sea to you. Bound in one faith, active in one love, confessing the one truth, we have opened a mission among the Indians for the satisfac-
tion of our conscience and the honor of Christ. May the heavenly high priest add salt and fire to our offering." This friendly message decided the location of the embryonic colony in the infant State of Michigan. In the winter of 1845 the members of the party were gathered in Neuendettelsau. Regulations were agreed upon for the conduct of the colony in its future home in the wilderness. A course of religious meetings was held. The members of the colony were grounded in the Evangelical Lutheran doctrines. They were drilled in the rhythmic psalm and liturgy. A constitution of eighty-eight articles was drafted for their future missionary

parish of Frankenmuth. Like the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, they enacted that citizenship in the community was to be dependent upon membership in the Church, and, moreover, that those who rejected Church membership should be expelled from the community. This harsh regulation was to be sloughed off almost as soon as they settled on American soil. On the 5th of April, having sung together the German Te Deum, "Herr Gott, Dich loben wir," the little company, led by its youthful pastor, Friederich August Crämer, bade its "Auf Wiedersehen" to Neuendettelsau.

On Sunday morning, April 30, they awoke to the greeting of the Angel to Elijah, "Arise and eat, for thou hast a long journey before thee." A few hours later the Carolina had weighed anchor and the little colony was
soon lost to the view of their friends on the housetops of Bremen. Before evening of the first day, the vessel was grounded on a sandbank. It was not able to free itself till the following morning. On the second day of the voyage, the happiness of ten members of the party was greatly enhanced by the solemnization of five weddings by Pastor Crämer. He himself was to be led captive before the end of the voyage. After seven weeks at sea, in which the ship had encountered six heavy storms; had been driven by a storm at night into crashing collision with another vessel; in which smallpox had broken out on board, carrying one of their little ones into the deep and threatening the life of their pastor, the little group was landed at Castle Garden. It was a glorious Sunday morning. Before leaving New York, the young pastor was wedded to Dorothea Benthien, whose self-forgetful care of the sick during the smallpox scourge at sea had won his heart.

A few weeks more; by rail at the end of a freight train to Detroit; by sail one week to Bay city; by flat-boat to Saginaw; a few more miles into the unblazed forest—and they were at home on the shores of the Cass River. Their wanderings were at an end. Here their children were to be born, and their grandchildren, unto many generations. Here they were to grow old and be buried. The ring of their axes was first heard from the spot now covered by God's Acre, and where most of them have long since been laid to rest. Nearly three score years have passed since they cleared away
the trees for the first blockhouse with clapboard roof. The little colony has multiplied many fold. Their sons and daughters in large numbers have followed the beckoning of the wide world outside. Some of them are leaders in the commercial, social and religious life of the neighboring cities. Meanwhile the forests have disappeared. They have emptied their acres of lumber every spring into the river. In our visit to Frankenmuth, we rode on good, hard roads beside well-kept fences enclosing rich fields stretching as far as eye could reach. We saw grist-mills, saw-mills and cheese factories, and frequent herds of sleek cattle. But the strongest impression was made by the robust, sane religious life of the community. There was no such artificial cleavage as we often witness in American communities between the religious life on the one hand and the social or political on the other. Indeed a happy, industrious, religious spirit constituted the entire life of the place.

“What is your village population?” I asked an intelligent, plain looking man.

“About five hundred,” said he.

“How many of them are members of the Church?”

“About five hundred,” said he, after a pause of blank surprise.

I could not learn of a family that was not in vital connection with the Church. Their stately church, costing not less than $25,000, stands on the crest of the hill, overlooking and pealing to the country for miles away.
A capacious red brick parsonage stands at its side. This country church raises $5,000 a year for its work. The parish is much larger than the village. The church enrolls 400 voting males in its membership. My surprise at learning this fact will be appreciated when I say that, before visiting Frankenmuth, I had just visited an American village of about the same size. I had found two churches there, the stronger of the two supported by home missionary means, the local congregation raising only $200 toward the pastor's salary, and this by humiliating methods. There were only two adult males in the membership of this church. The chief town topics were two recent scandals.

The inhabitants of Frankenmuth are worthy of their parentage. They are not total abstainers, but are virtuous and steady. They furnish less than their share of crime to the county courts.

But you ask what they did for the red men? They broke their alabaster box. They did what they could. They planted their colony within a few miles of the Chippewa camp-fires. They set apart seventy-five acres for the mission and its buildings. They built a school for the Indian children. Three chief out-stations were planted—one of them seventy miles away. These stations were visited every month. Their pastor shrunk from no hardship. Through rain and snow, by perils of land and water, shaking with the ague, he pursued the red man with the Gospel of the lowly Nazarene. He slept with them in the reek and smoke of their tents. He ate with them from their filthy kettles. The little colony was to live the life of Christ in the eyes of the heathen. This they did: but it was all of little avail. The colony remains. It is a prosperous community, now in steady process of Americanization, though the German language is still the common tongue in church, street and school. The red man has departed, he has moved toward the sinking sun, where he still sits, silent and lonely, in the shades of Death; but the spiritual children of Löhe now comprise one of the important branches of the great Lutheran Church in America, numbering 60,000 communicants, with nearly 700 congregations.

Manchester, N. H.

Some Famous American Schools, by Prof. O. F. Adams.

The book attempts to give readers a general acquaintance of nine of America's most successful preparatory schools. It does not say all that a close student of any of these might wish to know, but it imparts such information about all of them that a visitor might gain, who was an adept in asking questions or had his bump of observation well developed, during a day's visit. It will supply sufficient data to any parent or guardian, who is anxiously looking about for a boy's preparatory training. Here this information is all gathered and well told concerning the location, history, curriculum and success of Nazareth Hall, Phillips Andover and Exeter Academies, Lawrenceville School, St. Paul's, St. Mark's, Shattuck's School, Groton and Belmont Schools. Octavo, 341 pages, profusely illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Pubs., Boston, Mass.
EN TREMP.

Die Mutter hot em Vater was zu klage—
(En seufts derbei—wie aus em diefe Mage)
Denk just mol hie—en Deutscher kummt,
Un kloppet mer an der Küche Deer—
Ich seg dam: "Rei!"—un er—er brummt:
Ich moechte Epess—bin ganz leer!

Ich seg: Du kannst dert uf die Bank hiesitze—
(En war bedreckt, war grauslich ah am Schwitze.)
Ich schneid dann Fleesch, un schneid ah Brot,
Un streich noch schöner Butter druf—
Ich geb eem Kaffi—der dut not—
Un drag em schö, un sauwer uf!

Du hetst den Mann just sehne solle esse—
Den hot mer gar net nötig kat zu heese, Grad so—wie ah ken anri Sau!
So frog ich dann: "Un wurs genuh?"
"Ach ja!—vortreffsich—gute Frau; Das Essen—un der gute Trunk!"

Dann bleibt er noch (ken Wunner) länger hocke,
Un endlich seg ich: "Mach dich uf die Socke!"
Er frogt: "Was ist das für ein Buch,
Das sie da hatten in der Hand?"
"Des is der Wart, den ich drin such;
Eun Pennsyvani—Leut un Landt!"

Dann biet ich em dei Buch, un seg: "Ill' id leese?"
Un richtig, loszt er sich ken zwee mol heese!
Eer setzt sich uf sei hochi Naas,
En merkenswürtig groszi Brill—
Dann sagt er: "Na! was ist dann das?
Ein Kenterwelsch, das ich nich will!"

Hei ja! seg ich: Mei Esse stärkt dei Mage—
Wan du des Buch net wil—hets Nix zu sage!
Doch—macht dich gschwinds un sauwer fort—
Un jo noch eb der Vater kummt—
Gewisz, er is vn anner Art,
Un deef gets schlecht, wan er deef brummt!
Adje!
DER SCHUMACHER.*

"From "Dor Dangelstock," a Volume of Penn'a German verse by the Author, which was received in our last issue.—Ed.

BY LEE L. GRUMBINE, ESQ.

Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!
Morge'ds früh bis Ove'ds spot,
Klopt er für sei täglicher Brod;
Schneit er, nacht er, nagelt un' klopt,
Me'nt mer hört's fast ohne g'stoppt,—
Tage, Woche, Monat, Jahre,
Fällt sei Hammer ’uf die Ohre,—
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Winter—morge'ds lang vor Tag,
Wann mer noch gern schlofe mag,
Als ich schläfrig bal ’uf steh,
'S Licht strahlt über der weise Schnee,
Aus sei'm Schöppli-fenster ’raus,—
Sonscht is Alles still im Haus—
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Sommer's au' in aller Früh,
Ziegt sei Riehme über's Knie
Nagelt Sole 'uf die Schu,
Fröhlich singt ebmals dazu,
Wie Hans Sachs von Nüremberg,
Leicht mit Singe macht sei Werk,
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Schmokt schier immer ’n alte Peiff,
’S bucklich sitze macht ihn steiff,
Lange Aerm. dinne Be',
Me'nt er schlagt sei Knie gans weh,
Wunner das die arme Knoche,
Sin doch net schon lang verbroche,
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Huckt er dort mit bluttem Kop',
Fleissig neckt er zum Geklop,
In sei'm Maul paar alte Zäh',
Freundlich G'sicht, doch net just schö,
Weise Hor un' Backe runschli,
Bloe A'ge, Lefze schumuschli,
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!
POETIC GEMS.

Huckt er! Klopt er! Früh un' spot,
Zieg! er sei gebechter Tröt;
Schneit er, nacht er, nagelt un' flickt
Als die Uhr die Stunde tickt,
Stunde seiner Lewes-zeit,
Stunde langer Ewigkeit,—
Klop! Klopt! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Was e'n Haufe Schu im Eck,
The'l verisse—g'schniert mit Dreck;
Kle'ne, grosse, junge, alte
Füss vom 'Uevel zu behalte;
Hen au' ke'n's vom beste Gruch
Das mer lieb hat am Schnupp-tuch,
Klop! Klopt! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Strenger Mäster war der Alte,
Gute Ordnung hat er g'halte;
Das die Junge sich betrage,
Sei Gebrauch net viel zu sage,
Hat sie über's Knie geboge,
Sei Knie-rihme a'gezoge,
Klop! Klopt! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Hab mir oft des Bild vorg'stellt,
'S g'mahnt mich an die Leut der Welt,
Münsche sin wie alte Schu—
G'fleckt mit Sinde—ich un' du,
Hart un' zähe, aus Muster g'streckt,
Böse'sache sie verdreckt,
Klop! Klopt! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Schlechste schmeis't der alte Flicker
'Uf der Haufe Leder-stücker,
'S wird sie Niemand brauche kenne,
Nix meh' werth as zuverbrenne—
Nimme fliecke oder putze,
Sin für gar nix meh' zunutze,—
Klop! Klopt! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Alter Schuster is es Schicksal,
Stecht der Münsch mit manches Trübsal,
Schlagt sei Herz mit Weh un' Jammer,
Klopt ihn mit sei'm schwerem Hammer,
Aller Schlag un' aller Schmerz
We'cher, be ser macht sei Herz—
Klop! Klopt! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!
Fertig sin sei letzte Schu—
'S letst mal g'loff, nach der Ruh',
Fertig g'neht sei letzte Noth—
'S letst mal g'nagelt von dem Tod.
Aus geklopt sei letzte Sole,
Leuchte-klock thut langsam tole,
Klop!—Klop!—Klop!—Klop!—Klop!

Liever Herr! Wir bitte heut,
B'schlag uns mit Gerechtigkeit;
Unser Fuss vom Böse halt,
Das mer net in Sinde fallt.
G'eb uns neue, g'rechte Schu,
'Uf der weg dem Himmel zu.
Harte Herze, Klop! Klop! Klop!

SCHLITZ'S BEER.

J. E. FREEMAN.

Dem Schlitz sei beer
Macht mich so queer—
Es steigt mir in der kop;
Glaub, "Ich bin voll,"
Ich fühl so doll—
Ich elendiger drop.

Das beer vom Schlitz
Neut mir mei wits—
Macht doll, un daub, un dummm;
Wo soll ich hie—
Fall uf die kne,
In mir geht alles rum.

Schlitz, kum un such
Mei pocket-buch—
Verschliizt! un 's geld is fort;
Verspant für beer
Guck just mohl hier!
So gewis ich leb, "Zu hart."

Mei Betz, die kumpt,
Un sagt: "Du Lump!"
Och Betz! Geh doch now naus;
So lang bleibst du
Bleibe ich dazu,
'S mag geh wie 's will im haus.

Just naus mit dir,
Du schwartzes dier—
Der wert sagt: "Was duscht hier?'
Mei mann geht mit,
Bleibt? "Not a bit,"
Now geht er hame mit mir.

O Hamet schö,
Wann ken beer mah
Gemacht werd, do im land;
Der Schlitz werd g'llickt!
Kenner mehr verrickt!
Ken license an der wand.
Boyertown, Pa.

DIE SCHULHAUS BELL.

FUN FRANK R. BRUNNER, M.D.

Wie ich en junger Schulbuh war,
Schon zimlich lang zurueck,
Wars meine äütre noch net klohr,
Was es geht aus ihm Schtrick.
Ich war, wie anre Buwe ah,
In Kinner schtrech, net hinne dra.

Sie waare bang ich deet, ferleicht,
Net lerne was ich kent;
Deet sache du die ich net breicht,
Und schteh am unre end.
Ferleicht wars ihm; oft terleet,
Hen net gewist wie's mir noch geet.
Wan ich nun denk ans alt Schul-
hans, 
Seens Pickter in meim Kop; 
Und die gros Dehr fer nei und raus, 
Und ah der guth alt Drop, 
Wo Meetschter war, fell guthen Muth, 
Uns oft gewipt fer unser guth.

Dan kumme mir fiel sache foehr, 
Die nimme nau so sin; 
Die Kerich und Schule waare rahr, 
Ken Klock im Schtiepel drin. 
Ehmig alt Haus hot uns gebast, 
Es baue hot net fiel gekoscht.

Acht ecke hot mei Schulhaus kat, 
Und rund wie en Frucht schtock; 
Es war net fânse, schô, noch kladt, 
Und uf em dach ken Klock. 
Doch hen mir ebbes drin gelerndt, 
Der Meetschter ah oftmols ferzerndt.

Die desks die waare an der Wand, 
Rings in der Schulschtab rum; 
Ken ruckboard war an kenre Bank; 
Sel war erschrecklich dum. 
Uf jeder seid am offe, dert. 
War'n schwarde Bank, gans kreis-
lich herd.

Mans-hoch sum erschte floor, do 
war 
Der zwevts floor owe druf; 
En schlup-loch, fer ans offe rohr; 
Do is mer durich nu. 
Der Meetschter hot ah, dan und wan 
En Schüler nuh, en halb schtund lang.

Und mit der Kerich wars grad so; 
Gans kommun seents drin aus; 
Im Gottes haus war nix fer scho; 
Nan guckt der Hochmuth raus. 
Mer sol ah mit, hochmüthig sei, 
Es is gewis ken sind dabei.

Fum runde Schulhaus bin ich ferd; 
En grösers war mei ziel: 
Es war en Schtiepel hoch druf dert, 
Im haus ah Schüler fiel. 
In sellem Schtiepel war en Bell, 
Die ringt und glingt schö, laud und hel.

Acht mol im Tag, ge't selle Klock; 
Es erscht mol morgends früh;

Fer aus em Bedt, sich dresse 
schnock, 
Und noh zu sitze hie, 
Und lerne bis es singt im Kop, 
Noh sagt mer als, Ich glaub ich schtob.

Es heert em aber niemand ah, 
En jeders denkt an sich: 
Mei Tschum sagt mir als, "Halt 
dich dra; 
Du duscht es all fer dich. 
Bal geet die Bell noh beasts, Pack uf," 
Und geh mit muth den Boardwalk nuf.

Nau ringt die Bell fer noch der 
Schul, 
Dert geets noh erscht recht dra: 
En Tschäpel dinscht war die erscht 
Ruhl, 
Womit der Tag fangt ah. 
Do hen mir g'sunge und gebeet, 
Und bissel g'flirt ah mit die Meed.

Mitggs ringt selle Bell zwe mol, 
Fer Esse und fer Schul; 
Und oweds ringt sie juscht so wohl, 
En jedes aus sein schtuhl. 
Mir gelme in den Tschäpel nei; 
Beim Gottes dinscht mus jedes sei.

Noh ringt die Bell uns wider heem, 
Es lerne neint ken end; 
Die lessens waare grad es seem, 
Hab oft sie net gekent. 
Doch bin ich ferd, so mit dem 
Schtrahm, 
Bin noh gehückeld, müd und lahm.

Am siwe oweds, wan sie ringt. 
Meents, Nau geh in dei Schtab; 
Schtrudin bis zehe, wans noh glingt, 
Dan grad ins Bedt nei schlup. 
Und schlof bis die Bell dicht uf 
weckt. 
So hen sie e'm die Seede 
g'schreckt.

Und so geets hie fun Tag zu Tag, 
Die Bell ringt immer ferd; 
Des lerne koscht geld, müd und plag; 
Es geet erbärmiich herd. 
Und wan mer net lernd ringt sie 
doch. 
Schtrudire is en mühsam joeh.
Ken chmòl heal ich nau en Klock 
Das mei Hertz net hee gee
An selle Schul und ich dert hock,
Und sag mit gröschter freed—
Ja, selle Schul die war mei Glück;
Mit frohem Geist denk ich zurück.

Wie Badderriesel, aus ihm nescht,
So sin mir wider ferd;
En jedes hot gedu es bescht,
Und wenig sin meh dert,
Mer bleibt net immer an ehm Blatz,
Mer such sich ergesdwo en Schatz.

Wan nau en Klock klingt, kumt 
fitl fohr
Das mer so net dra denkt;
Die Bell halt’s uf fun Jahr zu Jahr,

DAS MUEHLRAD.

(From the Wilkes-Barre Record.)

In einem kühlen Grunde,
Da geht ein Mühlrad:
Mein Liebchen ist verschwunden
Das dort gewohnt hat.

Sie hat mir treu' versprochen
Gab mir 'nen Ring dobei,
Sie hat die Treu' gebrochen
Das Ringlein sprang entzwei.

Ich möcht als Spielmann reisen
Wol in die Welt hinaus,
Und singen meine Weisen
Und gehn von Haus zu Haus.

Ich möcht als Reiter fliegen
Wol in die blut'ge Schlacht
Um stille Feuer liegen
Im Feld bei dunkler Nacht.

Höhr' ich das Mühlrad gehen
Ich weiss nich was ich will
Am liebsten möcht' ich sterben
Dann war's auf einmal still.

Sis Guth das sie dert henkt.
An alle Kerich und alle Schul
Mus bal en Bell sei, sis die Kuhl.

Sis ebbes in der Bell ihrm Tohn
Das uns das Hertz bewegt;
Sie führt uns all noch Gottes Trohn,
Uns himmel's hoch ufregt.
Sie klingt so süs, so hoffnung's foll,
Drum löst sie ringe fer uns all.

Sie ringt im Leben und im Tod,
Am anfang und am end;
Sie weckt uns uf zu aller noth,
Sis nix das sie net kent.
Sie schalt ja, über Berg und Thal.
Uf land, uf mehr, Schtadt, über all.

THE MILL WHEEL.

The following translation is by Henry Bodmer, of this city. He says the German words have been familiar to him from boyhood, but he does not know who the author is.

Down in a lovely valley
The brook a wheel does turn;
There used to live my lassie,
Whose love has changed to scorn.

She said she loved me dearly,
And promised to be true;
The little ring she gave me,
Like her promise, broke in two.

I would as showman travel
Or as a roaming bard,
Lamenting my misfortune
to every loving heart.

As rider I'd be flying
To battle's hottest fight
And by camp fires lying
In bivouac at night.

When I the wheel see turning,
Down at that lonely mill,
I wish I might be dying;
My heart would then be still.
Historical Pilgrimage into
...Pennsylvania-Germandom

A DETOUR ON THE FORKS OF THE DELAWARE

BY THE EDITOR.

We transfer our historic pilgrimages from the Susquehanna to the Lehigh. From the more central and southern section of the State, we push our historic jaunting car to the more eastern section of the State, the very heart of early German settlements. Here, to this very day, the cattle low, the roosters crow and even the crickets chirp in Pennsylvania "Dutch." Therefore as we have circled about Harrisburg, Reading and York, we will henceforth let our automobile raise the dust about the architecturally beautiful and proud metropolis of the Lehigh, Allentown, where the best-clad and most well-to-do dwellers will hail you with "Wie gehts?" and "Nemm der 'n Sitz!" or if near meal time, will ask you to stay for dinner by remarking: "Du kannst 's mit hawwe, wann 's dir gut genunk is!"

From Allentown as a hub, we shall run our exploration spokes out to all points of the compass. But while we shall let Allentown itself wait for a historic tramp when in the country the roads are slushy or drifted, we shall at this lovely spring season, allow the bespangled meadows and the waving grain fields and the freshly adorned forests lure us into the charming by-paths of Nature's generous and restful realm. It is in the country, too, where the fascinating history we are in pursuit of was enacted and is recorded in its landmarks of stormy and epoch-making events. Here our Pennsylvania-German forebears enacted all their early enticing history, for when they first settled Eastern Pennsylvania, it was all country. The present great Keystone State was then only Penn's Woods. And who ever heard of going fishing in a city's market square or business block or even a city park—except it be Fairmount? So we shall go for a number of trips along the "little rivers" to cast our angler's line. Oh! for a Van Dyke to tell at the close of the day in his own inimitable way of our good luck!

What a rich and delightful country lies before us for this present pilgrimage! We shall take a sort of loop trip on the banks of the historic Monocacy and carve a pilgrimage monogram on the "Forks of the Delaware." Here abound on every side the descendants of our thrifty German forebears, who still speak, in the sixth or eighth generation, the smooth-flowing, musical and quaint Saxon dialect the first settlers in these parts brought over one hundred and fifty years ago from the banks
of the Rhine and the Weser. Here, too, we shall traverse the noted "Irish Settlement," which like a Celtic isle in a Saxon sea, about as large as the Galilean lake, has maintained its distinct architectural, linguistic and religious characteristics for six generations, until, by that law of the survival of the fittest, the Saxon neighbor has either by marriage and inheritance or by superior ability in the paying results of agriculture, gotten possession of the once broad and rich acres of these stern and sturdy Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. The fine and proud old homesteads built spaciousely of limestone in ante-Revolutionary days, by the wide-awake and epoch-making sons of Scotland, have, during the past generation or two, been filling up with the neighboring scions of Saxon origin. For it was on the Forks of the Delaware and especially on the banks of the Lehigh that during the first half of the eighteenth century there was a strange neighborly commingling in pioneer emergencies of four nationalities, the Indian, the English landholders, the Scotch-Irish and the Moravian and other Germans. The nomenclature of mountain and stream was given by the Indian (Kittatinny, Lecha, Monocacy, Hokendauqua, Catasaqua), that of the early townships, hamlets and towns by the English (Northampton, Allen, Easton, as also Reading, Lancaster and York), while the German Moravians christened their settlements with the beautiful Biblical or religious names they bear today (Bethlehem, Nazareth, Emmaus, Friedenthal, Friedensthal, Gnadenhütten, Christian's Brunn). That a peculiar charm may hang about a local community's name let the following lines from a Pennsylvanian of these parts, gone West, testify:

"How sweet to my ears are the names of my childhood,  
The names Pennsylvanians worship for aye,  
Aboriginal cognomens heard in the wildwood  
When Indians traversed the Minnequa way—  
Tunkhamock, Tamaqua and Hokendauqua,  
Tamaend, Tobyhanna and Tonawanda,  
Meshoppen, Tomensing and Catasaqua,  
I love you, I greet you, sweet sounds of Pa.

"How mountain, and meadow, and rill, and ravine,  
The broad Susquehanna and Wyoming's ray,  
Spring forth in the land-cape by memory seen,  
The Lehigh, the Schuylkill and Lackawanna,  
Lrompton, Allegheny, Monongahela,  
Kittanning, Perkasie and Shenandoah,  
Towamensing—another, not spelled the same way,  
I love you, I greet you, sweet sounds of Pa.

"The rivulets warble and cataracts roar  
The names that I cherish wherever I stray—  
Manayunk, Conshohocken, Monocacy—more  
Nanticoke, Kittatinny, Shickashuny, Hay! Day!  
My heart leaps at mention of Catawissa,  
Mahany, Neshquehoning, how soothing the lay!  
Lackawaxen, Shackamaxon, Perkiomen—what, pray.  
Sweeter than Manch Chunk (Mock-Chunk as they say).  
I love you, I greet you, sweet sounds of Pa.
ON THE FORKS OF THE DELAWARE.

Although the Indian names abide along the Lehigh, there is not a single red-skin left. The Pennsylvania “Dutchman” has bridged these Indian streams, and rebridged them when freshets, worse than Indian rampages, have carried them all away, which has occurred again and again. The Pennsylvania “Dutchman” has opened highways along the Indian trails leading over the Indian named mountains and tunnelled them for the iron horse. While the English named most of the early towns and laid out their plots in these parts, the Pennsylvania-German built the houses and factories and stores and has from almost the very beginning to the present day held all the offices and carried on the municipal government. While the Scotch-Irish, cut out a fine segment of this limestone region of old Northampton for themselves as first settlers, the horses that today turn “Gee” or “Haw” in plow or reaper on these same acres understand only the Pennsylvania “Dutch.” The German, being rather matter-of-fact than sentimental, has permitted his rival neighbors to name the rich agricultural pie while he set about possessing and eating it. Only the early German Moravians on the Forks of the Delaware have taken a part in the fixing of the earliest nomenclature. And it is into this early Moravian and Scotch-Irish settlement, lying on the east bank of the Lehigh, and drained by the Monocacy, the Hokendauqua and Catasauqua Creeks that our pilgrimage shall lead us on this trip.

How like a Moravian sister dame Nature has clad herself in chaste and modest beauty for the occasion! Let it be remembered that the initial journey was made by the writer during the time of May, when the dressmaker and milliner of the fields and woods alters her fashions every week. So I saw this beauteous historic landscape just when the orchards exchanged their gay bonnets of apple-blooms for the more quiet colors of leafy green, and when the meadows wore bespangled petticoats of blues, tulips, pinks, daisies, buttercups, anemones and cranesbills, and the forests had clad themselves in bodices of brightest, freshest green, embroidered by the chaste blossoms of the dog-wood, the blushing azalea and the purely white wild cherry, while ringlets of wild grapevine curled about her temples and banners of waving rye were in her hand. If Nature fills her cornucopia with ripened fruits in the fall months, in May she is a bride adorned for her husband. How much better sometimes to look at our vast acres through the poet’s and artist’s eye, than through those prosaic goggles that make owner and toiler see only the prospects of cash returns! If the thrifty farmer and trafficker in man’s necessities will insist on figuring out only profits, I protest in the name of my historical pilgrims, we are on sacred ground and will take off our shoes as we approach this holy shrine. Say what you will, agriculture is sacrilegious if carried on purely for its gains in dollars and cents, and let no Pennsylvania-German ever do violence to this divine instinct!

It seems to me our German bucolic stock of all farmers has best preserved the hallowed associations of God in their agricultural and pastoral
pursuits. They sow in faith (not forgetting to fertilize); they look to God for the rain and the dew (not neglecting to plow deep), and they reap amid the shouts of thanksgiving, with which they mingle their Harvest Home festivals—all the while building their Schweitzer barns larger to stow away their abounding crops. They hear the voice of God in the thunder, nor, like the quibbling Jews of Christ's time, do they mistake for thunder the speech of God from heaven. Like the more pious Jews of an earlier period, our Pennsylvania-German farmers of today still bring annual offerings to God of the first fruits of garden and field, while his Yankee brother is figuring out dividends.

But I hear a plaintive voice inquiring when our historic automobile is to start. Alas! my brother; all the while our fancy has been preparing the way. And now, while you get your nerves quieted, we are crossing the temporary rickety wooden bridge, that spans the Lehigh at Allentown, where last winter's freshet has swept the fine iron structure from its abutments and where busy operations are now going on in replacing the old with a better bridge. We are climbing the eastern slope and are making a straight cut on the Bethlehem pike towards the latter city, while the river makes a curve, somewhat like the curve of the letter D, in its wooded, hilly slopes to meet us at this historic Moravian settlement. On high ground one of the summer observation cars of the Lehigh Valley Traction company's line is whirling us past substantial farmhouses and charming cottages affording a wide sweep to the eye of a rich and lovely rural landscape. Past old Rittersville Inn with its fond memories of stage-coach days and the newer park of the Traction Company with its toboggan track, its merry-go-round, its bear tent and ice cream stand, we presently come in sight of Bethlehem—not of King David and the Child of Mary's fame, but of the renown of Zinzendorf and the Moravians, of Lafayette and the Revolutionary soldiers' hospital, of the first Female Seminary in America and the Lehigh University, of St. Luke's Hospital and the Moravian Theological Seminary, of mammoth iron and steel works and of the junction of the Monocacy with the Lehigh. But these interests are too broad and intricate to allow us time today to explore as we are bound for the interior of this rich country in the Forks of the Delaware. Therefore passing through this beautiful suburban section and its principal street running east and west, we turn a right angle in the center of the town, and head for Nazareth, another historical town of the Moravians lying nine miles to the northward, or about midway between the South and Blue Mountain ranges and midway between the Lehigh on the west and the Delaware on the east. We reserve Bethlehem and its history for another visit.

A magnificent stretch of country lies before us as we face the distant Kittatinny range with its picturesque gaps to the north. A model macadamized road—paradise for bicyclers or automobilists—joins Bethlehem with Nazareth. Several neat-looking villages and many well kept farmhouses dot the highway. A panorama of green glory, a rolling agricultural
sea stretches before us, which changes at every turn of our car, at the bends of the highway, as the figures of a kaleidoscope change at every turn of the instrument. Passing the hamlets of Macada (from Macadamize), Broadheads, Hecktown and Newburg, we approach the historic town of Whitefield and Zinzendorf. While all this intervening territory is historic, there is only one spot en route where history has centered or crystalized, and this is Hecktown, or Dryland, where many years ago the first German settlers of these parts, not Moravians, built their first house of worship and sepultured their dead.

Through the kindness of the present Reformed pastor of this Drylands Union Church, the Rev. Wallace H. Wotring, A.M., B.D., of Nazareth, Pa., a former pupil of the writers, who rejoices in the report and evidences of his pupil’s success—the following sketch of this aged congregation is constructed and the accompanying cut of the present edifice supplied. The earliest German settlers of these parts took up lands along the water-courses and built their homes near springs. As this section is somewhat elevated and forms the watershed between the Lehigh and the Delaware, it is almost void of springs and on this account was passed by what is now a paradise of fertility for poorer soil. Thus it received its present prejudicial name of Drylands. But the King’s Highway leading through this charming country, succeeding travelers recognized its worth and later immigrants were attracted to the spot. These were mostly of Lutheran and Reformed faith and they followed their invariable custom of planting their church and school house as soon as their first rude homes were erected.

The exact date, however, of the erection of the first Drylands church is in doubt. There are some documentary evidences at hand that lead to the conclusion that it was between the years 1760-63, that both the church and school edifices were erected. The second building was dedicated on August 15, 1790. The present, or third church building, was dedicated December 8th and 9th, 1849, having been reared the previous summer. The congregations on both sides are strong and have been pastorally served in the following order. Reformed pastors—Revs. Casper Dietrich Weyberg, Fred. L. Henop, John W. Pythan, William Ingold, Lebrecht Fred’k Hermann, Jacob Christian Becker, Thomas Pomp, Erasmus Helfrich, D. Y. Heisler, M. A. Smith, and the present incumbent, W. H. Wotring. Among these were conspicuous scholars of the Church. Dr. Hermann was a walking theological seminary, having prepared five of his own sons and eight other men for the holy ministry. Dr. Heisler is known for his authorship in the annals of his Church, and Rev. Pomp labored fifty-six years in the ministry.

The Lutheran pastors were: John F. Ernst, Conrad Jäger, Joshua Jäger, Jeremiah Shindel, J. A. Wenzel, C. F. Welden, J. B. Roth and the present pastor, Rev. I. W. Bieber, residing at Bethlehem. Of these Ernst, Wenzel and Welden are noted for their scholarly attainments.
The land now occupied by church and cemetery was part of a tract the proprietors warranted in 1741 to Casper Wistar, "the brass button maker, of Philadelphia," who seems to have been a very large land holder in his day in different parts of Eastern Pennsylvania. His daughter Sarah fell heir to this tract, which she sold to the representatives of the congregation June 12, 1794, but upon which they had already for over thirty years erected their church and buried their dead without clear title. They paid £25 12s. for it in gold or silver money current in Pennsylvania. Doubtless consent was given by the illustrious father to build the first church edifice—it may chance to be, as at Tulpehocken "for the consideration of the yearly rental of one red rose," and that the red rose did not always mature in this dry land and the congregation later preferred to settle outright for cash.

It is only natural when in the presence of so venerable an ecclesiastical shrine to wander also into the graveyard. There is always more of the
historically fascinating to be found here than in the church building, if, as here, it be not the first or second structure. Here we find as in every old place of sepulture, the original plot has been outgrown, and about it lies the more modern, more spacious, and better kept cemetery. But the older graves hold the chiefest charms to the student of history. We find here the oldest tomb to mark the last resting-place of Otilla Broterin (1708-1769) whose quaint epitaph contains this triplet:

"Otilla Broterin bin ich genannt,
Und geh jetzt in mein Vaterland,
Wo Jesus Christus ist bekannt."

The grave of Christian Nauman (1702-1773), the carpenter of the first church and builder of graveyard fence is marked by a stone which is decorated with broad-axe, square and compass. Another old grave interests the writer because it chances to be that of his wife's first American progenitor, her great, great, grandfather. The inscription reads as follows:

"Vallentin Cloeter. Born June 17, 1726, in Pfalz. 1st Getraut Dec. 12, 1749. Hat 9 Kinder. Depart. Aug. 7, 1775." There is evidence by stone and English words that this stone was secured by a later generation. It is gratifying to later generations to know that in 1763 and thereafter (time of building first church) he was an officer in the church. One of his sons, Jacob, distinguished himself in the Revolutionary war, when he was lieutenant of a trusted regiment appointed by General Washington to take 1220 Hessian prisoners at Trenton, N. J. This veteran is interred at Alletown (Tenth and Linden Streets) and his tomb is "flagged" on every Memorial Day. But we must move on to Nazareth.

As soon as we approach the town of Nazareth we are impressed that it is no longer the quiet religious and educational and peaceful home center alone it was for over a century for the followers of pious Count Zinzen-dorf, but its long time seclusion has given way to the publicity and commotion of this modern age of manufacture, traffic and travel. Three large cement mills with their tall chimney stacks send their curling smoke into the sky above and their cohesive product into all the building world beneath. Hosiery and other mills prosper. Railroad and trolley lines give every facility for shipment and travel. Once exclusively Moravian, with a central church alone, now at least four or five religious denominations have built up congregations and reared their houses of worship. But Nazareth is historically chiefly a Moravian town and as such we shall see it. Its famous school for boys, its religious community life and its peaceful domestic and social features are the chief charms of old Nazareth to the historian. And these we have come to explore.

Contrary to all presumption it was not the Moravians but the celebrated English divine, Rev George Whitefield, who named the town. In May, 1740, he opened negotiations with William Allen, of Philadelphia,
and for the consideration of £2200 sterling he secured title for this tract of 5000 acres on the Forks of the Delaware. His object was to found here a school and asylum for negroes and thus foster his Methodistic tenets. To erect a large school building he had secured the services of a number of Moravian brethren from Georgia, where in his evangelistic and missionary travels he had become acquainted with them. As chief builder he employed one Peter Boehler, who with a colony of seven male artisans, two women and three boys, had set out from the Georgian Moravian settlement and landed on the Whitefield tract on May 30, 1740. A few days later Whitefield’s agents came to locate the school. The party lived in rude huts until small log buildings had been erected for these families. One of these houses, “Gray Cottage,” is standing yet and is pointed out with pride as the first house of Nazareth. Work on the main school building was now pressed, and by the first of September the foundation walls were above ground. But on account of some misunderstanding between Boehler and the excitable Whitefield that fall in Philadelphia, further building operations were suspended until the following year, when on account of financial embarrassment Whitefield sold out his tract to the Moravians, when work on the large stone structure was resumed and the building, known to this day as the “Whitefield House,” was completed in 1743. It is still in very good condition, occupies the center of a magnificent velvety campus and is at present the meeting and storing place for the Moravian Historical Society. Its very interesting museum is well worthy a visit from any part of the State. The house has served various uses in its history, being the first place of worship until the year 1756 when the chapel of Nazareth Hall was dedicated.

When the Moravians in 1741 took charge of this vast tract they founded upon it five or six residence nuclei. These were known as Nazareth, Ephrata, Rose Berg, Gnadenhalt, Friedenthal, and Christian’s Brunnen. At Friedenthal, on the Bushkill, the first grist and saw mill of these parts was erected. At Ephrata the Whitefield house was erected, while old Nazareth and Rose Berg were honored with churches and hostelries. The present Moravian congregation of Nazareth dates its origin from January 2, 1744, and its present large church edifice, completed in 1862, facing the center of the town’s flowering square, reminds one of a Schloss Kirche in Germany. As the colony increased new accommodations for housing and Christian training of these religious immigrants was provided. The streets in the old town are still lined with the one-and-a-half storied dwellings erected in those days, while the central of the present group of school buildings, and known as “Nazareth Hall,” was built in 1755. It was intended as a home for the Count and his wife, who hoped to pass their last days in this place. But financial losses disarranged his plans and the noted Zinzendorf went to his German grave in 1760. Thus Providence turned this venerable and imposing structure into the long-time celebrated School for Boys, ranking today among the oldest, best
equipped and best reputed schools of its kind in America.* Its group of buildings, arranged about a well-kept court, makes an imposing appearance, where today the Rev. Prof. Blum and his corps of teachers give mental and military training to about one hundred of the brightest boys of Moravian and other blood. A stream of graduates for a hundred and fifty years has here been prepared as purified gold, to enrich the world. A monument in the center of the campus is evidence that many of these have laid down their lives in battle for their country.

*See "Some Famous Schools for Boys"—a volume lately published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston, Mass.
Two historic inns have flourished in connection with this settlement. The one was known as the Rose Inn, on Rose Berg, which was a very noted place of entertainment in the days of ye old lang syne, but which in modern time has gone into disuse, as Old Nazareth has long since absorbed the business and traffic interests of all these separate smaller communities in this general Moravian settlement. In this borough the old hostelry known as Nazareth Inn has been maintained as of yore. Buildings may be remodeled and proprietors change but the old stand is the same as when in the days of long ago city boarders would lounge away the dreamy summer days in the grateful shade of its over-arching trees or its wide porticoes, and at evening time modest, skylarking lovers would get well acquainted amid the flash of the fire fly. What records, too, of old-time sleighing parties the walls of one hundred and thirty-five years of history hold! Visions of chicken and waffle, hot punches and lemonade, Moravian cake and Lebkuchen come to mind at the mere mention of those days, when terpsichorean revels flourished and coybanter and repartee of lovers and merry-makers were re-echoed by these walls. Now the
trolley stops at the door every twenty minutes and the railroad station is near, and the modern day commercial traveler has largely driven poetry out, while the business world has invaded the historic shrine with its jargon of “slate,” “cement,” “stocks,” “bonds,” “rocks,” “squares,” etc. Old things have passed away in the interior life of the hotel and things modern have taken possession of the historic, always hospitable quarters. It would be interesting to register here for a few days and take time to study the old and new Nazareth: for we know not where greater inducements could be held out to one who loves leisure to thread the lanes and byways of the history-making past than in this more than a century and a half old burg
of the Moravians. But we must push on our car to visit the nearby locality of other Germans and the Scotch-Irish whose settlements antedate by several decades that of the Moravians.

And so we steer our touring car towards the southwest and Bath. This town is the northeastern limit and metropolis of the Scotch-Irish so famous in local and so influential in the making of general history. About five miles lie between these two towns of Nazareth and Bath, and on the way we pass the county almshouses and farm, so well managed in all our German districts for the population's indigent and dependent ones. It need not be said that no better farm land nor substantial buildings can well be found than the average county poor houses and farms of East Pennsylvania. This one is located just a mile to the west of Nazareth. A mile farther on we come to “Christian Springs,” the anglicized name given to one of the original Moravian hamlets or communities in these parts, where some of the original buildings are still standing, but where the school house with its history of one hundred and fifty years has recently been demolished. The old spring still gives out its usual dole of cooling beverage from its rocky limestone crevices as when the Brunnen was named by Zinzendorf for his son Christian. Fine rolling land is on every side, well fenced in for miles about with post-fence, where the posts are of slate. Two flourishing cement mills lie between the two towns, the Penn Allen and the Pennsylvania, and these are zealously claimed as the industrious guardian angels of Bath, while a new one is in building to the west of the borough to complete the trio of cement mills to match the threefold cloudy pillar of Nazareth, whose dusty and smoky columns are the present day tokens of progress and of providential presence and guidance of these once exclusively religious, educational and eleemosynary communities on the banks and tributaries of the Monocacy.

We pass Scholl's grist mill to the east of town, and presently overlook the hill-environed, well watered Scotch-Irish founded and chiefly Pennsylvania-German inhabited borough of Bath. It presents a peaceful picture of rural town life, as it is so beautifully nestled amid the rich pastoral landscape, the proud queen of the Monocacy valley. On its eastern outskirts lies its well-kept modern cemetery where are sepultured the dead of the past generation. As we passed, my guide, a friend of more than thirty years' standing and for a quarter of a century the Reformed pastor of a neighboring parish, with his residence in Bath, the Rev. J. E. Smith, remarked, with a slight quaver to his lips and a tremulo in his voice: “Here I buried my wife fourteen years ago.” Alas! how many Jacobs have mourned the early departure and burial of their beloved Rachels by the wayside!

Before we swoop down upon Bath and the adjoining lands of early Scotch-Irish settlers, let us cast our look northward over the Moore and Lehigh townships, towards the Kittatinny Range, not only for the fine scenery that here greets us, but to remark that here stretches a German settlement that antedates the Moravians to the east and the Scotch-Irish:
to the south. Here they built their homes and hamlets (Cherryville, Kreidersville, Petersville, Moorstown, etc.), and here are thriving yet their congregational life organized as soon as they settled. The oldest church in these parts is Emmanuel’s Union Church, near Petersville, which has a connected history since 1723, much of which has been published at the 175th anniversary held in 1898.

But we must enter Bath. Happy he who coming to these parts in search of local history, does as I have done, viz., places himself at once in the hands of the local historian and antiquarian of this settlement, the man who is an embodiment of a local historical society and antiquarian museum in one. I refer to Prof. Asa K. McIlhaney, a composite of a Scotch-Irishman and Pennsylvania-German, who has local data at his tongue’s and pen’s ends and from whose volume of “Bath and its Environs,” I have gained the facts herewith presented concerning the “Irish Settlement.” Enthusiasm and efficiency, energy and courtesy are the distinguishing traits of this live teacher of the borough grammar school, who has brought the renowned names of Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Whittier, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Matilda Meyers, George W. Curtis, J. F. Smith, author of “America,” E. E. Higbee, Artemus Ward, Supt. Walker, Grover Cleveland, Chas. H. Spurgeon, J. T. Trumbidge, Geo. Bancroft, Nathan C. Schaeffer, County Superintendent...
W. H. Hoch, G. Humbert, William McKinley, Admiral Sampson, "The Maine," Admiral Dewey, Benjamin Franklin and James R. Lowell to be forever associated with itself. It came about in this way: This progressive teacher, in 1888, conceived the idea of observing Arbor Day with his flock of young Americans and began to beautify the rear campus of the school ground with fine specimens of the forest, naming each tree planted for some state or national dignitary. He has now a beautiful grove of maple, birch, chestnut, linden, beech and oak adjoining the school building, each tree becoming from year to year an object lesson to successive classes of pupils and a constant stimulation to the study of biography, history and literature. To assist the teacher in the development of these incentives he has a package of original letters from almost every one of these celebrities, acknowledging in classic terms, the honor conferred. I wish I might take space to quote some of these very interesting letters, but this I cannot.

Bath is situated on and near the headwaters of the Monocacy, along which is located the Craig or "Irish Settlement." It is a considerable portion of the territorial tract of which Chief Justice William Allen became proprietor about 1740. His name became attached to a large township (since subdivided) of the original county plot bordering on the east of Lehigh River. His name is perhaps more conspicuously associated with that queen of Pennsylvania-German municipalities on the west bank of the river—Allentown. The Allen tract of 5000 acres, including the Irish Settlement, was by a joint warrant of the proprietors in 1732, deeded to Thomas Penn, who assigned it same day to one Joseph Turner, of Philadelphia, who transferred it three years later to William Allen, whose eldest daughter, Ann, was the wife of Governor John Penn. Another daughter, Margaret, married James DeLancey, while his three sons, Andrew, James and William, Jr., came into possession of the landed estates about Bath. During the Revolutionary War the younger Allens held a vacillating attitude, at first associating themselves with the Continentals and afterward joining the loyalists and placing themselves under the protection of Lord Howe. On account of this and other tory treachery a confiscation act was afterward passed by the government, and the property on which the borough of Bath is now built was forfeited by Andrew Allen, which original document is now in the hands of Mr. McIlhaney, bearing the signature of Benjamin Franklin. It accuses Allen of high treason. Through an intricate legal trial the lands afterward reverted to the Allen heirs and thus it came that the naming of Bath, at its founding in the 18th century, was in honor of the English home city of one of them, Margaret DeLancey, who now lived in Bath, England. Allen sold tracts of land to early settlers, principally in 1809 a large tract to one Joseph Horner.

Long before the Allens gained their warrant to these lands, they had become occupied by a sturdy band of Scotch-Irish squatters. In 1728—ante-dating by many years the settlement of Easton, Bethlehem, Nazareth and Allentown—a colony of these blue-blooded Scotch Presbyterians who had
found a temporary sojourn in the northern parts of Ireland, came to this
portion of Penn's wide woods, not knowing the map well enough to dis-
cover that they had settled on the manors of Charlton and Fermor, and
not troubling much about the forms of law by which one comes into clear
title until the time of the Allen ownership of these tracts, when conformity
was yielded and settlement duly made. Meanwhile possession was worth
more than parchment deeds and if the crops at first were poor, the rents
certainly were cheap.

It is known that Colonel Thomas Craig was the leader of this colony
and among others who lived in the "Settlement" nine years later were
John Boyd, Hugh Wilson, James Horner, Thomas Armstrong, Robert
Gregg, John Hays, James Kerr, James King, Arthur Lattimore, John McNair,
James Ralston, John Walker and Robert Walker. For fifty years the settlement
grew and in 1775 these Ulster Scots had possession of most of the land between
what is now Bath and Cata-
sauqua. The old home-
steads distinctly identified,
and mostly large substantial
limestone dwellings, are still
standing, though today are
usually in the hands of men
with a German cognomen.
The King's Road or "High-
way," begun in 1704, ran
through the settlement and
was the means of com-
unication with Philadel-
phia. Besides these old
homesteads a few of their
rarest landmarks still exist—a fortification, an academy, and their early
church site and place of sepulture, which we shall visit on our way through
this agriculturally blooming district.

Before leaving Bath we will visit the old White Church, "Die Bath
Kirche," Lutheran and Reformed, founded in 1833, where the Rev. Augustus
Fuchs held forth for forty years in things spiritual for the Lutherans,
and Rev. Robert Lisberger was the gifted and eloquent Reformed pastor
for many years. Their names were bywords of honor and esteem among
the Pennsylvania-Germans hereabouts for a generation.

In the old Union cemetery of the town where the Germans buried their
dead before the newer cemetery was laid out, and since gone into apparent
and discreditable neglect, we find the marked graves of at least two or three illustrious personages. The one is that of John Lewis Roth, who is known in history to have been the first white child born in what is now the State of Ohio, a commonwealth that has latterly given us such excellent presidential timber. He was born in the Moravian mission at the historic town of Gnadenhütten in Tuscarawas county on July 4, 1773, just three years before our immortal Declaration of Independence was born at Philadelphia. This first child was baptized amid the gazing wonder of attending whites and Indians by that celebrated Moravian missionary, David Zeisberger, in a rude log structure which served as the first Christian church in Ohio. Its details are preserved in the Moravian diary of this first white settlement, now carefully kept in the archives at Bethlehem, Pa. On account of Lord Dunmore's war breaking out at this time, which affected the mission with great alarm, the Roth family removed to Beth-
ON THE FORKS OF THE DELAWARE.

Ichem, Pa. The son was educated at Nazareth Hall, graduating in 1785. He was proprietor of the old Nazareth Inn from 1800 to 1808. At the time of his death, in 1841, he was a resident of Bath, and interred here, the Rev. Fuchs officiating at his burial. His gravestone bears following epitaph: "Zum andenken an Ludwig Roth, Geboren den 4th Juli, 1773, Gestorben 25th September, 1841. Alter 68 Jahre, 2 M., 21 Tage."

The other noteworthy graves are those of Colonel Jacob Kern of military and State Legislative fame (holding the office of speaker of the Senate during Governor Wolf's incumbency) and Philip Wolf, a brother of the Governor.

And now without taking time to hunt up the places of thriving business which the younger generations of these sturdy ancestors have here built up or paying our personal respects to the other preachers, teachers, lawyers, doctors and business men, we must leave town for our home stretch through the unique Irish settlement along the west branch of the Monocacy and Catasauqua Creeks. If any one wants to know more of his forebears, be they Scotch or German, if once residing in these parts, let him confer with my informant, Mr. McElhaney, who knows all about the Steckels, Vogels, Hirsts, Kerns, Siegfrieds, Mosers, Engelmans, Kachlines, Bartholomews, Sensenbachs, Lichtenwalters, Bests, Windts, Dechs, Michaels, Fenicles, Seips, Straubs, Freymans, Oberschimlers (Shimlers), Scholls, Beavers, Achenbachs, Kessler, Barneses, Kleckners, Wolfs and their kin, as well as their old-time Scotch neighbors, the Lattimores, Craigs, Horners, Wilsons, Browns, Ralstons, Mulhallons, McElhaney's, Palmers, Aundenrieds, Clandennings, etc., etc.

Let it be said that an illustrious and numerous list of brilliant names have come of the various lineages named above. From General Craig, of Revolutionary fame, to the last soldier who bore arms in the support of his government is a long list, whose beginnings were nigh the fountain heads of the historic streams we have named above. From the honest Governor Wolf who gave us our free schools, to the late President Seip of Muhlenberg College, this community has sent out a long list of the promoters of higher education. From Dr. Matthew McHenry, who was surgeon on the Montgomery, the flagship of the Pennsylvania navy in 1776, a long array of eminent doctors were nurtured to manhood in the peaceful valley of the Monocacy and the broad acres of the rich Allen townships of Northampton were the first pulpits and theatres and rostrums for many eloquent speakers that have swayed the listening multitudes. The neighborhood gave at least one signer to the "Declaration." George Taylor, (whose father's farm was a short distance northeast from Catasauqua on the Lehigh) and many noble fighters to maintain the tenets of that immortal anchor sheet of a newly born Republic.

If any one of my readers holds fond personal memories of this historic section and has dim visions of a dear old homestead to revive childhood recollections and feelings while his heart is meanwhile coming up in his throat during a perusal of these pages, let me give him a prescription,
sugar-coated with the following lines from Eben E. Rexford. Let him pack his gripsack and strike a retreat for the old home nest.

THE OLD HOME.

'I want to go back to the old home
That was mine when a boy, years ago,
There were hollyhocks by the gateway
In a tall and stately row,
And over the windows and doorway
The morning glories grew
So thick that scarcely a sunbeam,
Could contrive to struggle through.

"By the well in the garden corner
A hop-vine spread its shade,
And poppies danced when the winds blew,
In silken gowns arrayed.
And I used to think, I remember,
That the cricket chirped a tune
For the poppy maids to dance by
In the moonlit nights in June.

"Lilacs grew by the doorway
So tall that they touched the eaves,
And the moon made flickering shadows
On the floor through the wind-stirred leaves.
And sometimes I heard them tapping
At the pane at dead of night,
And fancied they said, 'Let us in, lad,'
And covered my head in fright.

"Oh, I want to go back to the old home
And sit by my mother's knee,
And forget the long, long years between
The dear old days and me.
Oh, for a poppy blossom
Out of the garden old,
To weave the spell about me
That lurked in its silken fold!

"I want to go back to the old home,
Though I know they have gone away,
Who lived and loved in the old time,
But were I there today,
I could dream them back to the hearth-stone,
I could see my mother's face,
And forget my home-sick longings
In the peace of the dear home-place."

—Eben E. Rexford.
A mile south of Bath still stands a relic of rare importance. It is known as the “Wolf Academy,” not that a Wolf built or ever owned it, but simply because George Wolf, the seventh governor of our proud Commonwealth, was possibly the most illustrious pupil it enrolled or because he was for a time its teacher. It is a very plain, one-storied school-building, without cupola or turret, built substantially of limestone, about thirty by fifty feet, which was erected in 1785 by a number of the most progressive citizens of the settlement, who desired better than the average school advantages for their sons. It was paid for by voluntary subscriptions, and it is said that when the father of the future governor, a native of Germany, residing in the neighborhood, was approached for a contribution towards the building fund, he replied by saying: “Dis etication and dings make raskels.” On being reasoned with that it would prove a decided advantage for his family and that his favorite son, George, might thus some day become governor, the father further replied: “Vell, den, when my George is governor, he will be queer.” The sequel of the matter was that George got his English education in the academy, taught it for some time, and rose to become one of Pennsylvania’s best and most noted governors. As soon as the building was completed, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, in the person of Robert Andrews, A.M., was engaged as its first
principal. The best of English and classical academies was here maintained for forty years, during which it exerted a most potent influence upon the community. It was under Presbyterian control and had not a little to do with the establishment of Lafayette College in 1826, just the time its own work was abandoned or merged into the larger work at Easton. The building is now used as a wagon shed and storage place, its walls are vine-clad and its roof moss-covered. The property itself belongs to Dr. Insley, but the occupant of the fine farm house is a Mr. Hauser—a Dutchman indeed. We were glad to carry with us as a relic a small piece of the once ornamental cornice of this historic building with which to recall the edifice about which clung such names as Thomas McKean and George Wolf, the latter of whom in his inaugural as Governor in 1831, favoring liberal education, said: "By means of which the light of knowledge will be diffused throughout the whole community and imparted to every individual susceptible of partaking of its blessings, to the poor as well as to the rich, so that all may be fitted to participate in and to fulfill the duties which each one owes to himself, his God, and his country."

It is about a mile west of the academy, at a little cross-rails hamlet known as Jacksonville (Is it named after Andrew Jackson, who was President during Governor Wolf's incumbency?) where the old Wolf farm was located and George was reared to manhood. The old homestead in which he was born and reared is said to have been "one story high and ten stories long." In our cities men now build structures many stories high, "sky-scrappers," but the men bred in them scarcely ever cast shadows as long as these rural sons of the one or one-and-a-half storied, lowly log cabins. From one of the farms once owned by Governor Wolf has recently been quarried the red granite, paid for by a grateful, posthumous generation of school children, that has gone into the structure of a beautiful "Memorial Gateway" leading to the capacious High School grounds, in his honor in the city of Easton.

A little detour to the south brings us to the Ralston Fort. It was built during or prior to the French and Indian War, as a house of refuge and defence against the red men. It is situated in the center of the Irish settlement, which at different times suffered considerably from the hostile Indian invasions. The farm is now owned by Samuel Achenbach, but the fort is in tact, except that its third floor is taken out. It is strongly built of stone, provided with immense fireplaces on two floors and had a spring in the cellar to provide the water, and port-holes for the trusty pioneer's rifle, while about it circled a stockade, from which defense was made. "Frontier Forts of Pennsylvania" recites a horrible tale of the bloodiest butchery that occurred in this place in 1763, when several white victims fell a prey to the savage tomahawk and when Fort Ralston played an important part in the sad drama. Among those cruelly butchered was the wife of James Horner, whose grave is found in the old Presbyterian
church burial grounds near Weaversville. The inscription on her tombstone reads as follows:

In memory of Jane,
  Wife of James Horner,
Who suffered death by the hands of the savage Indians
  October Eighth, Seventeen hundred and Sixty-three.
  Aged fifty years.

Near by this ancient place of sepulture containing the tombs of all the old worthies of this Ulster Scot settlement, stood the first church of these devout Presbyterians. It was erected about 1731 and several times replaced by newer structures, so that the present edifice is the third in turn. The

OLD ALLEN TOWNSHIP PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEAR WEAVERSVILLE.

church received a charter from the government of Great Britain on the 12th of May 1772. While occasional preaching is yet maintained, the congregation has for a generation past worshiped regularly in its later church built in Bath. But about this spot centers the most interesting and romantic ecclesiastical history of the Scotch-Irish of these parts. It witnessed in its earlier days the preaching of Revs. Gilbert Tennent, James Campbell and David Brainerd, the celebrated Indian missionary. Rev. John Roberough, who was pastor during the Revolutionary War period, accompanied his flock to the front of battle as chaplain and fell a victim to Hessian murderers at Trenton in January, 1777. Ten pastors have served the flock during its 170 years of life. The present pastor is the Rev. Thomas C. Stirling.
We are only a half mile from Weaversville to the south, or about the same distance from Howertown to the west as we take leave of this old shrine of the Presbyterians. In the former of these Pennsylvania-German settlements, a beautiful village, lived for a long while the widely known family of country practitioners, the doctors Martin, father and son. Here flourished in more recent years, an excellent academy under the principalship of Prof. F. P. Bender, an old acquaintance of ours, and here lives today a dear old school friend and supporter of this magazine, Mr. John Yellis.

At Howertown the German settlers of these parts have for many years maintained worship and its large and populous city of the dead bears evidence that a mighty host has been traveling this way towards the Canaan beyond. It was in 1832 that Mr. George Hower, of this place, about half way between Kreidersville and Schoenersville, suggested to his pastor, Rev. J. C. Becker, that the time had come for the building of a church in this vicinity and offered to give the ground for this purpose free of charge. In April, 1833, a meeting was held for conference at the house of Peter Laubach nearby, where similar offers were made by others interested, and finally it was decided upon to accept Mr. John Hagenbuch’s offer of one and a half acres of ground. The building was only finally erected in 1835 at a cost of nearly $4000. On the Reformed side the Revs. J. C. and C. J. Becker, father and son, have served the church ever since, while Revs. A. Fuchs, S. A. Ziegenfus, W. J. Andres and Rev. Kuder were the Lutheran pastors. The Greenwood Cemetery adjoining the old graveyard, which is a fitting namesake of Brooklyn’s famous burial grounds, was laid out and donated to the church by Peter Laubach, in 1862.

And the mention of this old worthy of a numerous and honored family in these parts reminds us that it was on his farm, lying a very short distance to the southwest of the church, that the Editor’s life companion first saw the light of day, and among the earliest things of her childhood’s memory is the tall form and stentorian voice of this rich Pennsylvania-German plantationer and the creak of his old-fashioned cidermill.
"In fancy I can see it still—
The old, well-loved, sweet cider mill!
Where apple juices were crushed out
And gurgled down the wooden spout;
In fancy I can see the straws
Thro' which a youth the sweet juice draws;
I see the plodding horse who jogs
Around and 'round the fruit-stained cogs.
And the man who yells, 'Get up, gee, whoa!'
To the weary horse who is loath to go.
Ah! sweet to the taste to youthful lips
Of the cider that from the spigot drips.
In after years we are sure to recall
The cider mill in the early fall!"

Now it is the Atlas Cement mills that makes music to neighboring children and grinds out bread for the toiler here. And all this region for miles about hangs under the spell and dusty pall of this thriving industry. It has made all this Lehigh Valley boom, while an almost continuous town has risen, Phoenix-like, on either bank of the river from Siegfrieds to Hokendauqua, five miles apart. From Hokendauqua to Allentown extend the once flourishing furnace towns of the Welsh iron kings, the Thomases and Lewises of Hokendauqua and Catasauqua. And this brings us to the outskirts of Allentown where we must rest up a little for our next historic jaunt.

SONNTAGS RUHE.

K. STELTER.

Sabbathliche stille,
Alles pflegt der Ruh;
Pochend Herz, nun ruhe,
Ruh' auch du.

Lasz die Leidenschaften
Schweigen auch einmal,
Flich', was um den Frieden
Dich bestahl.

Einkehr bei dir selber,
Halt für dich allein;
Lasz die tausend Sorgen
Nicht herein!

All' die wilden Wünsche
Weise schnell zur Ruh;
Sei am Feiertage
Still auch du.

From a Zurich paper.
Under this title Lucy Forney Bittinger, the able authoress of "The Germans in Colonial Times," has written an excellent genealogical pamphlet of the Büdinger (Bittinger) family in America, extending over six generations. It is the work of painstaking care, well and intelligently arranged, enrolling in this illustrious family's record many noted names in the high and honorable callings of life. The work closes with the sketch of Danske Dandridge—one of the best known living descendants, whose poems have taken high rank and of which two volumes have been collected and published. Surely no one need blush to have an admixture of this strain of German blood, whose first American ancestors settled near Abbottstown in the present county of Adams in Pennsylvania.

This is doubtless the most exhaustive history of this German-American religious denomination yet presented to the general reader. It contains a full sketch of the founder, Casper Schwenkfelder, who was a contemporary of Luther and the Reformers, the birth of the religious sect under his molding, its history before migrating to Pennsylvania, and their settlement in the southeastern portion of our State, where in a few counties their peculiar tenets have been maintained and promoted with simple and unvaried adherence to much of the spirit and practice amid which it was founded. The secular and citizen and educational life of this community is also portrayed and a noble record has been made by this simple devoted Pennsylvania-German folk. The volume, which consists of 246 large folio pages, is copiously illustrated from original plates and imprints, making the volume exceedingly valuable. It is a reprint of article in the thirteenth volume of Proceedings of Pennsylvania-German Society, and issued separately. For terms address the author at East Greenville, Montgomery county, Pa.

We are in receipt of a reprint of this excellent paper embraced in Vol. XIII of Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society from the pen and camera of Mr. W. H. Richardson. It is a beautiful and valuable pamphlet and will attract notice on any center table for its photographic art and its pen pictures. Pages 27, large folio. Address the author at Jersey City, N. J.

Supplement to Crowel History.—A genealogical pamphlet by Henry Crowel, of Dayton, Ohio. Price, 40 cents.
The Pennsylvania-German

CONTENTS.

PREFACE:

EDITORIAL .......................... 145
Lee L. Grumbine.

FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIA-GERmans .......... 148
James Lick.

POETIC GEMS ................................ 160
Zum Andenken an Lee L. Grumbine.
Der Pfand des Lebens.
Der Gärtner.
Drei Niederländisch.
Die französischer Nationalhymn.
Wenn die Blüten Knochen.
Lebensradfahr.
Das Zentralsche Klageh.

HISTORICAL PHASES ......................... 161
Moravian Headquarters—Old Reformed.

PART GERMAN PRINTING IN AMERICA ...... 181
Old Graveyard Records ..................... 184
The Pennsylvania Settlement ............. 190
Book Notices ............................ 192
JAMES LICK
1796-1876
ALAS! that we should be called upon so prematurely to chronicle this brilliant name among those whose record composes the silent majority! It is not too much to say that by this friend’s untimely going out through the gateway we call Death, but which in the light of the Gospel and eternal truth, should be named the gateway of Life, the family circle, the local community, the Keystone Commonwealth, the causes of education, art, literature (prose and poetic), oratory, religion, patriotism and model personal living have lost one of their most loyal, brilliant and most promising representatives and devotees. Surely in this sudden decease the archer Death, has loved a shining mark. He was a noble son and loyal brother, a loving husband and kind father, a true friend and devout citizen, a brilliant scholar and many-sided artist, a gifted writer and forceful orator, a sincere Christian and lofty-hearted patriot, a bright lawyer and a clean liver.

While eulogies could be written upon his helpful, inspiring and heroic life from any one of these various standpoints exclusively, we shall confine ourselves to the phase of his life, by which he contributed so much to the cause of Pennsylvania-Germanism. He was in many respects the founder of the movement which led to the organization of the Pennsylvania-German Society. And since its organization he was one of the strongest and most potent influences in shaping its policies and executing its stupen-
Sincerely yours,
Lee L. Grubbine.
dous historical undertakings. His own services upon the executive committee from the beginning, and his most valued contributions to the cause of its history, folklore and versification contributed greatly to the renowned success said society has won for itself. Alas! that a voluminous paper upon an historical subject—perhaps the most important of all his contributions—should have dropped unfinished from his hand.

In this field of his activities our departed friend had reached high fame when, on August 18, he peacefully succumbed to the dread destroyer. It was he, more than any other man, not even the honored Henry Harbaugh excepted, who exalted the humble yet sturdy life of his stock by placing them in their true literary settings. In his recent publication, “Der Dengelstock,” he lifted the simple and peculiar dialect of his forebears into an imperishable poetic classic. This magazine has published various contributions from his pen, since gathered in this volume of verse, which must prove the lamented author’s literary “In Memoriam.”

Our readers cannot fail to have enjoyed the reading of “Der Schumacher” in our last issue. Alas! that before another appearance of this magazine “Alter Schuster’s Schicksal” should have played such sad havoc with the gifted pen that wrote the matchless lines:

“Fertig sin sei letste Schu—
'S letst mal g'loffle, nach der Ruh',
Fertig g'neht sei letste Noth—
'S letst mal g'nagelt von dem Tod.
Aus gcklopt sei letste Sole,
Leuchte-klock thut langsam tole,
Klop!—Klop!—Klop!—Klop!—Klop!

“Liewer Herr! Wir bitte heut,
B'schlag uns mit Gerechtigkeit;
Unser Fuss vom Böse halt,
Das mer net in Sinde faßt,
G'eb uns neue, g'rechte Schu,
'Uf der weg dem Himmel zu.
Harte Herze, Klop! Klop! Klop!”

And so we place Grumbine’s “Dengelstock” beside Harbaugh’s “Harfe” and let them mingle their sweet music in a perpetual melody for the ears of our common people. And they shall live, with the musings of Whittier and Saxe, of Lowell and Long-
fellow, if not in as wide a sphere yet in as deep an appreciation of their merit and in as continuous a stretch of time, while the blood of our Saxon race shall flow and memory of its peaceful, thrifty, artisan and bucolic life shall survive. Among the writer's literary treasures shall be greatly prized throughout life this volume of verse, bearing on its flyleaf, in the author's own hand, its complimentary presentation under date of March 29, 1904. As the late Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser sang of Harbaugh's Harfe:

"Dei Harf hengt an der Wand im Eck;
Die Schpinne, die webt 'n Drauer Deck,
Mit Schtaab schwärtz sie es aus.
Die Schauwe all minanner los;
Die Seede waxe zu mit Moos—
Der Senger is vum Haus!

"Ich meen ich dhet ah wann ich schteh
Und an die Wand in's Eck nei seh,
En Liedche heere geh'!
'S is wie 'n Orgel an're Leich,
Gaus duhs un doch in Droscht so reich—
'S is traurig, aber schee'!"

so plays in our ears and shocked sensibility, with a melancholy "Klingel, Klengel" this melodious "Dengelstock's Lied." Only now it has turned into a dirge:

"Un' des is es Lied,
Des singt mir im Gemüth,
Wann ich an der Dengelstock denk,
Die Kindheit's Verlange,
Sin für Ewig vergange,
'S is mei'm Herz 'n recht Gekränk.

"'S Dengel-lied hat g'stoppt;
'S werd nimme me' gekloppt;
Shtumb mit Rost henkt die Sens am Nascht;
Zum dengle hat's ke' Noth,
Die liebe Hand is Tod,
Ewig Ruh von weltliche Last!"

Our brother, kind, just, congenial and inspiring in life, sleeps the sweet sleep of God's beloved in the beautiful and picturesque "God's acre" adjoining his native village of Fredericksburg, Pa., while his soul has gone to its celestial coronation.
Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

JAMES LICK

BY THE EDITOR.

There is not a name in American biography that has for a score of years been more frequently associated with the astronomical science than that of James Lick. This is so not because Mr. Lick was an astronomer, but because his money furnished the astronomical science with the best possible equipment. What such men as David Rittenhouse of a century ago, and Prof. Chas. Young and others, of our day, have contributed to the genius of the science, Mr. Lick furnished to its needful mechanical apparatus. If they helped to supply astronomy with the spirit, the soul, he did more than any other American to give it a body on this Western Continent, by supplying it with an observatory that has not its equal in all the world.

Cresting Mt. Hamilton, Cal., a prominent peak of the Pacific coast range, 4300 feet above the level of the sea, and overlooking the magnificent Santa Clara Valley, with distant glimpses of the famous "Golden Gate" bay of San Francisco—stands this world-renowned observatory of Lick, in which swings the largest refracting telescope in the world. There is not a day in the year in which visitors are not welcomed here. They come from all parts of the world. Every Saturday night the great telescope and its bevy of eminent professors are at the service of the public. No one will ever forget a visit up yonder transfiguration heights, nor a look into the earth beneath and the heavens above from this great dome. Often several hundred visitors receive gratuitous instructions in astronomy at one time in this place, and take their turn in gazing at the celestial glory through this king of telescopes. Many descriptions have been made of the magnificence of such an experience. We shall let an eminent English cousin speak for all others.
Said Edwin Arnold, who in his recent visit (1892) to the United States took advantage of a special invitation by Prof. Holden to pass a night with him on Mt. Hamilton and have the great telescope open a vision of wonders to his gaze: "There was no national institution in all the United States which I more desired to visit than the famous observatory on the top of Mt. Hamilton in California. The great republic abounds with noble monuments of the public spirit and generosity of her citizens. In almost every town and city of the sixty or seventy where I have lately delivered my poetical readings, I saw with admiration schools, colleges, libraries, hospitals, lecture halls, music halls, lyceums, gardens, parks, and picture galleries, given to the people by rich men who had made their money among them.

"No other country in the world shows such examples of civic generosity, and the foreigner—if an Englishman in America ought ever to bear that name—grows positively dazzled with the splendid succession of these bountiful endowments.

"But the Lick Observatory appeals in a special manner to his imagination. He thinks of it as a gift to the world at large—a magnificent dowry bestowed on the science of astronomy, under circumstances of advantage hardly to be equaled elsewhere. The more he knows, no doubt, of that science, the less exaggerated expectations he will have of what the 'biggest glass in the world' can accomplish compared with smaller instruments. But all the same he will want ardently to see it, to look through it at certain special objects in the heavens, to hear the official astronomers talk who have the great 'optic' in their charge, and by a personal pilgrimage to do homage to the memory of the California millionaire, James Lick, who has his tomb on that sky-piercing height, under the huge telescope which his well-spent wealth has planted on the Pacific hill.

"Accordingly, on arrival in San Francisco at the close of my engagements, I put aside more than one delightful social attraction in order to secure ample time for the visit which I had promised myself to this most remarkable and most interesting spot.

"To reach the Lick Observatory you take a train from San Francisco and travel fifty miles almost due south of the city of the
null
Golden Gate, as far as to the depot of San José. From this pretty half Spanish town Mt. Hamilton lies distant, 'as the crow flies,' not farther than thirteen miles; but to reach Observatory Peak, where the colossal telescope is erected, and where the founder of the institution sleeps, implies a journey by coach over twenty-six miles of winding road, so steep is the range and so hard of access. The actual elevation of the summit on which the buildings stand

is 4029 feet. It is one of the main eminences of that inner coast Sierra, called Monte Diablo, lying between the bays of San Francisco and of Monterey, and rises due eastward of San José.

"Safely landed on the top under the vast cupola of the telescope, I am most cordially greeted by Prof. Holden, and know in a moment that I shall like him as well as I already like his delightful boy. Truly the site of the Lick Observatory has been well chosen. It occupies the loftiest points of a long serrated chain, the various
peaks of which have been appropriately named after the most renowned ancient and modern astronomers. Near at hand, for example, are 'Kepler,' 'Copernicus,' 'Tycho Brahe,' 'Newton,' 'Huygens,' 'Herschel,' and even 'Ptolemy.'

"The view all around is, of course, magnificently extended. To the eastward you look over a wilderness of rolling hills and embosomed valleys to where, one hundred miles away, the snow-capped line of the Sierra shuts the vast prospect in. Nearer to the eye, on the westward, spreads the immense Pacific main, but its waters are veiled from the gaze by a row of foot-hills, which serve, nevertheless, an admirable purpose for the astronomers, since they intercept and catch the sea mists and keep them from obscuring the upper sky. Even now, near to the evening, a white shroud of clouds spreads all over the San José valley, completely closing out the spacious city and all the works of men there below.

"But now we enter the great dome and stand under its cover beside the gigantic telescope given to America and science by James Lick, the California pioneer.

"The third clause of James Lick’s second deed of trust (September 21, 1875) authorized the board of Lick trustees ‘to expend the sum of seven hundred thousand dollars ($700,000) for the purchasing of land and constructing and putting up on land as may be designated by the party of the first part a powerful telescope, superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made.’

"Among the documents engrossed on parchment, placed between two fine tanned skins backed with silk, placed again between two leaden plates, soldered securely in a tin box and finally deposited within the coffin itself of James Lick, which was laid in the foundation pier of the great equatorial telescope on the 19th of January, 1887, it is declared that this refracting telescope is the largest which has ever been constructed, and the astronomers who have tested it declare that its performance surpasses all other telescopes.

"The diameter of the great glass is thirty-six inches and its total length fifty-six feet two inches, the weight of it amounting to several tons."
"Yet, as soon as Prof. Campbell, the very accomplishing lieutenant of Mr. Holden, has released the machinery, I am able with one hand to move the enormous weapon of science in either direction, revolving the structure of the cupola and directing its broad slit through which the huge object glass looks forth like a Cyclopean eye toward any quarter of the heavens. An extremely ingenious arrangement of wheels working in oil chambers furnishes this indispensable mobility, and the spacious floor of the dome it-
self, circular in shape, can also be raised or lowered by turning a little hand wheel. Against the eye piece of the monstrous instrument is established a staircase, upon which you mount to a sliding seat, so as to be able to always keep a just position; and for fine movements of latitude and longitude small wheels, conveniently placed for the observer’s control, permit him to sway the huge ‘optic’ up or down, this side or that side, with the utmost ease and accuracy. The iron work of this great cupola was furnished by Mr. Scott’s firm of San Francisco, now engaged in constructing iron-clad men-of-war for the United States Government, and appears to be an excellent craft.

“Never shall I forget that memorable night! It was not that the huge weapon of science revealed so much that was new to me, but to hear the rich and deep astral wisdom of those learned astronomers with the great glass under our touch to illustrate each subject, was indeed an enjoyment. Like a 110-ton gun to look at—but, ah! how different in purpose and service the colossal instrument reclined under our hands, peering broadly through the black embrasure of that slit in the cupola, obedient to the wheels and lives which moved it, as I have written as though it had been a lady’s lorgnette.”

In the Visitors’ Room of this great observatory stands a humble contrivance that is quite a contrast to this far-famed telescope. It is a plain, old-fashioned artisan’s work bench bearing the following inscription:

“This work-bench was brought from South America to San Francisco in 1847, by James Lick. The foundation of his large fortune and the source of his power to confer great and lasting benefits upon his fellow citizens and upon mankind, was honest and faithful labor.”

If this were not sufficient to turn our attention from the gift to the donor—from the great monument to the greater man—there is a sepulchral vault beneath the mighty dome of this observatory upon a tablet of which stands engraven this simple epitaph:

HERE LIES
THE BODY OF
JAMES LICK.
JAMES LICK.

Since in this sketch we have more to do with the man, whose wealth reared this magnificent structure than with a minute account of his many princely legacies, we shall let these memorial lines introduce us to the story of this great benefactor's life.

James Lick was born August 25, 1796, at Fredericksburg, Lebanon county, Pa., about nine miles north of the city of Lebanon, just one month after the great Rittenhouse fell asleep. He was the son of Pennsylvania-German parents, whose ancestors came originally from the Palatinate, Germany. He spoke this language as his vernacular up to the time of his removal from home in early manhood. There is scarcely a family in all this neighborhood that speaks anything else but this peculiar dialect to this very day. In boyhood and youth Mr. Lick attended such schools as the neighborhood afforded—mostly German parochial schools, with none of our modern conveniences or advantages. He learned to work in wood at an early age and thus found employment as an organ and piano builder.

Soon after reaching his majority he left home and for a while worked on his trade at Hanover, Pa. It is probable that a sore disappointment in love caused him to leave his old home—for it is known that he wooed a wealthy miller's daughter, whose hand he could not win, however, because her father did not deem his poverty a good recommendation, hinting that ownership, or prospects of ownership of a mill property like his would improve his chances. The disappointed suitor, as he turned away, vowed a vow some day to build a bigger and a finer mill than that which seemed to be an idol to his would-be father-in-law. And he kept his vow. Near San José, Cal., many years afterward he erected the mill that far eclipsed the one, whose owner's daughter he would fain have made his bride. This mill cost Mr. Lick $200,000, and was finished in the interior with the most costly and highly polished woods of California. Before its destruction by fire it was quite an attractive curiosity in all that neighborhood. Though he built his mill and adorned it, success came too late to have him gain the idol of his youthful heart, to adorn his life with graces and the minor morale of domestic love, and thus he is said to have been "unlovable, eccentric, solitary, selfish, and avaricious," and was never married.
But we have outrun our story and must return to unwind the last string. From Hanover, Pa., young Lick drifted to Baltimore in 1819, and there doubtless learned either to know or admire the gallant young patriot, whose bravery and patriotic poem, "The Star Spangled Banner," had so recently made famous the name of Francis Scott Key, whose memory he revered, in after years, by the erection in Golden Gate Park, of a bronze monument to his honor at a cost of $60,000. In 1820 Lick was drawn to Philadelphia by that then famous piano builder, Mr. Conrad Meyer, with whom sprung up an acquaintance at Baltimore, which during after years ripened into a life-long friendship. Next we find Lick venturing in business at New York, but lack of capital made him abandon the enterprise and early in the twenties join an expedition from that city to Buenos Ayres, S. A., which promised a grand future to adventurers from its having recently become independent.

He continued for ten years the manufacture of pianos in this new country and prospered. In 1832 his rural Pennsylvania friends were surprised one day to see in their midst again the long absent friend of their youth, and to find that he was a man with large accumulations of money. He had brought with him over $40,000 worth of South American skins and hides. He did not, however, prolong his visit, but soon returned to South America. After a short stop at Buenos Ayres, he pressed on to Chili, where in the city of Valparaiso, we find him in 1833, again hard at work at his old trade, while he also engaged in new ventures. In 1837 he went to Peru. Here he remained for several years, from whence on one occasion, he sent $1,400 in gold doubloons to his friend Meyer, in Philadelphia, for the inside work of twelve upright pianos, which he ordered forwarded to Lima, Peru.

Still another removal and venture had to be made to make Lick the rich philanthropist that he was at the time of his death. But the way opened for his last journey. The opportunity found the man. It was when the United States siezed upon California that he dreamt of the new El Dorado. He wanted to go as all his workmen did at once. But a difficulty presented itself, the surmounting of which lays bare to our view the sterling quality of the man. An unfilled contract for a number of pianos was on his hand, and
it was not in the character of the man to entertain for a moment the thought of disappointing his customers or of violating his own word. His contract must be filled; and so he was obliged to put himself down to hard personal work for two years longer to perform his contract and give him an open way to depart honorably. Then turning everything into money, at a great sacrifice, he left, and entered the Golden Gate in 1847.

The opportunity for making a well-paying investment now presented itself to his shrewd and venturesome mind. The town of San Francisco had just emerged from its pristine Spanish or Mexican condition and the name of Yerba Buena, but it was becoming under American rule a valuable seaport. It contained now barely 1000 inhabitants, and when gold was discovered nearly everybody went to the mines. Lick's shrewd eye saw it was best to stay in the city, which he did and invested his money in real estate and lots which those selling gladly parted with at what seemed to them good prices, but to Lick, whose eye saw the metropolis rising before him, in some instances, a mere song. Quietly his investments were made. No one knew the extent of his purchases or the prices he paid. Later he encountered many resistances over titles and was obliged often to enforce his rights against squatters with the leveled pistol. He now awaited a harvest of his money planted in the sandy lots of San Francisco. Soon the city grew around large vacant lots in the very heart of it, apparently forsaken patches, which the curious on inquiry found to be the property of James Lick.

Yet he did not rest idly waiting for the development of his wealth. He branched out into other pursuits. In 1852 he purchased property in San José, and then and there erected the mahogany finished mill already alluded to, which is said to have turned out the finest flour in the State, and made his brand command the best markets everywhere. And so he planted a large orchard—his own hand setting out the trees—which yielded him well. Nor was his old handicraft forgotten meanwhile. As late as 1872 his friend, Meyer, and he exchanged letters discussing methods of piano building. He also built a large hotel, known as the Lick House, in San Francisco.
When he felt old age creeping upon him, he sought the best way to dispose of his great wealth. This had aggregated to several millions of dollars by this time. He accordingly chose, in 1874, seven men as trustees and devised that this vast fortune should be devoted to public and charitable purposes. Among the larger beneficiaries of his will were the Academy of Natural Sciences of San Francisco, the Society of California Pioneers, of which he was president at the time of his death, October 1, 1876, the Old Ladies' Home, free Public Baths, School of Mechanical Arts, an ingenious, historical bronze monument, all of San Francisco, and the astronomical observatory, already described, as a department of the University of California.
The Lick monument, alluded to, only completed in 1894 and publicly unveiled and presented to the city on November 29th of that year is, both in design and workmanship, one of the finest in the United States. It stands opposite the fine City Hall. It cost $100,000, and its construction has taken three and a half years. It is built chiefly of granite, supporting massive bronze figures of heroic proportions, and also bronze panels of historic designs, illustrating the growth of California from its early history to the present day.

The statue is one hundred and fifty feet high and weighs 7000 pounds. Beneath are four panels, portraying "Crossing the Sierras," "Vaguerous Lassoing a Bull," "Trappers Trading Skins with Indians," and "California's Progress under American Rule." There are bronze portraits of men of prominence in California history, including Sir Francis Drake, Father Junipeous Sierra, John C. Fremont and John A. Sutter. From the main shaft looks down the face of James Lick in bronze—amid drappings of the bear and the American flag—upon his adopted and favorite city, that gave him his wealth and furnished him with a luxurious home in which to pass his last days.

Though this monument was ordered to commemorate Lick's life as well as California's, it was but fitting that his ashes should be borne as they were in January, 1887, to the newly completed observatory, the greatest of his gifts, to be there sepultured on that lofty mountain top, beneath the great dome of that most world-renowned and by nature best favored temple of astronomical science in existence. And it is more in keeping with the plain, utilitarian bent of the great donor's life that a structure of practical use, rather than one of mere show, should serve as his monument. Says Arnold: "Truly, James Lick sleeps gloriously under the base of his big glass! Four thousand feet nearer heaven than any of his dead fellow-citizens, he is buried more grandly than any king or queen, and has a finer monument than their pyramids furnish to Cheops and Cephrenes!"
O weh! das schon der Tod geernt
Den Dichter, jung und süß!
Den wir mit Harbaugh liewa g'lernt,
Singt jetzt im Paradies!

Er schrieb so schön und dichtet gut
Fun fiel fergangne' Sache
Uns Pennysylvania-Deutsche hat
Er recht gut fühlte mache.

Sei "Schuh," die leie now "im Eck";
Er hat ke' "mühde Beh";
Der Tod der nemmt a' net eweck
Sei Lieder süß und schö.

Sei "Dengelschock" schteckt noch "im Block"—
Hörscht's 'Klingel Klängel'? Hörch!
'S lautet wie's G'tön der Glock
Der alte "Ziegel Kerch."

'S is awwe juscht 's Harfe-G'schpiel
Im himmulusche' Sänger-Kranz,
Wo er, mit selige Dichter viel,
Now schpielt im schönste Glanz!
EIN PSALM DES LEbens.

(Translated from Longfellow, by Lee L. Grumbine, Esq.)

Nur ein eitler Traum des Leben,
Sag mir nicht in traurig Lied!
Tod die Seele ist ohne streben,
Alles nicht wie Mann es sieht.

Wahr und ernstlich ist das Leben,
Und das Grab ist nicht sein Ziel;
Staub bist du, Staub wieder geben,
Nicht gesprochen von der Seele.

Nicht Vergnügen, und nicht Sorgen,
Jemand vorgeordnet ist,
Aber wirken das du Morgen
Weiter als du Heute bist.

Kunst ist lang, und Zeit ist flüchtig,
Unsere Herzer zwar nicht schwach,
Doch, wie Trommeln klopfen wichtig,
Leichen zug dem Grabe nach.

Auf dem Leben's grosse Beiwacht,
Auf dem Schlachtfeld, breit, der Welt,
Nicht wie's stumme Rind-vieh bei schlacht,
In dem Kampf sei immer 'n Held.

Lass's Vergangen's Tod vergraben!
Trau der lustig Zukunft nicht;
Lass uns nutzen was wir haben—
Gott sei unsere Zuversicht.

Das wir kennen uns erhöhen,
Aller grossen Leben lehrt;
Hinterlassen, als wir gehen,
Werke alle Zeit nicht stört.

Werke die vielleicht ein Andrer,
Segelnd über's Leben's Fluth,
Ein verlorner, hülfloss Wanderer
Sieht, nimmt wieder neuer Muth.

Lasset uns, dann, thun und machen,
Für das künftig braves Herz;
Immer gwinnen, immer wachen,
Wirken—warten ohne Schmertz.
EN CHARAKTER.

LOUISE A. WEITZEL.

Er shafft, un gratzt, un geitzt, un shpahrt. 
Un blogt sich shpaet un fruch;
Er shpahrt sich nett, er shpahrt ke Leut,
Un shpahrt ah nett sei Fich.
Ass wie en Kaetzle uf 'e Maus
Gneckt er uf jeder Cent,
Er wendt un dreht en sivve'mol
Biss dass er aner shpendt.

Sei Fraw gelt weniger ass die Geul,
Sei Kinner wie die Säü;
Er rechend oft sie koshte meh
Un bringe wenniger ei.
Er shickt die Kinner in die Shul
Wann sie sinn jung un gle,
Warn ihre Erwet ebbes mehnt
Dann derfe sie nimme geh.

Die Junge kumme nergets hie
Un hen ah ka Blesir;
"Siss fer ka Use," der Dade sagt,
"Es bringt sie jusht aus Rühr."
Er hott ah nie ka G'shport gehatt
Wie sie an ihre Elt.
"Es nemmt sie fun der Erwet weg,
Un's kosht ah immer Geld."

Sie werre alt for ihre Zeit,
Grumbucklich, shteif un lahm.
Dcr Alt sehts nett—er selver is
Fergnarzt ass wie en Baum.
Un endlich shittert ihm noch sei Fraw,
Un's hott en ah geshpeit.
Sie hott amol recht gut geschafft
In ihrer beshte Zeit.

Er breddigt seine Buve for:
"Heiert jusht mol reiche Maed
Die fleisig sinn, un shpare dun
Un shaffe frueh un shpaet.
Wass geb ich un 'n schoe Gesicht
Wann nix dahinner iss!
Eur Mutter die war ah nett schoe,
Doch reich war sie gewiss!"
Er geht am Sunday in die Kerch,  
Er hott shier net de Zeit,  
Wann's netter der alt Glave waer  
An Gott un Ewigkeit.  
Auswennig an der Kerche duer,  
Wo als die Bauere shteh,  
Werdts mancher gute Berge g'macht  
Ohne jusht so weit zu geh!

Er blogt sich hart Johr aus, Johr ei,  
Noh ligt er hie un shterbts.  
Eb lang doh henn die Buve shun  
Ferbutzt wass sie geerbt.  
Der alt Mann ligt im kuehle Grab,  
'Siss Alles in annere Haend,  
Fier Bauereie hott er g'hat,  
Die Buve wohne im Rent!

Lititz, Pa.

**DAR NADURGEISCHT.**

From “Drauss un Deheem,” by Charles C. Ziegler, St. Louis, Mo.

Wann dar Wind in de Beintbeem brausst,  
Wann die Keschte rappel un falle,  
Wann dar Eechehaas schnattert un snausst  
Un die Streech vum Woodpicker schalle,  
Noh gehn ich nooch 'm kühle Wald  
Wu mar 's am allerbeschte g'fallt.  
Unnig de grosse grüne Beem  
Dart fühl ich mich juscht recht deheem.

Was is es dann uf 'm alte Barrick  
Das mich aa'ziegt so lieblich un schtaarrick?  
Ich schtell ken Fall, ich trag ken Bicks,  
Ich hunt net Kscharwl un jaag net Ficks—  
Ich loss sie geh, die aarme Dhiere!—  
Hab eppes besser auszefhre.  
Was ich such will niemand hawwe,  
Was ich wecs will niemand glaawe.  
Ich guck far die geischtige Blanze  
Geblanzt von 're Hand allmächtig;  
U'sichtbaari Blumme flecht ich  
In u'verwelkliche Kranze.  
Ich emsiddor Schatte un Farwe;  
Die Muschtene 'as die Blätter arwe;  
Schudir die Neschter vun de Schpiime,  
Wie ihre Weg die Veggel finne  
Unne Wegweiser, unne Kschpur;
Es wunnert mich fe' was die Nadur
Die Nummere drei un fünf so gleicht:
Sin sie nothwennig? Odder vellieht
Is in ihrem Innere die Welt
Nooch Rule un Nummer zammegschtellt?
Wahrlich, die Sache 'as mar sehne
Sin wechselich, schtarlich, un ve'gehne;
Es behscht, es schenscht, was schtandhaft is
Kann ken Aag sehne—des is gewiss.
Sel is die Keim vun allem Suume,
Sel is die Blüht vun all de Blumme,
Sel is es Licht vun all die Schtarne,
Sel baut un beleht die Himmelszelt!
Un wann mol ve'gange Himmel un Welt
Fangt 's unermüdet aa vun farne
Un macht alles widder nei.
Sel maagscht de shtudye lang un fe'i—
Es losst sich doch net alles larne:
Dei Bicher dhune wenig batte,
Un die Nadur will net viel saage;
Du suchscht—es guckt dir aus de Aage;
Du gehscht 'm nooch—un bischt sei Schatte!

THE PRUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Heil dir im Siegerkranz.
Herrscher des Vaterlands
Heil, König, dir!
Fühl' in des Thrones Glanz
Die Hohe Wonne ganz,
Liebling des Volks zu sein!
Heil, König, dir!

Nicht Ross, nicht Reisige
Sichern die stille Höh',
Wo Fürsten steh'n;
Liebe des Vaterlands,
Liebe des freien Manns
Gründen des Herrscher Thron
Wie Fels im Meer.

Heilige Flamme glüh',
Glüh' und verlösch' nie
Fürs Vaterland!
Wir alle stehen dann
Mutig für einen Mann,
Kämpfen and bluten gern
Für Thron und Reich.

COL. T. C. ZIMMERMAN'S TRANSLATION.

Hail thy victorious hand,
Lord of our Fatherland!
Hail thee, our King!

Nor horse, nor trooper bold,
The height can safely hold
Where princes be;

The love of Fatherland,
The love of Freedom's band,
Will e'er as firmly stand
As rock in th' sea.

O, sacred flame, aglow,
Thy embers ne'er burn low
For our lov'd home!

Then we'll together stand
Like a courageous band,
Fighting for Fatherland—
For realm and throne.

The above abridged version of the Prussian National Hymn composed hundreds of years ago and written in Old German, was translated by Mr. Zimmerman, of Reading, for DeL. Randolph Keim, Esq., of Washington, who will give it a place in his forthcoming drama of 'Frederick the Great,' upon which he is engaged. This translation appeared in the Berlin Times of August 8—a paper which is widely read throughout Germany, Austria and Switzerland.
IF THE LITTLE FLOWERS KNEW.

From Songs of Heinrich Heine (1797-1856), the German poet, translated by J. L. Spalding. Contributed by E. M. E.

GERMAN.

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundert mein herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlig erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternlein;
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Die alle könnens nicht wissen,
Nur Eine kennt meinen Schmartz,
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

ENGLISH.

If the little flowers knew
The deep wound of my heart,
They would shed sweet tears of rue
To still the bitter smart.

If the nightingales did know
How sick and sad I am,
Their tenderest notes would flow
To me like healing balm.

If the golden stars could see
My hopeless woe and grief,
Through the heavens they would flee
To bring me blest relief.

But none of them can know;
One only knows my pain;
She has wrought me all my woe
And eft my heart in twain.

LEBENSWEISHEIT.

Viel leiden, viel meiden, gern scheiden,
Nicht zagen, nicht fragen, nicht klagen,
Geborgen, nicht sorgen für morgen;
Geschlagen, still tragen die Plagen;
Ohn' Eigen sich neigen und schweigen.

Frohsinnig, herzinnig, gottminnig
Aufstreben, hergeben sein Leben;
Nicht weinen, gleich Pfeilen hin-
eilen;
Gott loben, gehoben nach oben:
Das wahle, O Seele, vermähle
Auf ewig dem Herrn dich als Braut!

DAS ZERBROCHENE RINGLEIN.

In einem kühlen Grunde
Da geht ein Mühlrad,
Mein' Liebste ist verschwunden,
Die dort gewohnet hat.

Sie hat mir Treu versprochen,
Gab mir ein'n Ring dabei,
Sie hat die Treu gebrochen;
Mein Ringlein sprang entzwei.

Ich möcht als Spielmann reisen
Weit in die Welt hinaus
Und singen meine Weisen
Und geh'n von Haus zu Haus.

Ich möcht' als Reiter fliegen
Wohl in die blut'ge Schlacht,
Um stille Feuer liegen
Im Feld bei dunkler Nacht.

Hör' ich das Mühlrad gehen;
Ich weis' nicht, was ich will---
Ich möcht' am liebsten sterben;
Dann wär's auf einmal still.

September 3, 1904.

Rev. P. C. Croll, Editor,
"Pennsylvania-German,
Lebanon, Pa.

My Dear Sir: On page 120 of your "July" issue, you quote a poem "Das Muchlrad," from the Wilkes-Barre Record, and insert a translation by Mr. Henry Bodmer, who states that he is not acquainted with the name of the author. The correct title of the poem is "Das zerbrochene Ringlein," and it is one of the most famous pieces written by Eichendorff (Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff). As there are several variations from the correct text in the version you give, I enclose herewith a copy of the poem as written.

Very truly yours,

THEODORE A. THOMSON,
2220 N. Lambert St., Phila., Pa.
Historical Pilgrimages into ...Pennsylvania-Germandom

MORAVIAN HEADQUARTERS, OLD BETHLEHEM.

And yet not the old Bethlehem of Naomi and Ruth's, of David the shepherd lad's, and of the Christ Child's fame, of which a hundred poets have sung, but none more sweetly than the late Episcopal Bishop, Phillips Brooks in his matchless hymn, and of which a thousand pens have written, but none more evangelically than the Methodist Bishop, John H. Vincent, in his little prose brochure, "To Old Bethlehem."

"They speak to me of princely Tyrre, That old Phenician gem, Great Shihon's daughter of the North, But I will speak of Bethlehem."

"They speak of Rome and Babylon, What can compare with them? So let them praise their pride and pomp: But I will speak of Bethlehem."

"They praise the hundred-gated Thebes, Old Mitzraim's diadem, The city of the sand-girt Nile: But I will speak of Bethlehem."

But not to the Judean plains shall our pilgrimage lead today. Let the "Star of Bethlehem" ever guide pilgrims to this holy shrine, as it did the wise men of the East. We have an historic Bethlehem on our Western Continent; which Nitschmann and Zinzendorf, the fathers of American Moravianism, founded on the banks of the Lehigh, in the very heart of Pennsylvania-Germandom, more than a century and a half ago. Although it is so recent in the annals of time it has an old and a modern history. Its primitive life and history will doubtless be most attractive to historical students and therefore we shall allow one who is well posted in its ancient lore, to tell his story of this old Moravian headquarters in America.

Our readers will remember that in our last pilgrimage we led by this now important town, reserving its rich history for some special article. Today we will bow our courtesies to the Rev. John P. Ritter, who will lead us about its historic streets and buildings "in ye olden times." It may chance that on some other occasion we shall act as guide and treat our readers to sight and description of the famous industries and institutions of learning that in modern times have sent their productions of mail- armored battleships and bristling guns and hosts of university graduates to the ends of the earth. Today our space permits of only a leisurely ramble in the old lanes and by-paths of its early history.

We have in our possession a rare old pencil sketch of primitive Bethlehem, furnished us by the late Rufus A. Grider, which shows the unique Moravian village before the Revolution, but our illustrations are numerous and must suffice. At the conclusion of Mr. Ritter's article we append a letter and clipping which will explain themselves. They are deemed of sufficient importance to be inserted here.—The Editor.
Christmas Eve, 1741, a party of German Moravians, seventeen in number, were assembled in a small log cabin on the banks of the Lehigh River, in Pennsylvania, to celebrate the anniversary of Christ's birth. Among them were Count Nicholas Louis von Zinzendorf and his daughter, Benigna, who had just arrived in this country from England.

Adjoining the cabin was an humble stable, and, in the course of the festivities, Count Zinzendorf entered it with his followers, and sang with great ardor the hymn beginning:

"Nicht aus Jerusalem, sondern Bethlehem
Aus dem, Komt was mir fromet."

And thus, according to John Martin Mack, a missionary who was present on the occasion, the settlement was christened Bethlehem.

**THE FIRST COLONY SETTLED.**

Although not the earliest colony attempted by the Moravians in the New World, Bethlehem was the first one successfully established, and is regarded by them as the natal place of their religion on the American continent. Indeed, this quaint old town is looked upon with especial reverence by the United Brethren; it is associated with all their most cherished customs and traditions, and to it they make pilgrimages from all parts of the land at Christmas, Easter and other great festival occasions.

The Moravians, or the United Brethren, as they should properly be called, are the oldest Protestant sect claiming the Apostolic succession for their ministry. They trace their origin back to the Waldenses, who first made their appearance in Bohemia in 1176, and, finding their doc-
trines and practices acceptable to many of the people of that country and Moravia, joined with them in forming a religious society known as the Bohemian Brethren. From these united people sprang John Huss, who, about the year 1400, brought the doctrines of the brethren before the world, and was finally burned at the stake as a heretic on the 6th of July, 1415. He is regarded as the founder of the Moravian Church.

MORAVIAN CHURCH, BETHLEHEM.

THE UNITED BRETHREN.

It was not, however, until the year 1456 that the brethren were permitted by George Podiebrad, of Bohemia, to form themselves into an association, designated the Unitas Fratrum (the United Brethren), and to settle in the principality of Lititz. There they struggled on for years against civil and ecclesiastical authority, until at last Count Zinzendorf, of Saxony, invited them to come and live upon his estate of Berthelsdorf, in Upper Lusatia. It is from this time that they date their prosperity as a religious sect.

On the 17th of June, 1722, a little company of ten Moravians arrived at the count’s manor, and immediately began the erection of a house for
their own accommodation. Such was the humble beginning of "Herrnhut," that was destined to become one of the most unique religious communities of modern times.

One of the principal objects of the Herrnhut community was the conversion of heathen to Christianity, and it was not long before they began to establish foreign missions.

In 1731 David Nitschmann, one of the ten original settlers of Herrnhut, was sent out to found a missionary colony on the island of St. Croix, in the Danish West Indies. The attempt failed of success. A few years later another colony was attempted in Georgia. This also proved unsuccessful. In the meantime, George Whitefield, the famous English Methodist, had come to America on a missionary tour, and had purchased 5000 acres of land at Nazareth, in Pennsylvania, on which to establish a colony of the converts he had made in England. He had early in the year laid...
the corner stone of an asylum for colored orphans in Georgia, and, in
pursuance of his projects for ameliorating the condition of negroes in
the colonies, determined to erect a school for colored children on his
newly acquired land.

THE WHITEFIELD HOUSE.

He accordingly proposed to the Moravians he had met in the South,
and who were all first-class mechanics, to undertake the work for him.
So they broke up their settlement in Georgia, which had never been a
thriving one, and accompanied him to Nazareth. There, early in the year
1746, they commenced the creation of the great stone house, now known as
the Whitefield House, and occupied by the Moravian Historical Society
of Nazareth. But before it was completed the great field-preacher became
prejudiced against the brethren, in consequence of doctrinal differences,
and decided to expel them from the Nazareth tract.

About this time Bishop David Nitschmann arrived from Europe with a
commission to locate a settlement for the Moravians, and purchased 500
acres of land at the junction of the Monocacy Creek with the Lehigh
River. He was joined by the mechanics who had been working for
Whitefield, and, early in the year 1741, took possession of his purchase.
It is recorded that “one wintry day this dauntless Moravian, 64 years
old, who had faced the sharp blasts of bitterest trials and abundant toils,
standing up to his knees in the snow, sent his trusty axe into the first
tree felled for the building of Bethlehem.”

FIRST REINFORCEMENTS.

The first reinforcement of Europeans which came to join the dozen
settlers living in the two log cabins that constituted all there was of the
town in 1742, reached the southern bank of the Lehigh at noon of a June
day in that year. It consisted of fifty-six church members, who had come
over from England in the ship Catharine, purchased expressly for the pur-
pose by the celebrated Moravian Bishop Spangenberg. In Moravian an-
nals these emigrants are designated “the First Sea Congregation,” and
their descendants take the same honorable pride in their ancestry as do
those of the Pilgrim Fathers, who came to New England in the Mayflower
in the year 1620.
"THE SECOND SEA CONGREGATION."

The pressing need of more colonists to build up the infant settlement hastened Zinzendorf's return to Europe. He arrived in England on the 17th of February, 1743, and immediately set about collecting a ship's company and chartered a vessel for the Pennsylvania colony. The company of emigrants, styled in Moravian annals "The Second Sea Congregation," numbered over one hundred church members, and set sail from Cowes, in the ship The Little Strength, on September 27, 1743, arriving in New York Harbor on the 26th of the following November. It was perhaps the most remarkable band of colonists that ever landed on the

SISTERS' HOUSE FROM THE FRONT.

American continent. England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Wendish Lusatia, Bohemia, Moravia, Poland, France, Italy and Switzerland were all represented among the pilgrims, who, a few days after their arrival, started for their destination on foot, accompanied by wagons containing their worldly goods.

On arriving in Bethlehem thirty young couples, who had been married in Herrnhut in a solemn service just before starting for Pennsylvania, were transferred to the newly finished "Whitefield House," at Nazareth, which had been sold to the Moravians, along with the 5000 acres that surrounded it some time earlier in the year. Whitefield had been obliged to abandon his scheme of colonization for lack of funds to carry it out. As there was no highway as yet between the two settlements, "the brethren led the way, each with his axe in hand, to clear the path from obstruc-
tions. The sisters followed with a simple luncheon." On their arrival at Nazareth they met for worship in the hall of their new home, which is represented in the following pages, and on that occasion consecrated as their future sanctuary. Thus Nazareth also became a Moravian settlement.

ALL THINGS IN COMMON.

It has been stated above that one of the principal objects of the society of The United Brethren was the conversion of the heathen to Christianity. In pursuance of this the Moravians of Bethlehem lived together at first in one general community, having all things in common. Although this was not demanded by the rules and usages of their society, it was rendered necessary by their poverty and peculiar situation. Indeed they could not

SISTERS' HOUSE—GABLE END.

have hoped to extend their missions among the Indians in any other way. They placed themselves, therefore, under the direction of the chiefs of their congregation, and commenced the construction of buildings suitable to a community life. The first of these erected was the Gemein Haus, or the Congregation House, that is still standing at the corner of Church street and Cedar alley. Its corner stone was laid September 28, 1744, and it was completed during the following year. It was originally a log house, having a steep roof pierced by two stories of quaint dormer windows; but, in 1868, the logs were covered with clap-boards, and the old structure assumed its present appearance.
THE FIRST CHURCH.

The first church in Bethlehem was a large room on the second floor of this building. It is now divided into four apartments, but the stout wooden pillars that once supported its low ceiling can still be seen in the partition walls. Here the brethren held their religious services for nine years, and here, also, the Mohican David, the first Indian convert, was baptized. The lower and upper floors were reserved for the ministers and their families, and are still used for that purpose. On the 5th of April, 1751, the stone addition to the Gemein Haus, now known as the "Old Chapel," was commenced. It was the second church in which the old congregation held services.

Directly east of it, and at a right angle, is the stone structure known as the "Old School." This was the first Moravian seminary for females, and was erected in the years 1745 and 1746. The upper floor was divided into apartments for the "Married Couples," and the lower floor contained the dining-room and kitchen and also a kitchen for the "Single Brethren." The middle floor was reserved for the school. On August 8, 1742, the corner stone of the structure which forms the western end of the present "Sisters' House" was laid, and on the completion of the building in December of the same year, it was occupied by the single brethren. It continued to be their community house until November, 1784, when they moved their quarters to the central building of the present seminary for young ladies, which had been prepared for their reception some years before. Then that part of the community of "Single Sisters" that had been housed at Nazareth took possession of the old building. Until 1752 their entire community had lived in that town; then a wing was added to the house above described for the accommodation of half their number. In 1773 another wing was erected, and the square of community houses completed as it now stands. For the particulars concerning these buildings I am indebted to John Hill Martin's "Historical Sketch of Bethlehem."

SEPARATE PLACES FOR THE SEXES.

In the early days of the history of Bethlehem, and of the Moravian Church the sexes were separated as much as possible. The ministers and
THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN.

their families, the married couples, the children attending school, the single women and the single men, had each a separate house assigned to them; and, although they did not lead a monastic life, they were pledged to a strict observance of the rules and regulations laid down by the chiefs of their congregation. Thus, the “single sisters” were not permitted to pass the “single brethren’s” house, nor were they allowed to look at one another if they chanced to meet by accident. The sisters were forbidden to

mention the name of any of the brethren, and thus the two sexes grew up in complete ignorance of one another until the time came for them to marry, when the contract was arranged entirely by their elders.

RULES AS TO DRESS.

Moreover, they were forbidden any vain show in dress. “The straight, unlapelled, dark brown coat, the broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, the knee-buckled small clothes, the broad, round-toed shoe, were consistent characteristics of a Moravian brother; whilst the plain drab or black silk bonnet, the three-cornered white kerchief, the plain silk gown, the comfortable hood-furnished cloak, the stuff shoe, for comfort and convenience, were the sister’s attire... This costume was continued inviolate until about 1825; since then the Moravians have not been distinguishable by dress from any other denomination of Christian people.”

In order to render themselves independent of the outside world they engaged in a great variety of industries. The brethren raised hemp, flax and wool, grain of all kinds, from which they made starch and flour, and

BOYS' SCHOOL, NAZARETH.
also the famous buckwheat meal, which was in such great demand until recent years. They tanned their own leather, made their own shoes, brewed their own beer, manufactured their own bricks and mortar, and even contrived their own tools and machinery. The sisters busied themselves in spinning, weaving, fulling, dyeing, bleaching and in embroidery and needlework, at which they were adepts. Letters are still preserved in the archives of the Bethlehem Economy which contain orders from merchants in Philadelphia for dress goods for their wives, to be made by the Moravian women.

And as they worked they sang. Bishop Spangenberg, writing in 1746, says: "Never, since the creation of the world were there made and sung such lovely and holy shepherds', ploughing, reapers', thrashing, spinners', knitters', sewers', washers', and other laboring hymns, as by these people. An entire farmer's hymn-book might be made of them." The primitive Moravians were essentially a musical people.

In carrying out the work of converting their savage neighbors the brethren were animated by a common will. Indeed, they made so many
sacrifices, and labored so industriously to this end that, in November, 1756, fifteen years after the first settlement of the town, they were supporting, or helping to support, over one hundred missionaries of both sexes. Their earliest converts were made among the Indians in their own immediate vicinity; and, in order to keep them under civilizing influences, the brethren erected for their use a chapel and a number of log houses about three miles northwest of Bethlehem. This settlement was called Nain, and it proved a considerable drain upon the resources of the community in times of peace, and a grave responsibility in war times. On the removal of the Indians, in 1765, from Nain to the Susquehanna, several of their houses were conveyed to Bethlehem, among them the chapel which is still standing in an altered condition in Market street, west of the Moravian cemetery.

**INDIAN TROUBLES.**

Bethlehem and Nazareth were frontier towns, and during these troublous times great numbers of white settlers resorted to them for safety. Most of these people had abandoned their homes on the first approach of the Indians, and were entirely destitute. The school-houses, mills and barns were allotted to them as residences, and the brethren provided them with food and clothing; yet, despite their hospitality, they did not escape persecution at the hands of their white neighbors. The inhabitants of the Kittatinny Valley were exceedingly embittered toward them for according their Indian converts protection, and even accused them of being in league with the French, because they refused to engage in offensive warfare, which was against the principles of their religion.

**THE SUN INN.**

When the Moravians first settled Bethlehem their remoteness from the routes of travel rendered an inn unnecessary, but each year had brought a larger tide of immigration southward from the populous parts of the provinces and from abroad. The country became dotted with farms; roads were opened in various directions; and, as Bethlehem lay on the highway connecting the north and east with Philadelphia and Baltimore, a house of entertainment for travelers was greatly needed. This resulted in the construction, in 1758, of the Sun Inn—one of the most famous of American hostelries.

During the Revolution, the Moravians of Bethlehem and Nazareth were placed in a very trying position. As it was against the principles of their religion to engage in offensive warfare, none of them bore arms on either
side. The Americans were at first prejudiced against them on this account, the more so when it became known that most of their clergy sided with the Tories; but when, in the winter of 1776, Bethlehem became the seat of the General Hospital of the Continental Army, and the brethren gave up their community buildings to the sick and wounded, supplying them with food and clothing; and showing them every act of kindness, public sentiment changed in their favor.

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE.

The historian of the Lehigh Valley records that "in consequence of the removal of the hospital to Bethlehem, in 1776, the place was visited by many persons of distinction, among whom were General Washington, the Marquis de Lafayette, Count Pulaski, Baron de Kalb, Generals Armstrong, Gates, Mifflin and Schuyler, John Hancock, Henry Laurens, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and others. It was during this time that Count Pulaski was complimented for his gallantry by a presentation of a banner, embroidered by the 'Single Sisters,' as a token of their gratitude for the protection he had afforded them, surrounded, as they were, by rough and uncouth soldiery." It was borne with the colors of Pulaski's regiment until he fell in the attack upon Savannah in 1779, when it was used as his winding sheet. It is now in possession of the Maryland Historical Society at Baltimore.

After the Revolution the brethren of Bethlehem, Nazareth and other Moravian settlements near by entered upon the Arcadian period of their history. They had already cleared their lands, built their towns, and established wise laws for the regulation of their congregations. Their annals from this time on are those of a simple, agricultural people, happy in the free exercise of their religion, and in the peaceful enjoyment of the wealth acquired by their prudence and industry.

ACTIVE CHURCH LIFE.

The life of each community centered in its church. It inspired the brethren in their daily avocations, and provided the innocent amusements with which they beguiled their leisure hours. One of their chief sources of enjoyment was the "Love Feasts," held in their churches on various festival occasions. This ancient and beautiful practice has been continued in their congregations since the earliest days of Moravianism.

That a cemetery should be chosen as the scene of a festive gathering as frequently as it is at Bethlehem will probably appear strange to those who are unfamiliar with Moravian customs and habits of thought. The grave
has no terrors for the brethren. The cemeteries of Bethlehem and Nazareth take the place of public parks. Women sit on the benches with their sewing, and children play among the tombstones under the shade of the trees; and thus the Moravian graveyard becomes a place of cheerful resort to the living as well as a tranquil resting place for the dead. Moreover, it is associated with one of the most beautiful observances of their Church. On Easter morning, at sunrise, the Moravian congregations assemble in their respective cemeteries, and sing their liturgy to the accompaniment of trombone choirs.

THE INDIAN TSCHOOP’S EPITAPH.

In the Moravian cemetery at Bethlehem there are several tombstones that are deserving of particular mention. One of them bears the following inscription:

“In Memory of
Tschoop—a Mohican Indian,
Who, in Holy Baptism, April 17th, 1742,
Received the Name of
John.”

This Christian Indian, under the name of Chingachgook, the father of Uncas, is one of the principal characters in James Fenimore Cooper’s series of novels, “The Leather Stocking Tales.” Near his grave, toward the west, are interred the remains of Nitschmann, the founder of Bethlehem.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The funeral ceremonies of the Moravians are so different from those of every other Christian denomination that they call for more than a passing mention. In Bethlehem it has long been the custom to announce the death of a brother or sister by the music of trombones, performed in the belfry of the church. “The notes are not blown at random,” says a writer in the Moravian, “They give utterance, as it were, to a living voice.” Three dirges are performed. The first is the announcement of a death; the second designates the sex and class to which the departed belonged, while the third is a repetition of the first, and is intended as the believer’s response to the sad announcement. The coffin containing the remains of the departed is never brought into the church. During the funeral services it is placed in the “dead house”—a neat little building back of the church, and shaded by a magnificent weeping
willow. From this repository it is carried in procession to the cemetery, where it is interred with impressive ceremonies. "The mournful accompaniment of the trombones on such occasions," writes John Hill Martin, "never fails to remind the bearer of the beautiful lines, 'For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.'" As the Moravians consider it wrong in principle to grieve for the dead, they never put on mourning.

CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is celebrated by the brethren as a season of free, joyous social intercourse, during which many old customs are practiced that have long ago been abandoned by other Christian denominations. Wreaths and
garlands of holly and evergreen are universally used as Christmas decorations; but the Moravians alone have adhered to the practice—brought with them from the fatherland—of building elaborate embellishments in their houses. These Christmas "Putzes," as they are called, are generally miniature representations of beautiful scenes in nature—indoor landscapes that in many cases display great artistic taste and mechanical ingenuity in their arrangement.

WIDOWS’ HOUSE.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

In the olden time when the unmarried people of opposite sexes lived apart in separate communities, and were not allowed to associate with one another, the sweet privilege of falling in love with and courting the young lady of his choice was denied the Moravian youth. When a young man wished to marry he was obliged to hand in the name of the young lady he had selected to the chiefs of the congregation. If they deemed the marriage inadvisable, recourse was had to the lot to decide the question. This game of chance was always entered upon with solemnity and preceded by prayer. If the drawing turned out unfavorable to the young man, his hope of marrying that particular young lady was forever blasted. If it was favor-
able to him, she still had the privilege of refusal. Indeed, so many impediments were thrown in the way of marriage in the early days of the Bethlehem settlement that the authorities at Herrnhut felt it incumbent upon them to interfere on behalf of the young people. Accordingly, the Rev. Bishop, John Baron de Watteville, was sent to America, in 1756, to unite fourteen couples in marriage. The ceremonies were all performed at one and the same time by different ministers in the old place of worship in the second story of the Gemein Haus in the presence of the whole congregation.

THE SUN INN.

MODERN BETHLEHEM.

From the founding of Bethlehem, in 1741, to 1844, every foot of ground in the town was owned by the Moravian community, and no outsider could buy an inch of it. But on January 11, 1844, this exclusiveness was abolished by an act of the Church Council; the town was thrown open to others and lots were sold to all who wished to buy. This was the beginning of modern Bethlehem—a town of 20,000 inhabitants and churches of every religious denomination. Although the change has operated unfavorably to the continuance of ancient Moravian customs and traditions, so that many beautiful practices of the early brethren are gradually falling into disuse, Bethlehem is still the headquarters of Moravianism in America.
The Rev. P. C. Croll, Lebanon.

Dear Brother Croll: Among some old papers belonging to my grand-father, the late Rev. Dr. J. G. Morris, I found a newspaper clipping, of which the accompanying paper is a copy. There is nothing on the original to indicate the name of the paper from which it was cut, nor the date. I do not know if the incident related is a new one, but send it to you for inspection and, if you think wise, for publication in the Pennsylvania-German. I have never seen it before.

Sincerely,

Chas. R. Trowbridge.

"Over 130 years ago, when the Moravians were constructing a building in Bethlehem where their seminary now stands, David Nitschmann was one of the workers. He was very particular in his habits and felled the first tree used in building the first house in Bethlehem. One day when the building was nearly completed a report spread through the village that the Indians were about to swoop down upon the town. There was great excitement, and the workmen in their haste to secure safety for themselves mislaid their tools, among them David's hammer. The fears of the whites were groundless, for the Indians had come for no other purpose than to trade with them. When David returned to put away his tools he missed his hammer. Conrad Weiser, the ancient pioneer, whose name was a household word in this section of country in the early colonial days, was in Bethlehem at the time, and David accused Conrad of having taken his hammer. Conrad resented his words in a fitting manner, as he had not seen it, and he thought it very unjust of David to accuse him of theft. This little incident has passed into history, and is said to be traceable in some old Pennsylvania-German books. David Nitschmann was very much distressed about his hammer and searched every nook and corner for it, but in vain. The mystery of the lost hammer was never solved in David's time. He has long since been laid in his grave and four generations have passed away since then. The roof that David and his fellow workmen had put on having decayed, a new one was thought to be necessary. Only a few weeks ago it was torn down and replaced by a new one and the hammer that had been lost for over 130 years was discovered under a board, where probably David had laid it, and which another, no doubt, had nailed above it. And thus the charge of theft against Conrad Weiser has at last been vindicated. This hammer has two points at one end. The long one was used to punch holes into the boards, for, as nails were then made, there was danger of splitting the board if this was not done. The shortest one was used as a sort of cold chisel, and there was a notch where the parts divided to be used to pull out nails. The hammer is at present in the hands of Francis Wolle, of Bethlehem."

Last August a tornado carried the roof off the old Conrad Weiser homestead. Wonder how many Indian hatchets the cruel storm carried with it?—P. C. C.
EARLY GERMAN PRINTING IN AMERICA.

A RESUME, BY REV. A. STAPLETON, A.M., M.S.

Editor Pennsylvania-German:

In the April issue of your valuable magazine I gave the results of my researches in early German printing in America, giving a list of publications unknown or omitted by Prof. Seidensticker in his excellent work "The First Century of German Printing in America." The number of publications embraced in my list footed up to 273. I will supplement the same with the following which have come under my notice, and I may add, are nearly all in my possession.

275. Kern des Christenthums, 16 mo., Harrisburg, Peters, 1830.
276. Der Kleine Catechismus (Luther's), 12 mo, Philadelphia, Zentler, 1817.
277. Allgemeines Vieharzenei, 12 mo., p. 291, Shellsburg, Pa., Goeb, 1823 (fine work).
278. Katechismus, Oder Kurzen Unterricht Christlicher Lehre, 16 mo., p. 112, Carlisle, Pa., de Sanno, 1808.

This issue of the Heidelberg Catechism has been hitherto unknown even to the bibliographers of the Reformed Church. De Sanno, the publisher, was a Lutheran minister.

279. Catechismus, Oder Kurzer Unterricht Christlicher Lehre (Heidelberg Cate.), 16 mo., Phila., Zentler, 1830.

This issue closes the fifth volume of this magazine. Two things are apparent: First, It is time for renewal of subscription for 1905, and a few should pay arrearages. Secondly, It were well for later subscribers to order back numbers, to have file complete. Nos. 1 and 2, Vol. 1, are all gone already.

Let readers consult the advertising pages. Some good things offered there at right prices.
Mathias Dolnick,  
Jan. 27, 1790.  
Mar. 25, 1804.

Elizabeth Dolnick,  
1801—1806.  
(Sandstone effaced by time.)

John Wisensale,  
Jan. 31, 1792.  
May 2, 1867.

Amanda E. Sheffer,  
Dec. 4, 1851.  
Mar. 21, 1857.

Philip Samuel Lepper,  
Mar. 2, 1800.  
Mar. 4, 1812.

Annie Maria Rothrock,  
Died Dec. 13, 1789.  
Age 31 yrs., 11 mos., 18 days.

John Beltz,  
Dec. 30, 1766.  
Nov. 28, 1804.

Catharine Beltz, wife of John Beltz,  
July 12, 1745.  
Feb. 26, 1809.

Henry Winebrenner,  
April 18, 1802.  
Nov. 24, 1834.

Sarah Winebrenner,  
Died Feb. 6, 1825.  
Aged 35 years.  
Wife of George.

George Winebrenner,  
Aug. 1, 1776.  
Aug. 15, 1844.

Joseph Heagy,  
Sept. 1, 1780.  
April 18, 1884.

Anna Catherine Heagy, wife Jacob,  
Aug. 10, 1746.  
Mar. 5, 1826.

Jacob Heagy,  
Jan. 10, 1736.  
April 18, 1825.

Mary Showalter,  
June 11, 1783.  
Nov. 18, 1824.

Sarah Buchler,  
Aug. 19, 1786.  
July 11, 1858.

Anna Bargelt,  
July 23, 1789.  
Feb. 18, 1851.

Jacob Bargelt,  
Sept. 10, 1839.  
Age, 59 years.

Elizabeth Bargelt,  
Died Sept. 28, 1838.  
Age, 22 years.

Sarah Jane Britcher,  
June 28, 1840.  
11 yrs., 2 mos., 10 days.
Barbara Rebert,
July 4, 1771.
Nov. 12, 1856.

John Rebert,
Sept. 2, 1769.
Jan. 20, 1843.

Nicholas Newman,
July 28, 1778.
May 15, 1842.

Catharine Newman, wife Nicholas,
Feb. 5, 1785.
Sept. 25, 1865.

Abraham Newman,
May 27, 1823.
Age, 9 months.

Martha Thomas, wife John,
Jan. 29, 1764.
Jan. 2, 1831.

George Zacharias,
July 21, 1806.
Age, 78 yrs., 4 mos.

Rachel Zacharias,
April 9, 1804.
61 yrs., 6 mos.

Jeremiah Houck,
Killed by accidental discharge
of gun near Little Conewago
Creek.
June 12, 1834.
23 yrs., 6 mos., 7 days.

Sarah Kurtz,
Jan. 1, 1801.
May 13, 1808.

John Felty,
Mar. 17, 1825.
Age, 69 yrs., 5 mos., 8 days.

Elizabeth Felty, wife John,
Feb. 13, 1830.
74 yrs., 7 mos., 7 days.

Conrad Felty,
Aug. 15, 1787.
May 18, 1845.

Catherine Felty, wife Conrad,
June 16, 1793.
Nov. 17, 1869.

Jonas Rebert,
Aug 15, 1777.
July 20, 1845.

Maria Rebert, wife Jonas,
Dec. 16, 1780.
Jan. 27, 1845.

Nicholas Pyle,
April 2, 1830.
Age, 67 yrs., 12 days.

Sarah Pyle, wife Nicholas,
Feb. 5, 1852.
Age, 62 yrs., 5 mos., 22 days.

Beulah Pyle,
Dec. 16, 1831.
Age, 22 years.

Mary D. Pyle,
Jan. 10, 1838.
Age, 19 years.

Henry Beltz,
July 12, 1773.
Aug. 12, 1776.

Christiana Butcher, wife Jacob,
Sept. 3, 1820.
May 18, 1854.

Sarah, wife John Harnish, and
daughter of Nich. and Sarah
Pyle.
Died Apr. 8, 1842.
26 yrs., 8 mos., 21 days.

Enoch Buckley Pyle,
Sept. 14, 1850.
13 yrs., 3 mos., 16 days.

Susannah Bower,
July 28, 1852.
Nov. 15, 1853.

George Baird,
Aug. 23, 1845.
47 years.

David W. Baird, son Geo. and M.
C. Baird,
Mar. 1847.
17 yrs., 2 mos., 19 days.

Mary Valentine Desher,
May 14, 1853.
Aged 85 years.
Jacob Forney,
Nov. 1, 1797.
Jan. 5, 1872.

Catharine Forney,
Feb. 15, 1794.
April 25, 1845.

Elizabeth, wife Jacob Eichelberger,
Jan. 11, 1803.
25 yrs., 8 mos., 5 days.

Susannah, daughter of Jacob and
Elizabeth Eichelberger.
June 13, 1808.
6 yrs., 4 mos., 14 days.

Anna Maria, wife Christian Forney,
June 6, 1769.
Sept. 24, 1845.

Philip Forney,
Feb. 3, 1783.
58 years and 7 months.

Elizabeth Forney,
Aug. 8, 1794.
62 years and 6 months.

George Hinkle,
June 5, 1789.
Age, 1 yr., 5 mos., 26 days.

Henry Albright, Sr.,
Jan. 30, 1766.
Dec. 19, 1841.

Sarah Albright, wife Henry,
Aug. 14, 1802.
33 years and 2 days.

Sarah Long,
July 2, 1768.
Dec. 11, 1800.

Daniel Philip Large,
Born, Hamburg, Nov. 8, 1783.
Emigrated to America and settled at Hanover, Pa., April 27, 1808.
Printed Hanover Gazette until May 30, 1850.
Died Oct. 18, 1856.
Age, 72 yrs., 11 mos., 10 days.

Jacob Himes,
June 1, 1773.
Aug. 16, 1863.

Francis Himes,
Born Germany, 1737.
Died Jan. 6, 1811.

Catharine Himes, wife Francis,
Born Germany, Aug., 1739.
Jan. 17, 1826.

William Himes,
Jan. 1, 1761.
Aug. 25, 1818.

Michael Bentzel,
Born Baltimore, Md., Dec. 28, 1778.
Sept. 29, 1800.

Elizabeth Garber,
Feb. 26, 1781.
April 10, 1826.
81 yrs., 1 mo., 11 days.

Daniel Gobrecht,
Mar. 5, 1842.
Age, 69 yrs., 8 mos., 20 days.

Catherine Schriver, wife Daniel
Gobrecht,
Died Nov. 5, 1849.
74 yrs., 4 mos., 18 days.

Louisa Dysart,
Feb. 23, 1866.
27 yrs., 3 mos., 21 days.

George Dysart,
Feb. 1, 1881.
73 yrs., 10 mos., 1 day.

Catherine Bare, wife John,
Mar. 9, 1772.
June 24, 1816.

F. Bentz, Sr.,
Died Dec. 30, 1831.
Aged 85 years.

Barbara Bentz, wife
Dec. 26, 1831.
Aged 80 years.

Catharine Albrecht, wife Henry, and
daughter of Mathias and
Sarah Dolneck.
Nov. 16, 1794.
May 2, 1837.
Elizabeth Smyser, of Jacob and Anna.
Sept. 11, 1820.
Dec. 20, 1841.
21 yrs., 3 mos., 9 days.

Mary, wife of Henry Yingling,
July 10, 1809.
Nov. 19, 1845.

Matthias, son of Samuel and Henrietta Trone,
May 12, 1855.
Age, 1 yr., 1 mo., 20 days.

Nicholas Tchudy,
Mar. 31, 1743, Basel, Switzerland.
Died May 25, 1810.
67 years.

Fred. Bentz, Jr.,
Sept. 14, 1822.
63 years, 15 days.

Mary E., daughter John and Lorena Bargelt,
Oct. 4, 1850.
July 23, 1853.

John Jacob Bargelt,
Dec. 12, 1840.
April 29, 1851.

Sarah A. Gobrecht,
Dec. 3, 1808.
April 15, 1823.

Anna Christiana, wife David Gobrecht,
Oct. 26, 1776.
Mar. 25, 1829.

David Gobrecht,
Oct. 3, 1775.
Feb. 9, 1817.

John Ed Bair,
June 24, 1831.
Nov. 11, 1832.

Adam Hupper,
44 yrs., 6 mos., 25 days.

Rev. John C. Gobrecht,
Oct. 11, 1733.
Nov. 6, 1815.

Elizabeth Sands, wife Rev. John C. Gobrecht,
Nov. 3, 1746.
Oct. 2, 1801.

Sarah Gobrecht,
Feb. 8, 1791.
Feb. 21, 1860.

Elizabeth Lohr Gobrecht, wife John Lohr,
Died June 3, 1833.
Aged 50 yrs., 9 mos., 2 days.

John Lohr,
April 15, 1774.
July 22, 1804.
30 yrs., 3 mos., 7 days.

Joseph Gobrecht, son Rev. John C.,
April 7, 1787.
Oct. 28, 1788.

Catherine Gobrecht, daughter Rev. John C.,
May 29, 1789.
Mar. 4, 1790.

Adam Forney,
June 29, 1822.
68 years, 14 days.

Rachel, wife of Adam Forney,
Dec. 6, 1844.
Age, 77 yrs., 10 mos., 29 days.

Anna May Forney, daughter Adam and Rachel,
June 23, 1792.
Oct. 5, 1817.

Anna May Forney,
Feb. 18, 1804.
2 years, 10 days.

Adam W. Forney,
Mar. 6, 1834.
9 months.

Ludwig Schriver,
Sept. 16, 1804.
55 years, 7 months.

Mary, wife Ludwig Schriver
Sept. 14, 1804.
49 years.

John Schriver, Esq.
Dec. 11, 1751.
July 24, 1830.
78 yrs., 7 mos., 13 days.
Mary, wife John Schriver,  
Oct. 30, 1758.  
Dec. 1, 1803.  
45 years, 3 months.

George Thomas, Sr.,  
Sept. 20, 1789.  
July 6, 1834.

Mary, wife Geo. Thomas,  
Jan. 13, 1789.  
May 21, 1857.

John Thomas,  
Dec. 18, 1765.  
April 17, 1808.

Nicholas Neyman,  
Nov. 11, 1733.  
Sept. 7, 1816.  
82 yrs., 9 mos., 27 days.

John Neyman,  
Sept. 25, 1784.  
Dec. 29, 1859.

Elizabeth Nyman,  
(Date obliterated.)  
Age, 56 years.  
(Sand stone.)

Johannes Spittler,  
Oct. 12, 1801.  
76 yrs., 4 mos., 19 days.

Anna Catherine, wife Johannes Spittler,  
June 20, 1811.  
86 yrs., 3 mos., 4 days.

Maria Metzger, dau. David and Maria Newman,  
July 29, 1775.  
Aug. 19, 1796.

Heinrich Ernest Melsheimer,  
Oct. 18, 1788.  
May 13, 1798.

Elizabeth Wunder,  
May 13, 1817.  
Sept. 6, 1835.

Samuel Wenkler,  
Feb. 4, 1869.  
Age, 65 years.

Annie M. Hoke,  
July 23, 1836.  
Mar. 14, 1854.

Clara W. Consol,  
July 8, 1757.  
April 18, 1812.

Conrad Schwob,  
Oct. 3, 1799.  
64 yrs., 2 mos., 12 days.

Rebecca Farrance,  
Oct. 2, 1853.  
Dec. 1, 1853.

Mary J. Farrance,  
Oct. 1, 1849.  
Nov. 22, 1853.

Sarah Farrance,  
Feb. 2, 1853.  
June 18, 1853.

Anna Farrance,  
Oct. 1, 1849.  
Mar. 3, 1854.

Martin C. Helman, son Martin and Magdalena,  
Nov. 16, 1802.  
Sept. 1, 1803.

Elizabeth Helman,  
July 4, 1803.  
July 28, 1819.

John Jacob Helman,  
April 1727.  
Mar. 29, 1789.  
61 yrs., 11 mos., 17 days.

Maria Helman, wife John Jacob,  
May 6, 1729.  
Oct. 9, 1804.

Michael Helman, Sr.,  
June 7, 1770.  
April 13, 1818.

Elizabeth Helman,  
Feb. 20, 1772.  
Oct. 1, 1852.

Susan Helman,  
Sept. 1, 1878.  
74 years, 4 months.
A WORD ABOUT PIPE ORGANS.

Who of our readers, with German blood in his veins, will not be attracted by this title and charmed by the article under discussion? The Saxon folk in every land are music lovers. And so are they expert musical instrument builders.

In our advertisement pages will be found this number, the presentation of the M. P. Möller Pipe Organ. It is not a new thing. It has been before the public for nigh thirty years. Over 600 instruments are now leading so many congregations all over this land, in their public services of praise. Ten thousand visitors to the World’s Fair have this year, weekly, if not daily, heard the sweet strains of this master instrument, built by our Teutonic brother and organ-builder of Hagerstown, Md.

The Editor of this magazine, who is also the pastor of a Lutheran church in Lebanon, Pa., desires to say that during the past summer a Möller organ was installed in his church, which has given perfect satisfaction to everybody concerned. The organ committee had made a wide circuit in its examination of organs before letting the contract and were about unanimous in settling on the choice of another instrument, when the Möller instrument and terms came up for a second and closer examination. The scrupulous investigation carried every member of a large committee and the contract was given to Möller. The building and character of the instrument more than justified, it greatly gratified, every member of said committee. And so it has gratified every member of the flock and everybody who has since heard the same. Were any one of our flock in a situation to recommend in the purchase of a pipe organ, there would likely be but one voice—it would be the Möller.

Following is a description of the instrument in question:

**SPECIFICATIONS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Great Organ</th>
<th>Mechanical Registers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$ foot Open Diapason ...</td>
<td>Swell to Great Coupler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$ foot Dulciana ...</td>
<td>Swell to Pedal Coupler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$ foot Gamma ...</td>
<td>Pedal Check</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$ foot Melodia ...</td>
<td>Great to Pedal Coupler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$ foot Flute D’Amour ...</td>
<td>Swell Tremolo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... wood and metal, 61 pipes</td>
<td>Bellows Signal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$ foot Principal ...</td>
<td>Wind Indicator</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$ foot Twelfth ...</td>
<td>Pedal Movements</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2½ foot Fifteenth ...</td>
<td>Forte Combination, Great Organ, Double Acting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... metal, 61 pipes</td>
<td>Piano Combination, Great Organ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$ foot Fifteenth ...</td>
<td>Swell Organ, Piano Combination, Swell Organ,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... metal, 61 pipes</td>
<td>Double Acting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pedal Organ</td>
<td>Balanced Swell Pedal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 foot Bourdon ...</td>
<td>Great to Pedal Reversible</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... wood, 49 pipes</td>
<td>Summary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 foot Open Diapason ...</td>
<td>Great Organ ... 8 stops 488 pipes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... metal, 61 pipes</td>
<td>Swell Organ ... 9 stops 525 pipes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 foot Stopped Diapason ...</td>
<td>Pedal Organ ... 2 stops 99 pipes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... wood, 61 pipes</td>
<td>Mechanical Registers 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 foot Salicional ...</td>
<td>Mechanical Registers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... metal, 61 pipes</td>
<td>Total ... 27 stops 1073 pipes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 foot Aeoliana ...</td>
<td>Pedal Movements ... 6 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... metal, 61 pipes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 foot Flute Harmonique ...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... metal, 61 pipes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 foot Bugara ...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... metal, 61 pipes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 foot Flautina ...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... metal, 61 pipes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 foot Oboe (reeds) ...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... metal, 49 pipes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 foot Bourdon ...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... wood, 39 pipes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 foot Violoncello ...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... metal, 39 pipes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE TULPEHOCKEN SETTLEMENT.

The band of Germans settling along the Tulpehocken Creek in Pennsylvania in 1723, after two preceding but unsatisfactory attempts in New York State, is perhaps the best known, the oftenest quoted, the longest continued in direct descent and in its religious history the most conspicuous of all the different local Pennsylvania-German settlements. From 1723 to the present day some of the land then taken up by these pioneers has not changed its title save by direct genealogical descent. Its eventful story of land occupation, defense of home against wild beast and Indian, and its church establishment and controversy has been often told. Its religious history in the impressions made, the character of its leaders among the clergy and laity and the part it has played in effecting central organization of both the Lutheran and Reformed denominations brings its name conspicuously into the early chapters of the history of these most numerous of our Germanic churches in Pennsylvania.

But no attempt has ever before been made to represent the original homesteads of these pioneers in a territorial map or chart. We are very glad to furnish our readers, at much painstaking care and patient plodding of the author, and some expense of the publisher, the accompanying map or chart of these original homesteads. It has been made especially for this magazine and should be prized by every one at all interested in the history of this region. It's accuracy is assured, inasmuch as long time was consumed in searching for and verifying original deeds and documents. So now for the first time do we have a clear view how this band of original frontiersmen lived as territorial neighbors. The plot here represented extends from Conrad Weiser's, east of the present borough of Womelsdorf, westward to where Myerstown is now situated, and from the Lebanon Valley Railroad on the south, to Host and Wintersville on the north; about eight miles from east to west and six from south to north. Place Womelsdorf on the Conrad Weiser farm, Stouchsburg on Michael Ernst's and Leonhardt Rieth's tracts, and Myerstown just south of the Peter Schell farm (now the property of Richard See) and you have easy municipal guide-posts for the lay of this goodly land. Along the creek are six asterisks, marking the six original mill-sites in this district. Beginning at the east and going westward they are as follows: 1. Brown's; 2. Rieth's; 3. Wolf's; 4. Lederman's; 5. Lower's; 6. Reformed Church mill. Of these Leonard Rieth's was the first built. In this mill the owner lost his life. The mill is now destroyed, yet its foundation walls are still visible. Christian Lower's was doubtless the second mill erected. It is known to have been in operation during the French and Indian War. Leonhardt Rieth in 1727 gave the land for the erection of the first Lutheran or Reed's Church. George Unruh in 1743 gave five acres for the site of Christ's Lutheran Church.

The acreage of the various tracts can be roughly guessed at when it is mentioned that Christian Lower's farm consisted of 290 acres; Michael
Ernst had 240. This tract was bought about 1760 by Peter Spycher, who was a very notable character during the troublous times of the Indian massacres. Michael Rich owned 202 and Abraham Laucks 242 acres.

May this map stir up the heart of many a descendant now a far wanderer from the ancestral homestead to look in again upon the spot where their first American forebears found their earliest peaceful home. And may many another take up the patient but laborious pencil to sketch for the benefit of his community what Mr. Lindemuth has done for the historic Tulpehocken Valley.

---

**BOOK NOTICES**

**The Story of My Life.**
**By Helen Keller.**

The almost miraculous help of this deaf, dumb and blind girl to articulate speech and an academic education with the mastery not only of a college curriculum but fluent use of several living languages besides is somewhat familiarly known to many. It will now be a delight to thousands to read from this autobiography, very well written, neatly published and beautifully illustrated—the story of this interesting girl's life as told first-handed by her charming pen. Many pages of her early and later career are given. It brings into deserved prominence her patient, almost angelic teacher and friend, Miss Sullivan, who led her from mental darkness into her present marvelous light. It is the greatest educational feat of the century. Doubleday, Page & Co., Publishers, New York. Eighteen portraits and views; 441 8vo pages. Price, $1.50.

**Friendship the Master Passion, and Shoes and Rations for a Long March.**
**By H. Clay Trumbull.**

These are two of a list of the late Trumbull's publications. The former appeared ten years ago, and has been an exhaustive classic on the subject treated. It exhausts the subject treated in its wide scope of discussion, embracing the nature and history of friendship and its place as a force in the world.

The latter was issued from the press but last year, the last book from this gifted and warm-spirited author ere his departure last year. The subject matter, however, had been old, and was originally used in the discourses preached as chaplain during the Civil War. They are very pointed sermons that will help any Christian soldier over the devious and rough marches of daily life. All that Dr. Trumbull ever wrote is sound, clear, warm and strong as Gospel truths. Chas. Scribner's sons, New York. Prices, respectively, $3.50 and $1.50.
A DAY IN OLD GERMANTOWN.

Here is an old and a new Germantown. The old dates back 221 years, the new is but since yesterday. The old wears the quaint garments of Father Penn’s Day, the new wears a full 20th century suit. The old manifests the spirit of religious bigotry and persecution, of heroic sacrifice for conscience sake, of hair-splitting doctrinal distinctions, and of noble and successful endeavors to transplant religion and education, home and government, into the virgin soil of a newly-found world, while the new is engulfed in commercialism, religious tolerance that borders on indifference, and has lost itself in the esthetical rather than the ethical. The architecture of Germany, Holland and England, of the 17th century, characterizes the old Germantown; that of the progressive and much-travelled American Yankee of the 20th century, the new. But they both still exist and live side by side—or rather live on the same spot. Like the strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, “Ye old German towne” can metamorphose itself into the modern city, and this modern suburb of Philadelphia can set some anniversary day, or appoint some heraldic society to hold its sessions here, and at once, chameleon-like, it changes its colors and decks itself in the colonial garb of ye olde country seate of William Penn. Its ancient buildings again line the old streets and lanes, and seem to burn themselves into the mental film of the gazing visitor as if electrically illuminated, overshadowing temporarily every modern structure. The Wisters, and Johnsons, and Morrises, and Chews, and Ritten-
houses, and Up de Graffs, and a countless host of other old worthies rise up from their graves, clad in knickerbockers and silver-buckled shoes, and begin to enter their protests and shake their fists at all tyranny and misrule, until the guns of the Revolution begin to shake the old town, and bleeding and dying soldiers are borne into extemporized hospitals, while a score of ante-Revolutionary homes pathetically show us their wounds of shot and shell. Even tottering old fences prop themselves up to tell of the parts they have played in making history, and show scores of gaping bullet holes, which, for a century and a quarter, have been as eloquent as Caesar's pierced tunic under Mark Anthony's oily tongue to tell of the stormy days that tried men's souls in the years long since gone by.

Well, it was such an appointed day celebrating the 221st anniversary of the arrival of its German founders, and the fourteenth annual gathering of the Pennsylvania-German Society, that we saw the old burg. The rich and variegated foliage of the leafy "green-town" had not yet been shed, and October had painted it in scarlet and gold as if he had dipped his brush into the paint pots alternately of revolutionary gore and the peculiar yellow of the autumnal sun. The matchless garden of the favored inhabitants had not shed their wealth of floral display. The chrysanthemum and the cosmos divided their honors of queenly sway, and both were clad for the occasion in fabrics of silken texture and in gayest colors. Only the ivy and the tamer shrubbery kept the Quaker rule of plainer dress. Even the creepers, the ampelopsis, the quinquefolia and the Veitchii, on a hundred old walls and tree-trunks, blushed crimson and orange at sight of this host of invaders.

Such is the hospitality of old Germantown that a dozen ancient homesteads had open house this day. If the guests did not drink from the same tea-pot in which Martha Washington served, they yet saw the china and silver service of her day, and the lion-footed furniture then used, while they warmed themselves at an old Franklin stove or open grate. If they did not ride in the chaise of Washington or Lafayette, they yet saw these identical vehicles and were whirled about in a score of tally-hoes with four-in-hand. If they did not see Christopher Sower print Bibles from his hand press, they were on the very spot where this first reprint of God's
word in America was performed. If they did not hear Whitefield, or Zinzendorf, or Schlatter preach, they saw the spot of earth where these illustrious men of God expounded His word. If Kelpius, and Pastorius, and Christopher Witt, and Frederick Post did not unravel to them the mystic symbolism concerning the "woman of the wilderness," or let their burning zeal for souls melt their hearts, they stood reverently above the narrow beds where these men were laid after they fell on sleep. So much of history is treasured in this municipal urn that they were overwhelmed with its stupendousness and sacredness. To be meeting on the very spot (Market Square) where Washington lived or attended services in a German Reformed Church, when the capitol of the nation was temporarily driven to this town by a yellow-fever scourge; to be in the very interior of the house the British generals used as headquarters in the battle of Germantown, and where Gen. Agnew died of wounds received in this engagement; to look through the fine, unaltered mansions of the Chews, the British loyalists, where the tide of battle reached its height and changed adversely to the Continental troops; and to have lunched in the old Academy of Colonial days, on whose spire is still seen the symbol of the British crown, and from whose cupola comes still the sound of a bell, cast in England, when the first attendants of this school were the loyal subjects of King George the Third—this is almost too much for one day. Add to this a score of other architectural relics, a gathering of five hundred talented men and women, an obliging host, a fine array of addresses, and a golden, rare day in October, made for the occasion, and you have a glimpse of the fourteenth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania-German Society, on October the 25th, 1904, in Germantown.

This issue begins the sixth volume of this Magazine. We trust it will usher in a happy and prosperous New Year to every reader and his or her household. It wishes the same for itself. Doubtless all subscribers join in this wish. To make it such, prompt renewal will materially aid—with the dollar enclosed. A few will have to include the cash for overdue arrearages. After three months—hence after April 1st—the cost of this year will be $1.25. We prefer the dollar now.
Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

JOSEPH LEIDY.

By the Editor.

AS MIGHT be expected, from the fact of an apparent bent of the German mind for detailed research into the mysteries of the natural sciences, in which department of knowledge Germany has produced so many distinguished scholars, their American descendants have not lost this mental idiosyncrasy by distant removal from the “Fatherland,” either by longitudinal measurement or along the line of progenital descent. And thus it comes that from among the Pennsylvania Germans so many have arisen to prominence in the various departments of nature studies. Among the very brightest of these luminaries must be ranked the late Dr. Joseph Leidy. Already as a youth he gave fair promise of future greatness, according to the account of Dr. Harvey, author of the “Phycologia Britannica,” who, in his description of a visit made, in 1849, to the University of Pennsylvania, said: “There I met several persons, among whom was Dr. Leidy, a young man who will be famous if he lives and goes ahead according to present promises.” This sketch will testify that such promises have been kept.

For several previous generations the ancestry of Mr. Leidy, originally from the Rhine Country of Germany, were living in Montgomery county, where the first emigrants settled upon arrival in this country and where his father, Philip Leidy, was born about the close of the last century. His grandfather, John Jacob Leidy, was a captain in the Revolution and was conspicuously engaged in the principal battles. Joseph was born in Philadelphia, September 9, 1823, and here he spent his school-days, where he acquired very early the rudiments of an English education. Superior qualities of mind were early discovered which were encouraged by both parents and teacher. He manifested a fondness for natural his-
tory as well as for drawing. The latter propensity caused his parents to desire him to become an artist for which he had a remarkable talent, but his rival love for botany and mineralogy prevailed and led him into the pursuit of a different avocation. It was by the appearance in school of an itinerant lecturer one day, who, by the aid of specimen objects spoke on these sciences, that young Leidy's mind received such an enthusiastic impulse in the prosecution of these studies, that he at once procured text-books on botany and mineralogy and began their study by himself.

In a wholesale drug store of the city he acquired the practical knowledge of chemistry and pharmacy, to which he later added comparative anatomy, meanwhile keeping up his studies of nature.

In 1840 he began the study of medicine under the preceptorship of Drs. Paul B. Goddard and James McClintock, and in 1844 he was graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. He now for a while filled a position as an assistant in the chemical laboratory of Drs. Robert Hare and James B. Rogers, and later set out in the practice of medicine. But it was soon clear that as he had laid aside the draughtsman's calling, so he was now ready to sacrifice those of the apothecary and physician for the sphere of teaching his favorite branches of study. He therefore relinquished his professional practice in 1846, never again to resume it, save for a period during the Civil War, when he entered the army as a volunteer and served as contract-surgeon in the Satterlee General Hospital in Philadelphia, where his special duty was to report the more important post-mortem examinations. Several of these reports, illustrated with his own drawings, were afterwards published in the "Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion."

Meanwhile, in 1845 he had become prosector to the chair of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, then held by Dr. Wm. E. Horner, at whose recommendation the appointment was made. In the following year he was elected as Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Franklin Medical College, which position he held for but one session, when he again returned to his Alma Mater and was associated with Dr. Horner. Here he gave private courses of instruction on anatomy.

In 1848, in company with Dr. Horner, he visited Europe and most eagerly embraced the opportunity of examining the museums
and hospitals of England, France and Germany. The result of these researches led him to give a course of lectures on his return, in the spring of 1849, on Microscopic Anatomy and one on Physiology in the Medical Institute. Afterwards, in 1850, to recuperate his shattered health, he took another trip to Europe, in company with Dr. Geo. B. Wood, of the University, who was by him greatly assisted in the formation of an illustrative collection of specimens, models and drawings needed in the Department of the Practice of Medicine, which chair Dr. Wood henceforth occupied. The same collection can today be seen in the University Museum.

In the season of 1852, Dr. Leidy succeeded Dr. Horner, whose health had failed him, as substitute lecturer on Anatomy, and when the death of Dr. Horner, the following spring, vacated the chair of Anatomy, the faculty, the trustees and the students, as with one consent, turned to him as the suitable successor. He held this position for a number of years, until the Civil War somewhat diverted his attention, as already noted.

In 1871 he was called to the chair of Natural History in Swarthmore College, and he served both institutions for many years—indeed to the end of his life, which came April 30, 1891.

A writer in "Nature," a month after his death, said: "Leidy was gifted with great powers of observation, he possessed a correct eye and a steady hand for the delineation of whatever objects he was observing; he was endowed with a faculty for work, and as he had also an excellent memory, one reflects upon his half century of work with less of surprise than admiration."

The personal characteristics of Dr. Leidy were most noble and praiseworthy. Mr. Edward Nolan, in his sketch of him in the Popular Science Monthly, while the former was still living, wrote: "Apart from the record of his intellectual activity, there is but little more to be stated regarding Dr. Leidy, for we are of the opinion that in an article of this kind a eulogium would be out of place, although in the present instance there is every temptation to write a warm one. Since his election to the professorship of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Leidy's life has been a placid one of the student. At the earliest possible moment he had resolved to depend wholly on his own efforts for a livelihood. The struggle had been severe, the work incessant, and the success achieved at the early age of thirty years was due, not at all to social or family
JOSEPH LEIDY.

influence, but solely to personal merit. Since 1853, his published works have been his 'footprints on the sands of time,' and it only remains to allude briefly to the more important of these, and to his connection with an institution which in no small degree has been instrumental in enabling him to secure his present enviable position in the scientific world.

Among the publications alluded to are parts of Dr. Amos Binney's great work on the Terrestrial Air-breathing Mollusks of the United States, published in 1844, the illustrations of which are from Dr. Leidy's pencil, and are said to give "the anatomy of thirty-eight species of native mollusks, with a beauty of finish and accuracy of detail which have never been excelled." Dr. Binney himself said of these drawings: "They constitute the most novel and important accession to science contained in the work, and are an honorable evidence of skill and industry, which entitle him to a high rank among philosophical zoologists."

As early as 1845 he became an active member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, which brought him into intimate association with the leading naturalists of Philadelphia at that time. In 1846 he presented the association with his first publication, entitled, "Notes on White Pond, Warren county, N. J." He was Chairman of Curators from 1846 to his death, and President from 1882 to his death, of this world-renowned institution.

In 1847 he published his first paleontological paper, "On the Fossil Horse of America," in which he clearly established the former existence of a diminutive species, for which he proposed the name of "Equus Americanus." This subject, with later discoveries, in the hands of Thomas H. Huxley and Othniel C. Marsh, has been largely used as a demonstration of the theory of evolution. His work in this direction included the determination of the former existence of a tropical climate on the Pacific Slope, in which lived varieties of lion, tiger, camel, rhinoceros, and other forms of animals having no living representative in the United States.

The titles of all his other published works exceed eight hundred in number, ranging from pamphlets to elaborate treatises comprehending several volumes, and were all on biological subjects. The principal ones are "Memoir on the Extinct Species of
American Ox,” 1852; “A Flora and Fauna Within Living Animals,” 1853; “Ancient Fauna of Nebraska,” 1853; “On the Extinct Sloth Tribe of North America,” 1855; “Cretaceous Reptiles of the United States,” 1865; “The Extinct Mammalian Fauna of Dakota and Nebraska,” 1869; “Contributions to the Extinct Vertebrate Fauna of the Western Territories,” 1873; “Description of the Vertebrate Remains from the Phosphate Beds of South Carolina,” 1877; “Fresh-Water Rhizopods of North America,” 1879; “The Parasites of the Termites,” 1881; “On Manayunkai Speciosa,” 1883; and “Tape-Worms in Birds,” 1887. The foregoing have been issued by the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, the Smithsonian Institute, and under the auspices of the National Government. He is also the author of “An Elementary Text-Book on Human Anatomy,” (Phila.) 1861. In his memory a fund of $50,000 is being collected in order to establish a Leidy Memorial Museum as an independent part of the one now forming at the University of Pennsylvania, the institution with which his fame as a teacher and scientist had been for so many years identified.

As a proof of such honor being well deserved, it may be stated that his scientific work was most highly appreciated both in his native city and other scientific circles. About a dozen years before his demise the Council of the Boston Society of Natural History awarded him the Walker Prize, and on account of the special merit of his researches doubled the amount of said prize from $500 to $1,000.

While the University, with which his name is most closely associated, is thus honoring his memory, other institutions have conferred upon him distinguished honors, in recognition of his high attainments. Thus, Harvard University, especially in view of his valuable contributions to paleontology, conferred upon him, in 1886, the honorary degree of LL.D. As early as 1849 he was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society, and he was also an Associate Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. In 1884 he was chosen to the National Academy of Sciences and he held membership in many similar associations in this and foreign countries.

It is worthy of mention that Dr. Leidy had a younger brother, Philip by name, also a physician, who attained to a very prominent
rank in his profession, and who served his country nobly as an operating surgeon in the war of the Rebellion. He was but twenty-three years old when he established at Poolesville, Md., the first field hospital of that cruel war, and when he received his appointment as one of six of the chief surgeons of the Sixth Army corps. At the time of Sheridan’s raid he had full charge of all the hospitals at and in the vicinity of Winchester. His services were given wherever the bloody pathway of the Army of the Potomac strewed battle-fields with the wounded and the dying, and after the war he served for ten years on the Pension Board of Surgeons, when he was appointed Port Physician of Philadelphia, which post he held for ten years more. He was honorably and conspicuously connected with the educational and charitable institutions of his city and State for many years, and, by a singular coincidence, died on the same day of his brother, April 30, 1891.

The next number of this Magazine promises to have a most interesting sketch of Rev. Dr. William A. Muhlenberg, the preacher, poet and philanthropist. A pilgrimage will be taken to his public charitable institutions, and his well-known poem, “I would not live alway,” will be given entire as first published. Strange to say that the author of this sentiment at 30, should at 70 pray for ten years more of life to accomplish his darling philanthropic purposes!
JAHRESWENDE.

BY ELISE MEYER.

Nun ist in kalter Winternacht
Das alte Jahr zur Ruh' gebracht,
Und manche stillen Wünche haben
Wir mit dem Todten still begraben.

Gar Manchem bracht' es frohe Zeit
Und Manchem Gram und Herzeleid,
Manch Glück ist wohl mit ihm gekommen,
Manch Glück hat es dahingenommen.

Nun geht im Ost das Frühroth auf:
Ein neues Jahr beginnt den Lauf!
Wird es erfüllen, wird es halten,
Was wir erhofft, erschnt vom alten?

—From German Magazine, "Das Rothe Kreuz."

THE DESERTED. OLD MILL.

BY GEO. B. MARQUART.

Down by the old mill I wander again,
Where I played when I was a boy,
I gaze on the scenes of the long ago,
When life was a pean of joy.

I gaze on the scenes of the long ago,
And my heart beats low, as it yearns,
For the mill is gone, and the millers sleep,
And the wheel no longer turns.

Yes, the mill is gone, and the millers sleep
In quiet and peaceful repose,
And the wheel stands still and no longer turns
While the stream still onward flows.
Yes, the wheel stands still and no longer turns,  
For the millers have fallen asleep.  
But the boys who played about the old mill,  
Are left, for the millers to weep.

And the boys who played around the old mill,  
And for the millers twain do weep,  
Are growing quite old, and wrinkled, and gray,  
And soon with the millers shall sleep.

October 20th, 1904.

DIE ALT VERLOSSE MUEHL.

Translated by Dr. E. Grumbine.

Ich wander d'run'e 'rum an der alte Mühl,  
Wo ich g'spielt hab zu alte Zeite;  
Do war noch die Welt un' alles darinn  
E'n Siegeslied der Freude!

Der Hüv'l, der Damm un die Wies' sin' noch do  
Un' doch fühlt mei' Herz wie 'n Ste',  
Den die Mühl die steht still, un der Miller is todt,  
Un', ach! ich bin ganz alle'!

Ja, die Mühl die is' still, un' der Miller der schloft,  
Ja, er is' in der ewige Ruh';  
Das wasser lauft fort, aber's Rad des steht still,  
Un' 'm Miller sei Auge sin' zu!

Ja, das Rad das steht still un geh't nimme' 'rum,  
Un' der Miller is Asche un' Staub,  
Un' die Bube' die g'spielt h'en in der Mühl  
H'en g'weint am Miller sei'm Grab!

Un' die Bube' die g'weint h'en om Miller sei'm Grab  
Die g'spielt h'en im Miller sei'm Hof—  
Bal' wer'e sie alt un' runzlig un' gro'—  
Bal' schlofe' sie 'm Miller sei' Schlof!

PASSENDE GRABSCHRIFT.

Die alte Obst-frau sterb; es war ihr leztes Sorgen  
Ein schönes Leichenfest zu haben übarmorgen;  
Als ihren Lieblingstext that sie dem Pfarrer nennen:  
"An ihren Früchten sollt ihr sie erkennen!"
THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN.

DIE ALTE LIEDER.

BY CHAS. C. ZIEGLER.

O, sing doch die alte Lieder,
Die ich so lieb' hab, noch e'mol;
Sie fließe durch Gemüt un Glieder
So heilig un so sabbathvoll!
Dar Choir, daer scheint mar jusscht ze blarrre;
Ken Sunndaag kann mar heilig sei
Wann net gemeindlich g'sunge warre
Paar vun de alte Melodei.

Die alte Lieder losst uns b'halte:—
"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,"
"Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walt,"
Un "Sei getreu bis in den Tod";
"Ich weiss dass mein Erlöser lebet,"
"Mein Gott das Herze bring ich dir,"—
So Lieder, o ihr Singer! webet
Zum harrliche Kranz melodisch mir.

Mei Kindheits Karrich is abgerisse,
Die alte Schtimme sin verhallt,
Doch durch mei Seel noch immer fliesse
Die lieue Lieder—nie net alt!
Schtimmt ei', ihr Schweschteres un ihr Brüder
En alter Sunndaag noch e'mol!
Un singt die gute alte Lieder
So heilig un so sabbathvoll!

DER DICTHER.

BY LOUISE A. WEITZEL.

Es war einmal ein Dichter
Und der schreib Poesie,
Und Jeder war sein Richter
Und Lobens fand er nie.

So Reimen kann man reissen.
So Reimen schoen wie die,
Die Kinder und die Greisen
Schreiben so Poesie.

Und endlich sttarb der Dichter,
Und darnach sagten sie,
Das war ein grosser Dichter,
So Einer lebte nie!
Lititz, Pa.

AM "SCHPUNDALOCH."

BY REV. A. C. WUCHTER.

In Tippletown im Lebberdahl
Dert schette 'n Werts house olt,
S'is eig'richt fer bisniss duh
Ebs warm is udder kalt.
Hoch uff'm poschta hengt 'n schild
In so 'ma eisna yoch.
En prechtich bierfoss druff g'mohlt,
'Un drivver—"Schpundaloch."

Ken schenner hous in Tippletown
Wie's Schpundaloch om eck,
Dert treibt die Kunschaft dawg un nacht
Ihr dorsch un elend weck.
S'is evva lonesome bei der frah,
Die ovet sin so long:
Noh geln sie noch'm Schpundaloch
Wie hinkel noch der schtong.

Die frah gebt uf die kinner acht,
Sie wesch't un fickt un schtupt,
Sie bloagt sich ob, sie mocht un sorgt
Bis dos's hertz'ra klopp.
Wer het g'denkt om hochtzichdawg
Os lieh so filia ker t,
D'fohr war's olles eng'lbluss
Now schmockt die supp' ferbreamt.

Sie plandra fun der politick,
Fum wetter un de crops,
Un mehna won's aw drucka waer
So het m'r doch sei schnopps.
Dem prohibition sin sie feind
Wie hund de leverwerscht,
S'is evva long so tzwischa drinks,
Un guck! den grohsa dorscht!

Der Schtoffel Tzopp is grawd der Mon
Fer'n hous wie's Schpundaloch;
Er dreht'n grahna, s'is'n luscht
Fer'n watcha 'n gonsie woch.
Er duht's so scheh, sie gucka tzu—
Of course, er wert g'tippt,—
Sie hehwa sich om balance-rail
Wie 'n falter-goul os grippi.

S'is wunnerbar, so'n wertshous tziegt
Wie'n krug mit wasser drin
Won buhlu summer's uff'm feld
Om hummla schtorra sin.
Fliegt, ehmer ivvers loch, was
brunnt,
Un wop! der geht'r nei.
Er kon net onnerscht, s'reiz't'n schepp,
Nord geht's, waecht, net ferbei.

Die hummla dert im wasserkrug
Die waera liewer drous,
Die on'ra dert im Schpundaloch
Geht liewer nei wie rous.
S'is ortlich, sel, s'is ebbes dert
Os tziegt, b'gosh, os reizt;
S'is sure net's wasser, io-sir-ee,
S'is ebbes schunscht os heizt.

Es geht'n'a daich wie'm Billy Schrepp
Bei'm olta Henni Tzehm:—
"Won ich in's wertshous arget's kumm
Doh bin ich wie d'heem.
M'r hut sei commodation dert,
Konscht kriega wos du wit,
S'is olles hendich eig'richt
Fer dorscheit un obbadit."

S'is evva so giemlichly dert,
So'n ang'nehmie luft;
Ich wehs net wie m'r sawga sut—
So'n beer un brandy dut.
Sel tziegt, s'is ower ebbes schunscht
Noch umich sel d'bei,
Schunscht gengt der Billy sure
mohl net
For'm brekfecht schun dert nei.

Er hut so morgets mohl g'mehnt:
"Drei dinga missa sei,
Die Karrich, 's wertshous un die
miohl,
Doh muss m'r evva nei."
"Yah," sawgt der Schtoffel, "Sel
is so,
Sel mocht die red'dr geh,
S' nemmt wind un wasser, no
geh't's rum—
Wos nemmscht de morga? Heh?"

Der Joe, der Billy un der Sep,
Sin kertzlich uff'n schpric
Tzum Schtoffel geht's, der wart
schun lang,
Wuh gengt m'r schunscht don hie?
Dert hen sie g'huckt de gonsa
dawg—
S' war'n bimmel uf der aerd,
Noh fongt der Billy 'n lied'l aw—
Der schlickser hut's'm g'schtart.

EN SIFFERLIED.

Melodie: "Im Mai huts die Keffer."

"Du schwartzbraumie bottle.
Du liegscht mir om hertzga,
Won'd fall bischt wie froelich,
Won'd laer bischt wos schmertzga.
Kumm, luss dich mohl dricka,
Wos werscht dich don wehra,
Du kommeis so scheh glucks,
Now luss dich mohl hehra.
"Gluck, gluckerdie gluh-gluh!
Guck now is's drunma,
Wos wut ich du waerscht doch
So dief os'n brunna.
Wos deht ich net gevva.
Frah, heemet un kinner,
Die geil ons'm wag'a,
Die kieh un die rinner.

"Dum-deedl-dum-dei-do,
Wie herrlich un froelich,
Wos wut m'r im himmel
Un doch yuscht holbsaelich.
Dert hen sie nix sehrtorkes—
So goffa die porra,
Wer wut don dort oma?
Doh waer m'r yoh norra.

"Kummt buhwa, recht luschtich,
Wer leht muss aw schterwa,
Is olles fersuffa
Brauch nimmond nix arwa.
M'r saufa, bei'm dunner,
Bis olles ferluffa
Noh ruglit m'r im graham
Schwartz himmelbloh g'suffa."

Der Joe hut in die hend g'blotscht
Un tuff der bod'im g'schpaut.
Der Sep sehprintg utt un donst
ehns ob
Wie'n kuh os riehwa kaut.
"Bei crackely! sel war'n fert'l
wert;"
Fangt noh der Schtoffel aw,
"Doh, buhwa, nemnt ehns flat utt
mich,
S'war bully. Hip, Hurrah!"

Is aryets in der uochberschoft
En picnic udder'n feshct,
Noh sorgt der schlau alt Ketzer aw
Fer fed'dra fer sei nescht.
Er macht'n cakewalk udder'n dons
Un lawd noh alles ei,
Wos geht'r drum. won's geld
yuscht kummt,
Um oll die seieret.

Er gleicht won's eyva hurrah geht,
Die barschtub g'schtoppta foll,
In sellem geht's'm grawdament
Wie'm olka porra Schtoll:—
"Wie foeller as die Karrich is
Wie lechter geht's fun hond.
En bredich du un nix fun leit!
S'waer, liehwer droscht, en
schond."

So geht's'm Schtoffel. Wertschoft
doh?
Un yuscht so'n Sundawgs trade!
Doh muss m'r hussla, ebbs duh,
Schunscht wert's em yoh ferleht.
Die license koscht, un's wiskey-foss
Lawft net om kond'l foll;
Except s'is yuscht so shoddy goods.
So heemg mochtie woll.

Der ummerschied? Bei jups, die kerls
Die gleicha won's recht kratzt:
Won's flehkraut rechta gwehrwa
reisz-
De arger wert noch g'schmotzt.
So ebbs glattes schteten ken rip,
'S'nenmunt shtoft mit knorra drah,
So dos die kerls, won's drunma is
Dort schtehn un mocha: "Ah!"

En sober man hut ken b'griff
Wie's is in so'ra case—
Won's brekflacht nimmie schmocka
will
Un's schluckerle is hehs.
M'r laest im guta Buch d'fun,
Wuh's hehs fum reicha mon,
Wie dorscheh ehns bлаоgt un driv-
eliert
Won's nimmie drinka kon.

Ich denk s'is wie der Billy sawgt—
Er riecht schun lægscht die rot,
"Won dert nix is don nemnt m'r's
doh
Un drinkt sich wobblesot."
Der Schtoffel is aw bums agreed,
Er ruppt'm dorscheh die tzeh,
Yuscht doh kummt grawd der hul-
lux nei,
Er bloust'm des d'meh.

Won ebber mehnt der Schtoffel
Tzopp
Deht's hondwerk net ferschteh
Der geht aerscht besser in die schul'
'Un lernt sei A B C.
Er guckt net lang tzum fenschter
nous
Won ebber onna kummt,
'Un mocht os won'r bauchweh het—
Kerflo! s'wert uffg'tjumpt.
LEWE UND HIMMEL.

BY FRANK R. BRUNNER, M.D.

LEWE UND HIMMEL.

Was is des was mer Lewe nent?
Und fun wo kumt es her?
Es is en Wachsthum das mer kent,
Der Schtifter is der Herr.
Fiel Lewe hot ah Wissenschaft,
Und anners hot fiel tode Kraft.

En jeders thier das Lewe hat,
Des estemirt es fiel;
Guth Lewe werd mer niemols sadt,
Wünscht das es het ken ziel.
En Seel is mit ferbanne, ah,
Do mus mer immer denka dra.

Des mensche Lewe is so kertz,
Mer wummerd wie es kumt;
Gewis, es dutt mir weh im Hertz.
Wie schnell die Zeit ferd tschmut.
Neim hummerd Jahr hein als die Leit
Geleht in langer Herlichkeit.
Nau kunts kaum achzig. Was is letz?
Der Psalmist heest sei "hoch";
Fiel geln in ihr ruhe Plätz,
Ins Grab, ins dankel Loch,
Long ob sie verzig Johr alt sin;
'Sis hiel zu kertz, 'sis gar nix drin.

Ich kan net seena warrun net
Es als noch so sei keut;
'Sis unser cegne schuld, ich wed,
Das es is so beschtint,
Doch hoffe mir all uf zu schetn
Und ins zwedt Paradis zu geh.

Wo kunnt en solge hoffnung her?
Wie kan dan so was sei?
Das Mensche scheterwe? Wunner wer

Uns Lewe geht, gans nei?
Kan's net begreiffe; wunnerbar,
Doch is es ohne zweifel wohr.

Des weldlich Lewe, das geet ans,
Geet hie fun wo es kunnt;
Des Geistlich find en anner Haus,
Wan Gott uns mol uf drunnt.
Was fun der Erd kunnt mus zu-
rück,
Die Weldt is juscht en zeitlich Glück.

Wer im Fleisch seed und geht guth acht,
Und hat Christliche Lehr,
Der erndt fun alles, lebt in Pracht,
Gewind dazu hiel Ehr;
Hot G'sundheit, Hoffnung, Freed und Geld;
En Himmel do uf dere Weldt.

Der Harr hot die gans Erd ge-
mancht,
Und ah en Paradis;
Den Adam hot Er nei gebraucht,
Und Eva, schö und sus.
En Himmel dert hen sie gehat,
Doch hot er sie net hiel gebadt.

Hen hal gemeet si wiste's all,
Sie breicht gar ken roth;
Sie hen geglaubt es weer ken fall,
Und ah ken seele Tod,
Des Paradis, fer sie bereid,
Weer nau die ewig Seligkeit.

Was is en Himmel, und wer hot
En solger ordt gemacht?
Der Schöpfer, den wir nenne Gott,
Der hot ihn for gebraucht.

Zwe Himmel, herlich, gros und reich;
Und wer sie sucht der find sie gleich.

En Himmel war das Paradis,
Es war und is ah noch;
Doch wer drin Lewe will der wees
Und find's en mühsam Joch.
Dis Sünde hot es mol ferschteert
Der Heiland hot es rum bekeert.

Die Erd is herlich, schö und gros,
En Himmel uf der Weldt.

'Sis alles do im grose moss,
Mer grickts wie mer's beschteldt;
Doch nemt es arbeite, sorg und müh,
Und wer net ufbast kunnt net hie.

Karakter, Ehrlichkeit und Geld,
Es bescht—guter Ferschtandt,
Des geht dem Mensch en guthe Weldt,
En herlich, lieblich Land;
Doch dreibt der Tod uns all hinaus,
Mer bringt nix mit, mer nemt nix
nau.

En neuer Himmel geet uns auf,
Fiel besser als des do;
En an're Weg, en an're Lauf;
Mer is net immer froh.
Doch is ken leiden und ken noth;
Dert is ken schterben und ken Tod.

Wie glücklich is der Mensch der
lebt,
Im Himmel uf der Erd!
Meh glücklich der wo sich be-
schtrebt
Und nuf genumme werd
Hon nummer ehms zu nummer zwe!
Dert gebts ken angscht, ken sorg, ken weh.

'Sis ardlitch das mer wider lebt,
Wan mer mol schloft im Grab;
'Sis juscht so ardlitch das mer
schtrebt,
Und heerd, und is doch Dab.
Mer drant, mer fühlt, mer seent,
mer denkt,
Wan der guth schlof schwer uf em
henkt.
POETIC GEMS.

Was is en Drahm der uns angreift;  
Der uns zuweile plagt?  
Zu an're Zeite uns hie zeigt,  
Und uns fum Himmel sagt?  
En Drahm im schlof ermahnt em oft,  
Was kumme kan wan mer's net hoft.

Der zwette Himmel is, ferleicht,  
En langer, süser Drahm;  
Zu glawe des, bin ich geneicht;  
Ich sag es ohne Scham.  
Doch wo der geistlich Himmel is,  
Des is ken Mensch uf Erd gewis.

Es macht nix aus ob ich's ah wees.  
Der glaawe geht mir muth;  
Die Mensche Seel—guth oder bös,  
Werd rein durich Christi Bluth.  
No find der Herr en Platz fer sie,  
Und nemt sie seelig, Glücklich hie.

Was is des doch en frohsamkeit;  
Der Herr hats so gemacht;  
Zwe Himmel und zwe Lebenszeit,  
Ken lange, dunkle nacht.  
Mit Himmel do, mit Hemmel dert,  
Is lewe und der Tod net herd.

LEBENS-WEISHEIT.

Sieh nich't für Gold den Glimmer an,  
Den Wert schau, nicht den Schimmer an!  
In deiner Brust steht ein Kompasz,  
Der zieht die Richtung immer an  
Wóhin dein Aug' sich wenden soll.  
Gold zieht Magnetstein nimmer an,  
Der lenket hin zum harten Stahl.

Sieh auch nicht stets für schlimmer an  
Die Menschheit, als sie wirklich ist;  
Schliesz nich' dich dein Gewinnen an,  
Das über Welt und Zeiten heult.  
Schau in dem Haus die Zimmer an  
Und wenn dir etwas drin misfällt  
So sei dein eignen Zimmermann.

———

Was verkürzt mir die Zeit?  
Tätigkeit.  
Was macht sie unerträglich lang?  
Müsiz-gang.  
Was bringt in Schulden?  
Harren und Dulden.  
Was macht Gewinnen?  
Nicht lang besinnen.  
Was bringt zu Ehren?  
Sich wehren.

—Göthe.
A STROLL THROUGH MODERN BETHLEHEM

BY THE EDITOR.

In our last issue we left our historic pilgrimage where David Nitschmann and Count Zinzendorf left their religious pioneers a hundred and fifty years ago—in Old Bethlehem, on the banks of the Lehigh, or, in the terms of ye olden times, "on the Forks of the Delaware." We have not brought them here, however, as did these pious founders of Moravianism in America their followers, namely, to settle here, although it was difficult to find a more inviting and congenial spot for permanent settlement than modern Bethlehem. For now the Indians have all fled, the pioneer hardships are over and the fruits of intellectual progress, industrial advancement and scientific and municipal modern-day improvement have ripened and may be enjoyed on every hand. But pilgrims are ever on the march for a prospective goal. And so this army of historic pilgrims, whom it has been our pleasure to guide through the rich fields of Pennsylvania-Germandom on so many past trips, must get ready to leave this Mecca of American Moravianism for new explorations in the yet unvisited spots made famous by our stock's ancestral occupation and development.

Before leaving, however, this rich and historic center it behooves us to take a glimpse at a few of the modern day institutions that have come to enrich and glorify this ancient Pennsylvania-German settlement. As a convenient, picturesque and intelligent home center this modern town of ten thousand population has intense charms and rivals the best of communities in all this broad land of ours. Its location is superb, its architecture rich and handsome, its municipal improvements modern and up-to-date, its railroad and trolley accommodations of the very best, affording frequent and most comfortable accessibility to the nearby centers of trade, New York and Philadelphia, and all the neighboring rural towns and cities. Its business enterprise is of the twentieth century kind, and its large industrial iron and steel plants have given the place an international reputation, while its institutions of learning make it a center of culture and higher education. To these latter, at least, we must pay our respects before we bow ourselves out of its hospitable presence.
THE MORAVIAN COLLEGE AND THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

As we stand in the center of one of its higher streets, or ride out on one of its many trolley lines we will see a cluster of imposing looking buildings to the northwest of the town proper, occupying high and improved grounds. This is the Moravian College and Theological Seminary, and is of modern planting. The Moravian Church of America is one that has always fostered higher education. Her founders were graduates of the leading universities of Europe, and they brought with them the best ideas of European education. They were historically connected with the famous colleges and seminaries of Bohemia and Moravia of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The last of these schools, before so cruelly wiped out by the terrible anti-reformation movement of the reign of Ferdinand II, was the college at Lissa, of which the celebrated bishop of the Ancient Brethren's Church, John Amos Comenius, was for a time the rector. Says Dr. W. T. Bade, of Berkeley, Cal., in a published report: "Even during his lifetime his books spread his fame not alone over the Old World, but to the shores of the New, for in the latter half of the nineteenth century he was invited to the presidency of Harvard College; in the quaint language of Dr. Cotton Mather, 'to come over into New England and illuminate this college and country in the quality of president.' Dr. Mayo, in his admirable report on 'Public Schools in the Colonial Period,' is pleased to say that 'it seems almost a national calamity that he did not accept the invitation.' But, while the author of 'Jama Linguarum Reserata' never set foot on American soil, the first colony of his followers, who penetrated the wilderness of Pennsylvania and built the first rude log cabin on the present site of Bethlehem in the dead of winter, 1741, brought with them the spirit and method of his teachings. Their special zeal and capacity for the education of the young soon blossomed into schools of every kind."

Inasmuch as the ministers of the American Moravian Church for the first sixty years of its history were both born and educated abroad, no special desire to establish a special divinity school manifested itself before the beginning of the nineteenth century, when renewal of the Napoleonic wars in Europe made travel by water risky and hence cut that close link which had bound the infant church to the fatherland. In 1802 at a conference of Moravian ministers in Bethlehem, was the project for the establishment of such a school first brought forward. It soon took form and the infant seminary was first planted at Nazareth and housed in "Nazareth Hall," where it remained until 1838. During this year it was transplanted to Bethlehem, but again removed in 1851 to Nazareth, where it had a temporary home till 1858, when it was permanently established at Bethlehem. Here it was housed, together with its classical preparatory department, in the "Old Building" on Church Street, until this became too small. The College and Seminary Curricula were both enlarged in scope and, in 1863, the institution was incorporated under the title of "The Moravian College and Seminary." Some endowment having already been provided and more
coming to it through the years, there was begun, in 1860, the commodious and modern group of buildings on College Heights in North Bethlehem.

They consist of a large main building named after the great educator, Comenius Hall; the refectory; one resident professor's house; and a handsome Memorial Chapel, in architectural harmony with the main hall, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Borhek, of Bethlehem. Other buildings are in prospect.

The institution in its more modern development has been under the presidential guidance of the Rt. Rev. Edmund de Schweinitz, S.T.D., and Rev. Dr. Augustus Schultze, the present incumbent, together with able corps of professors. It is in every way well equipped in library, rare and valuable museum, gymnasium and manual training shop. It gives the Moravian youth what is provided for those of other denominations in their best church schools.

THE YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY.

Passing through the town southward we come, in the very heart of it, upon the time-honored Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies, the oldest female seminary in all our great land. Nothing slow about the Germans! As this has been already described in a former article, we will say little else about it here, except that it is located on the spot of the earliest settlement, the very heart of old Bethlehem. Its buildings have grown hoary with age. Here it is where the cluster of community houses have long been standing and the place where the richest history of Bethlehem has been enacted. Not far away stood the famous old hostelries that entertained at one time or another many of the foremost men of the nation—the Sun and Crown Inns. Here, at the latter place arrived Benjamin Franklin, commissioned as Lieutenant General, with assistants and a guard of not less than one hundred and fifty men from Philadelphia on December 19, 1755, in time of the Indian uprisings, on his way to superintend the construction of frontier fortifications along the Blue Ridge gaps. Here during the long Revolutionary struggle were nursed hundreds of the wounded continental soldiers, who fell in the nearby battles on Pennsylvania and Jersey soil. Among these the most conspicuous personage was the celebrated Marquis Lafayette. Here, on the west bank of the Monocacy, many found their last resting place, after malignant fever cut them off in this extemporized army hospital, which hallowed spot should be constituted into a national cemetery. Here well-known Continental Generals and Congressmen found a temporary stopping place en route to the front, or the meetings of the legislative body. Among these may be mentioned General Horatio Gates (and wife), Thomas Conway, Edward Hand, von Steuben, Count Pulaski, Riedesel, Ethan Allen and General Washington, the father of his country, together with his wife and Hons. John Adams, Samuel Adams, Richard Henry Lee, Nath. Folsom, Wm. Duer, Henry Laurens, John Hancock, Governor Morris, Richard Law, Nathaniel Brownson, Eliophil Dyer, James Duane and a host of other celebrities of State. Besides these an almost intermin-
WORKS OF THE BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY, SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

able line of church celebrities of the ancient day and another host of students and curiosity seekers of our modern day world. But the ones who have given Bethlehem the greatest reputation and spread the hallowed name and borne the precious intellectual perfume of this educational center has been that large army of young ladies, who come hither to drink at learning and culture's fountain and, like Mary of old, filled their alabaster boxes of womanhood with the choicest spices of love and light to break again over the heads of Christ's own redeemed in the hallowed shrines of a thousand homes and the world's great mission fields of religion and education. For over a century and a half has this stream come and gone—gone to the ends of the earth, to shine and brighten and gladden the spheres of their influence by a blessed impetus received here. Hallowed memories of its last principals, Drs. Wolle and Hark (present incumbent) are kept green by hundreds of them today.

THE BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY.

Passing down the river we come to one of the best equipped and most productive iron and steel industries in all our land—the Bethlehem Steel Company. I suppose we must take Vulcan to be our guide here, although we might possibly engage that notorious Pennsylvania-German king of the United States Steel Corporation, Charles M. Schwab, to be our chaperon. The historical student is not supposed to know much about the intricacies of the wonderful present-day steel products, nor is a stranger secure against being burnt or crushed in passing through so gigantic an establishment of fiery forges and furnaces, marvelous machinery and monster mechanisms, electric cranes, automatic repeaters, and touch-button appliances, without a guide. From what our metropolitan dailies had to say about a year or so hence, it is evident Mr. Schwab knows enough about the Bethlehem plant to be able to show us through and Pennsylvania-Germans would feel at home with him and could even ask him the "Dutch" name of things they had never dreamt could be seen in heaven above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. But Schwab is a busy man and often abroad for his health, so we will ring up old Vulcan from his fiery lair and he will be most obliging and accurate in his descriptions.

Laying all pleasantrity and metaphor aside, we come to a twentieth century marvel. It is a brief glimpse of this plant and its history, which has become well known in all the industrial world, that concerns us now.

The works of the Bethlehem Steel Company on the south bank of the Lehigh River at South Bethlehem cover an area of not less than seventy-five acres. They include blast furnaces, puddling mills, Bessemer steel converters, rolling mills, open hearth furnaces, steam hammer and hydraulic forge press shops, machine shops, tempering and treating departments, etc. It was incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania April 17, 1899, with a capital stock of $15,000,000. On August 16, 1901, it purchased the property and franchises of the Bethlehem Iron Company, which had
been incorporated as early as April 8, 1857. The first blast furnace was erected in 1860-2, Mill No. 1 during the years 1861-3, used for the manufacturing of iron rails and puddled iron, but now used for the rolling of high grade open hearth steel billets and muck bar. Mill No. 2 was erected in 1868-73, and consisted of the Bessemer Converting Department, blowing mill and rail train, for the rolling of Bessemer steel rails and billets. Here the first steel rail was rolled on October 18, 1873. During the years 1887-

MACHINE SHOP.

Gun Finishing Machine Shop. A sub-department of the general machine shop which is the largest of the three machine shops in the Company's plant, being 1406 feet long and 117 feet 6 inches wide. The gun finishing machine shop is equipped with the necessary machinery for finishing the parts of guns of all calibers, both before and after assembling, as well as their breech mechanisms. In this department the gun carriages and mounts are assembled and erected.

1890, the Company erected extensive forges and machine shops for the manufacture of armor plate and gun forgings, as well as finished guns and gun carriages. So rapid has been the growth of the Ordnance Department of the works, that today it not only commands the leading station among the manufacturers of war material of all kinds in this country, but has also
acquired a splendid international reputation. Here it is where today most of the dogs of war at home and abroad get their "growl." In addition to ordnance material, high grade shafting and engine forgings for marine and stationery engines, steel castings and heavy machinery, machine tools, etc., are manufactured. The Company employs steadily about four thousand men. Its present officers are: President, E. M. McIlvain; Vice-

THE LARGEST STEEL CASTING IN THE WORLD.

Combining the product of five 40-ton open-hearth furnaces.
Steel casting forming part of a 12,000 ton armor plate hydraulic forging press built in 1903 by the Bethlehem Steel Company, for the Carnegie Steel Company. Weight of casting, 325,000 lbs. (145 gross tons).

President, A. E. Borie; Secretary and Treasurer, H. S. Snyder; and General Superintendent, A. Johnston.

A constant wonder greets the visitor's eyes in passing through the works. Were ours a mechanical and industrial pilgrimage, instead of an historical one, we could spend hours profitably in beholding here the inventions and machinery which the genius and skill of the American inventor and mechanic have brought about for the saving of physical labor in the most marvelous advancement of applied science. Every department
of these works show the great advance made in the iron and steel industry. Everywhere abounds the vast and gigantic. Ingots, armor plates, compressors, guns, carriages, shears, cranes, hammers, castings, presses, all weighing many tons each. Everything is on a mammoth scale. Everything runs with hair-line precision. No wonder Uncle Sam still comes to Bethlehem as in the days of his Revolutionary birth, not to have wounds dressed, which he received in war, but to have built the instru-

ARMOR PLATE VAULT.

Safe deposit armor plate vault for the H. C. Frick Building, Pittsburg, Pa. Size 42 ft. 6 in by 24 ft. 6 in. by 9 ft. 6 in.; weight, 430 gross tons.

ments of offensive and defensive war, on land and sea, with which to inflict wounds and make the offending nations sore and halt. Other nations as well have looked to this little Pennsylvania-German town on the Lehigh for equipment in the arts of modern warfare. Hither the Czar of Russia came for the armor plate of his best ships in his recently ill-fated navy. The battleships were all right, and so were the guns, but the little "Flowery Empire" of the East has been able to put better men behind its guns than
the great Russian Bear. And after all, it is not always the gun, but the man behind the gun that fights the successful battle. And many of Japan's present day gunners were trained in Uncle Sam's school fifteen to twenty-five years ago. A better thing it is to build gunners than guns, men than machinery. Uncle Sam is doing both—and doing it on a fair scale at Pennsylvania-German Bethlehem.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

And so we will turn away from this factory of machinery to the training school of men. Just a short half mile away from where is built Uncle Sam's fourteen-inch thick coat of mail with which to clothe his naval

RAPID FIRE GUNS.

Six-inch, forty caliber, rapid-fire gun on pedestal mount. Gun, mount and shield designed by the United States Navy Department and the breech mechanism by the Bethlehem Steel Company. The gun and mount, complete, was built by the Bethlehem Steel Company. Weight of gun, 14,416 pounds. Length of gun, 234.11 inches (40 calibers). Weight of projectile, 100 pounds. Travel of projectile in bore, 204.32 inches (34 calibers). Weight of charge, 25 pounds of smokeless powder. Muzzle velocity 2300 foot seconds. Muzzle energy, 3071 foot tons. Weight of mount with shield, 10,400 pounds. Thickness of nickel steel shield, three inches. Gun is equipped with telescopic and open sights with night attachments and trains from either side. Gun fires loose ammunition with powder charge in brass cartridge case, and has electric and alternate percussion firing gear.
fighters, in a southwesterly direction, on a beautifully sloping, velvety campus of twice as many acres, in a lovely glen of the South Mountain hills, before the curving stream, is located the far-famed Lehigh University. It is here where many of the leaders of thought and action, the shapers and constructors of this materialistic century have been and are being reared, or schooled. We will let the registrar of the institution, Dr. E. N. Emery, tell us in brief the history of this prominent school, with the courtesy of "The Technical World," in which the following first appeared:

Situated in the midst of a large park at the base of South Mountain in South Bethlehem, Pa., and surrounded by terraced lawns and noble forest trees, are the ivy-covered buildings of Lehigh University, an institution which owes its origin to the genius of the late Judge Asa Packer, of Mauch Chunk, Pa.

From young manhood Mr. Packer was connected with various business enterprises of the valley of the Lehigh River, including the development of extensive coal lands. With that rare sagacity which characterized him in all his undertakings, he saw that unless these vast stores could be
PACKER HALL.
The main building of Lehigh University, devoted largely to the Department of Civil Engineering.
brought to business centers where they could be distributed, an immense amount of wealth would lie dormant and the development of a large section of Pennsylvania would be retarded. Boldly grappling with this problem, he constructed that monument to his business discernment—together with the University most intimately connected with his name—the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

Mr. Packer had not had the advantages of a college education, and fully realized what a help such a training would have been to him in his business and technical undertakings. There was, moreover, at about the middle of the nineteenth century, a great call for skilled men, especially those systematically instructed in the sciences and technology, to help develop the vast mineral resources of the Lehigh Valley, in which Judge Packer was financially interested. Fully realizing the needs of the time and of the section, he resolved to devote a part of his wealth to the establishment of an institution for the intellectual development of the young men of the valley, to fit them for the various technical professions.

Accordingly, in 1865, he set aside for the establishment of the University $500,000 and fifty-six acres of land in South Bethlehem, Pa. The University park was subsequently enlarged by a further gift of fifty-two acres from Judge Packer and of seven acres from Charles Brodhead, Esq., of Bethlehem, the area of the University grounds being thereby increased to 115 acres. By the provision of his will, Judge Packer left to the University—which owed its existence entirely to his efforts—a permanent endowment fund of $1,500,000 for general expenses, and $500,000 as a special endowment for the maintenance and growth of the library. He thus devoted to the University, including the cost of the grounds and of the buildings erected during his lifetime, more than $3,000,000 up to that time, it is thought, the largest sum ever given by an individual for the endowment of a college.

In the fall of 1866, after the institution had been duly incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania with the right to confer the various college degrees, work was formally started with a faculty of seven and with two classes numbering forty students. From that beginning the University has gradually grown during the thirty-eight years of its existence, until at present (December, 1904) the teaching force numbers fifty-six and the student body 674, the largest registration in its history.

In pursuance of the purpose of the founder to provide an institution for the training of young men along all branches of activity, technological as well as literary, the University offers various four-year courses: two in general literature—the Classical and the Latin-Scientific; and eleven in technology and science—Civil, Mechanical, Mining, Metallurgical, Electrical, Chemical, and Marine Engineering, Electro-metallurgy, Chemistry, Physics, and Geology, all leading to appropriate degrees.

For pursuing the work of these courses the University is well provided with suitable buildings, laboratories, apparatus, and general equipment. Packer Hall, a four-story sandstone structure, 215 feet long and 65 feet wide, with a tower at the western extremity 200 feet high, built in the English Goth-
ie style of architecture, and located on the upper terrace of the park, thereby commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country, is devoted largely to instruction in the department of Civil Engineering. In the basement of the building are testing laboratories for cement, brick, and metals, which contains 20,000,- 100,000,- and 150,000-pound machines for tension, compression, and flexure tests, a 50,000-inch-pound machine for torsion tests, and special apparatus for experimental work to accompany instruction in strength of materials. The Instrument rooms of the Civil Engineering department are well equipped with transits, levels, and accessories for practical instruction in surveying.

THE LIBRARY, LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

To the east of Packer Hall is the Library, a semicircular sandstone and granite building with a handsome Venetian facade, erected by Judge Packer in 1877 at a cost of $100,000. In the interior, the center is occupied as a reading space, 50 by 40 feet, from which radiate book cases, extending from floor to ceiling, two galleries affording access to the upper cases. The library now has upon its shelves 110,000 volumes, including many extremely rare and valuable books, and there is still shelf room for 50,000 volumes. Especially valuable for professional students is the technical library, numbering over 10,000 volumes, of the late Hon. Eckley B. Coxe, who was for many years a trustee of the University.
Below the Library is situated the Chemical Laboratory, a fireproof building over 200 feet long and nearly 50 feet wide, with a wing, one-half the size of the main building, devoted to the departments of Mineralogy and Metallurgy. In this building the department of Chemistry has large, well-lighted and well-ventilated laboratories for qualitative, quantitative, organic, physiological, agricultural, sanitary, and industrial chemistry, photography, microscopy, gas analysis, and assaying. The Metallurgical department has in this building its offices and lecture and recitation rooms:

THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY, LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

a blowpipe laboratory for class instruction in both qualitative and quantitative blowpipe analysis and in the practical determination of crystals and minerals; a museum for mineralogical and metallurgical collections; a mineralogical laboratory provided with goniometers, polariscopes and polarizing microscopes; a dry laboratory provided with furnaces for solid fuel and for gas with natural draught and with blast; a wet laboratory for ordinary analytical work; and electric current for electro-metallurgical experiments and reductions. These laboratories are arranged for the instruction of classes in the courses in mineralogy, metallurgy, and blowpipe analysis of the regular curriculum, and to afford facilities for advanced students in conducting original investigations in these departments of science.
Farther east, close by the central heating plant and connected with it, is the Steam Engineering Laboratory, a new two-story building, 90 by 44 feet, devoted to the experimental study of the accessories of Mechanical Engineering. It is divided into two sections, one for boilers and the other for engines. The former can accommodate three 100-horse-power high-pressure boilers, and the latter the various steam motors and their accessories. In this experimental power plant are contained a triple-expansion engine; a tandem-compound marine engine; a high-speed Ball engine, coupled to a 25-K. W. generator; an air compressor which is compound at both air and steam ends, with reheating and cooling devices attached; and a steam turbine combined with a centrifugal pump. The accessories are several steam, circulating, and air pumps; feed-water heaters; steam separators; box-coil condensers; surface condensers; complete air-brake apparatus, including the pump and engineer's valve; water meters, weighing tanks, and dynamometers for measuring the steam consumption and the development of power. Students in several of the technical courses of the University receive practical instruction in this phase of engineering.

The latest addition to the buildings of Lehigh University is Williams Hall, erected in 1903. This building is 186 feet long by 70 feet wide, and covers a ground area of over 12,000 square feet. One-half of the building is devoted to the department of Mechanical Engineering, and the other half to Geology, Biology, and Mining Engineering. In the eastern end are located the recitation rooms, offices, drawing rooms, reference library, and store rooms of the department of Mechanical Engineering; and in the basement are provided rooms and apparatus for laboratory work in experimental mechanics and engineering physics, such as the calibration of measuring instruments used in Mechanical Engineering, the determination of the mechanical efficiencies of hoisting and other gear, and the testing of motors and other prime movers than steam engines. In this section there are four-cycle and two-cycle gas engines, hot-air pumping engines, electric motors, centrifugal pumps, hoists, blocks, jacks, and dynamometers of all kinds.

In the west end of Williams Hall the department of Geology has its lecture rooms, library, and laboratory of petrology. The department is well equipped with valuable study collections of fossils, rocks, and economic minerals gathered from the type regions in different parts of the world, together with twelve high-grade petrographic microscopes, an apparatus for cutting thin sections of rocks, and field equipment for practical work in the subject.

The department of Mining Engineering, also with its headquarters in Williams Hall, is equipped with mining transits, having top and side telescopes and solar attachment, levels, and other accessory instruments for practical work in mine surveying; together with samples of apparatus used in mining operations, drawings, and models of mining plants. Situated in the extreme northeastern corner of the University grounds is the four-story Laboratory of Physics and of Electrical Engineering, 240
by 50 feet. The building is well furnished with standard apparatus for class room instruction and laboratory investigation in all branches of physics; also with direct-current and alternating-current dynamos and motors of various kinds, transformers, and a variety of measuring instruments including voltmeters, ammeters, wattmeters, rheostats, contact makers, dynamometers, and condensers—in short, with all appliances necessary for thorough instruction in Electrical Engineering.

Close by the eastern entrance to the University grounds are two brick buildings, Saucon Hall and Christmas Hall. Saucon Hall is used for instruction in English, Economics, and Politics. Christmas Hall, the oldest building in the University Park, contains the drawing rooms of the Mining and Metallurgical Engineering departments, and in addition, a supply bureau conducted by students of the University, the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and a large reading room and study rooms for students.

Instruction in practical astronomy is given at the Sayre Observatory, erected and equipped by Robert H. Sayre, Esq., of South Bethlehem, who was a business associate of Judge Packer and who has been a trustee of the University from its foundation to the present time. In this building there are equatorial and zenith telescopes and accessories usually found in well-equipped observatories. During the past summer an addition to the observatory was erected with instruments for the study of variation of latitude.

In ministering to the mind, the development of the body is not overlooked, as is witnessed by the Gymnasium, furnished with the best patterns of apparatus for physical culture; and the large Athletic Field, suitably arranged for baseball, football, lacrosse, and all diversions of track and field sports.

Besides the residence of the President and two professors' houses, the remaining buildings in the Park—one of the most imposing structures of
all is the Packer Memorial Church, the munificent gift of Mrs. Mary Packer Cummings, daughter of the founder of the University. This edifice, situated near the entrance to the grounds, is one of the largest and most magnificent churches in the State of Pennsylvania. Morning prayers, at which attendance is required of students at least three mornings of the week, are held in this building.

The literary courses of the University—the Classical and the Latin-Scientific—leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, are designed to provide general liberal education as distinct from special or professional training. The purpose is to prepare young men for intelligent and successful activity in business, industrial, or professional life. A limited amount of work in subjects which are accepted instruments of general education and necessary preliminaries of all professional study—such as ancient and modern languages, mathematics, physics, chemistry, economics, and psychology—is required of every student in these academic courses. Beyond these subjects, the student is allowed wide freedom in the choice of his work, as the elective privilege extends to all subjects taught in the University. A student is thereby enabled to choose his work systematically with constant reference to his ultimate aims, and, in many cases, may reduce by a year or two the length of his purely professional course. For example, a graduate of either of the academic courses at Lehigh University, who has made suitable electives, can complete in two years the work of any of the courses in technology or science and receive the appropriate engineering degree. Such a broad course, representing liberal training as well as special technical work, makes for professional superiority and success.

The technical courses of the University occupy four years each. During the Freshman year and part of the Sophomore year, several subjects—such as mathematics, English, German, drawing, physics, and chemistry—are common to all courses; and with them are combined elementary engineering subjects. During the last two years of each course, the subjects pursued are almost entirely professional in their character and bear directly upon the special division of engineering or science indicated by the name of the course. Drafting and laboratory practice accompany all subjects capable of being thus illustrated. Visits of inspection are made to the various engineering structures of the vicinity; and practical tests are made by the students of the efficiency of boilers, dynamos, etc., of local manufacturing plants.

Every student is required, as a necessary portion of his final examination, to present a thesis upon some topic connected with the course in which he is to be graduated. This thesis embraces work of independent research under the direction and supervision of the head of the department in which the student takes his degree, and serves as a test of the student's ability to conduct original investigations.

The several departmental engineering societies, conducted by the students of the various courses, form an attractive and valuable feature of
college life, and supplement class room instruction. At the monthly meetings the students read and discuss papers relating to engineering subjects of their particular departments.

Prizes amounting in value to $775 for special proficiency in various departments, are annually distributed on Commencement Day.

Lehigh University is not an old college, but its alumni number 1,396, of whom 1,307 are living. The University takes pride in the fact that all of its alumni are employed in influential and remunerative positions, and that the demand for its graduates is vastly greater than the supply. In addition to the alumni, over 1,500 students have taken partial courses at the University but have not been graduated. Thus, with the student body at present enjoying the privilege of the University, more than 3,500 persons have been directly benefited as a result of the far-sightedness and the munificence of a man who was not merely a railroad builder and a capitalist, but as well a true philanthropist.

Schuylkill county has a historical society. Already the place filled by our German stock in establishing and developing this mountainous community is being unraveled. A paper was recently read by Prof. H. H. Spayd, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Minersville, setting forth the history of the schools of said borough, in which he incidentally alludes and corrects some of the perverted history concerning the place of Germans in our educational development.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Any person who can furnish information as to the ancestors of Matthias Shirk, of New Holland, Lancaster county, Pa., or of George Weber, of Lancaster county, who died in 1781, will confer a favor by addressing Mr. Dietrich Willers, Fayette, Seneca county, N. Y. The name of Matthias Shirk's father was David Shirk. Matthias died in 1828. Some of the descendants of David Shirk removed to Lebanon county. A son of Henry Shirk, whose name was David, located in Lebanon county. Henry was a brother of Matthias.
THE GERMANs AND OUR INDEPENDENCE.

BY REV. FREDERICK GEHIART GOTWALD, A.M.

THE power and promise of our Republic's life have largely come from the composite character of the racial factors which have been amalgamated into our national entity.

What, therefore, is herein related is not for the disparagement of the importance of any one of these, but, rather, for the proper glorification of one which has hitherto been unduly disregarded or unappreciated. For, as that historic son of German parentage so modestly said, on a recent historical occasion, "There is glory enough for all."

This article is suggested by the gift of the statue of Frederick the Great to our nation, by the royal head of the German people—a people with whom we have always been at peace. That there are abundant grounds both for

By courtesy of The N. Y. Independent.

STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Unveiled at Washington Barracks, Washington, D. C., on November 19.

During the Revolutionary War, Frederick the Great presented Gen. Washington with a sword.
the propriety and justification of such a gracious interchange will appear as we proceed. For the extent and potency of the German factor in our national making are surprisingly large.

Particularly striking will this appear when it is remembered that while Spain in Florida, Holland in New York, England in New England, and Sweden in New Jersey took official parts in our colonization, the Germans took none. And yet, previous to the Revolution, there were more than 100,000 Germans in Pennsylvania alone, besides scattered settlements from Waldoboro, on the Penobscot, in Maine, to Ebenezer, on the Savannah, in Georgia. In 1830 the German element numbered over 2,000,000, and today Germans and their descendants constitute nearly one-fourth of our citizenship—the largest single racial factor in our national life.

We need not discuss the causes of this prolific flow of emigration. But the Germans had their Mayflower in the good ship Concord, which landed at Philadelphia with thirteen families October 6th, 1683. Their leader was Pastorius, the most scholarly man in America in his day. In this settlement William Rittenhouse erected the first paper mill on this continent. The first type made in this country were German type, made by Christopher Sauer, at Germantown, Pa., in 1738. This enterprising man had published three handsome editions of the German Bible before there was an English one published in this country. The first American book on pedagogy was written by the German teacher Dock in 1750. The press of Sauer at Germantown, and of Beisel, at Ephrata, Pa., published more books than New York and New England prior to the Revolution.

In 1688, only five years after their landing, this little German settlement issued a protest and petition against human slavery—the first on American soil! Of this Governor Pennypacker has well said: "A little rill then started, which further on became a mighty torrent; and whenever, hereafter, men trace these causes which led to Shiloh, Gettysburg and Appomattox, they will begin with the tender consciences of the linen-weavers and husbandmen of Germantown."

In 1691 the town was incorporated, but no one wished to hold office, and the government perished through lack of political ambition in its intended burghers. This un-Hibernian aversion to political life will explain the small number of Germans among the great statesmen of our nation, and has made possible the political oligarchy which has ruled Pennsylvania for two generations.

Elsewhere, also, were Germans active in pioneer efforts in the seventeenth century. Peter Minuit, the German Director-General of the Dutch West India Company, bought Manhattan Island from the Indians in 1626 for $29.00, and thus founded our greatest American city. In 1670 John Lederer had, alone, made a successful expedition of discovery through the Carolinas for the English Governor of Virginia. What Fiske calls "a memorable event in American history," was when Jacob Leisler, the acting Governor of New York, called the first American Colonial or Federal Congress, May, 1690, to repel French encroachments from Canada. "This,"
says Fiske, "was the first of a series, which was by and by to end in the great Continental Congress."

Early in the eighteenth century the great Palatinate tide reached us. At Germany, Virginia, some of them established the first American iron furnace. In New York City they furnished Philip Embury and Barbara Heck as the founders of American Methodism. The richest American, John D. Rockefeller, is one of their descendents, his ancestors having left Wiesbaden in 1709, through the aid of Queen Anne. It was, also, one of these Palatinate Germans, John Zenger, a prominent publisher of New York, who, by his criticism of the Governor's policy, suffered imprisonment for his courageous words. After repeated trials, in 1734, he was acquitted amidst great popular approval, and thus became the honored father of that bulwark of American liberty, the freedom of the press. The villages of these emigrants lined the Hudson and the Mohawk rivers as far west as Palatine Bridge. Among their distinguished sons have been ex-Governor Bouck, Senator Wagner, of palace-car fame, and ex-Surgeon-General Sternberg.

Ex-Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, was a son of those Silesian emigrants who settled in that State in 1733. After Frederick the Great had conquered Silesia, he was most anxious for their return, assuring them of full religious freedom in these words: "In my dominion everybody can go to heaven after his own fashion, providing he pays his taxes."

The patriarch of the American Lutheran Church (which is now third among Protestants) was the learned Mühlenberg, who came in 1742. He married the daughter of that greatest of Indian interpreters and advocates, Conrad Weiser, and left a long line of distinguished preachers, warriors and statesmen, including Peter, the General-Preacher, and Frederick Augustus, the first speaker of the Federal House of Representatives.

The Moravians came in 1740 to Bethlehem, Pa., where in 1749 they established the first boarding school for girls in this country. To it Washington sent his niece. It is still flourishing. Nearby, at Nazareth, they started our first Normal school, in 1807.

Still other Germans settled in Maine, from whom our country has received Saxe, the poet; Fessenden, Secretary of the Treasury and Senator, and Senator Frye, acting President of the Senate.

In Georgia German soldiers withstood Spanish encroachments from Florida. They were, also, numerous in South Carolina, and, in 1775, in Charleston, formed the German Fusiliers, which is still in existence, and is thus the oldest military organization in the country.

In Maryland, Frederick was laid out in 1745, and the first house was built by the schoolmaster John Thomas Schley, the ancestor of the Admiral. Leitersburg was named after the ancestors of the beloved Lady Curzon, of America, England and India.

The first house built in Ohio was built by the Indian's friend and apostle, Christian Frederick Post. Weiser and Post did much to protect the settlers in the French and Indian War period, and it was Colonel Bouquet,
a German-Swiss, and his royal American regiment of Germans who relieved Fort Pitt, retrieved Braddock's defeat, and checked Pontiac's conspiracy, giving our then frontiers an abiding peace.

Coming to the Revolutionary period we are not surprised to see the liberty-loving Germans an enthusiastic unit for independence. Bancroft testifies: "The Germans who composed a large part of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania were all on the side of liberty." The German Society of Philadelphia, issued a stirring address in 1775; adding to it the address of Congress to the people, to Great Britain and to George III. In the Philadelphia Staatsbote of July 5th, 1776, the first news of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence appeared in the largest type the office could flout. The first account of the Declaration was a German translation, published in full, July 9, in the same paper. Indeed, we may doubt if there would have been any Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776, had not the German votes of the delegates of the Pennsylvania Convention, called June 18th, and which included delegates from the interior German counties come to the support of Richard Henry Lee's motion of June 8th (but held in suspense since that date), and on June 24th declared "The United Colonies free and independent states." The Pennsylvania Assembly delegates (largely English Quakers) had opposed this, and had temporarily doomed the motion, when introduced on June 7th. They had been appointed under Penn's charter of 1701, and had sworn allegiance to King George, and, besides, had religious principles averse to war.

The most distinguished German-American in the army was General Peter Muhlenberg. He was the trusted friend of Washington and Green, saved the day at Brandywine, and led the reinforcements which took the last British works at Yorktown. His statue, showing him laying aside his pulpit robe and disclosing the garb of a continental officer, stands in the capitol at Washington today as the representative son of the great Keystone State. His brother Frederick Augustus was not only first Speaker of the House, but also, President of the Constitutional Convention.

The first colonists who arrived to assist their New England compatriots at the siege of Boston were Captain DouDEL's Pennsylvania Germans, July 18th, 1775, just thirty-four days after Congress had called for troops; just as the first regiment to reach Lincoln April 16th, 1864, a few hours after his call for troops were Pennsylvania-Germans from Berks county; the first defenders in both wars. The first company from the South to reach Cambridge were German frontiersmen from Frederick county, Virginia. They had made the trip of 620 miles in fifty-four days, arriving August 10th, 1775. When Washington saw them and heard that they were from the right bank of the Potomac, he threw himself from his horse, shook hands with each of them, while tears of joy rolled down his handsome face. These German riflemen were Washington's favorite troops throughout the war.

In Pennsylvania, the Moravians provided our best military hospitals and nurses. The furnaces and forges of Lancaster and Berks counties
supplied the cannons and balls of the Continental army. The well-kept stock and fertile acres of the non-resisting Mennonites were the never-failing commissary of Washington's forces.

There was the ideal army contractor, Christopher Ludwig, "Director of Baking in the Armies of the United States," who refused to give less than 135 pounds of bread for every 100 pounds of flour. Washington called him his "honest friend." Then there was Rittenhouse, the brilliant scientist, who gave his great talents to the cause, drafting the new State Constitution, first Treasurer under it, and first Director of the Federal mint at Philadelphia. Also Michael Hillegass the first Treasurer of the United States. A real heroine, too, was "Moll Pitcher" who, for her bravery at Monmouth, was pensioned and brevetted Captain!

Colonel Kiechlein's company from Easton, Pa., lost 70 out of less than 100 in the efforts of his battalion to cover Washington's retreat from Long Island. One historian has said, "Long Island was the Thermopylae of the Revolution and the Pennsylvania-Germans were its Spartans." Up in central New York, at Oriskany, occurred what Fiske calls "the most bloody, desperate, hand-to-hand battle of the war." Here General Herkimer (Herkheimer) and his 800 Mohawk Valley German neighbors scattered the combined Tories and Indians who were on their way to reinforce Burgoyne. This was on August 6th, 1777, and the surrender of Saratoga occurred October 17 following, largely the result of Herkimer's success. This German victory at Oriskany is further memorable from the fact that here for the first time in military service the stars and stripes adopted by Congress seven weeks before, were hoisted. They had been improvised from a soldier's shirt, an old blue military cloak, and some strips of red flannel from the petticoat of a soldier's wife.

It was a detachment of Germans who put the flag on the walls of Yorktown after its capture. Thus from beginning to close, the countrymen of Frederick the Great did their full share in the War for American Independence.

Of incalculable value was the service of Baron Steuben a veteran of Frederick's Seven Years' War and a member of the peerless drillmaster's staff. He reached our army in the despairing stage at Valley Forge. He turned instinctively from the false Gates to Washington and tendered his services. He at once instituted reforms in inspections, drills and organization. It was almost a miracle which he wrought. He gave immediate efficiency to our demoralized army. The Prussian manoeuvres were soon mastered. The use of the bayonet was learned and used at Stony Point. The turn of our national fortunes was now at hand, and Washington publicly thanked the man who had brought it about. One historian has put it, "The debt of gratitude which America owes to Steuben is one that can never be fully discharged." It was Steuben who drew up the "Blue Book of Rules for the Order and Discipline of the Army of the United States" which really created our national army. Just as our recent reorganization of our army is based on the highest development of the German General
THE GERMANS AND OUR INDEPENDENCE.

Staff system, the foundations of which were laid by Steuben’s chief, Frederick the Great himself. Let us also gratefully recall that this Prussian king would not permit the English to transport the Hessian mercenaries through his domains and, still further, was the first European ruler to acknowledge, by treaty, our infant republic. Long may his statue stand in our midst!—From the Lutheran Observer of Nov. 25-Dec. 2, 1904.

York, Pa.

Post Script.

ABSTRACT OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT’S ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING.

"Mr. Ambassador: Through you I wish on behalf of the people of the United States to thank His Majesty the German Emperor, and all the people of Germany for the gift to the nation which you have just formally delivered to me. I accept it with deep appreciation of the friendly regard which it typifies for the people of this Republic both on the part of the Emperor and on the part of the German people.

"I accept it not merely as the statue of one of the half dozen greatest soldiers of all time, and therefore peculiarly appropriate for placing in this War College, but I accept it as the statue of a great man, whose life was devoted to the service of a great people, and whose deeds hastened the approach of a day when a United Germany should spring into being.

"But, Mr. Ambassador, in accepting the statue given to us through you by Germany, I accept it not only because it is the statue of a great and terrible soldier, but I accept as a symbol of the ties of friendship and goodwill which I trust as the years go by will bind even closer together the American and German peoples.

There is kinship of blood between the two nations. We of the United States are of a mixed stock. In our veins run the blood of almost all the peoples of middle, northern, and western Europe.

"Even in colonial days the German element had become very strong among our people in various parts of this country; the Irish element was predominant in the foot hills of the Alleghenies; French Huguenots were numerous. By the time of the Declaration of Independence that progress of fusion which has gone on ever since was well under way.

"From the beginning of our national history men of German origin or German parentage played a distinguished part in the affairs both in peace and in war. In the Revolutionary War one of the leading generals was Muhlenberg, an American of German descent, just as among the soldiers from abroad who came to aid us one of the most prominent was the German, Steuben.

Muhlenberg was the first speaker in the House of Representatives; and the battle, which, in the Revolution, saved the valley of the Mohawk to the American cause, was fought under the lead of the German Herkimer. As all the different races here tend rapidly to fuse together it is rarely possible after one or two generations to draw a sharp line between the various elements; but there is no student of our national conditions who has failed to appreciate what an invaluable element in our composite stock the German is."
This book was kindly sent us with the compliments of the author, early in October. Whilst we appreciate the compliment and noted the attractiveness of the publication, we really did not know its full value until we had paid tribute to the many shrines of Germantown here alluded to by a personal visit on the day of the Pennsylvania-German Society’s annual meeting in the old German suburb of Penn’s city of Brotherly Love. Having looked into the many noted gardens, where these rare and notable plants have their abiding place, and having seen the dear old homesteads and historic landmarks, and shaken hands with many of the celebrated personages whose pictures or portraits adorn this little volume, we can now appreciate it to its fullest extent. It is indeed a most timely publication, first written as a paper for the Germantown Horticultural Society and read before that body in May, 1904. The whole has been enlarged, finely printed on deckle-edged paper, indexed, beautifully illustrated with eighteen half-tone cuts, representing some rare plants, houses and faces of this historic town. It now constitutes a pamphlet of over a hundred pages of excellently printed and artistically paper-bound material that should make all the inhabitants of Germantown rise up and tip their caps in gratitude as the pains-taking author passes by along its historic streets.

Guide Book to Historic Germantown. This is another valuable book on old Germantown. It is, as its title indicates, a guide to the historical student and visitor of this historic borough, now swelling the population of the city, that has municipally swallowed it up, by 60,000. Whether such a student live within its confines—and there are doubtless many who are in comparative ignorance of the historical features of their environment—or come from without, this book will keep such investigator from button-holing policemen or shop-keepers or random pedestrians often futilely for further information. The book seems to give it all. It answers every reasonable query. It tells you how to reach the town, gives most advantageous approaches, tells you how to go and find any desired point. It leads you along its main thoroughfare stretching originally for two miles into the country, and lined on either side with such an array of historic landmarks that America has not another town or city to duplicate this. And it points out to the reader or visitor a hundred sites or buildings and more, every one of which is of vast historic importance or of intense interest at least. Now you, re in the thickest of a Revolutionary battle, now you witness a British general’s death, with blotches of his blood in floor
as witness, now you hear Whitefield or Zinzendorf preach or attend services with Washington, or grumble at crowded quarters with Jefferson, or watch the Paxtang Boys shoot at a weathercock, or ride about the town with Lafayette, or visit Louisa M. Alcott as a baby, or watch Gilbert Stuart paint President Washington's portrait in his barn studio, or Dr. Witt make the first American oil painting, or Sower print the first American Bible, or Pastorius draft the protest against American slavery. With the aid of numerous illustrations, a map of town plots, this pilgrimage can be made, or if ever made, repeated—in one's parlor at home and on a slushy day. That's the advantage of a clearly written, well defined guide book, like this. It was especially prepared for the Site and Relic Society by its Secretary, which society sells it at 50 cents a copy. It is a well printed and cloth bound small quarto of 174 pp., and is worth much more to any one interested in the subject.

A History of Bethlehem, Pa.
BY JOSEPH MORTIMER LEVERING
BISHOP OF THE MORAVIAN CHURCH.

When it is remembered that this charming and historic town of the Moravians—for over a century exclusively and since predominantly—has twelve years ago celebrated its sesqui-centennial, it might be inferred that a book claiming to give anything like a detailed account of this community would have to be voluminous. And so the reader finds it. No invention has yet been made by which a great sea can be pressed into a quart measure. So without any tedious or dry detail, the author recites for us the long, eventful, epoch-making, by original records well substantiated, personal, family, community, civil, ecclesiastical, industrial and educational story of this town of Count Zinzendorf and his followers on the banks of the Lehigh. It has been a gigantic undertaking, but although it has been in hand for a decade of time, the masterly product of over eight hundred large octavo pages of chronologically arranged, clearly portrayed and copiously illustrated historic material must forever remain the painstaking and persevering author's literary monument, at which all the inhabitants and descendants of Bethlehem’s families and every interested student of history, civil and ecclesiastic must bow in fervent and grateful adoration.

There is perhaps no other town, or city, of our American Common-wealths, where so herculean a task as fell to Bishop Levering's hands, viz., that of writing the most important and eventful occurrences covering a period of 150 years, was made, I will not say more easy, but more possible, than is the case with historic Bethlehem. The undeviating habit of the Moravian pastors to keep faithful diaries of the happenings within the fold and in the broader field of general local history without supplied this author with volumes of original manuscripts of the entire period. And, having previously been custodian of the Moravian archives of this settlement and of the Church's Historical Society, it may be readily seen that reliable and original documentary records were not wanting. Thus the assurance is given that first or original sources have been chiefly used in the con-
struction of this work. Of these are the numerous and minute diaries, beginning even in the emigration days of the "Sea Congregation," and including those of itinerants and missionaries sent out from this mother church; all the official minutes of the executive boards of the church; the synodical records; personal records, especially the autobiographies and numerous memoirs of its leading pioneers; official ecclesiastical and civil and military correspondence; and many miscellaneous documents, such as lists of Moravian immigrants, historical reminiscences, accounts of Revolutionary war times, together with original maps, drafts, surveys and abstracts of titles, deeds and other conveyances, etc. Besides all this a vast array of printed works of authenticated value bearing on the history of Bethlehem had preceded this larger and comprehensive work.

This is mentioned not to detract from the glory of the vastness of the author's undertaking—in many respects these piles of original documents, mostly in German and doubtless in faded and illegible condition oft. only added to the task—but to assure of the reliability of the result achieved. The greatness of the work becomes apparent when it is said that the period of a century and a half of this town's founding growth and development, together with its significant individual history, from the stirring days of Indian depredations in the Colonial period, through the stormy Revolutionary struggle, down through every war of the land including the Spanish-American war, its personal part is told in nineteen large, comprehensive chapters, covering respective periods, all of which are exhaustively treated. Not an important event of the town's life seems to have escaped the painstaking and scrupulous author. By the time the reader has found his way through this monumental array of most enticing local history, he has been face to face with more stirring events distinguished historical characters of Church and State, and with more uplifting influences in religion and education and general industrial advancement, it seems to me, than could be met with in any other town of its size in our land. All of this is illustrated with several hundred old prints and portraits and pictures of buildings and scenes. It was printed by the Times Publishing Company, and is for sale by the congregation of United Brethren of Bethlehem.

Luther's Works. Again St. Martinus stalks before us in his peasant boots and, as always, bearing a volume of the Holy Scriptures under his arm. This time it is St. Peter and St. Jude he is carrying, to whose epistles he has given the benefit of his clearest analytic mind. These discourses and commentaries of Luther bear the date of 1523 and for the English version, the sturdy old Reformer, leans on the gifted, ever active and Luther-consecrated quill of our dearly beloved American, German, Swedish, Pan-Lutheran, ubiquitous Pennsylvania "Dutchman," the Rev. Dr. J. X. Lenker. By his aid Luther now preaches forcefully to English ears. While the dedication of this second volume is to the translator's German University friends, the volume itself is laid, as an offering of unremitting toil, at the feet of the American Lutheran Church and the English-speaking students of
BOOK NOTICES.

Luther of every land and creed. Excellent work! May the appearance of all of Luthers works be hastened. Large 8vo, 383 pp., good paper, clear print, well bound, $2.25 plus expressage. Cheaper club and advanced subscription rates. Lutherans in All Lands Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

A Tale of the Kloster.

BY BROTHER JABEZ.

And so we are to have another historical romance—one that illustrates colonial Pennsylvania-German life. It will be out about December 20, just as we are going to press. From advanced circulars we learn that it will deal especially with the German mystical communities that centered about Philadelphia in the early and middle portions of the eighteenth century. These had representatives in Germantown, on the Wissahickon, and especially at Ephrata, Pa. Here the community called “The Solitary” flourished for many years, who built many houses for communal purposes and elaborated their system and ritual under the leadership of Conrad Beissel. Here the scenes of this story are laid. The work promises to be a valuable addition to our peculiarly enticing Pennsylvania-German literature. It may be said for it in advance: 1. That very little has been written in fiction of the Pennsylvania-Germans, in spite of the fact that there are very many things in their history, customs and manners that are exceedingly interesting. 2. That the author is himself a Pennsylvania-German and a member of the Pennsylvania-German Society and has made a careful study of the history of the Kloster before attempting to write this book. 3. That the book is not written by an outsider who does not understand our people and who has no sympathy with them. Everything has been written in a kindly sympathetic vein, with proper respect for the truth. 4. The author says that his book contains a fairly accurate picture of the early days of the Kloster; that their customs, manners and peculiar religion are woven in by the means of some romantic features, which, of course are purely imaginary. 5. The story is written in a plain, simple, easily read style, and, instead of holding up our people to ridicule, presents them in a favorable and attractive and honorable light. Copies may be had from the author, U. S. Koons, Esq., 416-419 Harrison Building, Philadelphia, Pa., for $1.65.

American Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt.

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER.

Ever since the enormous success of Mr. Stratemeyer's "American Boys' Life of William McKinley," there has been an urgent demand that he follow the volume with one on the life of our present President, and this has now been done with a care and faithfulness certain to win immediate appreciation everywhere. The book covers the whole life of our honored executive, step by step as schoolboy, college student, traveler, author, State assemblyman, civil service and police commissioner, governor of New York, as a leader of the Rough Riders in Cuba, as Vice-President and finally as President. Many chapters have also been devoted to Mr. Roosevelt's numerous adventures as a hunter and as a ranchman (true stories, which are bound to be dear to the heart.
of all boys who love the strenuous life), and full particulars are given of the daring battles for Cuban liberty in which our worthy President, as lieutenant-colonel of the Rough Riders, took such a conspicuous part. The Appendix contains a Chronology of Theodore Roosevelt, and also brief extracts from some of his most famous speeches and addresses. Finely illustrated from photographs and with frontispiece by Charles Copeland. $1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The Books of the Bible.
BY
Drs. Hazard and Fowler.

To the clerical and Bible student portion of the readers of this magazine, the announcement of this handbook, setting forth the various books of the Bible with special relation to their place in history, must be welcome. Though there be long and learned books enough on the nature and meaning of the great store-house of Biblical literature, it is often difficult to get at the matter in question because of the very bulk and abstruseness of these voluminous treatments. But here the student of the Bible has a work, which will help him easily to supply an answer to the oft puzzling query: Where does such and such a book of the Bible come into the channel of Jewish or secular history and what is the proper interpretation of such a prophetic or poetical book. The work is a series of fifty-two advanced lessons, suitable for a year's course in Sunday-school and also very helpful for the private study of Scripture. Prepared by M. C. Hazard, Ph.D., editor of Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, and Prof. Henry T. Fowler, Ph.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Brown University. The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

The Youth's Companion uses entertainment as a means rather than an end, conveying always in its fiction and its articles some convincing truth or some contribution to the useful knowledge of its readers.

The 225 men and women enlisted to write for The Companion represent an infinite variety of talents and callings. Through The Companion they address not only the young and impressionable, but the fathers and mothers of the nation. The entire family claim a share in the good things which fill The Companion's pages.

Full Illustrated Announcement, describing the principal features of The Companion's new volume for 1905, will be sent to any address free. The new subscriber for 1905 will receive The Companion "Carnations" Calendar for 1905, lithographed in twelve colors and gold. The Youth's Companion, 144 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

First-hand reports on the condition in the Philippines are rare because so few observers know how to write vividly. In Lippincott's Magazine for December there is a significant and picturesque paper by a United States Army Lieutenant which tells in some powerful sentences the whole story of "The Regular and the Savage"—and a remarkable story it is.
CONTENTS.

FRONTISPIECE

EDITORIALS 241

FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS 243
   William A. Muhlenberg.

DR. MUHLENBERG AND ST. JOHNLAND 251

EARLY GERMAN PRINTING IN AMERICA 262

POETIC GEMS 264
   Die Sterbenden Helden.
   The Dying Heroes.
   Die Alta Rapplabaem.
   Der Schnee-Sturm.
   Waldkirche—Forest Church.
   Oster-Fest.
   'N Lewe's Psalm.

PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN INFLUENCE 271

BOOK NOTICES 286
REV. DR. WM. A. MUHLENBERG.
EDITORIALS.

Our Pilgrimage article in this number is not into Pennsylvania-Germany exactly, but rather into the domain of the Early Dutch. It leads to Long Island, the summer home of President Roosevelt. Yet neither to see what the Dutch have achieved, nor to visit the Oyster Bay mansion, but to inspect the last great achievement of that Pennsylvania-German, whose career is briefly sketched in this issue. The present superintendent of the charitable institution, founded there by Dr. Muhlenberg is our courteous chaperon, and I feel that not a single subscriber should omit reading this account.

Where shall I spend the summer? It is just beginning to be spring. The rigorous winter with its rail-long icicles and fence-high snowdrifts is just leaking away its cold life, and early buds and bluebirds have not yet made us tired of the winter haunts of city life. But soon the spring months shall have glided by with their lapfuls of fragrant flowers and sweet sunlight and plans will be going on for an escape of midsummer heat. Whither shall it be? That is the question with many. Hundreds have fixed their plans and by planting cottages by the seaside or on mountain have settled the matter of local habitation for the summer. To all who are yet to be influenced, especially teachers and all literary brain-workers or culture-loving rest-seekers, we bespeak, in the name of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, a welcome
to Mt. Gretna, where during the month of July and part of August the next Assembly will be held. This especially applies to such as have Pennsylvania-German blood in their veins, inasmuch as the Chancellor, the President and the Board of Trustees are of this stock. Excellent accommodations are in store at a well managed and enlarged Inn, and feasts for mind, soul and body are usually awaiting the comer. Write Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, of Lancaster, the Chancellor, for programs. To the cottage owners and the management we heartily commend the propriety of an arbor, or campus, or planting day, to be given for ground adornments. Who will set the day?

The kind words of praise that are constantly pouring into this sanctum over the pleasure received by the visits of this magazine would make interesting reading. We confess it goes far towards rewarding every effort made by us to afford this pleasure. We wish it were possible to say that this appreciation were shown by every one and that never a dunning word or reminder were needed to bring in the annual subscription dues. But as a small number look for these, we shall here state that with this issue closes the time allowed for advance terms of payment, viz., a dollar a year. But we shall again, as in former years, allow delinquents ten days of grace, and will accept $1.00 in payment for 1905, if paid before April 10th. After that date it will be $1.25. All who avail themselves of this opportunity shall be included in the following selected poem of praise, entitled The Editor’s Song:

How dear to my heart is the steady subscriber,
Who pays in advance at the birth of each year:
Who lays down a dollar, and offers it gladly.
And casts ’round the office a halo of cheer!

Who never says, “Stop it, I cannot afford it!”
Or, “I’m getting more papers than I can read.”
But always says, “Send it, the family like it—
In fact, we think it a household need!”

How welcome he is when he steps in the sanctum!
How he makes our hearts throb! How he makes our eyes dance!
We outwardly thank him—we inwardly bless him—
The steady subscriber who pays in advance.
WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG.

BY THE EDITOR.

Muhlenberg is an illustrious Pennsylvania-German cognomen. From the days of the original American ancestor's settlement in the wilds of Pennsylvania—in the colonial period of our history—to the present, the name's lustre has never been dimmed. It has been written high on the State and Church rosters of celebrities. It has graced the rolls of all the learned professions, and it shines brightly in the firmament of both science and literature. The story of American history in field and forum, the history of our religion and education, the story of the clerical, medical, legal and educational professions, the exploits of science and the graceful arts of letters cannot be written without the mention of this proud name.

The subject of this sketch distinguishes it most in the realms of education and philanthropy, although it is his poetic effusion manifested in the production of the familiar funeral hymn, "I would not live alway," that has made his name most widely known. Tens of thousands have sung the familiar lines, or heard them rendered repeatedly—and usually with feelings strangely stirred. While this hymn is imperishable, it may have cost but a few hours of time in its production, yet it is the author's beneficent life-work during scores of years that has left the most blessed memorial to his name in the several charitable institutions of his founding.

Through the Patriarch Henry Melchior Muhlenberg's second son's (Frederick Augustus) line, in the third generation, comes the subject of this sketch. While his grandfather, Frederick Augustus, was for the second time filling the Speaker's chair of our National Congress, in 1795, his father, Henry William, married Mary, daughter of William Sheafe, a merchant of Philadel-
The text on the page is not visible in the image provided.
Philadelphia, of German extraction. William Augustus was the eldest son of this union and born in Philadelphia, September 16, 1796. He was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, of the Lutheran Church.

His early training was most tenderly and conscientiously administered and resulted in the earliest fruits of virtue, intelligence and piety. He looked forward to the holy ministry as his life-calling from boyhood. He was early bereft of his father, who died suddenly of apoplexy in September, 1805, leaving him and a younger sister and brother to the tutelage of their mother. As the children understood no German they were sent to the historic Christ (Episcopal) Church, of Philadelphia. It was thus largely on account of the language and convenience that, as a boy, young Muhlenberg was weaned from the church of his fathers and devoted his gifts and talents of purse and brain to the Protestant Episcopal Church.

As his granduncle, Lawrence Seckel, had taken scions of a luscious little German pear and propagated in America the delicious fruit now known by that name, so his mother took this Lutheran Muhlenberg graft and set it out in the Episcopal garden where it bore such rich fruit. The mother in 1806 sold a valuable lot of ground to the embryonic St. James Episcopal Church, and soon she with her family united with it. He was confirmed in 1813.

Young Muhlenberg’s classical education was completed in the different schools of Philadelphia at that period, ending with a course in the University of Pennsylvania. His theological training was received principally from the venerable Bishop White. At the age of twenty-one he took deacon’s orders and became at once an assistant to Bishop White in the Christ, St. Peter’s and St. James’ parish.

His three years of diaconate labors were well filled with work. On the 22d of October, 1820, he was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop White. Shortly after this he accompanied the Bishop to Lancaster, Pa., to participate in the consecration of a new church there (St. James’), and his part in this service gave such satisfaction that it resulted in his choice as its rector. He served this parish for six years. These were years of assiduous application to self, parish and community improvements. He left the stamp
of his influence upon the educational and moral advancement of this community. By the passage of a bill through the Legislature he created Lancaster city into the second public school district of the State conducted on the monitory system. He was also instrumental in the establishment of the first public library in Lancaster.

It was at this time that he gave his attention to the study and advancement of Christian Hymnody. He collected and edited a volume on "Church Poetry," using it in his own congregation, which subsequently affected the action for development of the subject in the General Convention of his Church.

It was at this time of his life that a love romance, with its lights and shadows came into his life. While love was sincere and intense it was providentially kept from its contemplated consummation, so that when Mr. Muhlenberg left Lancaster he left behind him also the grave of his fondest earthly hopes. He never formed a second attachment. Years afterwards he said: "If celibacy has been the destiny of my life, it was not its program. I never advocated the unmarried state as preferable for a clergyman, though in my own case, in the orderings of Providence, it has now led me to do various works in the church which otherwise I might not have undertaken or even have thought of."

It is generally believed that the hymn which made his name so widely known as its author, "I would not live alway," was occasioned by this bereavement. But whilst written at this period of his life, we have his own word for it that such a legend is a fiction. The fact is it was penned before this personal loss occurred. It was but the expression of that strain of pious melancholy which despite the author's general cheerful temperament, characterized his great soul. It may have been tinged by some forecasting shadows of the event which soon so greatly affected him. But years later he criticised the lack of Christian sentiment in the hymn, and nearly fifty years after its birth, in 1871, he took it quaintly to task in an original and charming little paper, entitled "A Fable Apologetic." Here he tried an emendation of the piece, "but the trembling hand of age could not sweep the poetic lyre with the grace and beauty of youthful vigor, and however holier the strain, the evangelized version did not take." He used to say
that Paul's "desire to depart and be with Christ" was better sentiment than Job's "I would not live alway," and hence, in 1860, he wrote a postscript to his hymn, beginning:

"I would not live alway! no longer I sing; Live alway I shall, whilst Jesus is King."

which led to its total revision in 1876. But the original form triumphed and must prove the author's best poetical monument.

He wrote some other hymns and stray verses which were collected and published in 1860 for the benefit of St. Luke's Hospital. One of these, bearing also the early date of 1824, and entitled, "Since O'er Thy Footstool," shows that its author had rare poetical gifts and might have become famous in this field alone had he devoted himself to its cultivation exclusively. He, however, gave his life to other work and, beyond a few effusions and the production of musical melodies, dwelt not in the realm of song.* He gave much of his time to what may be termed "the Christianizing of education," and to Christian philanthropy. Both in connection with his Lancaster and New York parish work did he make himself instrumental in promoting the pioneer church schools which have since sprung up all over the land.

In the fall of 1826, Mr. Muhlenberg accepted an invitation to the rectorship of St. George's, Flushing, L. I. Soon "Flushing Institute," later St. Paul's College, was founded and Rev. Muhlenberg laid on its incipient life his moulding touch. Soon he relinquished his parish work and assumed the head of this new educational institute, which sphere he felt himself called to fill. He stamped upon this school the impress of a scholarly, gentle, devoutly Christian master-mind, and it flourished. He tried to make it another Rugby and prove himself another Dr. Arnold, and there are those who have found them close parallels. So successful was his work and so brilliant his life that Columbia College, in 1836, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

In 1835 he purchased a farm of 175 acres just north of the Institute grounds with a fine frontage on the East River, which he named "College Point," in prospect of the rearing here of St.

* Such other hymns particularly worthy of mention are: "Like Noah's Weary Dove"; "Saviour, Who Thy Flock Art Feeding," and "Shout the Glad Tidings."
Paul's College. It was only after years of most arduous endeavor and often perplexing waiting on the founder's part, that the plans for a well-equipped Christian College were matured. But purpose and perseverance were twin virtues of the noble-spirited founder, so that in a few years these dreams were realized and Dr. Muhlenberg found himself at the head of quite a well-equipped college and holding the position of rector, senior of the Collegiate Family and Professor of Evidences and Ethics of Christianity with a faculty of twelve instructors under him. It was for a long time his private enterprise in which he was financially assisted by his mother, who now resided at New York.

After fifteen years of toilsome seclusion spent in his school work came a welcome summer holiday abroad. In 1843, just when Tractarianism was at its height in England, and the names of Dr. Pusey and John Henry Newman were on everybody's lips, came the privilege to Dr. Muhlenberg to visit Great Britain. The earnestness of these leading minds greatly impressed him. He read their works and felt their subtle power, though unprepared to accept their fundamental principles. Yet he found the movement not without its true features, which held him with a strange spell for years. He held personal interviews with the several leaders of the movement and was too intelligent not to catch the good points for which these men contended, or to be deceived by them.

Besides England Mr. Muhlenberg visited France and its gay capital. He felt ill at ease in the dominant life of worldliness manifested here and was wishing himself at home and at work. In October he was back among his boys in the class-room. But he was not long to continue at his old work. His sister, Mrs. Mary A. Rogers, in pursuance of the wishes of her deceased husband, built a free church in New York City, and desired her brother to be the pastor. The edifice was constructed after his ideals and named the Church of the Holy Communion, which was to be a church run on simpler methods, supported by free-will offerings and not controlled by a vestry. It retained independent proprietorship in Mrs. Rogers and hence was not represented for a term of years in Conventions. The architecture was handsome and artistic, but its decorations showed rich evangelical symbolism. In 1846 he took charge of this new parish, his school work
passing over into the hands of an associate, Rev. Mr. Barton. Although at the meridian of his powers and years when assuming charge of his New York parish work, there remained much work for him to plan and execute ere his final reward came. He gathered and formed a congregation, directed its spiritual and charitable affairs for years and inaugurated forms of philanthropy that have grown to blessed proportions in our day. Chief among these were the formation of an Employment Society, for the assistance of poor women of the flock, the Fresh Air Fund Movement, the Christmas Tree for the poor, and the sisterhood work in Church Dispensary, Infirmary and Schools. It gave immediate prominence to the Church of the Holy Communion. His great aim in pulpit and out of it was to achieve results not to win applause. He and his church ever ministered especially to the poor and needy.

Out of this desire to serve the needy and afflicted grew the inception and consummation of St. Luke's Hospital—perhaps the most conspicuous charity of all his life. It stands today, and has for fifty years, as his city's proudest and most beneficent monument, for it was he who planned it and collected the funds for its building and started it on its blessed ministry. The corner-stone of the present hospital building was laid in May, 1854. The site is between Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Streets on Fifth Avenue on a plot of ground 200 by 400 feet in dimensions. It has a central chapel communicating with the wards, while health, comfort and spiritual rest were all subserved in its architectural plans. It is 280 feet in length, facing the south, and surrounded by well-kept, shady grounds for the benefit of its inmates.

In 1855 Dr. Muhlenberg allowed himself another few months in Europe. He studied largely the subjects of the best operation of charities in England similar to those he had in hand. He found in London and Paris excellent fields for this special study. Many a commendable idea worked its way out in his American foster plants. When these were worked out St. Luke's Hospital had cost several hundred thousand dollars; but there are probably few hospitals the world over that spell out so signally as does this, in all its appointments, the Saviour's own blessed invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." When finally it began to be in full operation, he
resigned the pastoral office of his church to other hands and took up the prophet's chamber in the Hospital as its superintendent and chaplain. Here were spent several more years of most diligent activity in holy ministries.

During the Civil War period when patriotic feeling ran high, he served his country well with tongue and pen and hand. He wrote several patriotic songs of high merit. He inaugurated various public and private benevolences, yet the patients of the hospital always received his chief attention. He was busy ever in giving to the world his best thought in sermonic, journalistic or poetic form, and many are his literary effusions of this period. Perhaps none of his writings show his gentle and fraternal spirit more vividly than his liberal views of church fellowship as expressed in his "Evangelical Catholic" series of publications, emphasized by his frequent practices of interdenominational fellowship. He was thus far in advance of his times in the advocacy of greater church unity.

When Dr. Muhlenberg was in his 70th year, and his hair was snowy white, he began his last great work of benevolence. It was the child of his old age, his Benjamin, and even when three score years and five he prayed to have his rhythmic prayer of twenty-five revised so that he might live, if not alway, yet long enough to complete his cherished charity, namely the establishment of a rural community whither the worthy poor might escape from the horrors of New York tenement life. It was his St. Johnland on Long Island, consisting of a 600-acre tract of land, on which are now erected a number of cottages, a Boys' House, an Old Man's Home and a church. He lived long enough to see it well under way and then fell asleep (April 8, 1877), and here found his chosen grave.

We have the privilege in this issue of a mental pilgrimage to this shrine through the courteous favor of St. Johnland's present superintendent, the Rev. X. O. Halsted. It will be greatly relished by our readers and the two articles must prove that the American Branch of the Anglican Church has received a very large share of its influence, its coloring, its equipment and its cultus in this land from this able and sweet-spirited Germanic graft of Lutheran extraction. We append the original form of his most popular hymn, written in 1824, as a conclusion to this sketch.
I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

I would not live alway, live alway below!
Oh, no, I'll not linger when bidden to go;
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,
Apostles and martyrs, so joyously trod?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam?

I would not live alway—I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where seeking for peace, we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair;
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine, e'er I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears:
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own Miserere prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb:
Imortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom!
There, too, is the pillow where Christ bowed his head:
Oh, soft are the slumbers of that holy bed.
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight;
When the full matin song as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway? away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode;
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet.
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in my ear!
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold!
The King all arrayed in his beauty, behold!
Oh, give me, oh, give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above!
Aye, 'tis now that my soul on swit pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy, bid earth adieu evermore.
DR. MUHLENBERG AND SAINT JOHNLAND.

BY THE REV. N. O. HALSTED.

Prov. 16:21.—"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

Dr. MUHLENBERG was well on toward his seventieth birthday when he undertook the founding of St. Johnland, so aptly called the child of his old age. But the years rested lightly upon his shoulders; the activity of his mind and body alike were unimpaired, and he entered upon this new scheme with the same vigor and confidence that had marked every venture in his earlier life and work.

Just as St. Luke's Hospital had been suggested by the needs of the poor with whom he came in contact as the pastor of the Church of the Holy Communion, so was St. Johnland inspired in turn by the misery of the city's poor in their forlorn tenements. Decent cottage homes for workmen's families, a resting place for the destitute aged, shelter for the homeless little ones, schools and efficient caretakers to prepare children for good and useful lives, a church for their devotions—the whole a community in which the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man in Christ should ever be the blessed tie to bind all in one—had been a fixed ideal in Dr. Muhlenberg's mind for years. He had talked of it, written about it, and prayed for it, and he was filled with the conviction that his dream, as many had actually called it, would never be dismissed as a vision only, but would prove a true prophecy of a glorious reality.

When he was finally ready to proceed, sympathetic friends promptly subscribed the funds to purchase a site. A number of available places were suggested to him, many of which he inspected, but until he visited the north shore of Long Island he found none that impressed him favorably. Here, between two wood-crowned hills, he found a picturesque valley which he knew at once would best answer his purpose. It is readily recalled that all Dr. Muhlenberg's former works were established in undeveloped localities, and in this instance he began in a veritable wilderness. The fences were decayed, the farm buildings dilapidated, the fields barren for want of care and fertilization, the orchard overgrown, and the groves overlooking the Sound about to be delivered to the woodman's axe. It required more than an hour's ride from the nearest railroad station to reach this neglected farm, but that very remoteness from the busy city gave it the seclusion he deemed so desirable, and no time was lost in negotiating for the purchase.

The work of renovation was commenced the following spring (1866) and three cottages were then built and donated by devoted friends whose confidence in the scheme was as strong as that of the founder himself.
A few poor boys found a home and occupation at once, some of them working upon the farm, and others being taught type-setting and printing. The cottages were quickly filled and St. Johnland was no longer a vision, a dream, but an established, living, growing reality.

Though his great interest in this work caused him some anxiety for its immediate future, he never doubted its ultimate success, and with each new feature in its development he seemed to acquire renewed energy with which to continue his labor. In April, 1867, Dr. Muhlenberg stood on the hill north of the present settlement, discussing with a friend the site of the homes still to be erected, and his plans for the future. Suddenly his eyes gazed heavenwards, and the desire of his heart went up in the fervent prayer, "Ten years more, oh! my Father, if it please Thee, to set forward this work." So did he pray for life and strength for his last great work, and so did God spare and sustain him. It was exactly ten years later that his sorrowing friends laid him at rest where he had then stood in prayer.

In order to bring St. Johnland before the public, and to awaken interest in its unique work, Dr. Muhlenberg published a little monthly paper called "Brotherly Words." Its motto was the St. Johnland text: "This is his commandment, that ye believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another as he gave us commandment" (1 John 3:23). By it he made his scheme understood, and at the same time placed in the hands of its readers many helpful lessons on subjects of importance in the Christian life at large as well as with in the growing community where it was published.
But this community was something so entirely new as to be almost incomprehensible to anyone hearing of it for the first time. And it was so far from the city it could not be expected to immediately inspire interest and pecuniary support as had the hospital erected right among the homes of those best able to contribute towards its maintenance. Much patient labor and money had to be expended before it would be even known, and Dr. Muhlenberg devoted his time, his strength, and all his personal means to the enterprise before asking for assistance, except in the purchase of the property as already stated. His salary as Superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital was also applied by him to the development and maintenance of St. Johnland, while his mother and sister provided the funds for his clothing and personal expenses. And this was continued to the end of his life.

The Kindergarten.

Late in the summer of 1868 his own funds were exhausted, but others were then promptly placed at his disposal. No one questioned the expediency of contributing to what Dr. Muhlenberg vouched for. Very soon the Spencer & Wolfe Home for crippled children appeared, built by Mrs. C. L. Spencer and Miss Catharine Wolfe, and its first inmates were a number of convalescent little ones from the wards of St. Luke's. This awakened new interest at once, and before the year closed much enthusiasm was manifested by friends who were able and willing to advance St. Johnland to permanent success.

September 16th, the founder's birthday, witnessed a gathering of a number of his friends at St. Johnland who made it a memorable occasion indeed. There was a picnic in the grove overlooking the Sound—a "real country clam-bake"—games for the children, and the heartiest merrymaking by old and young throughout the day. One incident alone will
convince the reader of the love and devotion of all these people for Dr. Muhlenberg. He had just finished breakfast that morning when they gathered around him and sang a birthday song, the words and music of which had been written at St. Johnland. I have been unable to find more than one verse of the song, but that was as follows:

"Happy Birthday!
Happy Birthday!
Ring it out with sweet acclaim;
Blessings breathing,
Honors wreathing
For the well-beloved name."

Of this his eloquent biographer his written: "He was not at all prepared for such an ovation. Perhaps, had he been alone with his St. Johnlanders—his own children—it might have seemed different, but in the presence of his city guests his natural shyness wincek under the loving honor done him. Before Christmas of that year came round, he had taken the refrain of the little birthday lyric and wedded it to a joyous choral, in honor of the Birthday of birthdays, composing a suitable praiseful tune to accompany this. There was something holily ingenious in thus converting the tribute to himself on his own birthday altogether into a hymn of adoration at the Nativity of his Lord and Master."

Following is the hymn referred to:

"Glorious Birthday!
Glorious Birthday!
Promised since the world began;
With the dawning
Of this morning,
Born the Lord, the Son of man.

"Glorious Birthday!
Angel hosts say,
Highest praise their notes employ;
Glory singing,
Good will bringing,
Coming down to wish us joy.

"Glorious Birthday!
Doth the Church say,
In the mystery triumphing;
Mary keepeth,
While He sleepeth,
Her own Babe, and Heaven's own King."
The occasion just described marked the completion of Dr. Muhlenberg's seventy-second year, and established his birthday as a fete day at St. Johnland for all time. Without an exception, "Founder's Day" has been observed every day since then with joy and thanksgiving. Of late years the children gathered wild flowers in the morning, often searching the fields and woods at a distance that they might have enough to share with the old men and others unable to procure them for themselves. Then all proceeded to the little cemetery where a short memorial service was held, followed by the decoration of the graves as on Memorial Day (May 30th). After dinner old and young met on the lawn and the afternoon was given unreservedly to such games and contests as would add most to their happiness and entertainment.

The year 1869 was one of the most active periods in the whole life of St. Johnland, and one of the happiest years in the life of its revered founder. His untriring energy, his loving self-sacrifice, and his devout faith in his work appealed irresistibly to his well-wishers, and they responded with hearty and practical co-operation. Adequate support for the work already under way was promptly forthcoming, and before the leaves fell that autumn the foundations of three new buildings had been laid, and the super-structures well advanced.

The first of these was a home for boys, built by Dr. Muhlenberg's niece, Mrs. William E. Chisolm, in memory of her son, John Roger Chisolm, and called "Johnny's Memorial." This building was afterwards enlarged, and later on considerably altered within, so that at the present time it affords ample room for fifty little boys.
Next came a home for aged men, called St. John's Inn, the largest building on the premises. It is practically three buildings connected by enclosed passages and accommodates forty old men. Each has an alcove furnished like a hall bedroom, while all enjoy in common the sitting rooms, reading room, and smoking and billiard rooms. In this connection let me again quote from Sister Anne's beautiful story of the life of Dr. Muhlenberg:

"Dr. Muhlenberg—himself an old man—had had greatly at heart the establishment of an Old Man's Home for the entertainment of a certain number of wayworn old pilgrims, through the last days and years of their earthly tarrying, and the laying of the corner-stone of this building was to him no insignificant occasion. His birthday was by request appointed for the purpose. He arrived at noon of that day from the city, with a number of chosen friends, and found all the houses in holiday trim, decked with wreaths and flowers, and the whole place astir with pleased expectation. After the usual sports, with picnic and clam-bake in the grove, had been fully enjoyed by the people of the settlement, towards sunset came the event of the day—purposely left till that hour, as symbolizing the work, and the advancing years of the father of St. Johnland, and of his friend Mr. Wolfe. The surroundings were in full harmony with the occasion. Nothing broke the repose of the service but the woodland hum of the insects. The gathered company, in number about a hundred and thirty, and consisting of young and old, lame children and sturdy workmen, country neighbors, black and white, farm hands and gentry, clergymen and laymen, stood reverently and bare-headed around the excavated area prepared for the middle building, standing within which was the central figure of the picture, the venerable father and pastor, who, after performing the simple ceremony, led them in his own way, from what they were doing here, to, 'the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' The little crippled children chanted 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and the whole congregation in chorus the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' while the western sky, growing momently richer in beauty, illumined the scene, not with the gorgeous splendor of a midsummer sunset, but with that soft, crystalline light, flecked with brilliant bars of azure and gold, not unfrequent on cool autumnal evenings. It was a sweet hallowed time. And before night closed in, the event of the day led indirectly to the more precious gift of a Village Church. St. Johnland as yet had no appropriate sanctuary, though it was never without an officiating minister. The services were held in a room of one of the houses, too small for the purpose, and a church proper was very earnestly desired by the people at large. Mr. Adam Norrie, immediately on Mr. Wolfe's assuming the entire cost of St. John's Inn, undertook himself, in a very generous manner, the erection of the Church, the corner-stone of which was laid with appropriate services the month following that of the Old Man's Home."

The Church of the Testimony of Jesus was completed, and dedicated on the 8th day of October, 1870. Mr. Norrie's daughter, Miss Julia Norrie, gave a beautiful silver communion service and a bell for the open belfry.
Subsequently Mr. Hilborne L. Roosevelt and several friends united in the gift of a fine pipe organ, Mrs. S. Weir Roosevelt gave a marble font, and Mr. J. Fisher Sheafe placed a large clock in the tower. Still later, the interior of the church was greatly altered and improved, the chancel being practically rebuilt and fitted with stalls for a vested choir. The altar formerly used by Dr. Muhlenberg in his little chapel in St. Paul's School at College Point (founded 1835) was refinished in white enamel and placed within the sanctuary, and a lectern, a prayer desk, an altar cross and a processional cross, all of brass, were added to the chancel furniture. The church has always remained open for public services and private devotions, and the cerfew bell has been rung at nine o'clock every evening in the year till the present time.

The Society of St. Johnland was incorporated in 1870, with a Board of twenty-five Trustees, to which Dr. Muhlenberg transferred the legal title of the land and buildings, in value far exceeding the whole amount he had received in donations from the beginning of the work. A recent report gives as the objects of this Society, the following:

"To maintain a home for aged men and aged couples in destitute circumstances, especially Communicants, who are entitled to it by the churches to which they belong; to care for friendless children and youth, by giving them home, schooling, Christian training, and occupation by which they can earn their future livelihood; to give form and practical application to the principles of Brotherhood in Christ, in an organized congregation or parish constituted by settled residents of St. Johnland; and generally to do such other Christian offices as shall from time to time be required and are practicable by the Society, consistently with its benevolent designs."

In 1872 Dr. Muhlenberg took a much needed rest and spent the summer months traveling in Europe with two friends. Not a little of this time was devoted to the gathering of Information concerning the condition of the poorer classes, especially the peasant families on the Continent. St. Johnland was constantly in his mind throughout the trip, and he kept in touch with the work and its people by regular correspondence, until he returned in October and again took up the duties so dear to his heart.

A year later we find Dr. Muhlenberg taking a prominent part in the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held in New York in October (1873). Neither his advanced age, nor the claims of his great work, prevented his giving the objects of the Conference due consideration, and another has written that in this, as also in previous conferences, "his presence and counsels were as oil poured upon the troubled waters. He would frequently express himself to this effect: 'Let us have a good courage. Let us maintain what we know to be the fundamental principles of the Protestant Episcopal Church, prayerfully act up to our convictions and our inherent rights as her members and ministers of the Gospel, and leave the rest to God.'"

Throughout his entire life Dr. Muhlenberg had been blessed with rea-
sonably good health, but in the spring of 1874 exposure to malarial influences brought on a severe illness that came very near to a fatal termination. The great mental depression which accompanied the fever caused his devoted friends the gravest anxiety. It was many weeks before he recovered sufficiently to leave his room, and he was never again strong enough to leave the hospital for active work at St. Johnland. His journal was discontinued from this time, and the record of his later life is from the diary of one who was his constant companion to the last. When he had regained enough strength to direct the disposition of his private affairs, he caused all his manuscript journals to be given to a friend, to whom, with characteristic humility, he said: "I hope you will find some grains of gold in the sands of my life."

During the following winter Dr. Muhlenberg recovered sufficient strength to officiate in the chapel, and, for a part of each day, at least, minister to the poor patients in the Hospital. He found increasing happiness in this labor of love, and devoutly thanked God for each opportunity for continued usefulness. Many of the petty offices of the nurse were assumed by him as privileges in his Master's service, and every act of kindness was accompanied by a loving word of spiritual counsel. His one regret was his inability to be frequently at St. Johnland, but he was always well informed regarding the work of his assistants there, and took special pleasure in sending to them such children as he from time to time deemed worthy of care.

Spring came again and with it a measure of increased strength to Dr. Muhlenberg. The Festival of the Ascension he spent at St. Johnland, with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, inviting them in the hope that they would become interested patrons of the work. After the church service he made a short address, pleading for the support of this child of his old age—his plea made the more intense and pathetic in the knowledge that he must soon leave it forever. Later in the day, Dr. Muhlenberg selected a place for a well to be dug, which has since been known as the "Founder's Well." A loving friend afterwards built over it a handsome rustic well-house in which is the following inscription: "Jesus said, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

About this time a few friends began the collection of a fund ($20,000) to be presented to Dr. Muhlenberg on his eightieth birthday (September 16, 1876), the gift to be the beginning of the Endowment Fund for St. Johnland. Notwithstanding his feeble condition, he consented to making the journey the day before, that, after a night's rest, he might enjoy his anniversary in his beloved St. Johnland. Here he found many of his friends from the city who joined with the residents of the community in the customary festivities of "Founder's Day." Early in the morning they gathered beneath his window, singing a happy greeting, and receiving his his loving acknowledgment and benediction.
His birthday gift, the sum raised for the Muhlenberg Endowment, gave him the greatest happiness. It seemed to him to be a gracious promise that St. Johnland should never want for friends or support, and instantly his voice rang out in praise and thanksgiving, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

That afternoon witnessed another merry gathering in the grove on the hill, and in the midst of the gayest the dear old Doctor found the most congenial company. As far as his strength permitted he joined merrily in their festivities for a while, and then contented himself with watching the happy gathering. Little did they dream that it was to be his last appearance among them, for though he afterwards intimated his own apprehension, he had carefully concealed it from them.

The close of the year brought renewed happiness to Dr. Muhlenberg, for numerous gifts had increased the permanent funds of St. Luke's Hospital by over one hundred thousand dollars, and friends and former pupils, now scattered all over the country, hearing of these donations, sent letters of congratulation and loving sympathy. And yet, with all these assurances of affectionate regard, this aged servant of God rejoiced the more because the good ensuing therefrom would continue when he had passed away—that it would contribute in greater degree to the glory of God when he would have no glory in it.

The following winter was spent in peace and contentment within the Hospital. Dr. Muhlenberg gained a little more strength, and officiated more frequently than for some months previous to that time. He appeared oftener among the patients, and met applicants at the door and listened to their appeals. He had, in fact, gradually assumed more active work than his strength would justify, and in the busy service of the Hospital, his companions had failed to notice its increasing effect. On February 22d, Washington's Birthday, the usual holiday throng of visitors filled the Hospital throughout the forenoon, and the venerable pastor assisted the office staff in receiving them and accompanying some of them about the building. At one o'clock he was stricken down, and remained insensible for over an hour. Then consciousness gradually returned, but he was never able to leave his bed again. He had often expressed the wish that he might fall "with his armor on," and that his Master had granted.

Dr. Muhlenberg lingered through a painful six weeks before he finally passed away, but his Christian courage never wavered. On Palm Sunday, Bishop Kerfoot administered the Holy Communion to his beloved old school master, from whom he had received his own first communion many years before. On Good Friday, Dr. Muhlenberg expressed his pleasure in listening to a portion of the Gospel read to him, and on Easter Day he joined in much of the service as heartily as his feeble voice would permit. Later in the day he sank into a comatose condition, and unconsciousness speedily claimed him. During the last two days he slept so peacefully it was almost impossible to detect his breathing, but during the evening of
Sunday, the eighth of April, that unmistakable shadow passed over his face, and the watchers knew his spirit had "returned to God who gave it."

Robed in the vestments of his sacred office, his remains were viewed by hundreds before the funeral service in the Chapel, and then they were tenderly conveyed to his last resting-place in St. Johnland. "Everybody's father is gone," sobbed one bereaved beneficiary, and that seemed to voice the loving sentiment of all.

DR. MUHLENBERG'S GRAVE.

Dr. Muhlenberg had left in writing: "If I have a tombstone, I want these words on it, 'I know whom I have believed,'" and a granite cross with this inscription marks his grave.

Since the death of its beloved founder, St. Johnland has grown until today the village comprises the following: St. John's Inn, a home for forty aged men; Sunset Cottage, a home for twelve aged couples; Johnny's Memorial, a home for fifty boys; Sunbeam Cottage, a home for twenty orphan girls; Fabbri Cottage, a home for twenty-four girls; Lawrence House, a home for twenty-four little ones; Spencer & Wolfe Cottage, a
home for twenty-five children; a School equipped for seventy pupils; a
Kindergarten with room for sixty children; the Church of the Testimony
of Jesus; the Superintendent’s residence; twelve cottages occupied by
employees and workmen’s families; an Office and Store House; and the
necessary quota of shops, barns, and out-buildings.

The endowment funds and unexpended donations now amount to nearly
three hundred thousand dollars, and the whole property is free from in-
debtedness. The community, including beneficiaries, employees and tenants,
numbers nearly three hundred souls. The officers of the corporation are:
Rev. Henry Mottet, D.D., President; Frederick E. Hyde, M.D., Secretary;
Francis M. Bacon, Treasurer, and Rev. N. O. Halsted, Superintendent.

EARLY GERMAN PRINTING IN AMERICA.
SUPPLEMENT NO. 2.

EDITOR PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN: Dear Sir—In the last April
and October issues of your magazine I gave the results of my re-
searches in early Pennsylvania-German Printing in America in
which I noted such as Prof. Oswald Seidensticker failed to catalogue in
his “First Century of German Printing in America” (1728-1830).

My continued labors in this field has been well rewarded by many addi-
tional finds. The results of these researches reveals more and more the
marvelous literary activity of our fathers, and very clearly indicates that
the writing of a complete Bibliography of early German literature in
America, remains to be done in the future. My purpose is simply to gather
the fast decaying materials for this purpose. Perhaps some day a kindred
spirit, less fettered by the struggle for existence, will take this material,
and by incorporating it with Seidensticker’s monumental work, give to the
world a work of enduring value.

The publications described by me as not noted by Prof. Seidensticker
foot up to 285. To this number I now add the following. The description
does not include full titles; just enough for identification.

288—Der Kleiner Catechismus, 12mo, 108 p., 1828. Neinstadt, Gettys-
burg, Pa.
289—Heidelberg Catechism, 16mo, 1812. Cushing, Baltimore, Md.
290—Heidelberg Catechism, 16mo, 118 p., 1793. Billmeyer, German-
town, Pa.
291—Heidelberg Catechism, 16mo, 108 p., 1812. Jacob Mayer, Phila-
delphia.
295—Lehr und Zucht-Ordnung der Vereinigten Brüder in Christo, 12mo, 81 p., 1822. Hagerstown, Md.
298—Copie eines Briefs, etc., 12mo, 1820. Ephrata, Pa. (A reply to Abr. Reink and John Herr.)
300—Zuschrift der in Baltimore errichteten Biebel Gesellschaft, 1811. Melsheimer, Frederick, Md.
304—The same work republished by same firm, 1811.

I invite the co-operation of the readers of this magazine. If you have books hitherto unlisted kindly send me the titles for my next supplement.

Yours for work,

Rev. A. Stapleton.

Wrightsville, Pa.
DIE STERBENDEN HELDEN.

BY JOH. L. UHLAND.

Der Dänen Schwert drängen Schwedens Heer
Zum wilden Meer,
Die Wagen klirren fern, es blinkt der Stahl
Im Mondenstrahl;
Da liegen sterbend auf dem Leichenfeld
Der schöne Sven und Ulf, der graue Held.

SVEN.

O Vater, das mich in der Jugend kraft
Die Xorne raft!
Nun schlichtet nimmer meine Mutter mir
Der Locken Zier;
Vergeblich spähet meine Sängerin
Vom hohen Turm in alle Ferne hin.

ULF.

Sie werden jammern, in der Nächte grau'n
Im Traum uns schaum.
Doch sei getrost! Bald bricht der bitt're Schmerz
Ihr treues Herz;
Dann reicht die Buhle dir bei Odins Mahl,
Die goldgelockte, lächelnd den Pokal.

SVEN.

Begonnen hab' ich einen Festgesang
Zum Saitenklang,
Von Königen und Helden grauer Zeit,
In Lieb' und Streit;
Verlassen hängt die Harfe nun, und bang'
Erweckt der Winde Wehen ihren Klang.
ULF.
Es glänzet hoch und hehr im Sonnenstrahl
   Allvaters Saal,
Die Sterne wandeln unter ihm, es ziehn
   Die Stürme hin;
Dort taflern mit den vatern wir in Ruh',
Erhabe Jann dein Lied und end' es du!

SVEN.
O Vater, das mich in der Jugend Kraft
   Die Norne raft!
Noch leuchtet keiner hohen Thaten Bild
   Auf meinem Schild;
Zwölf Richter thronen, hoch und schauerlich,
Die werten nicht des Heldenmahles mich.

ULF.
Wohl wieget eines viele Thaten auf
   (Sie achten drauf):
Das ist um deines Vaterlandes Not
   Der Helden tod.
Sieh hin! Die Feinde fliehen. Blick' hinan!
Der Himmel glänzt, dahin ist unsere Bahn.

THE DYING HEROES.
TRANSLATED BY ELsie SINGMASTER.
The Danish swords had driven the Swedish host
   To the wild coast,
The chariots clash afar, the bright steel gleams
   In the moon beams;
There, dying on the field of death, there lay
The fair young Sven and Ulf, the hero gray.

SVEN.
Oh, Father, that in my youth's full bloom
   Norné has come!
Now nevermore, my mother's hand so fair
   Shall smooth my hair;
In vain shall she, my lady, look for me
From her high tower, o'er land and sea.
ULF.

She will cry out to see our faces white
In dreams at night.
Yet be consoled, for soon the bitter smart
Will break her heart;
Then she, the gold-haired, laughing one will dole,
To you, at Odin's board, the brimming bowl.

SVEN.

Long since I had begun a festal lay,
Of ladies gay,
Of queens and heroes of the days of yore,
In love and war;
Forsaken hangs my harp; a fearful tone,
The wailing wind awakens with its moan.

ULF.

There glitters in the sun above us all,
Great Odin's hall,
Beneath him slowly move the stars, he forms
The mighty storms;
There with our fathers we shall feast in rest,
Raise then thy parting song and end the quest.

SVEN.

Oh, Father, that in my youth's fair bloom,
Norné has come!
No graven story of high deeds fulfilled,
Gleams on my shield;
Twelve judges reign above, who ne'er relent,
To me the heroes feast they will not grant.

ULF.

The many are outweighed by one great deed,
(And this they heed)
They who for their own fatherland will die,
With heroes vie.
Behold! the hostile hosts are fled. Behold!
Yonder our course, where skies are lit with gold.
DIE ALTA BAPPLABAEM.

Ich hab als g'lesa in die Schul
Fum "Charter Oak," fum Ruscha
Ba'am;
Und a' fum sellem Keschtal
Ferursacht weg 'ma Schmitschop
draam;
Doch wann ich denk zurück an
Helm
No denk ich an die Bapplabüm.
Zweh Bapplabäm so schtarck und
gros
Hen for 'm Haus, grad inwer die
Schtros,
Ihr Gippel nach die Wolka g'schickt;
Die Näscht hen brüderliche gelebt,
Schö nehwig nanner zamma
g'schickt,
Und ufrecht nach 'm Himmel
g'schtrebt.

Am Wassergrawa war der ehnt,
'M alta Schmitschop nächscht der
anner,
F'lleicht zweh Ruda aus e'nanner;
Sie hen sich so nächscht gleich
gewehnt
Die hoch, frisch, sauwer Luft zu
larga,
Und sin a' zimlich gleich weg ganga.

Wie mohl die Aelt is artlich warra,
Sin sellie Bäm a'fanga carra
Im Gippel erscht; dann alle Yahr
E' bissel weider bis yuscht e' paar
Fun ihr' schöna grüna Näscht
Wara knappernohjt am Schtamm
meh fescht.

In sellie Zeit is a' die Kraft
Fun yeder Baam sowohl wie Saft
Als wenniger und schwächer warra,
Bis endlich du'rt der Wind sich
schartar,
Und ehner hot's no umgerissa;
Net lang dort druf war der anner
g'schmissa.

Als glehner Buh was war ich froh
Waan ich 'n Bapplawip hab g'hatt,
So grad und rund und lang und
glatt,
Mit all die schöna Blätter dro',
Die hen in Wäddla leicht gerappelt.
Und unnig 'nanner f'lleicht ge-
bappelt.

Im dohta Gippel hen alla Yahr
Die Rothkop 'hra Neschter
g'hatt;
'N dutzend Löcher wara dort;
Und in die höh gonz aus der G'ahr
Fun Buhwa, Katza und so was,
Hen sellie Feggel groser Schpacht.

Sis in die dreizig Yahr zurick
Dass sellie Bäm sin dort eweck,
Doch rückwars nemm ich oft 'n
Blick
Und in Gedächtniss seh die Bäm
For'm Haus wo ich war lang de-
hehm,
Wie himmelan war ihrs Zweck.

No denk ich wie mir oft browiert,
Mit groser Eifer a'gerührt,
Sich fort zu schaffa in der Bahn
Der forwärts geht und himmelan;
Und no wann mir's geloba Land
Schier rehcha kämma mit der Hand,

Dann happen'd eppes, und mir's fehlt
In sell'm wo war schun druf ge-
zählt.
F'lleicht zu hoch war unser Ziel,
Und's Unnernemma ganz zu fiel;
F'lleicht im Eifer net g'nunk Saft,
Und hinnem 'm Will zu wenig
Kraft.

Sis doch fiel besser hoch zu ziela
Als lehwalang im Irdisch wühla;
Wer hoch zielt, findt wo Schterma
schpiela
Und kann was gut und schö is
fühla;
Wer nidder zielt, findt yuscht die
Erd
Und owwig's Irdisch sehnt ken
Werth.

Dann hoch gezielt, und die Aaga
fescht
Uf was is reinscht und schönscht
und bescht!
Geh himmelan wie die Bappl-
lässcht;
Leb net fun Leut ihr Iwerräscht;
No wann du fehlscht brauchscht
d'ner schlecht fühla,—
Die grosh Schand leit im nidder
ziela!
Dass sellie Wörm fun Gift und Dohd
Hen in sich g’hatt ’n wieschtie Lohd.

Die Zeitunga hen ’s säm gedruckt;
Und ob mohl recht war rum gegeuckt
Hot sellie Notion Feur g’fanga
Und iwwer ganz Phildelphie ganga;
Die Bapplabäm hen weg gemüssst,
Die beschta Leut hen druf g’insist.

Am alta “Quaker Meeting House”
Wara feina Raaja fun denna Bäm;
Und schier drei Squares die Wall-nüss naus
War ’n drei-acker Hof und Haus bequem
Umringt mit schöna Bapplabäm—
’M reicha Bingham sei “Mansion” Haus;

Und iwwerallig in der Schtadt
Hot’s Raaja oder Glumpa g’hatt
Fün Bapplabäm fiel hoch und schö,
Die hen net länger darfa schteh;
Wann Leut hen mohl ihra Notion g’setzt
Warra oft fiel schöna Sacha ferletzt.

So wega denna Bapplawörm,
Und weil die Bäm sin schwach in Schtörm,
Und, ob sie sin recht alt und gros,
Fiel fun die Näscht sin lehwalos,
Dut’s häpp’n da dass die Bapplabäm
In Zahl und Plätz sin nimmie sam.

’S geht am’ra Bäm fiel mehner werth
Als wie die enga hocha Bäm
Für Schatta und fr’n Platz bequem
Zu macha wie die Schöheit lehrt;
Doch wann ich denk zurück an Hehm
No denk ich an die Bapplabäm,—

Die Bäm wo in mei Kindheits Dahga
Wara immer for mir in die Aaga;
Und oft now als ’n grosser Buh
Hehb ich mei mühda Aaga zu
Und in Gedächtniss bin deehm
Mit sellie alta Bapplabäm.

—M. A. Gruber.

Washington, D. C., May, 1904.
DER SCHNITT-STEAM.

Wie ich der Sturm net braunt,
Un fegt, un dobt, un haut,
Durch Berg un Dahl, im ganze Land;
Wie werwelt er der Schnee,
Un dragt en in der Höh,
Bis hinner Fens, un Fels, un Wand!
Schun in der letzte Nacht,
Hot mer sich des betracht
Am schöne Hof—rings um der Mond-
Die Luft, so kalt wie Eis,
Die Sterne, blech un weiz,
Hen deutlich, an Jen Sturm gemahnt.

Viel Strosze sin net frei,
Un's blost noch immer ei—
Do is, far die zeit—nix zu duh!
Mer sorgt, mit Treu un Müh.
Far sich, un jär sei Vieh,
Un gueck derbei—em Wetter zu!
Ich möcht ken Doctar sei,
Zu Reite aus un ei,
Un äh gewisz—ken kranker Mann!

WALDKIRCHE.

(Wer die Lieder gedichtet hat ist nicht angegeben.)
Wenn zum grünen Waldesgrunde
Kommt der Sonntag still herein,
Dann, in erster Morgenstunde,
Gehn zur Kirch' die Vögelin.
Waldraum wird zur Tempelhalle,
Und die Vögelin kommen alle,
Wenn der Glocken süszer Klang
Rufet mild den Wald entlang.

Maienblumen, zart gestaltet
Sind im Wald die Glöcklein;
Haben früh sich all' entfaltet
Läuten nun den Sonntag ein.
Alles reget froh die Schwingen,
Ueberall die Glocken klingen;
Durch die Wipfel säuselts auch,
Just, als wär's der Engel Hauch.

Jetso, sängt mit zarter Weise
Nachtigall das Singen an;
Klinget erst so still un leise,
Tönet immer voller dann.
Und nun jubeln tanzend Kehlen,
Thut kein einzig's Vöglein fehlen,
Singen alle gar zu gern
Danke-lieder Gott, dem Herrn.
—From German Magazine "Enterse," 1846.

Un net so bitter arm,
Ach, dass sich Gott erbarm!
Daz mer sich nimi helfen kann!
Wer sich in Summers-Zeit,
Zum Winter, gut bereit—
Der lacht me Schnee-Sturm in's Gesicht—
Dann sei Leut, un sein Vieh,
Fehlt neriez Nix, un Nie—
Sei Sammle, is schun längst verricht!
Is dann der Sturm verbei,
Un scheint die Sun druf rei,
Dann komm't mer mit de Schaufler bei.
Die Kälte is scharf un gut,
Do werd net lang geruht,
Un ball—sin alle Wege frei!
En Schnee-Sturm is en Lust,
Un stärkt en güt Brust.
Wann mer im ranke Winter lacht;
Die bitter Winters-Kält,
In dare Saure Welt,
Is was der Summer—süszer macht!

E. K.

FOREST CHURCH.

(Translation.)

When to Nature's woodland regions
Comes the holy Sabbath day;
Then the birds, in joyous legions,
Early go to sing and pray.
Here, amongst these leafy bowers
Are the tempels, decked with flowers;
And when sylvan church-bells ring
Then the birds sweet anthems sing.

Lilies-of-the-valley, slender,
Are the forest bells so clear;
Hear the chiming bell-cups, tender—
Come—the Sabbath day is here.
What a merry, merry swinging;
Ev'rywhere the bells are ringing;
And o'erhead the zephyrs blow.
Like an angel whispring low.

Hark! the nightingale is telling
Forth his love with sweetest song;
Softly, first, then grandly swelling
O'er the forest clear and strong.
Now burst forth a thousand voices,
Ev'ry little bird rejoices;
Singing all—with one accord,
Hymns of praise to God, the Lord.
OSTER-FEST.

Der Winter ist vergangen,
Er drückt uns wie ein Traum,
Die Schlüsselblumen prangen,
Frisch Knospen Busch und Baum,
Die Mägdelein und die Baben
Behält's nicht mehr im Haus,
Sie schwärmen aus den Stuben
Wie munter Bienen aus.

Die Spiele sind vergessen,
Die Christkind einst gebracht,
Dabei man still gegessen
In langer Winternacht;
Verklungen sind die Lieder
Der schönen Weihnachtszeit,
Doch seht, schon ist uns wieder
Ein frohlich Fest bereit!

Man feiert's nicht im Zimmer,
Nein, auf der grünen Au',
Nicht bei der Kerzen Schimmer,
Nein, unterm Himmelsblau;
Des Christbaums dunkle Äste
Stehn' leer von goldner Frucht,
Nun wird im moos'gen Neste
Das Osterei gesucht.

Süss Klang es in die Ohren
Zur Winternacht, so Kalt;
Der Heiland ist geboren,
Da jüngst zu jung und alt!
Nun tönt's in allen Landen
Im Frühlingssonnenschein:
Der Herr ist auferstanden,
Des freir's sich Gross und Klein!
—Karl Gerok, from German magazine "Das Rothe Kreuz."

'N LEWE'S PSALM.

Being a Pennsylvania-German translation of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," by Dr. Geo. Mays.

Im Battle-field der Welt geht hie,
In der Beiwacht seid bereit,
Sei net we's schrum gedrivne Fie,
Sei en Held in sellem Schtreit.

Trau ken Zukunft noch so freind-
lieh,
Un was tod is lus tod sei,
Act—act immer recht un zeitlich,
Herzerchtark un Gott getrei.

Bei'm lewe grosi Menner seht
Mer we'm noch zu moche heit,
Un binnenlussa we mer geht
Doppe in dem Sond der zeit.

Doppe die ferleicht en onrer
Der fahrt ivver's Lehwe's Meer,
En hilflos, schibruch Wanderer
Seht, un is erminndert sehr.

Don lus uns uf un recht drau geh,
Mit em Herz for ehlig Los,
Immer g'winne, immer noch geh,
Schoft un lernt zu warte blos.
BANCROFT says of the Germans in America: "Neither they nor their descendants have laid claim to all that is their due." It has been said that this may be attributable partly to language, partly to race instincts and hereditary tendencies. Quiet in their tastes, deeply absorbed in the peaceful avocations of life, undemonstrative to the verge of diffidence, without clannish propensities, they have permitted their more aggressive neighbors to deny them a proper place even on the historic page.

And yet so large is the infusion of the German element in the population of our country that in a volume recently written by Prof. Goebel, at the head of German Literature in the Le-land Stanford, Jr., University, it is claimed that it is not an exaggeration to say that at least one-third of all the white inhabitants of the country, and perhaps one-half, have some German blood in their veins.

I propose, therefore, to invite your attention this evening to an interesting chapter in the story of the Germans in America, with particular reference to the Pennsylvania-Germans—what they have done in peace, for they have contributed largely to industry, to education, to science, to art, to all
that goes to make the life of the American people happy and prosperous and honorable and successful, and incidentally to show what an important factor they were in the upbuilding of our Commonwealth and in the development of Eastern Pennsylvania.

And I will start out by making the claim that in the magnificent development of her vast natural resources—in her teeming manufactories of every variety—in her splendid and scientifically cultivated farms—in her railroads, canals and public works of every description—in her busy and progressive cities, towns and villages—in her institutions of learning, her noble public school system and her newspapers, Pennsylvania stands today the peer of any State in the Union. She is an empire within herself, and there is upon earth no other which could bear complete isolation upon all outside intercourse with so little disadvantage. Her natural advantages are the endowment of beneficent Nature, but their unparalleled development and her steady progress are in great measure attributable to the sterling character of the Pennsylvania-Germans.

Their social life, pure as the streams that ripple in their meadows, is the outcome of a simplicity born of a wealth of native cheerfulness and manliness that scorns ostentation, and that cares nothing for the glittering baubles of ultra-fashionable life.

Over eighty years ago Duponceau, in an eloquent reference to the people of this State, as well as to the beauty of their environments, as they existed during the first century of our social existence, said: "Should Pennsylvanians hereafter degenerate, they will not need, like the Greeks, a fabulous Arcadia to relieve the mind from the prospect of their crimes and follies, and to redeem their own vices by the fancied virtues of their forefathers. It is certain," he adds, "that no country on earth ever exhibited such a scene of happiness, innocence and peace."

It requires no strained effort of the mind to say that all this was and still is applicable, notably to the eastern section of our State, where the great bulk of our first German immigrants found lodgment and where precious memories of their achievements in peace and war hang around their honored names like "cherubs on monuments of emblazoned glory."

That race character, which has been developed out of a thousand years of history on another continent, is unaltered by the influences which usually work out radical changes in these matters.

As with the German immigrant of today, so with the Germans who settled in Pennsylvania in the early days of this country. They did not look upon the United States as an El Dorado, but as the best country under heaven for a man or woman willing to work, and Germans are workers. They had heard of this new country, with its promise of fertility and loveliness and enduring treasures. It was to them a sort of Elysium which had long been prefigured in the chambers of a delighted expectancy.

Filled with high hopes and aglow with a restless energy, the lives and destinies of these people, which at home had been hardened under years of severe discipline and surrounded with scenes of disappointment and
joyless stagnation, were upon reaching our shores lifted into the light where "paradise found its fancied parallels"; where the earliest glimpses of this fair land must have been to them like the influence of the premonition of a first passion, when

"Every bird of Eden bursts
In carol, every bud in flower."

Chief among those who shed lustre upon the early history of our Commonwealth was Conrad Weiser, sometimes called "the Father of the Pennsylvania-Germans"—the pioneer, hero, patriot, soldier and trusted interpreter—concerning whom the prophetic words of General Washington have peculiar significance at this time, now that there is a movement in Berks county to erect a monument to his memory. Standing at Weiser's grave at the time of Washington's visit to Womelsdorf, the "Father of His Country" said, "This departed man rendered many services to his country in a difficult period, and posterity will not forget him." The fruition of the movement in Berks would, it is true, be merely a local tribute and doubtless would long ago have been accorded to the pioneer of any other people than the modest Pennsylvania-Germans. The broader tribute that he merits in the pages of history should not be more difficult or tardy of achievement.

Daniel Boone, a man of German-American stock, was among the first, if not the first, to penetrate the wilderness of the far West. German and Swiss industry opened the forests of Eastern Tennessee. In Northern Louisiana German and Alsatian settlers were found as early as the time of Louis XV. A German Marylander, Johann Lederer, was the first to explore in 1699, the country west of the Alleghenies. A German made the first adequate map of Maryland and Virginia. John Zenger, a German printer of New York, was the father of the liberty of the press of this country. The two Conrad Weisers, father and son, were the first interpreters of the Indians. General Muhlenberg, of Revolutionary fame, who was afterwards the first Speaker of Congress, and his illustrious sire, were Germans. A German-American, J. L. Hassler, created our coast survey. Two Germans, the Roeblings, father and son, planned and set into execution the great Brooklyn bridge. The iron railroad bridges, which span the ravines and rivers of this continent, were the invention of Wendell Bollman, a German of Baltimore. The father of the canning industry was a German, William Numsen, of the same city.

For a number of years in succession the sons of Pennsylvania-Germans have led the graduating classes in many of the leading institutions of learning, and not so long ago one of them graduated at the head of his class at the West Point Military Academy, with another of the same race a close second, while at another of the large colleges a Pennsylvania-German boy carried off a $400 money prize for proficiency in learning.

Only a few years ago occurred the death of a Pennsylvania-German,
Dr. Charles Rudy, a most remarkable man, who was founder and president of the International Institute in the city of Paris—a school that attracted students from all over the world; that had one hundred and fifty professors, and that had the patronage of counts and princes, of priests and prelates—among them the Prince of Wales and Pere Hyacinthe.

The Superintendent of the Public Schools of Pennsylvania is of the same stock, as is also the Deputy Superintendent—both of whom are among the foremost educators in the country. So were a number of the best Governors of the State—Snyder, Ritner, Shultz, Wolf, Shunk, Bigler, Hartranft and Beaver. So is Pennypacker, probably the most distinguished, in a literary sense, as well as in matters of jurisprudence and historical research, of the Pennsylvania-Germans elected to the Chieftainy of the Commonwealth. So was David Rittenhouse, Pennsylvania's illustrious astronomer, who discovered the compensative pendulum and made an orrery for Princeton College much superior to anything before attempted, and who was a member of all the learned societies in this country and Europe. Of this same stock is George F. Baer, president of the Reading Railroad. So, too, with your newly-elected president, Dr. Haas, reared and educated in Pennsylvania, a graduate of her principal university and of the Theological Seminary, and whose scholarship is well authenticated in the half-dozen volumes of commentaries, criticisms and other departments of literature he has given to the public. And so on. The list of Pennsylvania-Germans who have achieved eminence in this Commonwealth, and who have contributed to its glory and development might be indefinitely extended, so plentiful is the material represented in all the avocations that go to make up our social, educational, professional, industrial and commercial life.

It may with truth be said, that in many portions of the State the descendants of the Pennsylvania-German settlers are today the central influence and impelling power of a large proportion of the more important activities, viz., in commerce, industry, education, agriculture as well as in the professions. They are not only on your farms and in your workshops, but at your bars, in your pulpits, in your colleges, on your newspapers. They have become teachers, professors, scientists, judges, senators, congressmen, governors—aye, in every calling in life, be it high or low, you will find a brilliant array of men—descendants of ancestors who not only made this portion of the State so rich in historic reminiscence and its people so tolerant of religion, but who laid deep the foundations of a stable and an enduring prosperity.

Look wheresoe'er you may, you will find well-nigh countless evidences of German genius and German skill, while along every artery of trade are felt the quickening currents of German life.

Here in Allentown, as in Reading, and, indeed, throughout the whole of Eastern Pennsylvania, there are industrial quarters, especially in the manufacturing districts, where the Germans introduced various handicrafts in a modest way, that are now grown to be among the largest in this country.
It is likewise true that the Germans gave to the University of Pennsylvania some if its best teachers, and, both in its Medical School and at the Pennsylvania Hospital, such men as Wistar and Kuhn, Dr. Gross and the brothers Leidy, showed by their names the extent to which German birth and education benefited Philadelphia. At Bethlehem and Nazareth and Ephrata were the best schools of their day, and from the Moravians and Dunkers went out the missionaries to the Indians, the real prophets of peace, bringing back the Indian children to be educated into useful men and women. The quaint old Moravian graveyard at Bethlehem perpetuates the names of these converted Indians alongside of those who were the leaders in the work of education.

So in our own day the names of the Germans who are foremost in finance, in science, in art, in every branch of work that contributes to the public weal and private happiness, ought to be gratefully borne in mind. The triumphs of peace are as great as those of war, and when the orators on "German Day" speak only and mostly of the Germans who were soldiers in the wars of the United States, they tell but half—and that the less important part of story of the Germans in America, viz., their achievements along the lines of peaceful avocations.

Note, if you please, the extent and activity of the German press in Colonial America. Printing was carried on in thirty-one different places in Pennsylvania; three in Maryland; four in Ohio; five in Virginia; one in Massachusetts; one in New York, and one in New Jersey; and one in Nova Scotia. A list of the printers and publishers of German books from 1728 to 1830 is as follows: At Allentown there were 6; at Easton, 8; at Ephrata, 9; at Germantown, 9; at Hanover, 6; at Harrisburg, 11; at Lancaster, 26; at Reading, 17; at York, 8; at Lebanon, 5; at Philadelphia, 47, besides others elsewhere.

As partly showing what influence the early German settlers, right here in this part of the State, exercised in the development of our Commonwealth, how they made their way in spite of hostile legislation, it may be well to recall the time, 186 years ago, when the Quaker Assembly of Pennsylvania ordered that none but the English-speaking immigrants should be the subjects of naturalization, and that every foreigner to the English government arriving after the passage of this act should pay a duty of forty shillings and swear allegiance to Great Britain and the province. In spite of this and kindred adverse legislation, the proscribed German came and took possession of some of the fairest portions of our country, while the Quaker was gradually passing away.

"He perished in no great tumult of wars," says a writer, "nor by the march of any pestilence. He was neither indolent nor lacking in shrewdness; he did not starve to death, nor did the Germans so much as crowd him. He died simply because he was too good to live. But the proscribed German steadily bided his time. He came, paid his duty and stayed. He took possession of the rich farms along the Susquehanna, the Lehigh and the Juniata, and filled the glorious valleys which lead down to the rivers."
The writer, who should have included the Schuylkill, adds:

"The most timorous Quaker, fearful of German ascendency, could scarcely have had a prevision of the complete triumph attained by his Teutonic rival at the beginning of the present century. The Quaker was already little more than a memory; the German the potent factor of the social and political order."

It may be well in this connection to recall the fact that between 1750 and 1780 the Friends were quite influential in Berks, and about ten times as numerous in membership as they are at the present day. Before the Revolution they held many important offices, and we find most of the members of the Colonial Legislature from Berks were Friends.

History further informs us that between 1720 and 1760 Germans flocked to this country in vast numbers. They rapidly filled up these beautiful valleys of ours, encircled these stony hills with their habitations, surrounded and stifled the English Friends by a cordon of adverse influences, and held the Welsh at bay in the southern townships of the county.

These settlers were not martyrs in the religious sense of the word, but were driven by poverty from their native land to seek a livelihood in the New World. On their arrival in this country, some of them proceeded up along the banks of the Schuylkill for about forty miles, until they came where the Maxatawny empties into the Schuylkill.

The first clearings of these pioneers were in the neighborhood, if not on the actual site, of the farm of Colonel Peter Weaver, in Amity township. At this time, it should be remembered, there was no settlement at Reading or Allentown, and probably not one white man had penetrated so far into the western wilds. Philadelphia was only a straggling hamlet—a mere plot on the surveyor's chart.

And this leads me to the consideration of another phase of the subject, viz., the marvelous growth of this colony, and the wonderful prosperity which has attended the well-directed industry of the generations which grew out of it—recalling, in the one case, historic memories of a most worthy ancestry, and, in the other, reflecting the sturdy qualities of their numerous progeny. They tell a story of thrift and prosperity that may be read in the fruitful valleys and on the cultivated sides of our mountains; in the blooming orchards and flower-fringed gardens that may be seen on every hand; in the rich garniture of golden sheaves and in the extensive cultivation of the purpling grape with its imprisoned treasure of liquid sunshine. One, too, may read the story in the comfortable homes that everywhere dot the landscape, as well as in the splendid physical development and hardness of the race of good men and true who, after enduring afflictions compared to which those suffered by the Pilgrim fathers were mild experiences, came here and wrought out the blessings and comforts of civilization.

Brave men were these pioneers; not weaklings. Hearts of oak had they; not mere palpitating machines that fluttered at the thought of danger. In
their struggle for bread willing hands and vigorous constitutions were supplemented by healthful impulses and nerves of steel. They came not hither to settle down in the lap of affluence, nor to bask in the favor of kings. They came to wrestle with untried difficulties—to grapple with Fate—in a new world; to cut down and clear up unbroken forests, in which they were confronted at almost every step by hostile savages and wild beasts. Many and fierce were their struggles, "recalling the conflicts of Covenanters and clansmen in the highlands of Scotland, the bloody deeds of banditti in the defiles of Greece, the battles of Saracens and Crusaders on the plains of Asia Minor." But why recount this story of suffering and disaster?

And yet, on occasions like this, it is well to recall the deeds of those worthies who helped to make such gatherings possible and to revive their precious memories in speech and song. I often think of those thirteen German families, who on the 24th of July, 1683, embarked at Gravesend, England, for America, where they arrived on the memorable 6th of October following, 221 years ago on Thursday of last week. Out of their German homes along the classic Rhine, away up close to the borders of Holland, these emigrants carried the teachings of their fathers.

In his description of the Teutonic heart Tacitus was right in naming the three great characteristics as "love of country, love of freedom, and love of domestic life." It was because of the hatred of tyranny by these early settlers, and their love of home and country, that they sought an asylum here. It was because of this that the blood of these early immigrants came to be among the first that flowed into the veins of the new Christian Commonwealth—the "holy experiment" which William Penn invited them to join in.

One can almost see that hand of brothers, with great free heart, in solemn talk and prayer, giving thanks to God on that blissful eventide when they arrived on the banks of the Delaware. It must have been to them like standing on the shores of a golden age of Hope. And as they stood there in prayer, throwing themselves for the hundredth time

Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

the eye of fancy can almost see the glimmer of the rising moon upon the whitened sails of the good ship Concord, after its months of tempestuous sailing, bearing upon their ruffled bosom a light that seemed prophetic of the happiness and prosperity which would sometimes illumine their homes in the El Dorado which they had just found in the new world.

The stability of the German character is well defined in the expression that the Palatines were the "one race in the United States which most fully got into the soil," and in the fact that they have held their ancestral seats with less change of ownership than any other. In an article by Rev. Dr. Griffis, of Boston, who is author of several important works on Corea and Japan, that gentleman refers in eloquent terms to these people as surpassed
by none in their loyalty to the cause of American independence in the time of the Revolution. He says:

"They formed one-third of the population of Pennsylvania. The German regiments usually went into battle singing hymns. Maryland also sent a German regiment and Washington's body guard of fifty-seven men were Germans. The European drill masters, chief of whom was Steuben, the man for the hour at Valley Forge, and who so drilled the Continentals that they never again were worsted by equal forces, were Germans. The most stubbornly contested, and, for the numbers engaged, the bloodiest battle of the war, was fought at Oriskany, N. Y., by the Palatine Germans.

The preaching and social and personal influence of the Pennsylvania-Germans—led off by Washington's 'baker general,' Ludwick—did more to decimate by desertion, and weaken by enlightenment, the ranks of the Hessians—honest men, misguided and goaded to strange acts by British officers' lies about the Americans—than all the infantry bullets or artillery balls of militia and Continentals, or the accidents and sickness of war. The first ecclesiastical protest (1688) against slavery, the first book (1737) published against slavery, the first paper mill (1690), the first Bible (1743) printed, the finest and largest specimen of colored printing and book-making, the first work (1770) on the philosophy of pedagogies, in America, came from the Pennsylvania-Germans."

These words can hardly be said to be new, but they are true. That they come from New England gives them special value, for in that region the Pennsylvania-Germans have been most frequently misrepresented.

And these are the people whom and whose ancestry it has become the fashion in certain quarters to deride; of whom it is said they have no culture and no literature; whose language is held up to ridicule, and whose thrift is made the subject of disparaging comment.

But what are the facts in the case? Let us call up competent testimony. "Of the persons emigrating from Germany to the United States," says Consul-General Mueller in a late report to the State Department, "nine hundred out of every thousand are fitted to enter the various walks of active American life." He adds: "As a rule, they are strong, well-trained and intelligent." And this from an English source: "Germany yields more intellectual produce than it can use and pay for," says the gifted George Eliot. What a magnificent tribute to the intelligence of these people! And yet, well educated as are the large proportion of those who come to this country, they are not of a kind

Whose pride of intellect exalts its horn
In proud contumely above the wise and meek.

True, one does not hear and see around the habitations of these people the silvery splash of iridescent fountains; one does not see pillared corridors encompassing garden and bower and grotto, nor trains of liveried servants with flowing garments dancing attendance upon pampered guests;
nor, indeed, behold any of the glitter and tinsel of luxurious civilization; but, what is far better, in what was once an unbroken wilderness one may see the kindling dawn bathing in roseate beauty, the humble abodes of a happy people; one may see, in the shining crest of the mountain, on the sun-illumined field and meadow, in the rippling stream with its tremulous surface emmeshed in a net-work of sunbeams, on the corn-clad upland and along the fringes of the dewy dell, upon the clambering vines and over the hanging woods, on the patches of dark moss and in the transparent green of the leaves—indeed, all around the peaceful homes of these people—homes that once were the lairs and abiding places of wild beasts and savages—one may behold the flood of golden beauty like that which, coming from some angel of light, must have transformed the streams and fountains of the lost Eden into visions of crystalline loveliness.

How often, no doubt, during the hundreds of years that have passed since these early pioneers reached our shores, how often did they and their children and their children's children select some quiet spot on the farm and, joining in pleasant converse, hold communion with Nature's charms, and view the grandeur of her stores unrolled before their enraptured gaze. How often, amid peace-inspiring scenes like this, did the aged fathers and the sainted mothers, moved to meditative thought by the sublime calm of Nature, exclaim with Goethe:

"Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh;
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte, nur, balde
Ruhest du auch."

Hegel was undoubtedly right in declaring that the German spirit is the spirit of the new world. As early as 1790, when the total population of Pennsylvania did not exceed 435,000, there were already 145,000 Germans. It is estimated that from this stock have sprung descendants in this State to the number of nearly 2,000,000, and that within the past seventy years over 5,000,000 German immigrants have come to this country—as some one aptly puts it—"every man of them with four hands." They came from every part of Germany and Austria, and they were of all trades except those of gentleman, idler and tramp.

What their influence on the wealth, the development and progress of this country is, it is impossible to estimate. It, however, forms no inconsiderable part, and as to the future, in the language of Andrew D. White, late United States Minister to Germany, "the healthful element of German thought will aid powerfully in evolving a future for this land purer in its
politics, nobler in its conception of life, more beautiful in the bloom of art, more precious in the fruitage of character.”

Cradled into freedom by hated injustice, and richly dowered with conscience, and the sterner virtues of civilization, our forefathers naturally became liberty-loving and Christian people. Their earnest and hopeful spirit, in full sympathy with the upswelling tide which marked the triumphs of humanity, were in fierce contrast with the spirit of languor which finds its chief satisfaction in the pursuit of pleasures that either cloy with their sweets or elude possession as soon as grasped.

And where, let me ask, is there a worthier people? No golden visions haunt their healthy sleep, nor do they have day-dreams of fortunes made by doing nothing. With their sturdy character, modest demeanor, and good, quiet citizenship; making progress in every path of life: with their simple tastes, and contempt for all forms of ostentation and extravagance; with candor, honesty and fair dealing as the foundations of their success in life, what need of rhetorical artifice in depicting the full-rounded manhood of these people. They are of a kind in whose estimation almost any honest employment is more respectable than idleness or ignoble ease.

“It is a proud feeling to be descended from a people that for the past 2,000 years has posed in the center of historical events and elevated itself to the most cultured nation of the world,” said the late Colonel Raine, editor of the “German Correspondent,” at Baltimore a few years ago. “It was the Germans who in the course of time ridded the tree of mankind of its withered foliage and revived the lethargized nations of Celtic and Latin races, who were often discomfited, yet never annihilated, and who ever again recuperating, are the umpire of Europe to-day.”

The story of the Puritan and Cavalier, self-assertive and proud of their ancestry, has been told a thousand times—how they laid the foundations for the construction of the grandest Republic in the history of man—how they wrested a wilderness from savagery, and how they have made the annals of a century and more of our national life illustrious with the part they took in the early struggles of American liberty.

The descendants of this noble lineage fully realize, as they should, that great deeds cannot die—that they live in the forms and in the language which centuries cannot efface. As with our own ancestry, they came to this country “like a dawn, wherein a beam had slanted forward, falling in a land of promise, where fruit would follow.”

But it was left for the German to wait for time and numbers to proclaim his mighty influence in helping to fashion the institutions of this country.

Indeed, it has not been so long ago that, in a systematic way, the Pennsylvania-German has been demanding recognition for the part he took in the great national drama. And what an important service he rendered in laying the foundation of this Commonwealth. As has been well said: “The Scotch-Irish influence has been stamped indelibly on our institutions and the fierce mastery of law, organization and nature. But the German—
philosophic, calm, brave and patient—has been building noble and imperishable the superstructure of our greatness upon the foundations of the forefathers:"

The native shrewdness of the Pennsylvania-German was shown in his acquisition of the choicest lands in the Pennsylvania and Virginia valleys. These he caused to bloom under a cultivation which represented the joint product of a scientific knowledge and patient toil. Comfort, order and cleanliness have ever been his handmaids, and a contented spirit the outcome of his patience and simple tastes. True, he had tasted of the dregs of poverty, and smarted under the stings of persecution. "He had known Sorrow, oft supped with her, and broke with her the ashen crust."

I might add that the same race characteristics: the same full measure of patriotic devotion; the same spirit of forbearance; the same sterling virtues of thrift, honesty and sobriety; the same love of personal and political liberty; the same spirit of religious tolerance; the same general aspirations for freedom; the same respect for the domestic virtues; the same sweet simplicity of character; the same all-pervading spirit of conservatism; in short, the same racial traits that were observed by Roman historians two thousand years ago and chronicled in the pages of Cesar and Tacitus, are present in the Pennsylvania-Germans of today—qualities which have come to them by inheritance, and which have been transmitted unimpaired through the waste and injuries of centuries of time and tide.

While all this is true and something to be proud of, but little can be said in favor of the perpetuation of the Pennsylvania-German dialect. In other words, notwithstanding the extraordinary vitality of the vernacular, which has survived the wreck of centuries, there need be no undue solicitude about its gradual, but ultimate disappearance from the languages of the earth. Its somewhat limited capabilities have been fully tested by Harbaugh, Horne, Fisher, Grumbine, Rauch and others, all of whose writings show that while the dialect is ample for the ordinary needs of expression, from its inherent limitations it lacks compass and flexibility. But the compulsory teaching of English in our public schools must eventually displace it as a medium of intercourse, even in this section where its lodgment has been so deep-seated and its use so general.

While I yield to none in reverence for the associations of childhood—and the Pennsylvania-German dialect is interwoven with every warp and woof of my early days—and while admitting the value of the vernacular as a help to the understanding of the pure German, with opportunities for appropriating something from its storehouse filled with treasures of human intelligence, it is not a growing indifference to its merits which prompts me to say that, in the category of living tongues, it should take its place as a purely secondary lingual accomplishment.

Tenacious as its life has been, it cannot, of course, lay even the shadow of a claim, as can the dead language of Rome, which exists only by sufferance in the liturgy of an ancient faith, to be "the voice of Empire and of
Law, of War and State; breathing the maxims of the world and not the tenets of the schools"; nor yet like that of Greece, which "speaks to the ear like Italian, to the mind like English"; but it has proved itself good enough for the social and business intercourse of millions of people for hundreds of years.

As for their treatment in literature, the Pennsylvania-Germans have been sneeringly depicted by cheap newspaper scribblers as a typically stupid people. Some of these writers have no doubt portrayed some illiterate specimens of rustic simplicity—perhaps some lounging in a bar-room of a country town—exaggerated his peculiarities, or having no sentiment, manufactured a deliberate lie in the hope that it might find lodgment in the vacant cell of some already prejudiced mind.

The prejudice against these people is as unjust as it is ill-founded. Malignant ingenuity could hardly concoct a viler slander than that which emanated from the correspondent of a paper published in the northern part of the State of New York not so long ago, who described them as a people in whom ignorance, selfishness and greed are the governing traits.

These detractors of the Pennsylvania Germans studiously ignore the thrift, industry, patience, honesty and piety of a people who have ever been celebrated for their virtues—virtues that "make the house a home, home a heaven, and create that patriotism of the soul that dares to storm the forts of tyrants, and win for mankind freedom of thought and independence of action."

It is not, however, a one-sided racial egotism that seeks expression here and now from me—no assertion of self-superiority of the Pennsylvania-Germans vaunting its vanity before the world, but it is well, on occasions like this, to re-kindle the spirit of liberty that had its inspiration in the patriotic heart of Germany, which centuries ago rushed forth out of the deep repose of its woods like the breath of thunder, and, amid its revealed lightnings, lit up the popular heart with an ardor touched as by Prometheus fire. It is rather, the recognition, in a formal way, of the work of our forefathers as a formative force in the upbuilding of our national system.

Let us, therefore, in season and out of season, do what we can to correct a prevalent and an unjust impression that is abroad concerning this much misunderstood people. Let us not be backward in giving, for the sake of the living who do not know, and for those who will come after us, a just representation of the sturdy character of the Pennsylvania-German.

Time will not be long before the lives of those who make up the ranks of this people will be a matter of tradition and history, and while we may have no mural tablets to unveil in honor of their deeds, let us at least burn a little incense in honor of the good and true, whose achievements open to us like sweet-scented flowers, and satisfy the conception of affectionate memory.

Othello, speaking of the Pontic Sea, says that its icy current and compulsive course never feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on to the Propontic
and the Hellespont. It was so with the lives and aims of our sainted fore-
fathers. It is so with the current of every pure life that holds steadfast
in the channel marked out by faith in God, duty to man, and devotion to
high aims.

Other nationalities are taking care of themselves. Let it not be said of
us that through blindness or indifference of ours shall the memory of the
generations of Pennsylvania-Germans, past and present, be elurred or
obscured. Let us rather, in this regard, emulate the example of the people
of the Island of Saints and Martyrs, whose unconquerable instinct of nation-
ality persists in asserting itself, in spite of 800 years of the most savage
and relentless policy of repression; in spite of massacre and exile; in spite
of penal laws and the establishment of hostile garrisons on their soil; in
spite of all the resources of barbarism and civilization, until it has forced
a tardy admission of the justice of its claims from the conscience of Eng-
land itself.

The vital characteristics of the Pennsylvania-German are earnestness
and manhood. The great Commonwealth within whose borders we stand
today, owes much to the solid character of this element in her population,
who, from the beginning of our Statehood until now, have illustrated in
their lives the development of an uncommon respect for law, the establish-
ment of ideal homes, the adornment of every sphere of private and public
service, and last, but not least, the building up and perpetuating of a system
of husbandry that has drawn from the depths of earth's mighty produc-
tivity a steady and luxuriant return that has not only enriched the State
and promoted the general welfare, but beautified her broad acres until, it
may be said, they blossom as the rose.

The Pennsylvania-German has also an inherited characteristic of human
nature, a certain phlegmatic temperament, a kind of fatalistic philosophy,
a disposition to accept whatever the fates send, so far as outside circum-
stances are concerned.

The word "zeitgeist" was a favorite with his ancestral prototype, as it is
with the Germans of today, by which is sought to be expressed the idea of
the tendency of things, or, as we should say, "the spirit of the age."

Apropos, it is related of the great German metaphysician, Hegel, that,
when lecturing at the University of Jena, in 1806, there came into his class-
room one day the echoes of the cannon of Napoleon, who there prostrated
the old Germanic Confederation in dust and blood. Hegel calmly re-
marked: "Young gentlemen, there is a zeitgeist in town and we will
adjourn."

One need not quote history to prove that the American-German has stood
for liberty of thought and personal rights. In learning, in solid public and
private virtues, and in patriotism, he is the peer of any in the land. He is
a typical man, and belongs to a strong, noble class of citizens whose "true
measure is the real measure of the State."

There is, moreover, much of the quality of iron and adamant in the Ger-
man character—a quality that enters largely into the make-up of his
American descendant, and helps to the building up of a stronger and better civilization, with the promise of a nobler destiny and a more enduring peace.

As illustrative of this character may be cited an incident related by Prof. John Tyndall. Said he: "In the summer of 1871 I met two Prussian officers, a captain and a lieutenant. I once asked them how the German troops behaved when going into battle: did they cheer and encourage one another? They replied, 'Never in our experience has the cry, 'Wir müssen siegen' (we must conquer) been heard from Germans,' but in a hundred instances they have heard them exclaim: 'Wir müssen unsere pflicht thun' (we must do our duty).

"It was a sense of duty rather than a love of glory that strengthened these men and filled them with an invisible heroism."

Apropos, Prof. Tyndall, after speaking of how the English like the iron ring of the word "Duty," Nelson's talisman at Trafalgar and the guiding star of Wellington quoted these lines:

"Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it only thirsting
For the right and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistles bursting
Into glossy purple which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses;
Not once or twice in our fair island story
The path of duty was the way to glory."

Thus did Tyndall parallel the English hearts of oak and the Germans in their appreciation of that noblest word in any language—"Duty!"

With these facts before us, the Pennsylvanians Germans and their brethren who settled in the Mohawk region of New York, may well look back with a pride as great as that of the New England Puritan to God-fearing ancestors who sought the forests of America to find freedom to worship according to the dictates of their conscience. By a singular coincidence these sturdy Protestants from the Rhineland embarked, like the Mayflower Pilgrims, from the harbors of Holland. Like them they belonged to sects oppressed by governmental intolerance; like them they came in congregations with their ministers and teachers, singing their pious hymns. They were a poor folk—mechanics and peasants with hard, angular features, showing the influence of generations of toil and privation, but next to religion they prized education, and the church and the school house rose side by side in their villages. There is abundant testimony throughout the Eastern section of this State, showing that they brought with them, too, habits of plodding industry, of honest handiwork and careful farming, which soon earned for them prosperity in their new homes. The importance
of this early German emigration is seldom rightly estimated by people who read only the English-American side of our colonial history.

And now, before closing, I may be permitted to express the hope that in the temple of Good Fellowship the Pennsylvania-German will hereafter take his seat as an honored guest between his more pretentious brethren, the Puritan and the Cavalier. He has been content, heretofore, with a mere passing glimpse of its portals, better satisfied to leave to others the seductive pleasures of the feast, with its tempting viands of solid comforts, the soothing swirl of its music, and all the cognate fascinations of the entertainment, while withdrawing himself to the sweet silence of restful solitude.

Looking back we see, or seem to see, an ethereal bridge spanning the centuries—one of its approaches supported by the golden traditions and precious memories of a noble ancestry; the other resting upon the deep-laid foundations of an undying reverence and affection of a grateful progeny. Generations of dear ones are clasped in loving embrace across the shadowy structure, and the clasp starts an impulse that is felt along the line of the departed years. Although the farther shore is dim, yet across "the pulsing stream there are lines of lights" by the aid of which the imagination may behold the sainted splendor of sacred shrines whereat our forefathers syllabled their hopes and fears in prayerful petitions, and found fancy linger lovingly for a little while upon the parental nest where patriotism and valor and all the domestic virtues were tenderly nurtured, and where frugality, honesty and sweet content had their habitation.

Better and far more sacred than "the glowing purple of Tyre, the gold of the Ark, the sapphire and ruby of Persia, the unforgotten spoils of ruined Babylon, that tinged the reveries of the early Christians as they slept in the dens of amphitheatres, waiting death," are the sainted memories of our forefathers, for the successful transmission of which we should labor unceasingly.

May the mellow music of those golden memories, like incense-laden zephyrs, sweep with tenderest touch over every heart-string until each responsive chord becomes vibrant with the voluptuous swell as of some divine melody.—From Reading Times, October 15, 1904.
A Pilgrimage to Jerusalem

BY

CHAS. G. TRUMBULL.

With fascinating interest does one take up a book of this sort, which tells of personal travel-experiences. But this is the story of an extraordinary pilgrimage. It is an account of a remarkable trip to the Holy Land, the land of our Saviour. It is the well-told story of a chartered ship-load of intelligent, wide-awake, devoted Christian workers en route to the World's Fourth Sunday-school Convention, which was held last April in the City of Jerusalem, giving the observations and experience of one of the company, the Editor of the Sunday School Times. In short it is the graphically told story of a cruise of over 13,000 miles in length, covering over two months of time, visiting most of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and embracing a most select company of 800 fellow-voyagers. Its plannings, purpose and experiences en route and in every land visited are well told in forty-two brief chapters, the reading of which enables the intelligent reader to almost lift himself into the companionship of this goodly host of Christian pilgrims and to share the rich profits of this devotional, recreative and educational trip to the Orient. The book is calculated to give one the gist of such a journey and convention in very much larger proportion of actual profit and enjoyment than the time and expense involved in this trip by-proxy is to the hardships and expenditures incurred by the real pilgrims. This is due to the happy style of the author and the many illustrations (half-tones of photos taken en route) which illumine its pages. It is a very profitable and inexpensive way of taking this trip, and will doubtless be taken by many thousands, who were not able to join the original, select caravan. Large 8vo. 437 pp. $2.50. The Sunday School Times Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Japanese Floral Calendar

BY

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

What intense pleasure is afforded the reader and reviewer of this beautiful booklet! That its subject matter and many beautiful illustrations are all about Japanese flowers does not detract from it. It is this flowery kingdom, now become famous as the fighting kingdom, where flowers abound most profusely and where they are well-nigh worshiped. As all eyes are turning to this flowery island empire of the Orient, this booklet is opportune, giving us descriptions of its daily life and scenes by its excellent pictures of pen and camera. There are illustrations of a dozen of its favorite flowers in this Calendar. The Open Court Pub. Co., Chicago, quarto. 57 pp., cloth; price 50 cents.
My Little War Experience
by
EDW. W. SPANGIER.

This is a story of personal experience in the Civil War. It is well told. It has in it that power to elicit interest in the general study of the larger and complete subject described, that an eye witness or personal participant can give to any public event. I could want nothing better to place in the hands of a young student of American history to awaken an intense thirst for the mastery of the whole subject, of which the Civil War was the crisis, than this volume. It gives clearly the causes, genesis and many of the battles of the great war well told and graphically described. To this story are appended no less than sixteen extensive historical notes, all of which are exceedingly valuable as sidelights to the general subject or interesting contributions to the local history of York, Pa., the author's home. It is illuminated, also, by a long list of light-giving illustrations. The York Daily Publishing Co. Large 8vo, pp. 208.

Luther's Church Postil. This is Vol. IV of Luther's Works now for the first time published in English as a series. The undertaking is a stupendous one, but seems to be no foolish venture when it is remembered that Luther lives as much in the twentieth as in the sixteenth century, and that now he has a larger English following in this country alone than he had German adherents when his works were first published. There are thousands of admirers and students today, who will gratefully avail themselves of this opportunity to supply themselves at a nominal cost, with these volumes of Luther's precious and sacred writings. They rejoice that they can hear this hero of Protestantism preach and argue in their own tongue. There will, doubtless, be a large demand for the present volume of sermons on the Gospels, it being his Church Postil—covering first twelve Sundays after Trinity in twenty-four sermons. Octavo, uniform with preceding volumes, 390 pp. $1.65 prepaid. Lutherans in All Lands Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Unser Pennsylvanischer-Deutscher Kalenner. It has come to this that our people want even their weather prognostications and signs of the zodiac told in Pennsylvania-German. And so the Welt-Bote office has supplied the want and prepared a Kalenner in Pennsylvania-Dutch for 1905, to follow annually. There will be more consultation of it in certain parts, than of the church or cosmopolitan newspaper almanac. Allentown, Pa. 10 cents.

Genealogy of the Meyer Family
by
HENRY MEYER. A copy of this volume, prepared some years ago by the diligent hand of this scion of the German-American family described, now a resident of Rebersburg, Pa., came to our sanctum. It traces the family from the somewhat uncertain beginnings in America, where about 1720-30 it took root on the banks of the Mill Creek in Lebanon county, Pa., through its unfold-
ings to the present day, and should be gratefully appreciated by all concerned. If not now, there will arise a generation of Meyers to thankfully bless the name of the author for this painstaking labor of love.

John Robinson, the Pilgrim
Pastor
by
O. S. Davis.

Everybody is interested in first beginnings and its causes. Usually there is a personality with deep convictions as the cause of all great historical movements. So back of Plymouth Rock and the Puritan settlement in America lie the springs of origin and movement. One prime factor is the Rev. John Robinson, whose heroic faith, holy zeal and unflinching loyalty to religious convictions and his marvelous impress on his associates and on history are here graphically and reliably told. The book will be much sought for by scholars. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. Cloth, 8vo, 366 pp., $1.50.

The Dotterer Family.

Mrs. Rebecca S. Dotterer, 1605 North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, the widow of the late Henry S. Dotterer, a noted genealogist and local historian and publisher of “The Perkiomen Region,” has on hand and for sale a number of copies of that excellent genealogical work of above title, which is the fruit of her husband’s gifted pen. It were well for all interested to secure a copy quickly ere the limited supply is exhausted.

Uncle Jeff’s Reminiscences of Youth and Other Poems
by
Thos. J. B. Rhoads, M.D.

My readers will remember with favor Uncle Jeff as a frequent and valued contributor to our “Poetic Gems” department. Uncle Jeff is the literary sobriquet of Dr. Rhoads, who is an old time country doctor, residing at Boyertown, Pa. As his life’s sun is declining towards the west, he has taken time to recall the early impressions of life and woven them into poetic form, narrating many things that are a common experience, calling up sayings and happenings and creeds and folklore of his childhood day and community that are tenderly touching. Many of the poems have merit. While perhaps not always the highest poetic flights are attained in these songs they all breathe a poetic spirit and in their rhythmic narrative waken in the reader’s mind many a slumbering ghost of by-gone days. The volume speaks loudly the praises of one of that interesting class of benefactors known as “country doctors”; one whose busy life of humanitarian services did not crowd out his love of literature, nor dull his sense of keen observation. Many a one can in these songs of home-spun, rustic life live over again his own childhood’s years, passed in some rural section, fifty or more years ago, when hope was strong and life a dream. The volume, well bound in cloth, contains about 100 poems covering 400 pages. The longest is the story of “Genovefa” and brings clearly to the reviewer’s mind the time when he first heard the same tale from the lips of his now sainted mother. Send for a copy to the author. Price $2.15 prepaid.
# CONTENTS

**Frontispiece.**

**Editorials** ................................................................. 280

**Famous Pennsylvania-Germans** ........................................ 281
  Prof. Samuel S. Haldeman, LL.D.

**Poetic Gems** ................................................................. 304
  Det Viert July.
  'S Schulhaus Am Sandloch.
  Die Dallastown Reunion.
  Drei Sache.

**Historical Pilgrimages** .................................................. 310
  Fishing Along Two Lehigh County Streams

**Weather Prognostications and Superstitions Among the Pennsylvania-Germans** .................................................. 325

**Book Notices** ............................................................... 336
SAMUEL S. HALDEMAN.
THE SCHILLER CENTENNIAL

The memory of great and good men cannot perish. Rising generations will always find some occasion, not only to remember their names and deeds, but to come together on some festal day and with one mighty shout of praise, call them blessed. It chanced to be so, on the last 9th of May, when the centenary of Germany's great poet, Schiller's, death was celebrated in fitting, commemorative exercises in Europe and America. In America this "Gedenkfeier" was celebrated under the auspices of the German-American Alliance, where, in many places, halls were fittingly decorated with colored bunting and potted plants and flags, bands playing German airs and eloquent tributes being spoken in prose and poetry. The press everywhere abounded in learned articles.

In our own Pennsylvania-German heather it fell to the lot of Berks county's proud capital to excel in this tribute. Here one of the city's largest (German Lutheran) Church bells early tolled in the festal day. Later exercises were held, which included German songs written by Schiller, and appropriate addresses. Afterwards Prof. Rudolph Tombo, of Columbia University, New York, gave an illustrated talk on the life of Schiller in German, while Judge Endlich, of the local courts, pronounced a fitting eulogy in English, and Rev. Philip Kirchner, in German. Col. T. C. Zimmerman, of the Reading Times, read his matchless translation of
the "Song of the Bell," prefaced by a brief address, and the Maennerchor and Liederkranz rendered some of Schiller's best known songs in the original. The Open Court, of Chicago, devotes its whole May issue (illustrated) to Schiller.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CHAUTAUQUA

Pennsylvania's teachers, literary folk in general and rest seekers are cordially commended to spend the month of July in Mt. Gretna's delightful sylvan retreat where the Mother Chautauqua of the Keystone State will be holding its 14th annual Assembly. Send to Dr. X. C. Schaeffer, the Chancellor, or Rev. Dr. H. A. Gerdsen, the President, for a program.

The Proceedings and Addresses of the Pennsylvania-German Society, bound in a large volume—the fourteenth—lies before us—an attractive book, that must make every historical student a debtor to this enterprising Germanic, hereditary Society. It makes one feel proud to belong to such a body.

It may be entertaining and instructive to take a pilgrimage by proxy, as most of our readers are obliged to take such as are traveled through the aid of this magazine. But to go by automobile, trolley, buggy or bicycle through Lehigh county's rich townships in May or June is a treat that reaches the very zenith heights of enjoyment. We were recently privileged to see nearly every corner of the two Macungies, the Milfords, the Whitehalls and Salisbury and, we speak it advisedly, a more beautiful, well-kept and picturesque country it would be hard to find in any section of our great land. It would seem as if the very crown of landscape and bucolic beauty had been put on this part of the world where the native German dialect survives the longest. The rest of the world will yet change their pity into envy of "the dumb Dutch."
 PROF. SAMUEL S. HALDEMAN, LL. D.

BY THE EDITOR.

PROF. SAMUEL STEMAN HALDEMAN, was in every sense a typical and worthy specimen of the Pennsylvania-German. His ancestral blood, according to this standard, was pure, and his mental idiosyncracies decidedly characteristic. His brilliant attainments and well-merited honors have shed a halo of glory over all his class. The story of his life will cause many a youth of similar birth, to emulate his greatness with new aspiration, and will fill the bosoms of many others, and some no longer youths, with a feeling of just racial pride.

His lineal descent is from an honored German-Swiss stock, sometimes spelled Haldimand, according to the French, or Halderman, more distinctively German. The first immigrant and progenitor of the American branch of the family was Jacob Haldeman, who was born at Neufchatel, Switzerland, October 7, 1722, and settled in Lancaster county, Pa., where he married and reared a large family, and died February 27, 1783. He was a grandson of Gaspard Haldimand, and a cousin of Sir Frederick Haldimand, who figured prominently on the British side of the French and Indian War, and who later (1778) became Governor General of Quebec and Canada.

Of Jacob Haldeman’s family, John (1753-1832), the fourth child (third son), was the grandfather of the subject of this sketch. John’s fourth son, Henry (1787-1849), was the father of Samuel Steeman, who was the first-born of his father’s family. Up to this generation the numerous progeny of the original Haldeman settler have mostly lived in either Lancaster or Dauphin counties, in the townships or towns closely skirting the Susquehanna, where many of them have attained wealth and have long been locally honored for their thrift and integrity.
P. Lesley, in a memoir delivered in the National Academy of Washington, D. C., November 16, 1881, describes them as "hardy, thrifty, hard-working people; who acquired land, saved money, and were full of enterprise and energy, lovers of freedom and shrewd politicians."

As Prof. Haldeman has worked his way up into fame as an eminent naturalist, ethnologist, philologist and archaeologist, from the environment of a plain and unvarnished, but sturdy and honorable ancestry, we are glad that we can furnish so minute an account of his upward course by one who is thoroughly acquainted with the facts. We therefore take pleasure in inserting a sketch, kindly furnished us by his nephew, Mr. Horace L. Haldeman, who is about to publish a history of the Haldeman family of which the following will be a portion.

Prof. Haldeman, the eldest son of Henry Haldeman, who was well-known as an active business man and prominent in the local political circles in his day, was born at Locust Grove, near Chickies, Lancaster county, Pa., on August 12, 1812. When young he was well supplied by his father with books on general literature. The latter appreciated culture and endeavored to foster a love of learning in his children. His mother died when he was not quite fourteen years of age, so she had little influence upon his after career. She was an accomplished musician and it is possible "his great accuracy of ear in detecting and analyzing unusual sounds in language may have been inherited from her." His education began at a small local log school house close to his home, of which Mr. Jefferies was the master. One of his first acts was to get his desk-mate, the late Daniel Engle, to teach him to spell in German. Whilst always a close student, he was at the same time an active lad, fond of all the out-door sports which he fully enjoyed with his companions. He early formed habits of observation which later were applied to the study of the sciences. When quite young he amused himself examining the objects of natural history around his home and formed a small cabinet of rude anatomical specimens made from the small wild animals and birds of his neighborhood. These a traveling Methodist minister taught him to prepare and mount. He once wrote in later life, "I collected shells on the banks of the Susquehanna long before I knew
the meaning of genus and species.” He discovered in his observation two facts, then new to science, i.e., that the peregrine falcon of this country nests in rocks as in Europe, and that the eagle, when unable to rob the fish-hawk, will himself dive for pray.

In the spring of 1826, Prof. Haldeman was sent to Academy of Dr. John Miller Keagy, at Harrisburg. He had a high appreciation of his preceptor’s abilities, as is shown by several published papers written by Prof. Haldeman. Dr. Keagy was familiar with Hebrew, German and French and in the absence of text-books, taught the natural sciences orally, in an excellent conversational style. Prof. Haldeman remained under Dr. Keagy’s care for two years, after which he entered Dickinson College, where he formed the friendship of Prof. H. D. Rodgers, one of the faculty, who was subsequently a distinguished geologist. As the restraint of the college course became irksome to one of his temperament, eager to explore for himself, he remained at Dickinson College but two years, leaving there in 1830, without obtaining his degree, but in good standing as is shown by the testimonial from its president. After this he continued his own studies at home and added to his collections of natural history. He also began adding to his scientific and linguistic library. In 1833-34 he attended lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, especially those on chemistry and anatomy, after which he returned home and assisted his father at the Chickies saw-mill. His father desired him to take up law, but this he never did. For the purpose of collecting specimens on conchology he drove in a light wagon to Kentucky, via Pittsburg, with his younger brother, Cyrus S., as a companion, who was then but a lad.

Whilst he never took any active part in the management of either the saw-mill or the blast-furnace, in which he was interested, his advice was always sound on practical affairs connected therewith and his perception quick. He was familiar with all the technicalities of making pigiron and he wrote two papers, one on “Smelting Iron with Anthracite Coal,” and the other on “The Construction of Furnaces to Smelt Iron with Anthracite Coal,” published in Silliman’s Journal. The production of pigiron with anthracite coal then being a novelty, the “Chickiswalungo Furnace,” of which he was a one-half owner, was among the pioneers
in the use of that fuel. Charcoal was never used in this furnace. He was the architect and made all the drawings and specifications for the large mansion dwelling house at Chickies, when he was twenty-one years of age. The Pictorial Sketch Book of Pennsylvania says of this residence that it is the “most stately edifice in this part of the country.” He also laid out the grounds connected therewith, collecting the trees and shrubbery from the best native specimens in the surrounding country and also from some foreign varieties imported by Mr. Barton, of Philadelphia. All of these he planted with his own hands.

In 1835, Prof. Haldeman married Mary A. Hough, of Bainbridge, Pa., a descendant of John Hough, of Hough, Chester county, England, and Hannah his wife, “who arrived in the river Delaware in the Ninth Month, 1683.”

The same year (1835), he made his first appearance in print in a contribution to the Lancaster Journal, of an article refuting Locke’s “Moon Hoax.” From then until his death his life was devoted to science. During some forty-five years he spent most of his time in his library, at Chickies, where, during his vigorous manhood, he worked sixteen hours a day. “Though he accepted several professorships, and delivered a number of courses of lectures, he preferred being master of his own movements in the quiet of his home. Here books and cabinets accumulated under his laborious hands, only to be scattered again and give place to others, when his insatiable appetite for knowledge led him into new fields of investigation. He traveled, but it was only to gather material for further research.” In 1836 he became an assistant in the State Geological Survey of New Jersey, under Prof. Rogers, his old preceptor, and the following year he occupied a similar position in the Pennsylvania State Geological Survey. He also did much to promote surveys in other States. Whilst thus engaged he discovered the Scolithus linearis, a new genus and species of fossil plant, also the most ancient organic remains in Pennsylvania, upon which he published a monograph, in 1840. During this period he was also collecting and studying shells, the result of which was published in 1840 under the title of “A Monograph of the Fresh-water Univalve Mollusca of the United States.” This work, when completed, contained nine parts and
was published in 1843. It was illustrated with forty copper-plate engravings, drawn and colored from original shells and living animals. The Revue Zoologique, of Paris, commended it as "very well done in a scientific point of view and perfectly executed in regard to plates and typography." Benjamin Silliman, in Silliman's Journal, wrote: "It is in advance of any similar work." His next publication on shells was a "Monographie du genre Lep- toxis," Paris, 1847, with five plates, folio, including 117 colored figures, forming part of Chenu's "Illustrations Conchyliologi- ques," and written in French. Ten of his publications are devoted to shells, the last on that subject having been published in 1863. In 1844 he issued a communication on "Species and their distribution," which developed into Darwinism. Darwin mentions this paper in the preface of his "Origin of Species," p. vii. In 1843 he appeared with a "Catalogue of the Coleoptera of South-eastern Pennsylvania." Some time after he writes to a friend, "I intend to devote myself almost exclusively to this branch of zoology hereafter, and am gradually acquiring a good entomological li- brary." and again, "I collected 2,050 specimens last season in all the orders but principally coleoptera, with 300 hymenoptera"; and later again he writes, "So much of my time is occupied with in- sects and so little with shells, that I have suffered your last to lay quite a long time unanswered." His principal entomological writ- ings are "Materials toward a History of Coleopterous Longicornia of the United States," "Descriptions of North American Coleopt- era," making some twenty three papers on this subject.

Prof. Haldeman's other work in natural history consists of two papers on arachnoidæ, five on crustaceæ, six on annelides and worms and seven on geology and chemistry. Of geology it was said of him that "he read rocks like capital letters." He also wrote a small work on fishes, for which the specimens were collected and prepared by his own hand. This was never published. A large work on Unios "was also crowded out after being nearly ready for the press."

He declined to edit a magazine devoted to natural history in 1843 for the reason, as he wrote: "You may think the assertion a strange one, but I would not have time to conduct such a work. Between studying general zoology, collecting, dipping into Ger-
man, and writing lectures, my time is pretty well occupied, and if I had more to spare I could, I think, employ it better in original research." He was at that time lecturing in public, having been chosen professor of Zoology by the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1842. These lectures, with numerous illustrative drawings accompanying them, were lost later by fire. To a remark made as to the varied branches of learning he had mastered, he replied: "I take up a new study in order to rest myself."

What Prof. Haldeman considered his greatest triumphs were won in a very different field from those we have mentioned. His private letters show that he conceived at an early date, the idea of studying languages in a philosophical manner and at one time he thought of applying for an Indian Agency for this purpose. In a letter of July 5, 1844, he writes: "As sounds cannot be conveyed except orally, I am convinced that a universal alphabet can only be prepared after a careful comparison of many living languages, and the place to effect this is Rome, where one hundred different languages and dialects are taught in the missionary college." In 1845 he wrote a system of phonography to which he refers thus: "I wish to give philosophical principles for the guidance of others, not being anxious to found a system or to have the credit of one." Two other contributions on language also have this date, viz: "On the Natural Order of Articulate Sounds of the Human Voice," and "On the Phonology of the Wyandots." At the same time a series of lectures was composed of which he writes: "My examples are not taken from books which is an important consideration. They (the lectures) would be pretty full (of sounds) from our Indian languages, eight of which I have heard spoken by the natives, and five by the whites, who have been amongst them, but so nice are the distinctions to be taken into account in the pronunciation of words not familiar to us that I place little value upon the latter." These lectures he delivered, at the request of Prof. Henry, before the Smithsonian Institute, in 1849. He, however, did not at this time give up natural science. In 1849 he published a paper "On Some Points of Linguistic Ethnology," and at the annual scientific convention held at Cambridge that year, after speaking on Language, he gave a description of two newly discovered insects. The two subjects run parallel until 1852, the date of
his last paper in the natural sciences, entitled "Zoology of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake Insects," Utah, 1852. Owing to the constant use of the microscope his eyesight was affected, forcing his abandonment of this kind of investigation.

In studying the aboriginal languages he saw the necessity of having some definite alphabet in which to convey the unwritten sounds of those languages which led him to turn to Latin as the most universally known. The result was the publication of "Elements of Latin Pronunciation," 1857. Whilst this work was noticed favorably by a few reviewers it seemed to be in advance of the day and was not fully appreciated until some twenty years later. Prof. Richardson, of Kentucky, who had been appointed by his State to gather data on the merits of the various pronunciations of Latin in the institutions of learning in the United States, chanced upon Prof. Haldeman's work and thus writes him: "In this orthoepy matter you have the most enviable position of any man living on either side of the water. You set this ball in motion before any of them." And Prof. March, of Easton, also writes: "You ought to be delighted to see how the pronunciation of Latin has changed since you took hold of it. I think the victory is substantially won for the Roman method, but our book-makers will need admonition for some time yet."

His next volume of importance was "The Trevelyan Prize Essay," 1858, published under the name of "Analytic Orthography: an Investigation of the Sounds of the Human Voice," in 1860. "This was undertaken at the request of his wife, and gained a prize offered by Sir Walter Trevelyan, of England, over sixteen competitors among the best European philologists. The work contained specimens of some seventy languages and dialects as heard from the lips of natives themselves." One of the judges to decide upon the competitive papers, Alexander J. Ellis, of London, famous in such matters, wrote: "I found it one of the greatest intellectual treats which I have had for a long time."

Five years later appeared "Affixes to English Words," which claims to be a key to the analysis of one hundred thousand words. The London Contemporary Review, in July 1867, notices the latter as follows: "Mr. Haldeman has compressed into an elegantly printed volume . . . a collection more rational, complete and ex-
haustive of component parts in our language than we have had any right to hope for within the present century. . . . a most practical, useful work. . . . absolutely indispensable to systematic and thorough students of language."

His "Pennsylvania Dutch" was prepared at the request of the Philological Society of London, appearing in 1872; "Outlines of Etymology" was issued in 1877; "Word-building," in 1881. His works on language amounted to over thirty titles. He had also for many years contemplated writing an etymological dictionary, and had accomplished much work towards this end, which he did not live to complete. He was a frequent correspondent with Noah Webster who credits Prof. Haldeman with many words and definitions in his dictionary. He was also engaged in the "National Dictionary," published by the University Publishing Company, New York; on Lippincott's late edition of Worcester's Dictionary; and was associate editor of "Johnson's Cyclopaedia," for which he wrote many articles.

He was one of the earliest in this country to agitate the necessity of spelling reform and was a member of the first committee raised by the American Philological Association to consider the reform of English spelling. He presided in the International Convention in behalf of the Amendment of English Orthography, held at Philadelphia in July, 1876.

In 1851 he was elected a member of the British and American Phonetic council. Here he stood alone in his views, believing that an alphabet should be cosmopolitan; he opposed all perversions, and would have everything reduced to the Latin standard, even to assigning the power of the English "W" to "V" and "Y" to "J," saying, "Any course, but one, proceeding upon some such broad principle of justice would tend to give a different alphabet to every language. Musicians have a notation which is uniform throughout the world, why should not the cultivators of literature have the same?"

Impatient at the slow movement of the world in this direction, he, as early as 1850, undertook a spelling reform in his own writings, sending in his contributions to Heck's "Inconographic Encyclopedia," clothed in a new guise. His friend, Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, describes the effect thus:
“Garique (the New York publisher of the work) is in raptures with your manuscript, but swears at the orthography, which took him eight hours to correct. . . . He has read every word with the greatest interest and is more than satisfied.” Mr. Garique, in one of his letters, thanks Prof. Haldeman for the “love” with which he has worked.

Archaeology was the latest study which engaged Prof. Haldeman’s attention. Having been directed by his physician to take out-door exercise, he carried out a design, long contemplated, of digging for Indian relics in a small cave at the base of Chickies Rock, near his residence. The opening was formed by the anticlinial axis of the rock. Here he discovered the interesting collection which he presented later to the American Philosophical Society, and which he described before that body, June 21, 1878. His monograph “On the contents of a Rock Retreat in Southeastern Pennsylvania” has been published by the society since his death, illustrated by fifteen quarto plates. A memoir of this discovery was previously sent to the Congrès International des Américanistes, which met in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg in 1877, and was published in the proceedings of the same. Seven other papers on archaeology were published during the short time prior to his death.

Under some of his miscellaneous publications may be mentioned “Tours of a Chess Knight,” 1864; “Rhymes of the Poets,” 1868; “Modern Spiritism,” Penn Monthly, 1877; “American Dictionaries,” 1867; “Sketches of the Natural History of Lancaster County,” 1844; Rupp’s “History of Lancaster County,” chapter xiii; “Outlines of the Zoology of Pennsylvania,” in Trego’s “Geography of the State,” 1843, and about thirty others. Whilst we are not certain as to the number of his publications, we know of one hundred and thirty-seven, of which ten are on Conchology, twenty-three on Entomology, two on Arachnidae, five on Crustacea, thirteen on Annedides and worms, thirty-three on Philology, seven on Archaeology, and thirty-seven on miscellaneous subjects, the titles and description of all of which space forbids us to enumerate.

He was received as an authority, as his personal correspondence shows, and he gave freely and cheerfully of his knowledge to all
who applied. Inquiries came from all parts of this country and all other parts of the world. He had correspondents in the Cape of Good Hope, Russia, Sweden, Norway, France, Switzerland, Germany and England. Letters of inquiry from publishers asking opinions of books; authors begging for information; teachers with a pronunciation to be settled, or a knotty point to be unraveled; naturalists forwarding packages of shells, insects, or minerals to be identified; farmers and others sending soils to be analyzed; learned societies submitting manuscripts for his examination; requests from struggling talent—all poured in on him. And owing to his wonderful memory he could at once, without apparent thought, generally answer these questions with the most apparent ease and without further reference. A friend once remarked: "You have the greatest amount of out-of-the-way knowledge I ever knew any one to possess." No letter ever remained unanswered, no request unfilled that it was possible for him to grant.

He was credited by Drs. Holbrook and Binney, in their respective works on "Reptiles" and "Land Mollusca," for species and notes furnished. The latter in a letter asks: "Could you not manage to run over my list and suggest any changes?" P. A. Brown, 1852, writes: "I wish you were within speaking distance, so that more time was allowed that I might submit it (his manuscript) to you before publishing." Aggassiz, 1853: "I long to see your work on etymology. I have always been delighted with the originality with which you treat those subjects"; and again, in speaking to Dr. Holbrook at the annual scientific meeting held at Troy, N. Y., the same year, Aggassiz said: "That man, Haldeman, has an idea behind every word he utters." Schel de Vere thus acknowledges his assistance in his "Americanisms," 1871: "More than once I have tried to sit down and thank you for your last and most valuable contribution to my collections of Americanisms."

Illustrating Prof. Haldeman's quickness of memory an amusing anecdote is related. About 1871, at the annual meeting of the phonologists, at Hartford, a young entomologist, who had commenced the study after Prof. Haldeman had left it, and who knew him only as a writer on Language, commenced speaking, at dinner, of an insect he found in that locality. Prof. Haldeman gently corrected the way he pronounced its name. The young man objected
to this correction, and upheld his pronunciation in a long argument. The old naturalist left him proceed until finished and then answered with a twinkle in his eye:

“Well, I called it so when I named it.”

“You! Did you describe it?”

“If you refer to your books you will find that I am credited with it, and you know a man objects to having his children ill treated.”

He always took great interest in education and in his younger days was ever ready to lecture before lyceums, and later before teachers' institutes.

Yet Prof. Haldeman was considered a severe critic and so he was where falsehood or pretension were concerned, but he was as rigid with himself as with others. He spared no labor to acquire facts. Eminently truthful he detested what he called “wild assertion.” It was the habit of writing without sufficient preparation or wilful perversion that he condemned. It was the “quackery” in literature that he denounced, and there his interest in the subject forced him to be inflexible. But none was more conscientious in giving others their due or more willing to aid one with or without credit. In presenting his ideas he detested a word or sentence that could be avoided. “Spare your adjectives,” was the advice he once gave a young author, and “Eloquence is fraud,” is another of his apt sayings.

We know of twenty-eight societies to which he was elected to membership, and there may possibly be more. Among the foreign societies were: Entomological Society of Settin, Prussia, 1839; Societe Curierienne, Paris, 1842; Natural History Society of Nuremberg, 1849; Imperial Economic Society of St. Petersburg, Russia, 1857; Philological Society of London, England, 1872; Societe des Americanists, Belgium, 1876.

In this country he was elected a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, 1837; the Entomological Society of Pennsylvania (of which he was one of the founders), 1842; the American Association for the Advancement of Sciences, 1844; the National Academy of Sciences, Washington, D. C., 1876, and to some eighteen other American societies in addition to honorary memberships in numerous lyceums, literary and college societies.

He was chosen Professor of Zoology in the Franklin Institute,
Philadelphia, in 1841; chemist and geologist to the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, 1852; occupied the chair of Natural History in the University of Pennsylvania from 1850 to 1853; the same position in Delaware College, Newark, 1855-58, and that of Comparative Philology in the University of Pennsylvania from 1876 to his death. This University conferred upon him the degree of L.L.D.

Prof. Haldeman traveled in Europe in 1859, '61, '62, '66, and '75. His time was principally spent there in the library of the British Museum, the Magazine and Government Libraries of Paris, at the Propaganda at Rome, about old book-stalls and shops, and in all kinds of out of the way places, studying languages, dialects or pronunciations from the natives. Thus he heard Hawaiian at Liverpool and from Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, who visited London while he was there in 1866; Gudjerati from a Parsee in Paris, the language of the Tonga Islands and Courdish from natives studying at the Propaganda College at Rome.

In religion Prof. Haldeman was a Catholic, which Church he joined when about thirty years of age, although his parents were Protestants. Politically he was a Democrat and when young frequently addressed political meetings. He was, however, liberal in both his political and religious views.

His death occurred suddenly at seven o'clock p. m., Friday, September 10, 1880, from paralysis of the heart.

Biographical notices of him will be found in "Men of the Time," London, 1865; "Allibone's Dictionary of Authors," 1858; "Appleton's Encyclopedia," "Johnson's Cyclopedia," and numerous works of reference of later dates. Memoirs of him will also be found in the Popular Science Monthly for July, 1882, by Chas. Henry Hart, read before the Numistic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, in 1880; by D. G. Brinton, M.D., read before the American Philosophical Society, February 4, 1881; by Chas. H. Hart, in the Penn Monthly for August, 1881; address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, by its President, at Cincinnati, August 17, 1881; by Prof. J. P. Lesley before the National Academy at Washington, November 16, 1881. A list of seventy-three of his works are given by Agassiz in his "Bibliographia Zoologicae et Geologicae," 1852.
Prof. Haldeman took very little interest in business affairs outside of those connected with his own firm at Chickies. He was for some years a Director of the First National Bank, of Marietta, Pa., but as he laughingly related, "I was elected and re-elected director of a bank, and my evident popularity gave me much satisfaction, until I remembered that I had never been present at a meeting." After his father's death he, for a few years, held the position of president of the turnpike from Columbia to Marietta, which instances, we think, cover all his active business associations.

At a dinner to the Farmer's Club of Pennsylvania, at the residence of Hon. J. Don. Cameron, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, at Washington, on April 13, 1882, Hon. John Welsh, of Philadelphia, who had recently returned from England, where he had been U. S. Minister to the court of St. James, was a guest. Mr. Welsh informed Mr. Paris Haldeman (the brother of Prof. S. S. Haldeman) also a guest; that the Prince Imperial of France (son of Napoleon III) on an occasion when they met, asked him if he knew Prof. S. S. Haldeman, of the United States, and upon receiving an affirmative answer, said, "Prof. Haldeman is one of the greatest men living." It is possible that the fact that Prof. Haldeman corresponded with Jerome Bonaparte on scientific subjects, may have had something to do with calling the Prince's attention to him.
DER VIERT JULY.*

Was e'n Lärme! Was e'n Schwärme!
Me'nt's gans Volk is 'uf der Stross,
Was e'n Stürme! Was e'n Lärme!
Waere'n tausend Teufel los!
'Uf alle Seite knall't's,
In alle Ecke schall't's,
Schreckliches Geschehr! Gehr alles druf un' drei—
Schreckliches Geschehr! 'Uf der Viert July!

'Was es Macht! Un' was e'n Jacht!
Was es donnert, was es Blitzt!
Was es kracht, wie 'Uf der Schlacht,
Pulier pufft un' Feuer spritzt.
'Uf alle Site knall't's,
In alle Ecke schall't's,
Große Hutlerei! Do sin mer all dabei,
Mächtige Hutlerei, 'Uf der Viert July!

Was Gewimmel! Was Getümmel!
Gar ke' Ruh die gans Nacht;
Schlof ke' Krümmel; lieuer Himmel.
Was es üwerall rum kracht!
'Uf alle Site knall't's
In alle Ecke schall't's,
Schlimme Schüserei, in alle Ohre' nei,
Schlimme Schüserei, 'Uf der Viert July.

Wiest Geklag die gans Nacht lang,
Klocke klingle, Hörner blose;
Was e'n Zwang bei'm gross Gedrang,
Gute Sache un' Gottlose;
'Uf alle Site knall't's
In alle Ecke schall't's,
Rechte Teuflerie! 'S macht m'r abschen,
Schlechte Teuferei,—'uf der Viert July!

*From "Der Dangelstock," by the late Lee L. Grumbine, Esq.
Grosse Hitz! Was e'n G'schwitz!
'Uf un' ab die Leut rum renne;
Pulver Schütz—Donner—blitz!
Hawe Gelt für zuverbrenne!
'Uf alle Site knallt's
In alle Ecke schalt's,
Verfluchte Lumperei! Ich wot sie waer verbei!
Verfluchte Lumperei, 'uf der Viert July!

Was wird's gluffe, was wird's g'suffe,
Hi' un' her von Kneip zu Kneip,
All getroffe, un' sie hoffe
'Sis noch Platz in ihrem Leib!
'Uf alle Seite getrunke,
In alle Ecke g'stunke—
Wieste Sauferei, sie schütte's 'raus un' ei,
Wieste Sauferei, 'uf der Viert July!

Was sie blose, was sie stose,
'Uf die Musick-instrumente,
Wie der grosse Teddy Roose-
Velt un' an'eri Presidente,
Des dumme Volk zulerne
Mit Streife un' mit Sterne,
M'r schüssst die Freiheit ei', mit Pulver un' mit Blei,
Un' macht die Heide frei, mit Zwang un' Heuchelei!

Was fr'n Sach, des wiest Gekrach?
Warum des literlich Werwese?
Du Liewer! Ach! Is net en Schmach
E'n Last a'gestifft vom alte Böse?
Verstör doch net die Tode—
Die gute Patriote—
Mit all dem laut Geschrei! Ihr Land sin sie getreu,
Dem Elend sin sie frei, 'uf der Viert July!

Draus im Land do brauch niemand
Die lange Nacht durch aus zuwache;
Mein Verstand, 's Vieh halt's e'n Schand
So'n heftig's Luderlewe mache;
'S is Alles still un' sachte,
'S g'ebt ke' so wieste Jachte,
'Uf der Bausei mägt ich liewer sei,
Bei de Küh un' Säu 'uf der Viert July!
Hässlich Lärme! Gasstig Schwärme!
G'schütt, Gekrach, Geknall, Geblos!
Kreislich Stürme! Gott erbärme!
'S sin e'n tausend Tenfel los!
'UF alle Site knall'ts
In alle Ecke schalt'ts,
Schreckliches Geschrei, wieste Hutlerei,
Gott lob! die Lumperei is nochemol verbei!

'S SCHULHAUS AM SANDLOCH.

Vor alter Zeit, ich wees net wann,
So lang dasz Niemand's sage kann,
Do hen die Leut, die dann gelebt
In Erwet viel, noch Höchrem
g'strebt;
Die alte Kerch war ihne lieb
So ah 's Schulhaus wu mer trieb
Die Lerning gut, für alle Zeit,
For diese Welt'mn Ewigkeit.
In selle Zeit, schun lang verbei,
Hot jede Kerch, gans näckschd
dabei
En Schulhaus katt, wu Gross und
Klee
In Winterszeit, bei Kält un Schnee,
Sich g'sammelt hen, von näckschd
un weit,
Von Häuser, sell mols weit zer-
streut;
In selle Zeit war's ewwe so:
Die Kerche war'n net plenty do,
Ke wunner dann, dasz Vielen gar
'S Schulgeh grosse Müh ah war.

Lange Ziet is 's sa fortgange,
Bis Leut anner'scht henn a'gfange;
Gemect hen dehl, sie sollte doch
En Schulhaus baue am Sandloch.
Nob hätten doch ihr Kinner ah
En Schulhaus ihrer Hemet nah
Am Sandloch kriegt mancher
schon
In alter Zeit en schöner Lohn,
Da hoiten Leut den guten Sand
For Häuser baue im ganzte Land.
'S Sandloch war gans im a Busch
Umringt von Behm und mir der
Bruch;
Links an dem Weg und gar net weit
Vom Kreuzweg ab der ah noch heut
Ganz leicht zu finde is, wann man
Von Ellsdaum raus geht, wie mir
kann,

'UF rechtem Weg, um's Knause Eck,
Dann immer fort en gute Streck
Noch von's Steninger's Werthshaus hin
Zwische Steninger's un: Kuntzville
drin;
Dort is der Kreuzweg um net weit
'S Sandloch noch uf linker Zeit.

Am Kreuzweg an dem Nordost Eck,
Umringt von Behm for'n schöne
Deck,
Dort wählten dann die alte Leut
In der uns unbekannte Zeit,
Es neue Schulhaus hinzuhaue,
Durch Arbeit und mit Gottvertraue,
Von raue Stee und Busche-Holz,
Mit keener Spur von grossem Stolz,
Tuscht ee Stock hoch, un Seite vier,
Fenschd be vier und tuscht ee Dür.
Innewennich en Disch un Stuhl,
Der Platz for'n Meschter von der
Schul.

En langer Desk an jeder Wand,
Vor dem en lange Bank ah stand;
Dann in der Mitt der Schulstub
noch
En schwerer Offe, lang und hoch,
In dem m'ir Holz, halb Kloster lang,
Hot stecke kenne une Drang.
Der Dadie un de Mammie do,
Wu's Schulhaus fertig wer un nob
Ah eigewelt, hen sich viel g'fred;
Noh hots bal kese; in di Schul geht!
Was laafe kann, dasz musz dah!
En lerne dann, mit Fleisz un Müh
Dort lernte sie in Deutscher Sproch
'S A. B. C., damm immer noch
'S Spelle, Lese, Reehle, Schreiew.
Ah Singe, Bete, fromm zu bliewe.
Sell war awer en schöne Zeit
For all die alt un junge Leut!
Wie's Sandloch g'segnet hot mit Sand
Die Leut ringsrum im ganze Land,
So war's Sandloch-Schulhaus ah
En grosser Sege dann allda.
Zum rechte Bau von Haus un Staat
Zum Kerche wohl, zur Himmels-Saalt.

In's alte Schulhaus am Sandloch
Is's Schreiwers Dadi wie ah noch
Sei Onkels un sei Aenties viel,
So wie die Nochbhere in dem Spiel—
Net weit von Hummert Johr zurück,
Gegange ah zu seinem Glück.
Daheem wars schö, dort an der Spring
Von hellem Wasser, un jedes Ding
Was Heemet schö macht, henn sie katt;
So hen ah g'rad die Leut der Stadt.
Sie holten awer's Schönte doch
Net an der Spring, net von dem Feld,
Net in der Mühl, 's war ah net Geld,
Es schönste holte Kop un Herz
Im Schulhaus da, mit wenig Schmerz,
Es war die schönste Zeit für sie,
So kummt zum Zweetemol sie nie.

Drei Vertel Hummert Johr is Zeit,
Meh als das Lewe menschter Leut,
In so viel Johr gebts vieles dann,
Meh als ein menscher verzehle kann;
Von deme nau bald hummert Johr,
Von erschter Hälft, kam mir zu Ohr
Vom Sandloch Schulhaus am Kreuzweg
Was Lesern ich net gern vorleg.

'S hen Leut g'sad: "Am Sandloch spunkt!
En mancher hot oft g'frogt: "Wie guckt's?"
Reiter die sin schnell geridde!
Läufere nahme g'schwinde Schridde!
In der Mitt der viele Jahre
Ging dann ah die Schul verlore.
Dort mitte an der Spring war doch
Bei Dädie's Haus, die Tschätzt
dann noch
In Schul zu gehe, im a Hau-
Ganz wenig Schritt die Stross
hinaus.

Noh is 's Freischul Haus a' kumme,
Wees vom erste was zu brumme:
Bruder ging mit mir vorbei
Als es war noch nagel neu;
Ah an en Kreuzweg hingegebaut,
About en Meil von der alt Stättsch-Raut,
Am hiure Weg, owig's Schantze Mühl,
En kurze Meil—wu dann mol viel
Kinner aus jedem Eck heraus
Sinn gange in's Schäffer's Frei-
Schulhaus.
Im Winter awer war nur Schul,
Sell war der laxe wege Ruhl,
Summerschul hots dann ah gewe,
Dafor hot bezahlt man ewe,
Sie hen en guter Tiescher katt,
Ke besser inre grosse Stadt,
Der hot dann ah in Summerzeit
Getietscht die Kinner vieler Leut.
—S.

To this Introduction the author has appended "Eppes von Sellem Spuck," "Die Summer Schul," and "In der Spielstunde," which our lack of space does not permit us to give, regretfully.—The Editor.

DIE DALLASTOWN REUNION.

BY REV. ADAM STUMP, D.D.

Mir sin jetzt deh mit gutem Zweck,
Von jweral, un Dougherdys Eck.
Die Buwe un die Maed sin doh—
Mir sin so dankbar, un so froh!

En Dael sin Ductor dael sin net,
En Dael sin dinn, un dael a' fett,
Un Dael sin Parre, east un west,
Un al sin doch mohl Rutznaes g'west!

Schulmaeschter sin so ordlich dick,
Un Businessleit jo net weit z'rick.
Jetz ebben sag ich dir a' noch:
Heit, Buwe sin mir immer doch.

Ja, unser weiver sin jo Maed,
So jung wie e' mohl, un so blaed.
"Brandy Wei! Zucker nee!"
Es macht en siesses Finden;
THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN.

Un wer die Dochter hawe will,
Der kerosirtdie Muder.
So hen mir schlaue Fuecks sie
griecht,
Uns hen mir in die Kunscht nei
geschaakt!

Mir sin gewiss al wennig dumm;
Kenns awer alt, un kenns is grumm,
Des Lache is noch net verhe,
Es is so gut wie der Mann ihr Brei!

Die Maed sin jo noch al so schae,
Die Buwe itchle noch so glee;
Reunions hen ke alte Leit,
Doh zaetz mer net schtrenq nooch
der Zeit.

Die alte Kars hen als geklagt;
Noh hen sie a' so scharish g'sagt:
"O Dallastown, du arme Schtadt!
Nix us Haverschtroh, un sel net
datt!"
Es war en Lick; 'sis gar net wahr,
Es is en Schpott, ja, ganz un gar!

DREI SACHE.

BY FRANK R. BRUNNER, M.D.

Es geht direi sache in der Welt,
Die alle Mensche brauche;
Sie sin ah fer uns all bescheltet,
Mir dunne sie guth gleiche,
Doch fudn mer sie net uf der
Schtrosz,
Und oftmols net im grosse Mosz.

Das erschte is—Genunk guth Geld;
Mir brauche es fer Wechsel;
Es kumt uns guth im Hitz und Kalt
Und fudn als 'mol en Schätzczel.
Dohl Geld is Silver, dehl is Gold,
Und wer füel hot dem is es Hold.

Silver und Gold—ihr wist es all,
Das fudn mer net so häufig;
Dohl, wan sie suche finne's bal,
Wan sie ferd schaffe, fleisig.
Doeh denne wo es bal ferleht,
Die misse scene wie's ne geht.

Mer griecht ken Geld mitous mer
schaf.
Und plagt sich merkwerdig;

Wie 'n Fedderdeck, rund sin mir
voll;
Es fehlt net doh, sel seht mer woll,
Des Herz, des hiet so froh un gut;
Mir singe dann mit gutem Muth.

Ach, wann mer a' doh bleie maegt!
Was zeitlich is, des bal vergeht;
Die Uhr die geht uns net zurück;
Des is uns hiet en schlechtes Glück.

Dann, Farewell auß Wiedersch!n
Jetz geht en iedes wilder haem.
Wer net des naegscht moahl kumme
kam,
Den dreffe mir im Himmel an.

Der nenunt sei Licht jo owenuf;
Der hnt en Schtub, verluss dich
druf.
Dort geht's jo a' Reunions zeit!
So gute Nacht, ihr liewe Leit!

Wer sich net dra halt, ruht und
lacht,
Und is schier immer fertig;
Der hot oftmols kens wan er's
braucht,
No fühlt er al net immer leicht.

Geld dreibt der Welt ihr bisnes
Rad;
'Sis meh wie Wasser Power:
Es halt die Kerich und Schule
grad;
Der Politick ihr mauer.
Wehr's net fer's Geld dan wist
ich net
Ferwas mer sich so bolege sed.

Wer ehrlich schaft der hot en recht
Zu sein're Tag's belohnung;
Geld dreibt die armuth naus und
brecht
Den Weg zur Muth und Hoff-
nung;
Und wer gerunk hot und geht acht,
Der is guth ab, werd hoch geacht.
Unzweckmäßigkeit, Krebs; niemand will die
In seinem Kerber haw; 
Und wer sie hot, wees net wo lie,
Doch mus er sie mit trage. 
Ken Medizin, ken Geld, nix sunsch 
Heelt sie mit ken'ra Weisheit's kunscht.

Gesunde Leit, die fülle net 
Was kranke leide misse; 
Sie gehne ruhig in ihr Bed 
Und wolle's ah net wisse. 
Sie deete nenne all ihr Geld, 
Doch net ihr Wehmuth in der Welt.

Geld is fél werd, Gesundheit meh, 
Und wan sie sin be' nanner. 
Dan denkt mer nau deet alles geh, 
Es wehr der Welt ihr Hammer. 
Ich wees, sie hen en grote Kraft, 
Ferbumme mit fél Wissenschaft.

En anre Fäcker biect die zwich; 
Ich wees ihr duth mirs glaawe; 
Und wani's net duth dan bleib ich szech,
Und will ken Werd meh sage. 
Fernern, schtet er gans fanne dra, 
Die drei beinanner, sin en Lah.

Was badt Gesundheit und fél Geld 
Mit kem Ferschtand dahinne? 
Ferschtand, der püscht die Binses Welt, 
Und macht die Räder schpinn. 
Ferschtand hebt alles guth und fascht, 
Und wees gar nix fun ken'ra Lascht.

Besucht, zu weil, en Närre Haus; 
Und was kennt ihr dert schene? 
Ihr fehlt ihr wod glei wider naus, 
Und sagt—Mer deet net mehne 
Das es so Mensche gewe kent; 
Ferschtand hen sie net fer ehn sent.

Die Närre hen ken Frehd im Hertz, 
Sie wisse kaum zu lache; 
Und ihr gedechtnis is so kertz. 
Hen wenig Muth zu schaffe. 
'Sis Sedmuth, Wehmuth oder Zern, 
Sie hen nix guthes in ihrn Hern.

Wie arm sin doch all so Leit, 
Die leide in Gedanke? 
Ihr auge scene nix mit Freid. 
'Sis ihne nix ferhande 
Das ihne Muth un Hoffnung bringt, 
Nix das sie zu was guthes dringt.

Ihr Heimath is en Närre Haus, 
Der inhalt gans bedawru'ch; 
Sie wisse net wohlie, wonaus; 
Und ihr Gesichter schlanderl. 
Drum beet fer Weisheit und Fer- 
schtand, 
Und schaft fer Geld, sel is ken Schand.

Wer Geld hot, G'sundheit un Fers- 
schtand, 
Dem geht es guth im Leben; 
Wer die drei häbt in seiner Hand 
Der sed guth druf acht geben, 
Sonscht schlippe sie hinaus und ferd, 
Und wan sie ferd sin, kumpt es herd.

Mer hot ah Lieb, and Seel und Geist; 
Die drei sin all nothwenng; 
Sie sin en Licht das uns recht weist, 
Und halt uns Frannm, Fers- 
schtännig. 
Fiel sache gehne drei bei drei. 
Und wan ehns fehlt dan schpiert mer's glei.

Wer gloobt, und sucht, und gebt 
guth acht. 
Und halt sich an drei Sache, 
Der find aus was em Glücklich macht; 
Was em Muth geht zu schaffe. 
Mer lebt fer Welt, fer sich, fer Gott, 
Und seelig des wo die drei hot.
FISHING ALONG TWO LEHIGH COUNTY STREAMS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONCE knew a boy, who, on the eve of a holiday fishing trip, made the following philosophic remark in high glee: "Oh, I wish I could always be as happy as when I want to go fishing the next day!"

Such are the pleasures of hope and anticipation. Who has not seen the same boy again, a little older grown, on some bright and early morn, go down the main street of his town, with fishing-rod on shoulder, bait and lunch boxes bulging his coat pockets as he proclaimed his buoyant spirits and high expectations in the whistling of some merry air, which kept time with his eager feet? Everything about him is confirming what his exhalent lips have spoken in reply to a friendly inquiry as to his enthusiastic errand, namely, that he "was going to fish."

This occurs while the day is yet young, while the sun is beginning to climb the eastern heavens and while the day's fortune, although roseate with promise, is yet dangling in uncertainty from the enchanting cord of expectation. After the day is over and the sun is sinking in the western sky, the same fisherman may perchance be seen warily and sneakingly trudge his way up some unfrequented alley, his gait slow, his clothes draggeled and bespattered and his countenance somewhat fallen, as he mutters to the salutation, "Where have you been all day, Bob?" "I've been fis-fish-ing!" "Any luck?" "No-t mu-much!" Moral: It often depends as to which end of the fishing trip you happen to meet a fellow as to the kind of spirits you find him in.

May there be nothing to mar the pleasure, or to dampen the hilarity and expectation of my party of historical pilgrims, as with high glee we set out on today's outing, angling along two historic streams, not for the finny tribe, but for the gamey events that have glided down Time's swift-flowing current since first the white settler—the energetic and thrifty Germans of the Rhine and Weser Valleys of the Fatherland—have driven out the tribes of Red men from the well-watered vales of Eastern Pennsylvania! When today's pilgrimage along the Cedar and Spring Creeks of "little Lehigh" is ended, may each angler, who with baited hook joins the party, have caught a rich mess and may he hold up his head in proud satisfaction over his "catch."
HISTORICAL PILGRIMAGE.

We shall start in Lehigh's proud capital, Allentown, at whose base these waters of the southwestern townships lave by and empty themselves into the larger Lehigh—the Indian Lechaweeki, abbreviated by the Germans into Lecha—a stream that by its picturesque mountains and cataracts, glens and serpentine windings, has gained a world-wide fame on account of its scenic beauty, for all this region.

Most fishing trips are initiated in early spring. They may be resumed and continued all summer, but what country boy does not associate beds of violets and bluets dotting the meadows, or the rank and luxuriant skunk-cabbage and may-apple which line the banks of streams, or the brown alder tassels and the crimson maple blossoms which float down the current, with his first experiences in fishing? But these are all early spring growths and blossoms, and so the poet of every fishing trip will fish for entrancing forms of natural beauty, while the historian casts his line for noteworthy events of the past. To the former this season becomes a sacrament and miracle of life. With Frank Crane, the poet, he holds communion with the Giver of all life and worships:

"As when the young priest first comes close
To altar lights and reredos
And lifts his hand to take the cup
Wherein God's blood is gathered up,
So stand I, hushed and wondering,
Before the Epiphany of Spring.

"Life! Life! Oh, miracle divine!
I cannot disbelieve the fine
Impulsion here. My heart flames out
And burns the barriers of doubt."

So while the account of this pilgrimage into nature and this district's historic past is published in summer, the journey itself was made in budding springtime. Parts of the trip were made by automobile, with the accomplished chauffeur, Mr. George B. Kohler, of Kutztown, having hold of the reins of his speedy Cadillac, and his fellow townsman, our good friend Mr. H. K. Deisher, proprietor of the King Knitting Mills and collector of the largest and most valuable museum of Indian relics and curios in Pennsylvania, having charge of the photographic camera end of it, the editor wielded a historian's stylos as fishing rod, and the chauffeur's young son carried the bait in the form of fresh pretzels and well-kept last year's apples. Ah! that was a joyful May-day swing of a circle of thirty-five miles, and had experiences of which Lord Tennyson could not have written in his day! It touched the upper halves of the Little Lehigh and Spring Creek vales and its observations must be woven into the yarn of two pilgrimages, while to each must be united the stories of others, covering the unfinished sections for us by proxy. But now we are off for our trip.
Going up Hamilton Street of Allentown to Seventeenth, we pass many of this proud and substantial Pennsylvania-German city's most palatial residences, where the flourishing business-men and the aristocracy of the city have planted their costly houses. Turning to the north for two squares on Seventeenth, we come to the Allentown Hospital on the right, and on the left the entrance of the celebrated Allentown Fair Grounds where every fourth week of September ten thousands of infatuated visitors daily pay their fifty-cent admission fees to see the biggest show in fattened kine, fancy poultry, fleecy sheep, fleetest racers, fascinating fakirs, fine vegetables and fat women in all this country of ours. Hundreds of rustic swains for many miles around annually bring their sweethearts to the scene, and modestly, blushingly greet their acquaintances in good flat Pennsylvania-Dutch, as they pass them en route among the stalls of stock or through the poultry houses. It becomes true every year, manifoldly repeated, what Dr. J. Max Hark has so well described in his excellent portrayal of scenes "An der Fair":

"G'wiss sehnt mer net oft 'n schmert-guckicher Paar
As wie des an dem Morge war,
Wie sie in der Fair-grund nei g'fahre sin—
'S war Donnerstag Morge, so wie ich mich b'sinn.

"Was ware aver schon 'n Lot Mensche dort;
Un 'n Zucht un Gegrisch alsfort!
'S war 'n Huckster un Gamler un allerhand Shows;
Mer het denke kenne der Deivel wär loss!"
"Die Ochse hen geblarrt un die Hahne gekräht; 
Mer hut schier net g'wist wo mer schteht. 
Un noh kummt die Band noch un spielt uf 'm Sehtand; 
'S war ewiger Lärm, awer doch war 's ah grand.

"Zu erscht hut 's die Kate schier-gar bang gemacht; 
Der Jake awer hut jusccht gelacht. 
'Nemm du jusccht mei Hand,' sagt der Jake; 'un noh 
Geht 's ab zu sehne was zu sehne is doh.'

"Noch dem sin sie gange mitunaher die Küh' 
Zu begucka, un 's annere Vich. 
Von Schof un von Sei, 's nix aberdich zu seh'; 
Die Geil sin recht gut, un die Hinkel sin schö.

"Die Kate bleibt 's längst beim Hammele steh', 
Sie kann gar net fert davon geh'. 
Sie streichelt's un schwetzt zu' m; noh schämnt sie sich halb, 
Wie der Jake zu 'hrer sägt, er wot er wär 'n Kalb.

"Fer en lang Story kerz mache: Vor der nächste Fair 
War die Kate die Mrs. Jake Lehr! 
Un der Jake next sie oft un sägt 's dut ihm leed 
As er net an die Fair meh kann geh mit de Mäd.'

A quarter of a mile westward on the highest grounds of the outskirts of the city, commanding a magnificent view in every direction, has the General Council of the Lutheran Church recently planted its Greater Muhlenberg College. For over thirty years the college has had its home and narrower life in the heart of the crowding city. It always felt its limitations here and finally struck out boldly into this freer, unhampered location where its modern new buildings and its new enthusiasm and new President will help the fifty odd acreage of elbow room to tempt it into an expansion at once commensurate with the needs of the growing church and the demands of the new century.

From the college grounds a gentle southeastern slope soon brings us into the Cedar Creek Valley. It is a well-watered section, under a high state of cultivation, dotted with commodious and substantial old homesteads that speak of the thrift and wealth of our progressive Germanic stock. The stream as clear as crystal, winds lazily through rich meadow lands, furnishing water-power for the running of several grist mills before it empties
itself into the Little Lehigh near Allentown. Down the steep Griesemer's Hill we come to the celebrated Duck Farm, C. W. B. Gernerd, proprietor, where tens of thousands of ducks are raised for the New York markets annually. It is located at Griesemersville, a village founded in 1806 by Abraham Griesemer, and containing a hotel, tannery, limekilns, several residences and the noted duck farm. It is situated along the old Easton State Road, opened in 1753 from Easton to Reading. It is also on the line of the Allentown and Reading trolley road, and along these two highways—not always running together—lie the points of historic interest in this section.

C. W. B. GERNERD'S DUCK FARM, ALLENTOWN, PA.

It is still related as a historical fact that when the State Road was laid out, a century and a half ago, huge bonfires were built, the one on Griesemer's Hill and the other on Hans' Hill, about twelve miles towards the new settlement of Reading, and near the Western limits of the present Lehigh county—two of the highest points en route and in sight of each other, to guide the engineers of that day in their survey. What beacon lights on the shores of these pioneers! Now on Griesemer's Hill stands Muhlenberg College, lifting up its beacon light, while a short distance beyond Hans' Hill, on Maxatawny Heights, stands the Keystone State Normal School, waving its signal light of intellectual oil to light up the pathway of the modern wanderer—while between the proud cities of Allentown and Read-
ing, with their combined population of 125,000 gritty sons and daughters of these sturdy German pioneers, there play to and fro, over this historic highway, hourly, the twentieth century inter-urban trolley cars.

Several miles west of Allentown the trolley line brings us to the village of Cedarville, so named from the native abundance of cedar trees growing on the banks of the clear stream that washes by its threshold. It has lately changed its English name for its Latin equivalent, Cetronia. It was founded in 1850 by Charles Mertz and contains a store, hotel, three churches, flour-

REV. J. A. W. HAAS, D.D.,
President of Muhlenberg College.

ing mills and a postoffice, besides the residences of about 150 inhabitants. The well-known Lutheran and Reformed pastors of fifty years ago, Revs. Jeremiah Shindel and Joseph H. Dubbs, were the founders of the united congregations, respectively, while from the Evangelical flock, which has long flourished here, has come forth the late eloquent and profound Rev. Solomon Neitz of this denomination, whose powerful pulpit efforts were justly celebrated far and wide. It is said that the learned Dr. Philip Schaft heard him on one occasion, and after the sermon desired to know from what German University he had graduated. The reply was that he was a graduate of a certain barn on Cedar Creek, meaning that he was converted
in a series of Evangelical meetings held in a barn here, and that beyond
this he enjoyed not any theological school advantages. The truth is he
was the gifted son of a plain Pennsylvania-German settler of these parts,
endowed with unusual native gifts, which were directed by strenuous self-
effort and improvement into the religious sphere, where time and field were
ripe in that period of the history of the followers of Bishop Allbright to
enable him to reach the zenith of his power and fame. One could not listen
to him without feeling he was in the presence of a man of matchless pulpit
power and profound Biblical knowledge and spiritual unction. Whenever
he preached at campmeetings the crowd was sure to be large.

Just west of Cedarville, beyond Lichtenwalner's mill, formerly Knauss',
is Dorney's Park—a summer resort that charms tens of thousands of vis-
itors every year. Besides a well-kept grove, provided with pavilions and
auditorium and dancing floors, the numerous fish ponds with its fine
water adds additional charm. The proprietor, Mr. Dorney, through his
merry-go-round, toboggan, and eating house and sales from his fish
weir is dividing with the traction company the fortunes which our
improvident Americans are willing every summer day to throw away for
recreative and sensual pleasure.

About three-quarters of a mile westward we come to the county Alms-
house where for many decades Lehigh county has provided with an ample
charity the wants of its indigent and infirm classes. Once there was no
necessity for such a public provision, when the population was thin and
before the wheels of grinding competition, the machinery of life-risking
industries and the perpetually impoverishing grind of the multiplied gin-
mill reduced hundreds of this once hardy stock to wrecklessness and want.
But the manifold increase of all these with its increased population has
made our Saviour's word a fact in Lehigh, "for the poor have ye always
with you"—and has filled its large, four-storied almshouses with hundreds
of this class. The beauty is that the county has ever been able to furnish
good German cooks for these boarders, so they have been able to get their
viands and soups and saurkrauts as they taste best to a German palate.

A short distance northward from the county almshouse is found the
fountain-head of the celebrated Cedar Creek. The spring was the site of an
Indian village or rendezvous long ago. In about 1740 John George Guth
became the first white settler here. In 1744 he erected a grist mill, which
property passed into his son's hands in 1766. In 1774 Adam Eppler bought
the property, who in 1788, transferred it to Henry Bortz, and he in turn
to Jacob Schantz in 1792. It was in the Schantz name for three-quarters
of a century, when it was sold to David Koch. The Rev. Dr. F. J. F.
Schantz, of Myerstown, Pa., a son of Hiram Schantz, the last Schantz pro-
prietor, who was born near this spot, and has made this locality known in
literature by his excellent poem in the vernacular of "S Schulhaus am
Sandloch," recalls vividly this neighborhood of sixty years ago and tells us
that "the head of Cedar Creek is a spring which afforded enough water for
the turning of two overshot wheels, the one that of a grist mill, the other, a saw-mill." The mill property, a large dwelling house the miller's home and a building erected and formerly used as a private school building were then in the possession of Rev. Mr. Schantz's father, who was a wide-awake and progressive specimen of our Germanic stock during the first half and middle of the last century. Many of the farmers' names of that day are recalled, such as Bortz, Litzenberg, Grammes and Butz, and westward that of Schaeffer, Marks and Gackenbach, whose names appear on local teachers' rolls today. The stock is not dying out, though the sculptor has carved them on sandstone and marble slabs for nearly two centuries and set them up as memorials in the neighboring burial plots hereabouts. But Schantz's mill has changed hands. It has recently become the property of the city of Allentown and will henceforth constitute that city's chief source of water supply. Surely when this best specimen of Adam's ale can be on tap in every Allentown kitchen there should be found no longer pretext with any one for "rushing the growler."

Westward of Schantz's mill, a short distance, nestles the village of Wescoesville. About it originally settled the Wescoes, Fausts, Horlachers, Marxes, Bastians, Lerches, Bortzes, Minks and others. It is a small village with a population of about 200, tapped by the electric railway and situated on the great Easton highway or stage road. Besides mechanics' shops, it contains a church, store and hotel. It was hereabouts, possibly, however at Allentown or Trexlertown, that one of New England's signers of the Declaration, the Hon. William Ellery, of Rhode Island, stopped over night on his way to the sessions of our Continental Congress, then held in York, Pa. The following is culled from his diary which he kept, faithfully recording the incidents of his journey on horseback, accompanied as he was by his son-in-law, Mr. Francis Dana, a member of Congress from Massachusetts, and a man servant. Among other incidents are noted the facts of having passed on his way both John Hancock with his military escort, and Samuel and John Adams returning from Congress. The latter he passed nine miles east of Kutztown, that is Levans, where at an inn [was it at Trexlertown?] they chatted and broke bread together. On November 11 (1777) the party stopped at Bethlehem, and then follows this entry:

"November 12th. Baited at Snell's, nine miles and ate a tolerable veal cutlet. Snell is a good Whig."

"November 12th. The forepart of the day was filled with snow-squalls, which proved particularly irksome to Mr. Dana's servant, whose surtout was stolen from him the evening before at Johnston's by some soldier. The afternoon was comfortable but the evening was windy and exceedingly cold. The room in which we sat and lodged admitted the cold air at a thousand chinks, and our narrow bed had on it only a thin rug and a narrow sheet. We went to bed almost completely dressed, but even that would not do. It was so cold that I could not sleep. What would not I have given to be by my own fireside. I wished a thousand times that the Old Fellow
had our landlady. Our fellow lodgers suffered as much as we did, and if they had read Tristam Shandy's chapter of curses, and would have remembered it, they would have cursed her through his whole catalogue of curses. What added to the infamousness of this tavern was the extreme squalidity of the room, beds, and every utensil. I will conclude my story of this sink of filth and abomination with a circumstance which, while it shows that our dirty landlady had some idea of neatness, must excite a contemptuous smile. The table on which we were to breakfast was so inexpressibly nasty that we begged she would put a clean napkin on it, to which this *simpex munditis* objected that the coffee might dirty the cloth. I intended to have finished here; but the avarice of this mass of filth was so great as her sluttishness—was so great that I cannot forbear noticing it. Notwithstanding we had nothing of her but a bit of a hock of pork, boiled a second time, and some bread and butter (we found our own tea and coffee) and hay and oats for our horses; this Daughter of Lycurgus charged for Mr. Dana, myself and servant, thirty-eight shillings of lawful money."

The diary recounts the meeting and dining together the next day with Samuel and John Adams, and describes their journey from the Schuykill via Ephrata and Lititz, where they "lodged in clover" the night of the 14th. What Congressman would today think of finding his way to the nation's seat of Government by these old roads?

Over this early State road, however, we know to have passed a number of Presidents of the United States and nominees for said office during their pre-election canvassing tours. While they caught the votes of the people if running on the right ticket, and that usually was the Democratic in that early period—they never called any residents from these parts to high office. There were other reasons doubtless, but one certainly was that our German people of that day were not ambitious for civil office. Only when there was a call to arms did the early settlers of these parts heed their country's call. Then usually they were the first to respond and report for duty at the front. Thus have our German counties made a glorious military record for themselves in all the wars of our country. These people usually kept the even tenor of their way, tilling the soil and improving their farms. They united in the most faithful support of church and school. Occasionally some leaders of the community banded together and provided better educational facilities for their children in the establishment of private subscription schools. Thus we learn that as early as 1806 did Jacob Woodring, David Brown, Christopher Mohr and John Myers, of these parts, as trustees, purchase an acre and sixty-three perches of land for the sum of five shillings for school purposes, upon which they erected a school house. It may be that in that school sowing the seed was scattered that nearly a century later this community should send forth as fruit such men as the Bastians, of Allentown, who are making a fortune in smoked meats; the celebrated firm of Acker Brothers, in Philadelphia, confectioners and grocers, whose success is simply marvelous; and the Rev. Dr. J. D. Wood-
ring, the present efficient head of Albright College at Myerstown. There is perhaps no better paying plant to raise on the farm than the little red school house.

From Wescoesville the trolley road leads us two miles to the south to East Texas, another small village, about which rich deposits of iron ore have been mined a generation ago. The State Road leads us direct to Trexlertown, the oldest settlement of all these parts. Here, on Spring Creek, about nine miles from the present county seat and fully forty years before Allentown was settled or founded, Jeremiah Trexler and his children, coming from Oley settled in 1729, on what was later known as the Schwartz farm. In 1732 the first public road was laid out from Goschenhoppen to Trexler's Tavern and later on through the township towards the Jordan and Blue Ridge Gaps. It was long known as the King's Road or Highway. Later, in 1753, came the Easton or State Road, running east and west, which gave this settlement a favorable cross-roads accessibility. But it seems that one hostelry has been able to take care of all the traveling public for many a year since that day. Yet doubtless the Trexler Tavern, now Yoder's, has been the oldest consecutive inn within the limits of Lehigh county. From this first settler in these parts has sprung a sturdy and resolute progeny. Branching out towards the Long Swamp, the valley from the present Shamrock southward toward the Lehigh mountain gaps has been the real Trexler settlement for a century or more. Here the farms, mills, store, hotel and furnace property have long been in the Trexler name. Here lived and died Reuben Trexler, an old iron master of the

A. LINCOLN ACKER,
Philadelphia's Reform Director of Public Works.
first half of the Nineteenth Century and the last leaf of this old family tree is now fluttering on its top-most bough, Colonel William Trexler, spry and supple in his 90th year. From this stock has come the late Dr. Jere Trexler, of Kutztown, who sent the late President McKinley the heaviest turkey ever received at the White House one Thanksgiving Day. The Rev. D. D. Trexler, of Bernville, and the present honorable Judge of Lehigh and his brother, Harry C. Trexler, one of the wealthiest and most public-spirited citizens of Allentown, are scions of this first settler of Trexlertown.

Spring Creek has its rise here from a powerful gushing fountain similar to that at Schantz's. Early the German settlers of this community, including such names as Schall, Yoder, Fisher, Hain, Deck, Kuder, etc., were brought together for worship, and as early as 1747 the Rev. Michael Schlatter visited the flock and the Rev. J. Philip Boehm administered the Holy Communion to the members. There was no church edifice erected here, however, until 1785, the Lehigh, the Long Swamp and the Ziegler churches having preceded it. In this year, however, a union house of worship was built where Lutherans and Reformed have equal rights and privileges. Rev. J. H. Helfrich was the first Reformed and Rev. Casper Dich!
the first Lutheran pastor. When one looks over the populous city of the dead that surrounds this church edifice, one can easily see that the congregation's membership must have been strong. The present pastors are Revs. Ritter and Brensinger, Lutheran and Reformed, respectively.

The town has between three and four hundred inhabitants, is supplied with hotels, stores, lumber yard, the artisan shops, and good schools. It is the home of Dr. William Herbst, an able practitioner of the old school, and a celebrated author and authority on fungi. It has sent out good men to bless the world abroad among whom graceing their professions we recall Rev. Dr. H. A. Weller, of Orwigsburg and Prof. Herbert H. Herbst, of Allentown. Here resides a brother of the writer, who in the coal and lumber business and later in the saw milling business, has made a comparative success from a very humble beginning. The writer happens to know that here beat scores of other warm hearts, whose lives are a credit to the stock whose names they bear and whose blood courses through their veins. The town is touched by the trolley and on the line of the C. & E. Branch of the Reading steam road. It is surrounded by the richest of lands, much of it having yielded beside its cereal crops a rich harvest of mineral wealth. About it lie the finest farms. The soil is limestone and this entire section is well watered. To the north nestles at the base of a gravel ridge the neat little hamlet of Fogelsville, named after Judge John Fogel, who built the first house in the town in 1798. The village is flanked on the north by Colonel Harry C. Trexler's improved plantation, and on the south by that of George A. Albright's farms, on which he has erected his costly rustic slab-side summer bungalow, which is a curiosity in these parts. Westward of Fogelsville a few miles, is located the Ziegels Church, one of the oldest churches in this section, while about two miles southwest of Trelleltown, along the Little Lehigh, is the original Macungie or Lehigh Church one of the first churches of the country. But we shall get to its history in a future article. Just a little north of this church is a cluster of houses—a hamlet known as Weiler's Store, named because here a Mr. James Weiler has for seventy years consecutively carried on a rural mercantile business. Although the business might have been the chief attraction to some others, its proprietor has been the marvel of my bevy of historical fishermen. Mr. Weiler has just entered his nineteenth year, yet has not his natural strength failed him, nor his

HENRY H. HERBST, M.D.,
Prof. at Muhlenberg College.
mental force abated. And this latter has manifested itself in a freakish special way, that has renowned its possessor for years as a marvel and a prodigy for his "lightning calculations." His equal has never been found in this respect. We ourselves tested him at this advanced age and found that a long row of figures took but a few seconds of time, i.e., merely a swift glance of the eye, and the correct sum was invariably set underneath. He gave us the story of how this unaccountable gift was developed by a strange experience in early life. One day while taking a load of goods to Philadelphia he found himself perspiring in his lap-robes, and casting them back his one side chilled, so that the pores on this side of his face closed. A peculiar sensation followed, but medical aid could never to this day open

the pores on this side of the face. From this moment dates the gift of lightning calculation, which enables him to add figures on sight without any special effort. We are glad to present here a picture of this veteran business man and his store, where his sons have been born and grown aged with him as business partners.

Another nonagenarian veteran we met at Trexlertown in the person of Richard F. Smith, who cast his first Presidential ballot for Martin Van Buren, and took part in an oxroast celebrating the election of Governor Porter of Pennsylvania, and who as printer at Harrisburg, knew well such men as Thaddeus Stevens and Simon Cameron in their prime. The remarkable thing is his walking ability, averaging four miles an hour.

From Trexlertown to Rotherocksville, whither I led a pilgrimage from Reading several years ago, is about four miles in which lie the fine farms of the Mosers and Breinigs and Klines and Grims and others. Cutting in a southwesterly course across the once rich ore-belt of Farmington and
Kline's Corner, we reach in a few miles the borough of Topton in Berks county, the highest elevation along the East Penn Railroad, where the water sheds, and where the Little Lehigh has its rise, along which water-course we hope to extend our fishing trip in our next issue with the promise of a big string. It will lead us back to Allentown by a winding course down the East Penn Valley, in which and along whose sloping hill-sides lies a rich field of Pennsylvania-German history.

The course we have traversed today is lined with scores of dear old homesteads, every one of which has an ancient, almost sacred but unwritten history. Their ivy-covered walls, their once tiled or straw-thatched roofs, now slated it may be, their wide hall-ways and spacious living rooms could speak of jolly quilting bees and apple-butter parties, or of happy harvest days, or of some more solemn event it may be, but surely the sight of them as we passed them today, had we many a wanderer in our party, would have tugged at his heart-strings and caused him to alight and enter with solemn, cautious step. For what is so fascinating as the sight of one's old homestead from which fortune or fate has driven us to wander the dusty highways of life. Oh! the longing for the old home! And how it calls us! Lizette W. Reese knew it, and well told it in her "The Cry of the Old House."

Come back!
My little lads, come back!
My little maids, with starched frocks;
My lads, my maids, come back!
The poplar trees are black
Against the keen, lone, throbbing sky,
The tang of the old box
Fills the clear dusk from wall to wall,
And the dews fall.
Come back!
I watch, I cry;
Leave the rude wharf, the mart,
Come back!
Else I shall break my heart.

Am I forgot;
My days as they were not?
The warm, sweet, crooning tunes;
The Sunday afternoons,
Wrought but for you;
The larkspurs growing tall,
You wreathe! in pink and blue,
Within your prayer-books small;
The cupboards both in and out,
With curious, prickly vine,
And smelling far and fine;
The pictures in a row,
Of folk you did not know;
The toys, the games, the shrill, gay rout;
The lanterns, that at hour for bed,
Went flickering from shed to shed;
The fagots crumbling, spicy, good,
Brought in from the great wood;
The dark that held you all about;
The wind that would not go?
Come back, my women and my men
And take them all again!

Come back!
Come up the still, accustomed, wistful lands,
The poplar-haunted lands.
You need not call,
For I shall know,
And light the candles tall,
Set wine and loaf a-row.
Come back!
Unlatch the door,
And fall upon my heart once more.
For I shall comfort you, O lad;
O daughter, I shall make you wholly glad,
The wreck, the wrong,
The unavailing throng,
The sting, the smart,
Shall be as they were not,
Forgot, forgot,
Come back,
And fall upon my heart.
WEATHER PROGNOSTICATIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS.

BY JOHN BAER STOUTT.

EVERY fall after the Thanksgiving festival, all eyes are turned to the city of Reading, and we anxiously await the predictions and forecasts of the weather for the subsequent winter by the famous goose-bone prophet, Elias Hartz. It was with a sigh and a shiver that last fall we received his famous prophecy of an "old-faashioned winter, with blizzards, zero weather and heavy snows." But our fears and anxieties were somewhat allayed when his forecasts were followed by those of Isaac E. Henning and Benjamin Stover, both of Reading: Abraham Strausser, of Bloomsburg, and George Young, of Hill Church, each of whom predicted a mild winter. Every one of the above named gentlemen calculates and makes his forecasts by separate and independent methods.

Both for the sake of curiosity and amusement the writer has collected methods of prediction and superstitions concerning the weather. Almost all have been collected at first-hand, and are here reproduced, as nearly as possible, in the form in which they have been found current among the people. Many of these superstitions are based on provisions of nature, but some are very fanciful, indeed.

First in the list comes the goose-bone superstition, of which Mr. Hartz is the champion. Every fall he takes a young goose, which has been raised during the preceding summer, and from the peculiar shape, color and marks of the breast bone makes his predictions.

The goose-bone prognostication is not the fanciful creation of the mind of Mr. Elias Hartz, of the city of Reading, as some of us are inclined to suppose, but is a common superstition today among the Germans on both sides of the ocean. Not only is it a common superstition in some parts of Germany today but as such, antedates the memory of man. As early as 1455 not only had the poor peasant faith in it, but nobles, princes, and kings as well.

On St. Martin's Day the goose was killed and eaten. The eldest, and to be sure the wisest member of the family took the breast bone of the goose and left it dry till the next morning, when it was examined in front, in the middle and in back, and the predictions for either a warm, cold, wet or dry winter made. So firm were they in their belief in the goose-bone, that they would wager their goods and chattels upon it.

Dr. Hartlieb* says, that a great victorious captain in whom both the prince and peasants had great confidence for wisdom and bravery, came to him on St. Nicolas Day, 1455, and said to him, "Dear master, how shall

*Doctor Hartlieb's Book of all Forbidden Arts, written in 1455 for Johann, Margrav of Brandenburg.—Grimm's Teutonic Mythology, Vol. IV.
the winter be this year, as ye star 'gazers opine.' Whereupon the Doctor replied, "Lord Saturn goes this month into a fiery sign, likewise other stars are so disposed, that in three years no harder winter shall have been seen." Then the captain drew from his doublet a goose-bone and explained how that after Candlemas (groundhog day) an exceeding great frost should take place. The captain also related how the Teutonic Knights of Prussia waged all their winter campaigns according to the goose-bone. "While the Teutonic Order obeyed the bone, so long had they great worship and honor, but since they have left it off, the Lord knows how it stands with them."

Our German ancestors laid a great deal of stress on the "ruling planet" for the year. Not only did these planets, which were seven in number, viz., Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury, and the Moon, determine the character of the weather for their respective years, but the fruitfulness of the harvest, the health of the community and the disposition of children born under its influence as well. Thus every eighth year the same general conditions would repeat themselves. There are still today many people, especially farmers in Eastern Pennsylvania, who as soon as a new calendar falls into their hands, turn at once to see which is the ruling planet for the year, in order to ascertain what the coming year may have in store for them.

For 1905 the Sun is the ruling planet, which denotes a very dry year, little rain and a moderately warm summer. East and north winds will predominate. Many thunderstorms will be accompanied with hail, which will be very destructive to crops. Light showers will be few.

1906. Venus.—This year, taken all in all, will be rather wet than dry; sweltering and hot. It will have, during the summer, almost daily thunderstorms and cloudbursts.

1907. Mercury.—This year will be dry, cold, and fruitless. East winds will generally prevail, sometimes west winds and seldom, north winds. The summer will be characterized by few thunder storms.

1908. Moon.—This will be a rather wet, mild year. During the winter we shall have some violent storms and unusually heavy rains, few thunder storms during spring and summer, but of these several will very likely be severe; however, doing little damage.

1909. Saturn.—This year will be cold and wet, but will contain severe droughts; however, on the whole the year will be wet and therefore a cold and unpleasant year. The year in particular will have two or three heavy storms accompanied by rain. The summer will experience few thunder storms, of which several, especially those in spring, will be accompanied by hail.

1910. Jupiter.—This year in general will be dry though at times we will have wet periods. The spring of the year will be late. Though Jupiter is inclined to be very fruitful, the harvests may be two or even three weeks later than usual. West winds will predominate, sometimes the south winds.
Although it will rain frequently during this year, we will have no great floods except in spring when the snow melts. The summer will be noted for its many thunder storms though little damage may be expected.

1911, Mars.—This year in general will be dry, though we shall have several rainy spells. During this year we will have a few rains or storms, but several severe ones, especially thunder storms and whatever lightning strikes it is likely to set on fire.

But says Mauritius Knauer in reference to the above scheme, “No hard and fast rule is here laid down for the Almighty God to follow. For when He wishes to punish us for our sins, He does so against the course of nature, and all stars and elements are subject to His divine majesty.”

An early fall indicates an early spring.

An early departure of birds indicates an early winter.

If it gives much hay it takes much.

If the ground is white on Christmas it will be green on Easter.

The large white clouds seen during the month of August are said to be snow blossoms.

An early fall of leaves indicates an early winter.

When the leaves of the cherry turn red early in fall the subsequent winter is sure to be long and severe.

If the oak trees shed their leaves from below up the winter will be long and cold.

If the leaves of the trees and grapevines do not fall before St. Martin’s day a cold winter may be expected.

A heavy crop of persimmons indicates a severe winter. An abundant crop of nuts (for the squirrels) indicates a long winter.

If wild bees have gathered a large store of honey we shall have a long winter.

The early moulting of domestic fowls is an indication of an early winter.

Long bristles on hogs, as well as long and shaggy hair on horses and cattle in fall, indicate a long winter.

A heavy fur on cats, wild bears, raccoons and opossums all indicate a severe winter.

If the spleen of hogs is short and thick the winter will be short.

If the scales on the buds of trees are short and thick the subsequent winter will be severe.

If the hull on shellbarks and walnuts is thick it indicates a long and severe winter.

Whenever the husk is found to be close and tight on the ears of corn we are sure to have a very severe winter.

Thick shells on onions indicate cold winter.

If in the fall it is found that the hair on the squirrels’ feet extend down over the claws, or that the feathers on the legs of partridges extend almost to the claws, we may expect a severe winter.

If hornets build their nests high up on the trees we are sure to have a long and severe winter.
If, in digging down into the ground in winter, you discover toads or snakes near the surface, the winter will be a mild one.

If between Christmas and New Year the geese waddle in mud they will do so every month of the following year.

If the geese on St. Martin's Day stand on ice they will walk in mud on Christmas.

If there be ice in November that will bear a duck, there will be nothing thereafter but sleet and muck.

If a caterpillar be found in November, we are sure to have a mild winter.

If grasshoppers hop upon the snow a mild winter may be expected.

If in fall the wormwood is tall and plentiful, the snow of the subsequent winter will be plentiful and deep.

As November so the following March.

As the wind blows during the month of November, so will it blow during December.

If on St. Martin's Day (November 11th) the weather is fair, cold and dry, the cold in winter will not last long.

As the 21st of November so the whole winter.

As at St. Catherine's Day, foul or fair, so will be next February.

If the weather is snowy, cold and blustering, the following winter will be cold.

If the weather is nice and pleasant on November 23d and 24th, the winter will be a mild one.

If the wind blows from the south, November 19th, the winter will be mild, if from the north it will be severe.

Whenever on September 29th the wind comes from the south, the winter will be late and mild. There will be hardly any snow during the winter, especially before Christmas.

When in November the water rises it will show itself the whole winter.

If the groundhog sees its shadow on Carnival, it will return to its den, and remain there for six more weeks, which are sure to be cold and stormy.

Never yet has it happened that a wolf had devoured a whole winter.

At the first snow fall of the season take a pint of snow, put it in a tin vessel, then place the vessel on a hot stove, and count the number of bubbles there will arise while the snow is melting. The number of bubbles will correspond to the number of snow falls for that season.

The number of snow falls for the winter are indicated by the number of days from the first snow fall until Christmas.

The number of days from the first snow fall to the end of the month indicates the number of snow falls of the winter.

Mathias breaks ice;
Finds he none,
So brings he some.
There will never be more than three Saturdays in any year on which the sun is not visible at some part of the day.

If in fall the weather is cold and the temperature falling while the moon is decreasing or towards new moon, the subsequent winter will be mild.

The number of snow falls of a winter season will correspond to the number of days from the first snow fall to new moon.

When crows fly in an almost endless stream in one direction, a storm will follow within the next ten hours.

If the wind blows from the south on the 16th and 19th of November, the following winter will be mild; if from the north or west the winter will be cold.

The weather of any season will be about the same as the weather of that same season one hundred years ago.

The day on which a murderer is hanged is always rough and stormy.

The week of Good Friday is usually cold and stormy.

The sun will never shine clearly before nine o'clock in the morning on Good Friday.

If the ground opens (thaws) between Christmas and New Year, it will open every month of that season.

Wild geese flying towards the south in fall indicates a cold wave.

A halo about the moon indicates rain or snow. The number of stars within the circle indicates the number of fair days before the rain or snow sets in.

If fruit trees are heavily laden with ice in winter they will be heavily laden with fruit the following summer.

If a halo appears about the sun it will rain or snow the next day.

Whenever it rains "into" a rainbow the rainy weather will continue for three more days.

If it rains on the day of the Seven Sleepers the chestnut crop of that year will be a failure.

To determine the general condition of the weather for each month of the year: On the 1st of January take twelve onions, cut them into halves, scoop out the lower halves and put an equal quantity of salt into each half, then give to each half the name of one of the months of the year and place them on the garret. Let them remain there for twelve days, then examine them. The months of the respective halves in which the salt is all dissolved will be wet, while the months of the halves in which the salt is undissolved will be dry in proportion to the quantity of salt that remains undissolved.

Every spring there will be at least one snow fall after the onions have been planted. This snow fall is generally known as the "onion snow."

"To eat up clean what is on the table makes fine weather next day."

An exceptionally hot summer will be followed by a winter of unusual cold.

As the three Ember days so the next three months.
If it rains on the day of Fabian and Sebastian (January 20) the apple crop for that year will be a failure.

If it rains on the day of "The Innocent Children" (Innocents, December 28), then more children than adults will die during the subsequent year.

Fruit trees to bear heavily in summer must bear heavily (ice) between Christmas and New Year.

In spring a cold spell will follow a thunder storm, in fall a warm spell.

Crows flying high up in the air foretell unfavorable weather.

If it rains before seven o'clock in the morning, little rain may be expected that day.

If it rains on the first Sunday of a month it is likely to rain on every Sunday of that month.

A dewless morning is a sure indication of rain.

When on a foggy morning fog suddenly rises and disappears rain is sure to follow, but if it fall, as if were, a fair day may be expected.

The appearance of a pole cat in winter indicates a thaw, in summer rain.

"Thunder in November indicates a fertile year to come."

Whenever the moon changes in the descending node (8 passing the ecliptic going south), we are sure to have a cold spell, even a frost, should it happen in July.

Three successive days in Capricorn will bring cold and stormy weather.

The days in either Pisces or Aquarius usually bring rain, while three days in Pisces followed by two in Aquarius or three in Aquarius followed by two in Pisces will never fail to bring rain.

The hooting of a screech owl in winter portends a thaw, in summer rain.

After a snow fall make a snowball, set it upon a stick and place a lighted candle beneath the snowball. If the heat from the candle melts a hole through the ball without any water dropping from the ball, then that snow will pass away by gradually melting, but if some drops down from the ball that snow will pass away by a rain.

When the snow falls dry
It means to lie;
But flakes, light and soft,
Bring rain oft.

If in winter crows congregate and scream or caw on the summer side of the hills (south side) it indicates rain; if, however, on the winter side (north side), snow.

If it rains on the day of Mary's departure, July 2d, the general condition of the weather for the next six weeks will be rainy, but the day of her return (August 15th) will be fair. If, however, the day of her departure is fair, the next six weeks will be dry, and it will rain on her return.

But if Mary leaves smiling she will return weeping. If Mary leaves weeping she will return smiling.

Thunder in January indicates unusual high winds for that year.

Thunder in February means much sickness during the year.
Thunder in March foretells very heavy showers for the year.
If the roosters crow before midnight it will rain the next day.
A red sky in the morning indicates rain, in the evening fair weather.
If the robins sit on the topmost branches and sing, it indicates clear weather; but if on the lower branches, rain.
The direction that the first thunder storm of a season takes will be the direction of all the subsequent thunder storms for that year.
If, when the snow is on the ground, turkeys go to the fields, or the guinea hens hallo, there will be a thaw.
As the last Friday of a month so the following.
    When the days begin to lengthen
    Then the cold begins to strengthen.

Dandelions blossoming late foretell a mild winter.
If the sun shines brightly on the 25th of January the apple crop will be heavy.
The weather of the different months of the year correspond in a general way to the condition of the first twelve days of the year.
Many superstitions have been attached to the days from Christmas to Epiphany or Twelfth tide.
If the sun shines bright and clear on Christmas day a lucky year.
On the 2d day dearth or famine.
On the 3d day dissension.
On the 4th day measles or smallpox for children.
On the 5th day good crops of fruit and winter grain.
On the 6th day a surplus of tree and field fruits.
On the 7th day good cattle pasture, but a scarcity of grain and wine.
On the 8th day much fish and wild fowl.
On the 9th day successful barter for the merchant.
On the 10th day dangerous storms.
On the 11th day heavy fogs and sickness.
On the 12th day serious wars and bloodshed.
If Christmas Day falls upon:
    Sunday—It denotes a mild winter; spring warm and moist, summer, fine, hot and dry; autumn, damp and wintry. Grain and wine will succeed; honey will be plenty. Sheep, however, will do poorly; seed and garden fruits will crop well.
    Monday—A winter neither too cold nor too warm; a good spring; summer windy, with much wine, but little honey as the bees are apt to die.
    Tuesday—Winter cold; much snow; spring good and windy; summer wet; autumn dry; wine and grain medium. Swine will die easily.*
    Cold weather comes after the wind has blown over the oat stubble.
The sun “drawing water’ indicates rain.

*The writer has been informed that similar beliefs cluster about the remaining days of the week, but thus far he has found nothing as to them. If any reader can supply the wanted information or add any more beliefs or superstitions to this list, it will be very kindly received.
When you hear a distant locomotive whistle, it is a sign of rain.
Rain drops falling on a puddle, dam, stream, and raising large bubbles, mean a heavy fall of rain.
When after a shower, the water dries up quickly from the puddles, more showers will soon follow.
When a storm clears off at night, clear weather will not last long.
If March comes in like a lamb, it will go out like a lion, and vice versa.
If the poplar or aspen leaves turn up the under side rain will soon follow.
If it thunders on Sunday, goose eggs will not hatch.
If flies are unusually persistent either in the house or around the stock there is rain in the air.
Bees work with redoubled energy just before a rain.
Soot falling down from the sides of the chimney upon the hearth is a sure sign of rain.
Pitchers and glasses sweating or salt becoming moist in the salt cellars indicates rain.
The sweating of walls of buildings, cellars or arches is a good sign for rain.
Chickens take extra pains in oiling their feathers just before a storm.
When the chickens run and seek shelter when it begins to rain, it will not last long.
When chickens in the rain have their tail feathers down, it will continue to rain until they raise them.
Hogs fighting among themselves foretell a storm.
When hogs that are out in the fields gather straw or weeds and make nests, or if they come and make nests a cold spell or heavy snow fall is to be expected.
The following incident is related by Dr. F. G. Owens, in the American Journal of Folklore (Vol. IV, No. 13, p. 122): An intelligent farmer of White Deer Valley, Pa., told Dr. Owens, that he had a small herd of hogs feeding on the neighboring mountains several months in the fall. One evening they all came into the barnyard and were seen to be gathering straw to make nests. That night a very heavy snow fell that lasted through the winter.
If cattle run wildly about in the fields or barnyards it indicates a storm.
A cat sleeping with its head lower than the rest of its body foretells a storm.
Fish jumping up out of the water are a good indication for rain and storm.
Thunder while the trees are bare, brings ill luck to young and old.
February has some pleasant days that will already tell us of spring.
Last, but not least, the rheumatic can always tell it “in their bones” when a storm is approaching, and to this prognosis the octogenarian of today is as firm an advocate as were his forefathers.
The Pennsylvania Federation of Historical Societies, which organized at Harrisburg on January 5, 1905, has issued through the State Printer a pamphlet giving an account of this meeting for organization and containing a provisional Constitution. Its purpose will be "the encouragement of historical research relating to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, especially in the preparation of check-lists of publications and the collection of material for a complete bibliography of the Commonwealth." It will henceforth meet annually at Harrisburg on the first Thursday in January. It will doubtless become the source of information relating to all valuable historical publications of the State, and local historians will keep their eyes directed towards it as astronomers direct their telescopes toward the heavens for what they find in the stellar world.

**Nameless Women of the Bible.**

*By Rev. Theron Brown.*

We are evidently experiencing a renaissance in the zeal and interest of Bible study in these days. The same week that brought this book to our sanctuary, brought the current number of a weekly magazine that conducts a book review, in which no less than fourteen special volumes are reviewed, which are so many separate studies and treatises on some specific Biblical theme, mostly studies of parts or the entire Bible as a Book, or else outlines of some Biblical Course by separate authors. If this would indicate an average of the weekly press issues in this field, it would certainly show that we are rapidly approaching the fulfillment of the prophecy when Biblical knowledge shall fill the earth as the waters cover the deep.

The book before us is not one of the alluded number but in harmony with the present trend and covers a special field, in that it brings together almost all the noble actresses on the wide stage of Biblical biography, whose deeds only are given and discussed, but whose names have not been handed down. At least sixteen such portrayals are made in the master style of the gifted author—including only noble and imitable heroines—forming a volume which is as charming as it is unique. American Tract Society, 150 Nassau St., New York. 12mo., pp. 206; cloth; price, 75c.

**The German Pioneers in Pennsylvania.**

By George W. Richards, D.D. This able and interesting brochure of 32 pages has just been issued from the press of the Reformed Church Publication Board of Philadelphia. The subject treated receives here the scholarly touch of a master historical mind and the pamphlet will live. Price, 25 cents.
CONTENTS.

FRONTISPIECE.

EDITORIAL ............................................. 337
The Magazine's Transfer.
Announcement of New Publishers.

FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS ................. 345
Prof. Samuel P. Gross, M.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

POETIC GEMS ......................................... 353
To a Picture.
Der Hendrik Voss.
By the Perlelahm.
Das Grab.
'S Alt Schwingdoch.
Haend All Rahn.

THE ROCKY WIND-VALE ............................ 364

HISTORICAL PILGRIMAGES .......................... 376
Drown the Little Laugh.

BOOK NOTICES ..................................... 379
PROF. SAMUEL D. GROSS, M.D., LL.D., D.C.L.,
THE MAGAZINE'S TRANSFERENCE TO OTHER HANDS.

WITH this issue the Pennsylvania-German closes its sixth volume. The unique journalistic infant, born nearly six years ago, has grown well apace and is now quite a plump and active little stripling. When it first came to light it was a dubious little foundling—a care chiefly to its literary pater, a surprise and curiosity to its blood relatives. But its piteous cry, like that of many another helpless babe, sympathetically drew to itself a circle of true friends and loyal supporters. It was soon recognized that it came of good blood and that it had noble aspirations. Hence it was carefully fed and well clad; so it soon shed its swaddling clothes and began to stir about.

It has now outgrown its nursery. It has grown into an active and healthy boy. It has developed an identity of its own. Its life is distinct and separate from that of its founder. Its voice has grown stronger and more familiar, and it has for years periodically wakened the slumbering echoes in many a valley of the dear old Keystone State. Even beyond the State of its birth the migrating clans have heard its bugle notes, and they have come to its rescue and support as the clans of bonny Scotland would answer the clarion notes of one of its pipers in the old feudal days.

Inasmuch as the magazine has thus developed its own distinct life, it can be treated as a thing separate from its founder and lit-
ery guardian. Whilst it may still have need of direction and supervision, the character of its life has become fixed and definitely outlined. It must live out its own peculiar self, no matter in whose house it may chance to dwell. It may, therefore, be permitted to wander from the home and paternal tutelage of its birth, and in other hands and new environments work out its peculiar mission and live its distinctive life.

It has accordingly been decided that in the future the little stripling shall have a new home. It will go on its errand of light-giving, trimmed by other shears. For its periodic voyages over the literary seas, its sails will be unfurled by other hands. In short, after this issue it passes into other editorial care and possession. It cannot be said that it was sold, for the little fellow is no slave—but was free-born. It must forever remain as unshackled in its mission of bearing historic light as is the goddess of liberty, perched on a pedestal in New York harbor. Yet for a consideration its privilege of editorial guidance and its property rights and ownership have been transferred and are henceforth exclusively vested in other hands. On account of ever more crowding professional duties and occasional reminders of a decline of nervous vitality, its founder and editor has searched out capable and loving hands to whom it has been confidently entrusted.

It was too young, despite its vigor, to leave it wander forth from our roof, seeking its own future pathway. It might have fallen into cruel, or mercenary, hands that might have despoiled it. Hence it was never offered for sale in the public market. Its guardians must be true to its interests and wide awake to its ever widening scope. They must be genuine in spirit, pure in blood and racial instincts and enthusiastically devoted to the cause of our too long despised stock—in short they must be Pennsylvania-Germans, to the manor born. Hence they were sought for, not by advertisement, but as the late President McKinley sought for the man, secretly and personally, when he needed a messenger to carry a letter to Garcia. The future fame of the youngster demanded this; the justice to old patrons called for it, and the cause of Pennsylvania-Germandom could not be betrayed.

We are happy to say such guardians have been found in the persons of Messrs. H. A. Schuler, of Allentown, and H. W.
Kriebel, of East Greenville, Pa., both educated, intelligent and experienced men. The former was for many years associated with a progressive newspaper of his city, while the latter has been a founder, trustee and teacher of Perkiomen Seminary, a school of no mean reputation. Both are writers upon Pennsylvania-German subjects. Being country-bred, they know the genuine flavor of its folklore, life and spirit, and being educated and clever observers, they have grasped the scope of its life as it is yet to be largely unfolded in literature.

Readers and friends of the magazine need not fear that either the cause or standard of the magazine will suffer or retrograde. On the other hand they have the assurance of great advancement. While the old features will remain the same, many new features are to be added. It has been decided that with the beginning of the new year, it will appear as a bi-monthly, and we most cordially bespeak for the enterprise the loyal support of all the old patrons. Let not a single subscriber fall off the list, but may each one strive enthusiastically to win for it new friends and supporters. With two men giving all their time to its promotion, where one gave but his leisure moments before, it may be easily expected that henceforth this magazine will be abreast with all our most popular monthlies. All our enrolled subscribers, unless otherwise ordered, will, therefore, be continued and will receive the initial number (January issue) under the new management, it is hoped, by or before the Christmas holidays. Such as have paid in advance will receive due credit upon the new books in correspondence with receipts forwarded, while those in arrears will settle bills with the present writer and editor. It will be regarded a great favor of all, who know themselves delinquent, if they will promptly on receipt of this forward the amount of their unpaid bills.

All accepted manuscripts will appear in future issues.

And now in bidding our old readers a reluctant farewell, let us thank one and all for their support and their many encouraging words. It must be confessed it was a pleasure to serve such appreciative patrons. It is with pain and reluctance that we lay down our editorial quill. It led us into pleasant fields and delightful friendships. Only calls to closer duties and necessary curtail-
ment of mere labors of love make the thought of giving up so much pleasure possible. To see the little magazine pass from our study door, sack and pack, is like sending away a bright and sunny-natured boy, to be bound out for life to another. The only reconciliation is that it is going to a good home. And now we shall introduce these redeemers to have their first say to our gentle readers.—The Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE NEW PUBLISHERS.

As we sit down to pen our first words to you, dear friends and prospective patrons, we greet each one of you in imagination with a respectful bow and a warm hand-shake.

Well-nigh six years ago the Rev. P. C. Croll startled the learned world by announcing the birth of

A WONDERFUL BABE.

It was christened The Pennsylvania-German, and had its name stamped on its very face. Though crying for help and longing for a fond embrace, it had a mind of its own; it was determined not to die, but to demand an open field, in which to live and grow and disport itself. The child grew in wisdom rather than in stature, and won favor. It talked, sang, crept and sometimes flew, but never learned to kick. Chameleon-like it sometimes changed the color of its skin, yet it always remained the same. Doctors, lawyers, ministers, teachers, farmers, students, young and old, rich and poor, male and female, came from the East, West, North and South, to do homage to the lusty, precocious, babbling youngster, fondling him and saying enthusiastically: "How he favors his papa! Why, he looks, acts, talks and sings exactly like Dr. Croll!"

Not without keen twinges of conscience and profound heavi-ness of heart, but with full knowledge and of his own free will, as well as with and for due consideration, Dr. Croll has sold this child to us into perpetual servitude. (Tell it not from the house-tops, lest the S. P. C. C. hear of the transaction and arrest both seller and buyers!) Of course he made us promise to take good care of the boy, and this we certainly will do. We propose to feed
EDITORIALS.

the strapping youngster on concentrated foods, treat him as our own child and make him earn food and raiment for himself and us.

That his old friends may not fail to recognize this wondrous six-year-old

UNDER HIS NEW PARENTAGE,

he will continue to wear his familiar coat and vest and to talk in his accustomed way. He will continue his wanderings through our fair land, telling along the way the story of bygone days, of the great and good of his kin, both those who have gone to their reward and those who still remain with us. He will continue to toy with his string of anecdotes, sentiments and reminiscences. He will continue to sing the songs we all love to hear, and, contrary to what the good hope to receive at the last great change, will not get a new name. In fact, the name PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN is so deeply impressed on his features that it can never be effaced. Moreover, Father Croll will keep his eye on both the boy and his masters, administer some of his choice “pap(er)s” and follow him with his prayers and good counsel. With the sweet singer of old he will ask: “Is the young man safe?” But it will be our care that, unlike King David, Papa Croll shall never have occasion to mourn the death of this beloved child of his brain.

The new proprietors of this journal assure you that they are

NOT UNMINDFUL OF THE RESPONSIBILITY

they have assumed. They recognize the high standard set by the former owner and editor in the selection of subject-matter, in the charming style of treatment, in the sweet, Johannean spirit manifested throughout, in typography, illustration and general make-up. Not indeed without some diffidence do we contemplate the model placed before us. We shall however do our utmost to maintain its excellence in every particular, and if at times we miss the mark, we plead our kind readers’ indulgence.

Our aim will be to move forward along the lines laid down by the founder of this magazine,

GRADUALLY DEVELOPING NEW FEATURES

in essential harmony with its main ideals and doing this by giving all our time and thought to the work. Our chief purpose will not
be to offer cheap, ridiculous poetry in the vernacular, nor to dole out perfunctory praise to individuals, nor to attempt a mere description of Pennsylvania-German life, either past or present, nor to disparage any class of our citizens, but to undertake and continue the thorough study of the lives, the work and the characteristics of that large, sturdy and long continued stream of German immigrants which began at the very founding of the State. In the next place we wish to encourage a closer study of the environments of these people, as a background to the picture we would paint or the mosaic we would piece together. We shall look for the hearty co-operation of our readers to this end and will welcome whatever suggestions they may make for improving our magazine.

**TRIBUTES OF THINKERS TO OUR GERMAN STOCK.**

By way of suggesting the wideness of our field we may profitably recall, at this moment, what some prominent and trustworthy thinkers have said of our people.

Dr. Heckman: "Their (the Germans') place in the councils and armies of the country is so important that we may assert with absolute truth there would have been no united colonial rebellion, nor any United States of America, but for the patriotism of the Germans in the colonies."

Dr. Hark: "It is a well recognized fact that the German element of our population had more influence, force and weight in the molding of American character, as well as in the upbuilding of the American nation, than any other influence or all other influences combined."

Bancroft: "Neither they (the Germans of America) nor their descendants have laid claim to all that is their due."

Zimmerman: "The list of Pennsylvania-Germans who have achieved eminence in this Commonwealth might be indefinitely extended, so plentiful is the material represented in all the avocations that go to make up our social, educational, professional, industrial and commercial life."

Prof. Goebel: "It is no exaggeration to say that at least one-third of all the white inhabitants of the country, and perhaps one-half, have some German blood in their veins."

President Roosevelt: "From the beginning of our colonial history to this day the German strain has been constantly increasing among the many strains that go to make up our composite national character."

Vollmer: "If the German contribution to the make-up of this nation could be eliminated, it would mean a great, irreparable loss to our country, of whose greatness and power no element is prouder than the American of German extraction."
EDITORIALS.

OUR PROGRAM FOR 1906.

In making out our bill of fare for the coming year we are somewhat perplexed by the abundance of good things at our disposal. There is surely no dearth of material to draw upon, and if at the end of the year some of our guests find that their hunger has not been appeased, it will not be for the want of food placed before them. In that case they can blame only the cooks and waiters or else—their own abnormal taste.

We will open our pantry door just wide enough to give you a peep at the good things on the shelves and a sniff of their sweet odors. We could not if we would—and we would not if we could—tell what will be served at each meal.

I. Famous Pennsylvania-Germans, biographical sketches with portraits. Dr. Croll has kindly consented to continue for some time his popular sketches of prominent men and women of our stock; other contributions will follow.

II. Historic Pilgrimages will be taken along the Perkiomen (the Cranberry Stream), through Falkner Schwamm, along the foot of the Blue Mountains, through Germantown, to the Catholic Mission at Goshenhoppen (now known as Bally), to the Moravian settlement in Wayne county, etc., etc.

III. Our People in the Past.—Home life in the Fatherland, causes of emigration, the Non-Resistants, Jemima Wilkinson the Impostor, early history of the churches, the diary of Christopher Wiegner, data from Schwenkfelder school records, traits of early settlers, migration to the Western States, Pennsylvania sixty years ago, local history, etc., etc.

IV. Our People Today.—Farms and farm buildings, industries and commercial enterprise, prominent living representatives, family reunions, obituary notes, the work of societies, literature, variations of the vernacular, etc., etc.

V. The Genealogist.—Records of Pennsylvania-German families from the time of their immigration to the present. Contributions of this nature are especially desired. Some one has truly said: "The gathering and preserving of what records there are is a matter of the most earnest and filial consideration."

VI. Literary Gems.—Poetical and prose productions illustrating the literary genius of our people.

VII. Fiction.—Select stories based on Pennsylvania-German life and history will be printed from time to time.

VIII. Chat with Correspondents.—This will be a dish of the most exquisite kind, because specially ordered and prepared by the most fastidious at our banquet table. "If you have anything to say, say it."
A CORDIAL INVITATION.

We heartily invite each and all of you, not only to come to the festive board yourselves, but also to call in as many of your friends and neighbors as you can to sit alongside of you. We shall always have room for new comers, without any danger of overcrowding. And that there may be no misunderstanding and no regrets, we will wind up with a few words of business that are quite prosaic, but really necessary at this point.

A BRIEF BUSINESS TALK.

The Pennsylvania-German will be issued henceforth as a bi-monthly, each number containing at least 48 pages of reading matter.

The subscription price will be $1.50, if paid in advance, otherwise $1.75. Single numbers, 30 cents. Remittances should not be made in postage stamps and will be at the sender's risk. Rates for clubs and agents will be furnished on application. The magazine will be sent until notice to discontinue is received and arrearages are paid. In ordering a change of address both the old and the new address should be plainly stated.

You will observe that by increasing the number of yearly issues we practically leave the subscription price unchanged. We propose to issue the magazine monthly without further increase of price, as soon as the number of subscriptions will warrant our doing so.

Communications relating to editorial matters should be addressed to H. A. Schuler, 534 North Sixth Street, Allentown, Pa.; those relating to subscriptions and other business to H. W. Kriebel, East Greenville, Pa.

Again entreatting every reader of this announcement to accept and extend our invitation to the intellectual feast we are preparing for the coming year, we remain

Respectfully yours,

The Penna.-German Publishing Company.

Allentown, Pa., Sept. 1, 1905.
Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

PROF. SAMUEL D. GROSS, M.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Pennsylvania-German points with pride to this distinguished racial brother, whom all the medical world has been delighted to honor. He regards him as a conspicuous exponent of that industry and persevering energy in surmounting obstacles, for which so many a son of this humble race has been noted. His career should be an inspiration to every youth who finds a host of difficulties checking his ambition and the beginning of his pathway towards success and fame. Few are the men, who have arisen from so humble a birth and such meagre resources to success so laudable and distinction so eminent.

His "Autobiography"—the material of which he left at death filling two large volumes, and which his two distinguished sons have since edited—holds the reader with a fascination like a fairy tale. It has the charm, common to autobiographical sketches, together with a style so graphic and full of interest that there is not a dull page in the eight hundred and more that compose this delightful story of his life. We wish we could get every reader to peruse it, as the limits of this sketch will not allow more than a few quotations.

But we want the great man to give his own story of his birth, parentage and early life, and, therefore, quote the following:

"According to the family record, I was born on the 8th of July, 1805, within two miles of Easton, Pennsylvania. My parents were natives of the neighborhood, and were of German descent, their grandparents having emigrated, as early as the seventeenth century, from the Lower Palatinate. Many of the Pennsylvania-Germans who had come from that region at about the same period settled in Lancaster, Chester, Montgomery, Bucks and Northampton counties. My father, Philip Gross, was highly
SPEECH RECOGNITION

TECHNIQUES AND APPLICATIONS

Chapter 1

Introduction to Speech Recognition

This chapter introduces the fundamental concepts of speech recognition and its importance in various applications. It covers the basic principles of how human speech is generated and perceived, along with an overview of the different technologies and methods used in speech recognition systems. The chapter also discusses the challenges and limitations of current speech recognition systems and highlights the potential future developments in this field.

1.1 Speech Production and Perception

Speech is produced by the human voice box, or larynx, and is transmitted through the air as sound waves. The process of speech production involves the coordination of various muscles and organs, such as the vocal cords, tongue, lips, and jaw, to produce the desired sounds. These sounds are then modulated by the resonance of the vocal tract to create the unique quality of each individual's voice.

The process of speech perception involves the analysis of sound waves to identify the speech sounds and understand their meaning. This process is influenced by factors such as the speaker's accent, pitch, and volume, as well as the listener's background knowledge and cultural context.

1.2 Speech Recognition Technologies

Speech recognition technologies are designed to automate the process of converting spoken words into text. These systems rely on a combination of natural language processing (NLP) and machine learning algorithms to accurately identify and transcribe speech. The primary components of a speech recognition system include:

- Microphone: Used to capture the spoken speech.
- Preprocessing: Involves filtering and adjusting the audio signal to improve clarity.
- Feature Extraction: Extracts relevant features from the audio signal, such as Mel-frequency cepstral coefficients (MFCCs).
- Recognition: Uses machine learning models to classify the extracted features into speech units, such as phonemes or words.
- Post-processing: Refines the recognition results to improve accuracy and fluency.

1.3 Applications of Speech Recognition

Speech recognition has a wide range of applications across various industries, including:

- Telecommunication: Voice-operated dialing and automated voice response systems.
- Assistive technologies: Voice-activated assistants and devices for individuals with disabilities.
- Entertainment: Virtual assistants and chatbots in online gaming and streaming services.
- Transportation: Voice-controlled navigation systems and advanced driver assistance systems.

1.4 Challenges and Limitations

Despite the advancements in speech recognition technology, there are several challenges and limitations that need to be addressed. These include:

- Accurate transcription: Achieving high accuracy in transcribing speech, especially in noisy environments.
- Language diversity: Recognizing and understanding speech in different dialects and languages.
- Contextual understanding: Interpreting the meaning of speech in real-world contexts.
- Privacy concerns: Safeguarding user data and ensuring confidentiality.

The chapter concludes with an overview of the current state of speech recognition technology and an exploration of future directions and potential advancements.
distinguished for his integrity, for the elegance of his farm, and for the beauty of his horses, which were amongst the finest in the country. The farm embraced two hundred acres of the best land, in a high state of cultivation, with an excellent orchard, famed for its good fruit. My father was a tall, handsome man, with light blue eyes, a well shaped mouth, a neatly shaved face, and a high bald head. He was of a kind, generous disposition. His moral character was cast in the finest mould; he was popular with his neighbors, by whom he was much respected as an upright citizen. During the war of the Revolution, which occurred in the maturity of his manhood, he spent his time and money freely in the service of the Government, in connection with the Quartermaster's Department, at Valley Forge and other points in Eastern Pennsylvania. Of his religious convictions, if he had any, I am ignorant. All that I remember is that he was brought up, as his parents had been, in the Lutheran Church. He died in November, 1813, at the age of fifty-six, when I was in my ninth year. He had long been an invalid, and was finally seized with apoplexy, which proved fatal in a few days. He was buried at Salem Church, two miles from his residence.

"My mother, whose maiden name was Brown, survived my father many years, dying in March, 1853, at the advanced age of eighty-six. She was nearly all her life a victim of asthma. She was a woman of noble, tender, and loving heart, a most excellent wife and mother. She was a devoted member of the Lutheran Church, and spent most of her later years in the perusal of her Bible and other religious works. In truth, she was a pure and exemplary Christian, full of faith in the promises of the Redeemer. To her good training I am indebted, under Providence, for the moral part of my character. Her early advice and admonition, prompted by a heart that never knew any guile or deceit, served to guide me through the thorny paths of boyhood and youth, free from the vices which so easily beset us at those tender periods of our existence. It was she who taught me to revere religion, to love my neighbor, and to respect the laws. No one who has not experienced it can fully appreciate the influence which a mother's precepts and example exert upon the character of a child. It is incomparably greater than that of a father; it has
something in it so pure and holy that it associates her in his mind with all that is good and lovely in our nature. The child looks upon her as a guardian angel, who watches by day and by night every step that he takes, every word he utters, every action he performs, and who is ever ready to applaud or to chide him, according to the conduct he exhibits. So true is all this that it may be assumed, as an axiom in morals, that a boy who has a good and devoted mother can never be a bad man. His conscience would not permit it, despite the worst cerebral and mental organization. It is ever present to recall the image of a fond mother. It constitutes a shield and a buckler, which protect him from the bad influences by which he is surrounded, and which are so peculiarly trying to the young and inexperienced."

From the account of the incidents and sports of his boyhood life, we quote the following description of his love of flowers and the manner of spending the holiday seasons, because so life-like to every Pennsylvania-German boy:

"In my early childhood I was passionately fond of flowers, and before I was seven years old I had a little garden in a secluded dell, lined by rocks and fringed by small forest trees, in which I cultivated the columbine, the poppy, the anemone, and other wild flowers. It was a sort of fairy spot, in which, in the early spring and summer, many of my happiest hours were spent. Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia, in his wildest fancies, was never more happy in the valley of Amhara than I was in this secluded spot, to which, even now, my mind often reverts with pleasurable emotions. My childhood was indeed a most joyous one.

"The chief holidays at that time were Christmas, New Year, and Easter. These seemed to be farther apart then than now, and their arrival was always anticipated with a kind of joyous anxiety. Kriss Kringle always brought gifts, of which cakes formed an important part. Children's books had not then so independent an existence as they have now. Like angels' visits they were 'few and far between.' The colored Easter egg came regularly with every revolving year, concealed in the grass in the family garden, as the gift of the rabbits—a pretty idea, imported originally from Germany, and of late years so much neglected that there is danger of the custom becoming obsolete. The New Year was always ushered in by the firing of guns and pistols.
commencing punctually immediately after the clock struck twelve, the party consisting of old and young men, assembled from the vicinity, and growing steadily by accretion as they passed from house to house, extending the happy greetings to their friends, followed by the simultaneous discharge of their guns. On such occasions it was not uncommon for the younger members of the party to make sentimental addresses to their sweethearts. Coffee, cake, and sausages were always served after the greetings were over, and the merriment was often enhanced by the circulation of the ‘intoxicating bowl.’ These New Year greetings, which were peculiar to the German settlements, were often continued until a late hour in the morning, and were seldom attended by any mishaps, social or physical.”

It would be interesting to continue this account, as it would be easy, to construct a full life-sketch of this great man by culling from his “Autobiography” such incidents and experiences which mark the different steps of his upward struggle into fame. Such a portrayal would have the intense charm of having the various acts of the illustrious drama related to us in the actor’s own language.

And it would be certainly delightful to go in personal company with the doctor through the rudimentary school years, enter college, pass through the earlier trying experiences of his professional life, see him walk to the bridal altar, bask ourselves in the sunshine of his domestic hearth, sit at his feet in the class-room, watch him prepare his lectures and write his books, stay near his side in his associations with many eminent men of his day, accompany him in his travels abroad, notice the modest mien with which he receives the highest honors heaped upon him, and finally see him peacefully close his eyes at the end of one of the most signally successful careers it was ever a doctor’s privilege to live. But we fear an attempt would betray us into too great a prolixity to be within the allowed limits of the present sketch. Hence we have concluded to allow his intimate friend and associate, Dr. J. M. DaCosta, of Philadelphia, tell the story of his life in brief outline. In answer to a request the following account was sent, which its author prepared for and read before the American Philosophical Society shortly after Mr. Gross’ demise. Dr. O. H.
Allis, of Philadelphia, a very intimate associate of Dr. Gross, has also published in the Columbus Medical Journal, in 1885, a charming article under the title of "Personal Recollections of Prof. S. D. Gross," but we cannot allow ourselves the privilege of a single quotation from this pen picture. What follows is from the pen of Dr. DaCosta:

Samuel Dent Gross was born in the neighborhood of Easton, Pennsylvania, on July the 8th, 1805. At school he was an industrious boy, and he received a good education at the Wilkes-Barre Academy and the Lawrenceville High School. He never went to college; but when at the age of nineteen he began to read medicine, it was evident that the young votary of science had been accustomed to intellectual labor, and was taking up his professional studies with no untrained mind.

On enrolling himself as a student at the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia, he was at the same time an office pupil of Professor George McClellan, if one of the most eccentric, also one of the most original and successful surgeons of his day; and it is very likely that young Gross, who through life preserved a veneration for his brilliant preceptor, got his bias for surgery from this association. And how he worked as a student! Tales are still current at the College, transmitted through janitors and college servitors, and losing nothing in coloring by the diffusion through the successive classes the eminent professor subsequently taught, of how immense had been his labors; how he rose with the early dawn; was never seen without a book under his arm; and had to be turned out from the anatomical rooms by the wearied attendants when the hour for closing them arrived. Certain it is he worked with his whole heart; and when he graduated in 1828 he was a noted man in his class.

He began the practice of his profession in a little office in Fourth Street, in Philadelphia, and it is said that he had among the visitors who dropped in on him his future colleague, Joseph Pancoast. More friendly visitors than patients, it is to be feared, came to his rooms; for after about two years, his patrimony being nearly spent, he gave up the struggle in a great medical center and returned to Easton. But he carried with him evidence of his love of learning and of his indomitable perseverance. He had in the short time translated from the French and the German works on General Anatomy, on Obstetrics, on Operative Surgery, and he had published his treatise on "The Anatomy, Physiology and Diseases of the Bones and Joints." He also took away with him a wife, a lady of English descent of many accomplishments, who proved to him a true helpmate in his arduous career.

It was not long before Dr. Gross became a leading practitioner in the flourishing little town of Easton, and his scientific knowledge was so well appreciated that he was offered the Chair of Chemistry in the well-known College there seated, in Lafayette College. He declined it; but finding
that within him which impelled him to become a teacher, he relinquished his growing practice to accept the demonstratorship of anatomy in the Medical College of Ohio, at Cincinnati. His stay at Easton had not been barren in additions to his scientific acquirements. He was constantly at work in a dissecting room which he built at the foot of his garden. Here, too, he made a series of most careful observations on the rapidity with which articles taken into the stomach are excreted by the kidneys; and investigated the temperature of the venous blood, which he found as an average to be 96 degrees Fahr. Further, he wrote a considerable part of a treatise on descriptive anatomy, in which an English in place of a Latin nomenclature was employed. This work was never finished; the experiments on the blood were published at Cincinnati in the second volume of the Western Medical Gazette.

As a demonstrator in the Medical College of Ohio, which he joined in the autumn of 1833, Dr. Gross was very successful. But he did not long remain in this position: for after the work of two sessions he accepted the Chair of Pathological Anatomy in the Medical Department of the Cincinnati College. He threw himself with even more than his usual ardor into the subject, and the number of specimens he studied and collected was great, and the extent of his reading enormous. It was the pursuit of Pathological Anatomy, on which he gave the first systematic course delivered in this country, which made him so learned and skilled a surgical diagnostician, and he cherished through life a great devotion to the branch. Nor was his association with it limited to the four years he taught it from the professor's chair. His "Elements of Pathological Anatomy," issued in 1839 in two octavo volumes of more than five hundred pages each, did more to attract attention to the subject than anything that had ever been done in this country. The book, illustrated profusely with woodcuts and with several colored engravings, reached three editions. It is a mine of learning, and its extended references make it valuable to this day. Its merits have been fully recognized abroad; and on no occasion more flatteringly than when the great pathologist, Virchow, at a dinner given to Dr. Gross at Berlin in 1863, complimented him publicly on being the author, and, pointing to the volume which he laid upon the table, gracefully acknowledged the pleasure and instruction with which he had often consulted it. As another acknowledgment of its merits, we find that soon after the publication of the second edition the Imperial Royal Society of Vienna made Dr. Gross an honorary member.

Dr. Gross remained six years in Cincinnati, popular as a teacher, and gradually acquiring a large general practice; but with a stronger and stronger predilection for surgery. It was this chiefly which led him to accept the Professorship of Surgery in the University of Louisville; and with the removal to Louisville in 1840 Dr. Gross' national reputation may be said to begin. Patients flocked in on him from all sides. He soon became the leading surgeon of the Southwest, being often called away long distances into the interior of Kentucky and adjacent States. He lived in a large house in a very hospitable manner, and with a young family
PROF. SAMUEL D. GROSS.

around him the house was gay and pleasant, and a center for men and women of mark.

But neither the claims of practice, nor the demands of social life, quenched his thirst for work. He published, besides many papers in the Western Journal of Medicine and Surgery, a most valuable monograph on the "Nature and Treatment of Wounds of the Intestines," which contained many original experiments and observations. He printed full biographies of Daniel Drake and of Phrahim McDowell—the surgeon who had the boldness to be the first to perform ovariotomy, and through whose boldness, it has been computed, thousands of years have been added to human life. He wrote a lengthy report on the "Results of Surgical Operations in Malignant Diseases"; published a treatise on "Diseases of the Urinary Organs," which soon became an acknowledged authority, and has passed through several editions; wrote a work on "Foreign Bodies in the Air Passages," from which all subsequent authors have largely copied their facts, and of which the distinguished laryngologist, Morrell Mackenzie, has declared that it is doubtful whether it ever will be improved upon. Part of all the enormous labors necessary to complete these and other literary undertakings was performed in New York, where Dr. Gross passed the winter of 1850-51, occupying the Chair of Surgery in the University of New York, which had been rendered vacant by the retirement of the then most famous operative surgeon of this country, Valentine Mott.

But, however pleasant he found the social life of the great city, he deemed it best for his own interests not to tarry there, and he returned to Louisville; his late colleagues received him with open arms, and his successor, Dr. Eve, with generous abnegation, retired to let him renew his teaching from his old chair. It seemed that nothing would again take Dr. Gross away from Louisville, where he became a very prominent citizen, in whose reputation all took pride. But in the spring of 1856 came the offer which he had not the heart to resist; the call from his Alma Mater to fill the chair of Surgery, vacated by the most popular professor of the branch in this country, the idol of the largest classes then assembling in any medical school in America. To succeed Thomas D. Mütter was a trial to any one. But Dr. Gross, conscious of his own powers as a teacher, in the prime of life and of vigor, ambitious to connect his name forever with that of the College where he had been educated and which a band of eminent men had made so flourishing, accepted the task without misgivings, and the result was unmixed success for himself and great benefit to the Institution. Many were the remonstrances against his leaving the home of his adoption, and he did so, he tells us himself in his inaugural address, against the inclinations and wishes of his family. Moreover, he was very loth to sever his connection with the University of Louisville "for sixteen years the pride and solace of my professional life." And it was the simple truth when he stated that in making the change and coming to Philadelphia, he, the most noted surgeon of the Southwest, had left behind him an empire of Surgery.
His inaugural address was very favorably received. His impressive voice, his splendid intellectual appearance, the earnestness and force of his words, the latent power which all his utterances and actions showed, carried away his audience; and when in solemn tones he spake these words of his peroration, "Whatever of life, and of health, and of strength, remains to me, I hereby, in the presence of Almighty God and of this large assemblage, dedicate to the cause of my Alma Mater, to the interests of Medical Science, and to the good of my fellow-creatures," it was felt that a man of great strength and earnest endeavor had come among us.

Never were thoughts more faithfully put into action. Dr. Gross was indefatigable, and became a celebrated teacher, deeply devoted to the school, the reputation of which he enhanced greatly. Indeed, it may be said, without injustice to any one, that for years he was the most commanding figure and the most popular teacher in it. Nor is it enough to judge him only by those around him or who held similar chairs in other institutions. It is not the recollection of many acts of encouraging kindness from an older to a younger man; it is not the pride of a colleague in the great reputation of one to whom all looked up—which makes the writer of these lines say that in his profession Samuel D. Gross takes rank with the very few of the most renowned teachers of his day. To assign him his proper position he must be named with the Hyrtls, the Trouseaus, the Pagets. Less finished in eloquence he may have been, but in perspicuity and impressiveness and in influence on his hearers he was not one whit behind. Seeing him standing in his lecture room, you saw the man at his best. The learning, the method of his discourse, its clearness and fullness were not more admirable than the force and directness of the words, which, uttered in his deep and agreeable voice, sank into the minds of his youthful audience. Years afterwards men whose hair was turning gray would cite the strong words of the lesson the great teacher had made part of the guiding thought of their daily lives.

His didactic lectures were probably his best, though his clinical discourses were also models of perspicuity. He was least happy in his addresses, delivered as introductories or valedictories, or on special occasions. During his long and busy life he wrote many of them, some of considerable historical value, such as the Life of Mott, of John Hunter, a discourse on Ambrose Paré, an oration in honor of Ephraim McDowell. As these discourses were always written out, he read them from manuscript. But he was not a good reader, and no one to hear him would suppose that it was the same man who, great professor that he certainly was, had, when speaking without notes to his class, their unflagging, devoted attention. Strange to say, too, for one who wrote so well, the addresses show faults which appear nowhere else. They do not possess the art of leaving things unsaid, hence there are at times repetitions in them, marring their general efficiency. They have force—for it was impossible for this strong man to do anything that has not force—but they lack literary perspective.
Nothing of the kind, however, appears in his scientific writings. On the contrary, they are as concise, as vivid as it is possible to be. Nothing but strong thoughts, nothing but clear words. And Dr. Gross acquired this excellent style to such perfection that he wrote pages without a single correction. A most critical proof-reader once informed the writer, that of all the authors he had ever known, Dr. Gross altered least, his proof was the cleanest, there was scarcely a correction to be made or suggested.

His literary pursuits were unremitting during his residence in Philadelphia. Memoirs, reviews, essays on surgical subjects appeared in rapid succession; no sooner was one done than another was under way. In conjunction with Dr. T. G. Richardson, he was, for a time, editor of a flourishing journal, the North American Medical Chirurgical Review. He was also editor of, as well as chief contributor to a volume bearing the title of “Lives of Eminent American Physicians and Surgeons of the Nineteenth Century.” And in 1876, as a contribution to the literature of the Centennial year, appeared a lengthy and extraordinary learned history of American Surgery from 1776 to 1876. As an instance of the rapid manner in which, if necessary, he could work, may be mentioned that at the outbreak of the Civil War, he composed a pocket manual of Military Surgery in nine days, which was largely used by the young surgeons in the service of the United States, was soon republished in Richmond and equally employed by the surgeons of the Southern armies. A Japanese translation of this little work appeared in 1874, and is still in use among the military surgeons of this enterprising nation.

But the great work he completed in Philadelphia, one by which his name will be long remembered, is his “System of Surgery,” a work of which the first edition was published in two very large, profusely illustrated octavo volumes in 1859, and which in 1882 reached its sixth edition. The labor on it, and on the successive editions which brought it up to its present perfection, was enormous. Rising early, working late, writing with an assiduity that only a man of his wonderful physique could have kept up, he generally gave from five to eight hours a day to the cherished project, no matter what the interruptions or whatever else he had to do. Often, too, he would think out, while driving about town on his professional visits, the subject he was engaged on, and commit these thoughts to paper, on his return home, before he took rest or food.

The treatise on Surgery has become everywhere a standard authority. “His work is cosmopolitan, the surgery of the world being fully represented in it,” says the Dublin Journal of Medical Science. “Long the standard work on the subject for students and practitioners,” is the verdict of the London Lancet of May of this year, on the twenty-three hundred and eighty-two pages of the last edition. A Dutch translation was issued in 1863.

Dr. Gross always took the keenest interest in every question relating to his own profession, and in its honor and advancement. He was a very constant visitor at Medical Societies in various parts of the United States and in Great Britain. He was probably known personally to more physicians
and men of science than any other man in the United States, and wherever he went he had many followers and admirers. Most of the prominent surgeons of England were his personal friends. His interest in Medical Societies never flagged, and late in life he became the founder of two very flourishing ones, of the Academy of Surgery of Philadelphia and of the American Surgical Association. He served as president of both. In 1868 we find him as President of the American Medical Association at its meeting in Washington; and in 1876 as the President of an International Medical Congress in session at Philadelphia. He was a member of most of the noted medical societies of this country, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, and of this Society. He was also a member of many learned societies abroad; among them, of the Royal Medical Chirurgical Society of London, the Clinical Society of London, the Imperial Medical Society of Vienna, the Medical Society of Christiana, the Royal Society of Public Medicine of Belgium.

But his highest foreign honors were conferred upon him by the three great English Universities: D.C.L. of Oxford, in 1872, at the one thousandth commemoration of the University; LL.D. of Cambridge in 1880, in the same list with Brown-Sequard, with Donders, with Joseph Lister; LL.D. of Edinburgh in absentia, a complement the more marked since it was only shared with Tennyson and a few others of great distinction,—the renowned American Surgeon carried honors which few of his countrymen have ever borne together. His welcome at Oxford, on Commemoration Day, was very enthusiastic. His commanding appearance made him conspicuous even among the distinguished men who surrounded him, and a lady who was present told the writer that she felt a glow of patriotic pride in witnessing his warm reception and hearing the flattering remarks his splendid bearing elicited. At Cambridge, the Public Orator addressed him as "Patris nostrae ad portus adventus est vir venerabilis quem inter fratres nostros Transatlanticos scientiae Chirurgiae quasi alterum Nestorem nominare ausim." Of American colleges, to their shame be it spoken, only two,—Jefferson College, in 1861, and the University of Pennsylvania, in 1884,—bestowed on him any honorary degree in recognition of his great literary and scientific merit.

In March, 1882, Dr. Gross found that his physical strength was scarcely adequate to the arduous labors of his chair. and, while mentally as fit as ever, he resigned his cherished Professorship of Surgery. The Trustees at once elected him Emeritus Professor; and it was a great gratification to him to find that, in dividing the chair into two, they selected his son, Dr. Samuel W. Gross, to fill one part of it.

The remaining years of Dr. Gross' life were passed in pleasant retirement, but not idly. He had for years in Philadelphia been busy as a consulting Surgeon, and in a large office practice, and to a certain amount of this he attended to the last, his great reputation bringing him still many a patient from a distance. He also wrote diligently on autobiography, published a paper "On the value of early operations in Morbid Growths;" another "On the best means of Training Nurses for the Rural Districts,"
a subject in which he was much interested; and composed two essays, one of them, on "Wounds of the Intestines," but a few weeks before his death. His hospitality, his genial manners, were the same as ever; may, advancing years softened the whole man, and made him more benign and more and more beloved. He was delightful in his own home, always surrounded by friends, adored by his family. The best of fathers, he had the constant companionship and care of the most devoted of children.

In the autumn of 1883, he showed symptoms of a weak heart; his feet were swollen, partly from dropsy, partly from rheumatic gout, and he had a long attack of bronchial catarrh. But he improved and held his own fairly well, notwithstanding signs that his digestive functions were failing, until after a severe cold in March, these began to give way entirely, and he died of exhaustion, May the 6th, after a long and most trying illness, which he all along regarded as his last. The deepest sympathy and affection were everywhere expressed for him. Telegrams and letters came daily, inquiring after him; old pupils, busy men, traveled hundreds of miles to grasp him once more by the hand. To very many his death was a deep personal sorrow.

An autopsy, made at his own request, showed that the stomach and heart were degenerating. He had lived out the life of possible strength; to have lived longer would have been to enter upon a life of suffering. His death saved him from protracted inaction and pain, from what Heine, in his own case, has pathetically bewailed as the "mattress grave." By special directions in Dr. Gross' will, the body was cremated. and the ashes have been placed beside the coffin of his wife, in Woodlands Cemetery.

Such is a sketch of the life of this prodigious worker. An original contributor to the science for which he hand a fondness; a widely known practical surgeon; an admirable, most learned writer; a great teacher exerting an influence which will long survive him,—Dr. Gross occupied the foremost rank in the medical profession. It was evident from his student days that he was to be a man of rare distinction:

"Mens ardua semper
A puero, tenerisque etiam fulgebät in anmis
Fortunæ majoris honos."

He certainly was of the men whose high fortune throws its shadows before from the earliest years. The youth showed what the mature man was; the old man was but the youth with the promise fulfilled, and with honors gracefully worn that no one ever doubted would be attained. A part of his extraordinary fame is due to the circumstances under which he worked. He was the first writer on this continent who, with anything like gift of expression, brought togethcred and elaborated the truths of surgical science; and partly this, but chiefly the excellence of his labors, extended his reputation in all directions beyond his own country. In acquiring fame for himself, he added to her fame. Conspicuous in many ways, Samuel Dent Gross stands forth, a marked personality among the eminent men of our or of any generation.
TO A PICTURE.

"Look on this picture, and on this."
They tell me this picture is a likeness of you,
Of the dear loving comrade whom erstwhile I knew,
Of the friend of my youth with the laughing black eyes—
Can it be that the artist is telling me lies?
Why, 'twas you, were the handsomest lad of our set—
Quite handsome enough to be a fine lady's pet!
O, your cheek it was rosy and your eye it was bright,
And your heart it was warm while your laughter was light.

On this picture are creases, and bald is your head,
And from your fair features all beauty has fled.
Your eyes they seem dull and your smile is a grin,
And a goat's beard in white is disfig'ring your chin.
Your eyes that once sparkled with friendship and mirth
Seem ready to mingle once more with the earth
Whence they came, and their stare it is cold,
And our friendship of yore is like a tale that is told.

O, the changes of time, and the havoc of years!
They are breaking my heart, and are starting my tears!
But the saddest of changes I scarcely can trace
In the loss of your locks or the lines in your face;
'Tis the change in your manner and heart that I see;
'Tis the lack of warmth in your feelings for me.
Alas! and Alack! for the friendship of yore!
It is changed—it is gone, and you love me no more.

And the fine handsome youth, whose love I once knew,
Is utterly altered and has proven untrue!
Your heart has grown false and your friendship is dead;
Your soul has grown selfish, as bald is your head!
Now you're old and you're ugly, you're withered and gray;
You are sallow and wrinkled, you're mould'ring away;
And Death in his ravages still passes you o'er,
Still thinking, no doubt, he has killed you before!

—Dr. E. Grumbine.
Im Boerland—wer wehs net wuh sel is?
Sel land, wuh England g'schtola hut
Fer's gold as dert is un die feina schich
Wuh nimmond's hertz drah henka sut;
In sellem land now fun der map g'wischt,
(Ferleicht sin aw die sinda schuld g'west)
Is olles g'happent wie ich's doh ferzachl,
Boss uff! werevver as 's lehst.

Im Boerland war mohl 'n man g'west—
S'war net'm land sei schuld, oh neh!
Mr' findt so kerls on dausend oma pletz,
Un brauch net oft so weit tzu geh.
En man os nix wie g'flucht hut, g'suffa, g'haust,
Die leit g'deivelt sivva dawg die woch,
Bis dos ken freind meh war uff weit un breht—
Dehl ferchta sich wahrhaftich noch.

S' war net yuscht olsamohl, so'n gwitterwolk,
Mit regaboga hinna druff;
Be'i'm Hendrik Voss war's schprichwort immer wohr,
"Ken dawg so lieb wie'n dawg im suff."
Die bauerei war ivverall ferlumpt,
Die Kaffirneger hen sich selwer g'schemmt
Fer dert tzu schoffa, ovver s'is wie's is,
Won mohl der schnapps der geldsack nemmt.

Sei frah war lengscht schun doht—armselig Weib!
Net g'schtarwa wie's g'wehnmlich haest;
Er hut sie sauer- nunner doht g'gwacht,
Gottlob! sie war doch noh erloest.
Die maid sin fert, s'war nimmie austzuschtch,
Sin nimmie heem, hen aw ken heemweh grickt,
Un so war alles fert except der Brand,
Der hut dorch alle elend g'schtickt.

Der Brand war'n schlappens grohser kerl g'west,
So schtark wie'n schaffux, sex fusz long.
Un awga! dief im Kop, wer'n g'sehna hut
Dem war's umheemlich, holwer bong.
Er hut dert g'luckt so ovet's, hinner'm disch.
Wan ols der fatter g'haust un g'scholta hut,
Gons rahl- end fun sei'm Spuyten-Duyvel rum,
Fiel wilder os'n Hottentet.
Er hut dert g’huckt won’s g’haust hut un g’blitzyt,
    Un hut so unna rous g’guckt;
Sei awga die hen g’lunkelt, feirich hell,
    Un schturm un ohra hen g’tzukt.
Er hut ken ehntzig wort tzurick g’inault
    Won ihn der olt so wiedich awg’rammt,
Er hut yuscht g’huckt un uff die tzeh g’petzt,
    Die feischt g’ballt, die leftza g’schpannt.

S’war net ous lieb g’west os suh un fatter so
    Gewertschaft hen fun dawg tzu dawg,
S’war net im hertz g’west, s’war all im blute,
    So ennyhow is noch die sawg,
Die oltza leit hen oft so tzamma g’schmetz
    Won ols der Hendrik drous war uff’ra schprie:
    “Wer’s noch erlebt wert sehna wos’s geht,
        Die rechenschaft ferseimt sich nic.”

Eh morya geht’s mohl widder noch’m dorp,
    ’M schted’l—wie m’r sawga deht;
So’n grohser dorscht war net im Boerland
    Seitdem der Mond om himmel schteht.
Er is g’ritta wie’n hussar im Krieg
    Bis noch’m “Weisa Schwan,” dert hut’r noh
G’trunka, g’flucht un g’houst de gonsa dawg—
    Der hals war’m rauh, die gorgel roh.

S’war schpote g’west, halbnacht war nimmie weit
    Der mond war yuscht om unnergeh,
Noh kummt der fatter endlich doch tzurick,
    Drei numra gnockrich in de beh,
Er hut’n bottl schnapps noch bei sich g’hot,
    Die hut’r uff de disch dert hie g’rentt
Un sawgt zum Brand: “Now sauf, du schofekop, sauf,
    Schunscht griekscht der riehsel uffg’trennt.”

Der Brand hut ovver ruhich derta g’huckt
    Un yuscht so unna rous g’blickt;
Noh fongt der olt fun neiem widder aw:
    “Wos luckscht dert omna wie ferrickt?
Doh wert net leh g’trunka, neimm un sauf,
    Won’d gaern wit, gute, won net don noch ich dich,
Ich treib d’r mohl die grilla ous’m Kop.
    F——— sei! haerschta, haerschta mich?”
POETIC GEMS.

Der Brand—het ebber'n biss'l close g'watcht,
    Het sehna kenna os's schoft;
En schtiller tzorn is g'faehrlich, s'is org fiel
    Wie'n boeser hund os gar net bloft.
Der Hendrik ovver hut so fert g'imocht:
    "Dert, sauf! du Kaffirhund, du eselkop,"
Un schitt'n gless'l schnapps'm grawd in's g'sicht,
    "Sauf! ungebackner molkesopp."

Wie'n wetterlaich war alles flamm un fei'r,
    Der Brand hut yuscht so'n schprung g'imocht;
Wie tiger hen sie g'fochta, hie un har,
    In alla ecka hut's g'kracht.
Der disch is g'floga, benk un schtiel ferschplit
    Un's feier uff'm haerd war ousg'kickt;
Sie hen dert g'fochta bis der Hendrik s'letscht
    Wie'n g'schlogner ux so tzamma gnickt.

Der Brand hut weil dert g'schtonna, guckt'n aw,
    Noh secht'r: "Ya, s'is fertiich now,
Du bischt ken fatter, net tzu mir doh fert,
    Tzum loch dert nous, du oltie sau."
Der olt hut yuscht g'yaehmert, sel war all,
    "Won'd schterwa wit nous uff die schtrose, fert, nous,
Ich hob schun lengscht g'wut du waerscht mohl doht,
    Die mutter—fert, do ous'm hous."

Mit ehra hand, gons blutich, griekt'r noh
    Der fatter on de weisa hohr
Un schlai't'n ous der schtub bis in der hof—
    (Die uhr schlagt tzwelfa, laut un klohr),
Noh mocht der Hendrik mohl die awga uff
    Un hut die hand so uff un ob g'waift:
    "Doh luss mich leia, kind, grawd wu ich bin;
    So weit hov ich der dawdy g'schlait."

Gilbert, Pa.

BY THE PERKIOGEN.

(From "The Penn Monthly, Philadelphia, Pa., March, 1879.)

In times long gone, these quiet fields, this wood,
Were gay as now in bright October mood.
Where now arise the spires above the town,
Between the peaceful groves the sun looked down
    On Perkiomen singing all the day.
For well tilled fields gave back an hundred fold,
And well filled barns could scarce their treasure hold,
The orchards bending with the weight they bore,
Cast down their golden fruit upon the shore
Of Perkiomen singing all the day.

There came a change; the leaves upon the wood
Turned brighter with a color as of blood,
The waving Northern Lights, the camp fire's glow,
Seemed from the heights a tinge of blood to throw
On Perkiomen at the close of day.

At morn a host marched gaily to the fight,
And some returned, their camp fires to relight,
And some to hear awhile the waters flow,
To moan, and then to hear no more, and low
The Perkiomen sang on that sad day.

And prayers in many distant homes were said
By hearts that ne'er again were comforted,
While here the soldier saw in dreams again
Home scenes made vivid by the sad refrain
Of Perkiomen singing all the day.

'Twas here the great commander heard the tale
Of hard won victories in Hudson's vale.
The cannon told his joy; from yonder hill
The tidings sped, and glad below the mill
The Perkiomen sang on that great day.

And nature soon forgets; that camp is lost;
She hides the graves of all that armed host;
On the same site now stands another mill,
Another miller leans on the white sill,
To hear the Perkiomen sing today.

Shall we forget what only now is plain,
How from the sacrifice has grown our gain?
The orchards bloom; each year its harvest brings
And as of old of Peace and Plenty sings
The Perkiomen gladly all the day.

Our hearts shall not forget, while autumn's days
Again drape stream and shore in golden haze,
Here our glad songs of gratitude and praise
Shall mingle with the Perkiomen's lays,
The Perkiomen singing all the day. —I. R. P.
DAS GRAB.

FREIHERR VON SALIS.

Das Grab ist tief und stille,
Und schauderhaft seinen Rand.
Er deckt mit schwarzer Hülle
Ein unbekanntes Land.

Das Lied der Nachtigallen
Tönt nicht in seinen Schloss.
Der Freundschaft Rosen fallen
Nur auf des Hügels Moos.

Verlass'ne Bräute ringen
Umsenst die Hände wund;
Der Waise Klagen dringen
Nicht in der Tiefe Grund.

Doch sonst an Seinem Orto
Wohnt die erschene Ruhe!
Nur durch die dunkle Pforte
Geht man der Heimat zu.

Das arme Herz hienieden
Von manchem Sturm bewegt,
Erlangt den wahren Frieden
Nur, wo es nicht mehr schlägt.

THE GRAVE.

(Translated by H. C. Leonard.)

The grave is deep, serene,
Its brink, a dreaded stone.
It hides with darkened screen
A land to us unknown.

The nightingales fail all
To penetrate its breast:
And friendship's roses fall
Without, upon its crest.

Deserted brides may wring
Their hands till they are sore,
The orphans' cries ne'er ring
Inside this lowly door.

Yet in no other state
Doth dwell a calm so blest,
'Tis through this only gate
One passes to his rest.

The poor heart here below
Round which the storms do roar
Obtains true peace, we know.
There, where it beats no more.
—From the Wilkes-Barre Record.

'S ALT SCHWIM-LOCH.

BY E. M. E.

[In kind remembrance of boyhood companions of Sinking Spring, Pa., especially of Johnnie Dunkelberger, known as "Glässie," who died in early youth.]

Vor 'm Feuer-herd der Winternacht,
Uf 'm shuckel-stuhl werd g'smokt und g'loth;
Un's Feuer—des brennt aw shö;
Mei alte Pei—die nemmt mich z'rick.
Zum Schwim-loch an der Cocoosing Krick:
Kum! kannst gern mit mer geh!

Ke Schul! Hooray! Ach, des is fei!
Huns-dayga die kumme widder bei,
Der Kallenner sagt: "Ke Shtarm!"

Die städdel-bewe gries'n: "Heh!"
"Kum an! mer wolla shwimma geh:
'S wasser is shö warm."

Sie sammle als—wirds weter klor—
Bei 'm "Billy" Ruth, oder's Hulla store,
No gehts zum Shwim-loch glei.
Sie swetzta English zimlich gut,
Doch 's Deutch geht besser, 's stekt im Blut.
Do kenna sie stolz drufr sei.

Do hunne kumt der struvelich "Bill,"
'N guter kerl—sag was mir will.
Der Jo war 's mensht zeit muid.
Dort steht der "Sansie," Hand im Sock,
Der "Sol" aw, mit sein chaw dwrock,—
Er war ken "Robert Reed."

Ich gbau die gonsa Trupp is do;
Der "Glässie," "Sänsie," "Rothkup," "Jo."
Un ich—ferlusst euch drufr—
Un der kle "Sam" will aw mit geh.
Der "Lewagut" un noch paar mehr—
Now gelts der Turnpike mu.
'M "Sam" sei Mommie die sagt "Nay!"
"Du hoscht ken Bisness swimma geh!"—
Er komt bei 'm hinnershte Weg.
Wie is er hinner der Sheuer rum g'sneaked
Un hot sei Mommie wüsht belügt;
Of course es bringt ihm shleg.
Bei 'm Schmid-shop, Store, der Kerch förbei;
'S Wertshaus no, derch 's Tollgate glei;
Now sin mer an der Brick.
Kum! luss uns do a wenig shteh.
'S Natur-bild! Oh! wie wunner shö!
Do an der Cocoosing Krick.
Iwwer 's Krickli biege die Weidebäm,
Die Vögel mache sich daheem
Un singe Dawga-lang.
Die Frösch, die greisha als "Mehrum,"
Un shlange-duckter fliege rum;
Vor dene war ich bang.
Im Shatte drive sin paar Küh,
Die stehn im Wasser bis an die Knie.
Naigshit bei sellem grosse shteh.
Dort springt 'n Fensamaus aw noch,
Now shlupt sie derch 's Poshta-loch,
Mer seht sie nimme meh.
Dort bei der Schtrose am Wasser-Hank,
Dort is 'n dick Speck-drouwa Rank
Die geht hoch in die Höh.
Die Blume blühe, gehl un blo,
Und wilder Balsam riecht mer do,
Der macht 'n guter Täy.
'S Wasser is so frisch und shö,
Ich dät mohl weil an's fisba geh
Wenn ich mei Fish-gärt het.
Ich hab als Ola aus der Krick,
So lang wie 'n Arm, un aw so dick,
Kansht 's glauwa—oder net.
An's "Lambert's Loch," do dreht mir nei,
Om Humla-nesht g'ht's schnell forbei,
Die hen als wiesht gebrummt.

Die Sun war hoch un machtig häse;
Sell macht nix ous—'s geht now 'n Räce,
Wer 's ersht in's Wasser kumt.

Sie dumla sich un jumpe nei,
Der letst der muss der Tagger sei,
Die G'spass die faught now aw.
Mer jagt e'nanner, swimmt un tauft,
Un greisht, un jumpt, un spritzt,
un snauf—
Ach! jusht zu denka draw!

"Heh dort,“ "Geh weck!" "Geb wenig acht!"
Der "Glässie" springt derno un slagt
'N Bortzlebaum in Krick.
"Sell kann ich duh!" Ich hab's bro-wiert;
Un hab mei Bälance no ferliert—
Mei! was 'n weher Rück!

Mer hen als üwer d'r "Sänsie" glacht,
Er hut für uns fiel G'spass g-macht
Uft Dumheit neve bei.
Hut 'n Ol-haut uf sei linke Beh—
'N Mittel gege Crämps—versteh—
Des haest mir Hexerei.

Un guk! was fehlt em "Sämmie," sag?
Er zittert dort grawd wie 'n Laub;
Was shuettlet knie un Beh!
Sei Zeh—die kleppere das es shällt;
"'S W-W-Wasser is aw k-k-ka-ka-kalt—
Ich muss grawd n-n-na-na-naus geh."

"'N shlang! dort is sie—mach dich rous!"
So greisht der "Roth-kup" heftig aus;
"Dort kumt sie fer dich—seh!"
Die gle shlang hut ihr Zung raus g'streckt.
'N dale die wäre gar ferschreckt,
Mer war noch bang un klee.
Wie ’n Panorama, so zu sawga,
Kumme Kindheits-bilder vor bei
Aage
Un kortz, wie’n Aaga-blick
Lebt widder die süs Vergangenheit,
Oh! jusht for ’n Dawg in selre zeit
Zu spiela an der Krick.

Ich hör ’s Wasser rausche noch;
Ich seh wo ’s dreht am alt Schwim-loch.
’Sis hell—’s gebt heit ke Shtarm.
Horch mol! "Ha, ha!" die Boova,
"Heh."
“Kum an, mer wella shwimma geh,
’S Wasser is shō un warm.”

HAEND ALL RUM.

BY M. A. GRUBER.
(Uebersetzt aus ’m Englische.)

‘N bissel shō Gelächter,
‘N bissel Schpass un G’sang,
Die helfa fiel im Lehwa
Und macha Niemand bang.
‘N bissel freundlich acta,
‘N Wort fum inn’ra Herz—
Dann Händ all ’rum, mei Brüder,
Das Lehwa do’ is kerz.

‘N hülfreich hand und willig
Ihm helfa uizuschtch,
Ach yuscht ’n Hand zu helfa,
Ihm helfa in die Höh!
Paar Schritt dann mit geluffa
Bis er sich wieder kennt;
‘N glücklich Reisa wünscha—
Bald sin m’r do’ getrennt.

‘N bissel Herzensbruderschaft,
‘N bissel “Lass dich nei!”
Zum Schaffman uf die Lehder,
Zum Mann am Arwet neu.
‘N freundlich G’sicht und trostreich,
‘N gut und fröhlich Wort
Zum Bruder schwach und g’falla—
Ep lang sin mir do’ fort.

Am Wehg sich nummerbücka
‘N mürrisch Blum zu traina;
‘N Herz betrübts, am Wehg no’
Zu leuchta wie m’r gehna.
‘N G’sang, ’n wack’rer Quickstep,
‘N Lach gauz munter und froh—
Dann Händ all ’rum, mei Brüder,
Die weil m’r sin noch do.
THE ROOSTER WEATHER VANE.

BY JOHN BAER STOUDT.

Before lightning-rod agents introduced their fanciful weather vanes into Eastern Pennsylvania, a rooster was the almost universal design. Even today in the rural districts the rooster weather vane is very common. At many a homestead a half-grown boy points to it with pride, it being the master-piece of his jack-knife which had been presented to him by his uncle from the city. Ofttimes the tail is made of real feathers. Someone has suggested that these rooster weather vanes have a political significance, but they were the common type long before the party of Jefferson and Jackson was formed.

The following story (Erschreckliche Geschichte vom Hühnchen und vom Hähnchen) from the folklore of Germany explains its origin. The story and song, although not entirely unknown in America are here reproduced for the first time in an American publication.

A rooster and his mate went out into the woods to hunt nuts. Whenever the rooster found a nut he shared it with his mate. Finally the hen found a nut and brought it to the rooster to have it opened. When the nut was opened the hen being avaricious did not wish to share the nut with its mate, so she tried to swallow the whole kernel at once. Unfortunately it lodged in her throat. Then the hen called out to the rooster, “Lauf zum Born und hol mir Wasser.”

Hähnchen ist zum Born gelaufen;
Born, du sollst mir Wasser geben,
Hühnchen liegt an jenen Berg
Und schluckt an einem Nusskern;
Und da hat der Born gesprochen:
Erst sollst du zur Braut hinspringen
Und mir klare Seide bringen.

Hähnchen ist zur Braut gesprungen:
Braut du sollst mir Seide geben,
Seide soll ich Brunnen bringen,
Brunnen soll mir Wasser geben,
Wasser soll ich Hühnchen bringen,

Hähnchen liegt an jenen Berg
Und schluckt an einen Nusskern.
Und da hat die Braut gesprochen:
Sollst mir erst mein Kränzlein langen,
Blieb mir in den Weiden hängen.
Hähnchen ist zur Weide flogen,
Hat das Kränzlein runter zogen:
Braut ich thu dir's Kränzlein bringen,  
Sollst mir klare Seiden geben,  
Seide soll ich Brunnen bringen,  
Brunnen soll mir Wasser geben,  
Wasser soll ich Hühnchen bringen,  
Hühnchen liegt an jenem Berg  
Und schluckt an einem Nusskern.

Braut gab für das Kränzlein Seide,  
Born gab für die Seide Wasser,  
Wasser bringt er zu dem Hühnchen;  
Aber Hühnchen war erstickt,  
Hat die Nusskern nicht verschluckt.

Hähnchen was sad at heart; he went away and dug a grave, then he came back, gathered rushes from the stream near by and wove them into a little hearse, hitched six little birds to it, placed Hühnchen upon the hearse and drove away towards the grave. He was met by a fox.

Wohin, Hühnchen?  
Mein Hühnchen begraben.  
Darf ich aufsitzen?  
Sitz hinten auf den Wagen,  
Vorne können’s meine Pferden nich vertragen.

Whereupon the fox took his seat upon the hearse. Then came a wolf.

Wohin, Hühnchen? u. s. w.

Then came a lion, a bear, etc., and finally a flea.

Wohin, Hühnchen? u. s. w.

The ground was soft, the load heavy. The six little birds could hardly pull the hearse with its many passengers. When the flea took its seat the load became so heavy that the hearse with all its contents sunk into the ground. There was no need of a grave. Hänchen alone escaped. He flew up upon a church steeple and there he sits to this very day, changing his position with every turn of the wind, waiting for clear weather, so that the bog that formed where the hearse sunk into the ground may dry up. Then Hähnchen will continue his funeral.
Historical Pilgrimages into...
Pennsylvania-Germandom

DOWN THE LITTLE LEHIGH FROM SOURCE TO MOUTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

Again it is my delightful privilege to conduct my increasing and ever appreciative band of historical pilgrims along one of those richly landmarked routes in Eastern Pennsylvania, where are still seen the many definite footprints of our Pennsylvania-German pioneers. Over a hundred and fifty years ago, these settled upon the northern slope of the Lehigh (or South) Mountain and in the rich valley to the north of it, which, bounded by the Kittatinny Ridge (or Blue Mountains), forms the East Penn Valley—stretching from the Schuylkill to the Lehigh, a distance of nearly forty miles. Within the southern hillsides, many springs abound, all of which, on the northern slope, drain either into the Schuylkill or the Lehigh, by a combination of runs, rivulets and creeks. About midway between these large streams—the Schuylkill and the Lehigh—is found the watershed, from whence the currents divide. In the hills above Topton, the babbling and liquid laughter of neighboring springs may be heard, almost side by side; but like non-congenial suitor and maiden, they part with some audible mutterings—each going its own separate way, never to meet again, till their virgin waters mingle in the briny and billowy cauldron of the mighty deep.

Closely hugging the northern foothills of this southern ridge, the eastern flowing brooks form the larger creek of the Little Lehigh, and are emptied into the Larger Lehigh at Allentown, while the springs that seek a western course into the same sea are carried on by several branches of the Ontelamuee or Maiden Creek, the Saucon being the principal one at this section. It is along the banks of the Little Lehigh, which is so rich in the religious, industrial and social annals of our people, that we shall continue the historical fishing trip begun in our last. It will be a journey of twenty miles that leads by more historic old churches than may probably be found in any similar stretch in any part of our land. Beginning a little to the southwest of the rise of the little Lehigh, at Stony Point, there stretches a line of old Pennsylvania-German churches, cresting the southern ridge all the way to Allentown. They were the fortresses the followers of Luther and Zwingli built in their new American home, as long as a hundred and fifty years ago; while immediately below, in the
richer valley, stands another line of these bulwarks of this religious and God-fearing folk from the lands of the German Reformation. These are the most prominent, the most enduring and by far the most influential landmarks our pious ancestors have bequeathed to their successors of this generation. Whilst in more modern days the industrial life has been energetically pulsating in this region, it is the Church life that for over a century eclipsed every other phase of development in this section. As we pass these holy shrines and solemn God's-acres, would that some Gray might recite to us the annals of these generations of honest and honorable, devout and simple-hearted forebears of our stock! Genius and skill, wis-

THE MERTZ'S CHURCH, ROCKLAND, PA.

dom and courage, and even oft eloquence and erudition have found here a whilom stage and a subsequent sepulture. What volumes the recording angel must have filled in transcribing the life-story of all our ancestors, who here reared their homes and churches, and who now slumber in these many consecrated burial-grounds!

Beginning at Stony Point, and travelling towards the East, the older churches that crest the hill are Stony Point, New Jerusalem, Huffs, St. Peters, Zions, Saulsbury and Allentown.; while in the valley beneath, near the stream, are DeLong's, Mertztown, Longswamp, Lehigh, Solomon's Church at Macungie and Emaus. We shall visit as many as possible in our trip, briefly chatting of their history and of the collateral, industrial and social history en route. Let it be remembered that on much of this
trip the writer was accompanied in the exploration journey by the automobilist, Mr. George B. Kohler, and the photographer, Mr. H. K. Deisher, both of Kutztown, the latter's views being here presented to illustrate our text.

At Stony Point, the hills are low, and, in consequence, here was an easy pass or flood-gate for the tide of German immigration that poured into Eastern Pennsylvania during the first four or five decades of the eighteenth century to overflow from the crowding Oley Valley into the rich valley of East Penn. But many of these birds of passage built their

THE NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH.

nests and religious bulwarks upon the hillside. Hence, the first religious edifice at Stony Point (the place is not misnamed) dates from 1747. It is commonly known as Mertz's Church, from the fact that a certain Lutheran settler of these parts by this name was a conspicuous promoter of the original enterprise. It is located in Rockland township, Berks county,—a few miles south of the village of Lyons and overlooking the East Penn Valley. The original building, begun in 1747, was of logs. A second and more substantial edifice was erected in 1764, which remained in use until 1798, when it was displaced by the present edifice, shown in the accompanying cut. At the erection of the third building, it became a union congregation, the Reformed of the community being then admitted to rights and fellowship. The present edifice was without steeple original-
ly, built after that common model of rural churches of this section, with galleries on three sides, three wide entrance doors and a wine-glass pulpit. It has had an illustrious line of pastors, nine in all; and in its humble church-yard sleeps now, alongside his once devout and attentive flock, one of this number, the Rev. Johann Helfrich Schaum, pastor from 1760-1778.

Not much over a mile to the eastward is the little village of New Jerusalem. From its elevated position and its extensive outlook, it may be appropriately named. But if a traveller expected a place whence sin was banished, he would need stay but a short time to find, in the boorish manners, the convivial habits and the uncultured (and oft profane) lan-

![DE LONG'S REFORMED CHURCH, BOWERS, PA.](image)

guage of some of its dwellers, sufficient cause to disillusion him of his dream. Yet the place has for many years had its sanctuary; and but for this it might resemble Hades more than New Jerusalem. As a rule, the pastors that served Mertz's church also ministered to this flock, which is younger and a kind of outgrowth of the mother church at Stony Point. Coming down the hill from the latter point, we pass by the Rohrbuch and Grim grist mills and the Schweyer stone saw mills, leaving the site of the now dilapidated Sally Ann charcoal furnaces and wood-stove foundry to our right.

Presently, we come to the beautiful village of Bower's Station, on the Saucon Creek, where, in the first half of the eighteenth century, a sparse
settlement was increased by a band of the German refugees, who, in 1710, took up their temporary settlement on the Hudson, about the present Newburg. Among these was one Peter DeLong, who took up land upon which the present village now stands. He later gave two acres for the perpetual use of a Reformed church, stipulating that while water flowed and the sun and moon shone, this land should not revert to his heirs, but remain the property of the Reformed congregation. In 1759, the first church was built. Later, the Lutherans became associated with the Reformed in union ownership and worship; but a few years ago they were again split, when the two flocks built beautiful, modern, rival edifices, side by side. (See DeLong Family History, Vol. IV, No. 4, p. 375.)

The writer traces his lineage, on his mother's side, in a direct line through the several generations, to this founder.

Travelling eastward about two or three miles, through a rich farm land, held under the best of cultivation, for several generations, by the descendants of these temporary Hudson River German settlers, one reaches the borough of Topton. It was so named by the East Penn railroad engineers in 1859, when locating a station at this point. Its name indicates the highest point in the valley, whence the water sheds, and is exactly midway between the two termini of the road—Allentown and Reading. An ancient cluster of houses at this point was formerly known as Kutzville from a public house long kept by Samuel Kutz. The Kutzes, Butzes and Haases were the first settlers in these parts, and some of their descendants are still found hereabouts. John Kutz long kept a store and tailor shop, and under his care, our father, in the thirties of the last century, passed his years of apprenticeship at tailoring. Not so strange, that one of his sons and daughters should get closely back, hare-like, to the old nest, to find a domestic resting place in later years. Messrs. Smith and Croll have, about fifteen years ago, purchased the old Butz farm, and are gradually cutting it up into building-lots. They have been valuable and public-spirited promoters of the town life, and did much in finally settling the question of locating here the Orphans' Home of the Lutheran Church, which was established about ten years ago. Besides a furnace and roller mill, there were established here, recently, successful silk-mill and knitting-mill plants. The town has two hotels, two churches and several stores. Besides those named, its chief citizens are the Millers, DeLongs, Fishers, Trexlers, Hochs, Eberts, Schlenkers, Lessigs Rohrbachs, Brendlingers, etc. Rev. J. H. Raker is superintendent of the Orphans' Home, while in its shadow sleeps its founder—the late Rev. U. P. Heilman.

From Topton, a branch railroad leads to Kutztown, about five miles away, where is located the Keystone State Normal School. Eastward about two miles, on the main line of the East Penn Railroad, is the little hamlet of Hancock, in time of iron ore mining an important center of shipment.

Mertztown, an old village, is another mile farther East. Its store and
hotel, and especially its church, have been gathering places, for the rural folk hereabouts, on weekdays and Sabbaths for generations, before the railroad of 1859 strung it upon its line of public intercourse. About it, the Haases, Fishers, Pilgerts, Dieners, Dreshers, Drieses, Trexlers, Fegeleys, Reichelderfers, Fogels, Lichtenwalners, Karchers and others had settled; all of which names may be found chiseled upon the older grave-stones in the old village grave-yard. The most palatial home of the place is that of Mr. Uriah Biery, who is doubtless the wealthiest man of the place, owning large farms, the store and hotel besides. The Biery house

RESIDENCE OF MR. URIAH BIERY, MERTZTOWN, PA.

is a palace, having all the most modern improvements and conveniences, and being adorned and planned according to most artistic designs and standards. If in it lives God and love and health and contentment, it must be a heaven on earth. The owner was most courteous to the writer, and being of our stock has too much sense to know that without the above brick and plastered walls, however flaming in color, must be cold indeed.

The church is a conspicuous landmark. Having formerly had a clock in its steeple, many a passenger set his time-piece by it while the train made its temporary stop.

The church is an outgrowth of the Long-Swamp church, where, under Rev. Röller’s ministry, difficulties arose, which led to its building, in
1837. The original building still stands, and on its front elevation is found a date-stone with this singular combination of German and English inscription, thus:

```
SANCT PAULS
CHURCH
1837
```

From Mertztown it is but a short mile to the south, where, from one of the northern slopes of the Lehigh or South Mountain hills, the Long-Swamp church has looked down upon the fertile valley beneath for a century and a half. Shortly after the first settlers took up land here, about

1730-40, efforts were made to secure land for church purposes from the proprietary land offices in Philadelphia. The story is told that the Lutherans and Reformed leaders of this section were rivals for a certain tract close by the Little Lehigh, a few miles to the northeast, where now the "Lehigh church" is located, but that the Lutheran elders, learning of a secret plot of the Reformed people to start away for Philadelphia without them early the next morning, for themselves to secure the tract,
outwitted them by leaving stealthily the preceding night, pushing on towards the capital city, and thus secured the desired tract for their denomination before their Reformed rivals could reach the city. It is said that when they came out of the offices, with document in hand, they passed their plotting Reformed neighbors on the State House steps, and that when the latter learned how a march was stolen on them, they greeted them with language not found in either prayer-book. The Reformed people were thus obliged to secure for themselves another tract, and they therefore selected the hillside where now the Long-Swamp church stands. Thus, both churches were built as denominational churches—the one the

THE LONGSWAMP CHURCH.

Lutheran and the other the Reformed church of the Little Lehigh. Both, after a generation or two, became union churches. The former was erected in 1745, the latter in 1748. The original building committee of the Reformed, long since known as the Long-Swamp church, were: Joseph Biery and Samuel Berger. Its first enrolled members were Leopold Kreber, Theobald Carl, Jacob Fenstermaker, Johannes Fried, Peter Butz, Nicolaus Schwartz, Nicolaus Mertz, David Mertz, Peter Mertz, Heinrich Bohlinger, Christian Ruth, Philip Burger, Nicholas Kaiser, Peter Kaiser, Peter Walborn, Bernhard Fegely, Jost Heinrich, Sassaman Hausen, Heinrich Stricker, Jacoby Long, David DeLong, Heinrich Eigner, Jacob Daniel Folk, besides the building committee. The first pastor was the Rev. Frederick C. Miller, who was succeeded by Rev. Philip J. Michael,
Rev. Rudolph Reidenmiller, Rev. G. H. Helffrich, Rev. Heinrich Hetzel, Rev. J. H. Helffrich (1795-1810), Rev. W. Dechant (1810-1815), Rev. John Helffrich (1816-1852), Rev. William A. Helffrich (1852-1885), and Rev. Nevin Helffrich, the present incumbent. It will be seen that five generations of Helffrichs have served this and neighboring Reformed congregations for considerably over a hundred years.

The Lutherans were admitted in 1817 for a nominal rent, and they have had as pastors Revs. Jacob and Conrad Miller, Isaac Röller, D. Sell, A. D. Croll, Simeon Boyer, D. K. Humbert.

Three edifices have served the flock, built respectively in 1748, 1791 and 1852. The site of the second building was decided by the tossing of the hats of members at a meeting called for the purpose, a custom then prevailing. In the adjoining God's acre sleep many hundreds of this humble Saxon stock, who fled to the new world for conscience' sake, and later others for the sake of worldly improvement. The names chiseled on the tombstones all bear the unmistakable evidence of German origin. Besides those of the church's founders, are found such names as Bortz, Dutskel, Haas, Isamoyer, Mabrey, Fritsch, Romig, Shoedler, Shubert, Shankweiler, Walbert, Wertz, Yerger, Etc.

Beyond the church, in a cove of the South Mountain, flourished long the Reuben Trexler furnace. It was a charcoal furnace, and cast stove plates. One of the earliest recollections of our childhood is playing "Hully-gully" and "Blumsock" on a wood-chest, behind a large wood-stove, which had the lettering, "Reuben Trexler Mary Ann Furnace," upon its side. How we used to stroke our knees, when a little more than comfortably over-heated by the friendly old stove! And how memories of childhood come back, when in this trip we stood at the grave of these pioneer stove-builders, sleeping side by side in the Mertztown graveyard, and then saw also the ruins of this dismantled forge and furnace!

We shall next go to see the other or original Lutheran Little Lehigh church. It is located about a mile north of Alburtis, or two miles north-east of Shamrock—two little towns which the railroad brought into life. Our "auto" skips merrily and speedily on past Col. Wm. Trexler's, and Weidas', Wagenhorst's, Kaiser's and Hertzog's old homesteads, then turning north in the town of Alburtis, we reach this historic church site in a few minutes. We are on the very banks of the Little Lehigh. A lovely pastoral landscape holds us in on every side. But the charming church edifice and the beautiful and well-kept burial grounds hold us to the spot. There is something pathetically entrancing to us in an old graveyard. It is so silent and yet so eloquent, so peaceful and yet so much like the results of a battle, so conciliatory and yet its occupants were oft in strife; its tomb-stone inscriptions are so charitably kind, remembering only the virtues of the departed, while the defects are interred with their bones. It is beautiful to think that God lets His children pass through the door of the sepulchre to enter another school where their imperfections are not remembered against them, but where they are given another
chance to work out to completeness and perfection their assumed but imperfect tasks. And how many have found their entrance doors at this old and populous city of the dead by the Little Lehigh! And good German names are they all: Butz, Hensinger, Marsteller, Ruth, Schmoyer, Shankweiler, Trexler, etc., etc.

Three edifices have served this flock, built 1745, 1850 and 1894. The first pastor to serve this church was the Rev. Philip Henry Rapp, and his successors were the Lutheran pastors of this district, serving other churches. When the Reformed were admitted, about a century ago, the Rev. C. G. Herman was the first pastor, and after the Hermans came the Helfrichs. But the home church of the Helfrichs is Ziegel's church, originally known as the Macungie church, and located about four miles to the northwest of the Lehigh church, on the gravel hill side of this township.

About three miles east of Alburtis, on the line of the railroad, is the borough of Macungie, formerly known as Millerstown. It is one of the older aggregation of settlements in Lehigh county. It was laid out as a town plot by Peter Miller, in 1776. Leonard Schlouch and George Gorr were the first to venture into business enterprises. It was long a battalion town, at which the scenes common to these old-time drills were enacted, often ending in dances and brawls. These came to an end in 1856, as schools and churches directed the minds in other channels. It was at this

THE LEHIGH CHURCH.
time, too, that the place was incorporated into a borough. Then came the railroad, and now there is not a more enlightened and aristocratic town along the East Penn line.

For many years, a flourishing academy or educational institute was maintained here, which sent out a goodly number of bright lads to fill places of distinction and honor in church and state. Here was enacted a tempest in a teapot in the time of John Adams' administration. The place was in hearty accord with John Fries, of Milford, the ringleader of the Fries' rebellion. Many citizens offering resistance, the President sent troops for their arrest, which was accomplished. But the Light Horse Brigade, commanded by Capt. Henry Jarrett, attempted their rescue, which failed. Consequently, a number were taken to Philadelphia as prisoners, afterwards removed, on account of the scourge of yellow fever, to Norristown, where two of them, David Schaeffer and Michael Schmoyer, died in prison. The times are still spoken of in Macungie as "Schreckens Zeiten."

The churches of the borough are five or six in number and each comparatively small and struggling, dating from 1841. Their history would make a volume by itself. Here flourishes a weekly paper, and here was organized the Lehigh Telegraph Company. Through the town, also, passed, north and south, the first State road in this county, known as the King's Highway, and erected in 1749, extending from Philadelphia to the Jordan Creek, and later to the Lehigh Gap. Passing down this King's Highway through Shimersville, Old Zionsville, Hosensack, Pennsburg and the Perkiomen region, these northern settlers of the Colonial period reached the capital city in a direct route, while the aristocracy of Philadelphia, the Wistars, Allens, Logans, etc., travelled it to their frontier manors, and built on the Jordan, where Guthsville now stands, the clubhouse—perhaps the first in America—which they named the White Hall, and where they were sheltered when on their prolonged hunting and fishing trips.

At Zionsville is an old church of the Lutherans and Reformed, dating back to 1751. So are the Lutheran and Reformed churches of the Jordan over a century and a half in age. But we shall pass to the east, and not to the north nor south. Following the flow of the Little Lehigh and the East Penn railroad to the eastward, we come, after five miles, to the old Moravian town of Emaus, with its New Testament name. It was founded by Moravians of Bethlehem, who, in 1742, established a mission here, building a town after the German fashion of house, and out or field-lots. A congregation was organized, and in 1747 the first church edifice was erected.

The Rev. Anthan Wagner was appointed to take charge of the flock. Among the original members were the Knausses, Ehrenhards, Kopps, Wetzels, Kratzers, Guths, Herrmans, Graffs, Leschers, Kohlers, Bambergers, Landises, Albrechts, Webers, Hoffmans, Rudys, Pfingstags, Rauschenbergers, etc., forty-four in all. The first church was built entirely by
moravians, donations. the second also, except about 100 pounds in american currency given in cash. the third was built in 1836, and, after several remodellings, is still used. a parsonage and chapel were since added, and at present the property is valuable. an accurate record is kept of the history of the congregation, and here it is seen that thirty-four pastors have served it. rev. s. h. gapp is the present pastor. besides the moravians, the evangelical association, the lutherans and reformed and the mennonites have churches here.

emaus boasts of its long line of able and skilled german doctors and its cultured citizens in general.

not far from here was, until recently, located a state fishery, which, however, was not found profitable to the state, and since abandoned. nearby is located another old church, the salisbury. it is about a mile and a half north of emaus, situated on a prominent knoll, and overlooking the little lehigh valley. it is a conspicuous, as it has been an historic, landmark for miles around. the church was established as a union church in 1741 by the first german settlers of these parts. the first lutheran pastor was the rev. j. w. straub, and the first reformed pastor was the rev. j. p. leydich. long before the allens and hamiltons and greenleafs and livingstons and other english philadelphia aristocrats built their trout hall (a hunting and fishing summer house), at the junction of the jordan, cedar and little lehigh creeks at where the flourishing city of allentown is now located, the german settlers of these parts gathered here on the lord's day in their first rude ecclesiastical structure, on the banks of this creek to render devout worship to god, and so the lord gave them the land as a possession. all the english manors in these parts have for generations been in possession of the germans. along the creek, between this church and the present allentown, settled the bogerts, kleins and ritters, between 1730 and 1740, and in their hospitable and commodious old homesteads may today be found the lineal descendants of these pious and worthy forebears.

thus there is food for mind and heart, as well as pleasure for the eye, in these pennsylvania-german pilgrimages. had we had the space, we could have traced the political, military, educational and industrial history
of this valley as well as the bits of church history we recounted. And rich chapters in each department lie unwritten here. Suffice it to say that, beginning at Topton, there have been operated several stacks of blast furnaces in almost every village between it and Allentown—at Topton, Alburtis (Lock Ridge), Macungie, Emaus and Allentown—five distinct companies in eighteen miles. Besides these, there flourished, as we have seen, before the day of anthracite furnaces, at least three or four charcoal furnaces in the same districts. Many ore, ocre and jasper mines abound, and now the lumber, iron and textile manufacturing plants are everywhere arising to give employment to the people. So could a creditable story be told of the educational development of this section from the German parochial, the pay and private schools, academies and institutes to the present public schools and the Normal School and colleges which adorn and enlighten this community. And it need only be said that brave and gallant companies of men from this territory promptly responded to every call of their country from the day when Indian massacres were of almost daily occurrence, in the time of the building of Fort Allen, at Gnadenhütten by Col. Benj. Franklin, whither marched for defence Capt. Jacob Wetherhold, of Macungie, with forty-four men, who later fell a victim to the wily red-faced foe, to the day the gallant company left for Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines against the Spanish standards, in 1898. Col. Kichlein and his German captains led the German boys against the British Redcoats in 1775, and others again in 1812. From hence marched men to the capital of Mexico in 1845; and when Lincoln called for arms in April, 1861, Col. Good, of Allentown, and his regiment, composed of many a German country lad, were among the first to report at Washington, and to receive for gallantry the special thanks of Congress. Such is the heroic bravery of this stock, then when they have convictions of right they will give up ease, home and family, and life itself, in defence of their cause, which is evidenced by the fact of the John Fries' rebellion, when Capt. Henry Jarrett, of Macungie, and his company resented what they regarded an unrighteous law, at the risk and in spite of long imprisonment and heavy fines. (The captain lay two years in prison and paid $1,000 fine.)

Seeing, then, that these people are pious, frugal, educated and industrious, it is no wonder that even strangers, who visit these parts, have to confess there is not a better kept and improved portion of land, not a more prosperous and contented people in all our country than the Pennsylvania-Germans, who, for five or seven generations, have turned the once wild but well-watered vales that converge about Allentown into the fertile and prosperous land now flowing with milk and honey. Surely God has given His once persecuted children of the Rhine and other German and Swiss valleys a goodly heritage in the Woods of Penn.
Luther's Works. This magazine has previously called attention to the publication of all of Luther's writings in English, edited by that Lutheran enthusiast and encyclopedist, the Rev. Dr. J. X. Lenker. He is rearing in America the first monument to Saint Martin by this republication. It is putting Luther and his sterling faith into the hand and tongue of his spiritual children of the present day in our western land.

The present volume is the XIVth, and concludes Luther's Church Postil, namely his Gospel sermons for 13th to 26th Sundays after Trinity. These are among the most popular of Luther's writings and there should be a wide sale in American churches of every denominational name, for all Protestantism has entered into the legacy of Luther. What changes would come in American church life today if all readers would devour Luther's writings—especially his Church Postil! The opportunity is open to all English-speaking readers. Lutheran in All Lands Co., Minneapolis, Minn. Cloth, large octavo, pp. 391. Price, $1.50.

Lieut. Col. Jacob Reed. Proceedings at the Dedication of his Monument. This book is a grateful tribute to the memory of a worthy Revolutionary sire by two historically inclined and patriotically and filiably devout and loyal descendants, Franklin P. and Dr. W. H. Reed, great grandsons of the hero, who also placed a fitting monument over his remains in Franconia township, once Philadelphia, now Montgomery county, Pa. As indicated the volume gives an account of the placing of the monument and the elaborate proceedings of its dedication in October, 1901, under the auspices of the Montgomery County Historical Society. Its table of contents contains ten historical addresses and poems and the volume is a most handsome one containing many fine illustrations. Copies may be had at $2.50 apiece, from Dr. W. H. Reed, Norristown, Pa.

A Rare Book Chance for Pennsylvania-Germans.

All our readers are acquainted with the high character of the Pennsylvania-German poetry which dropped from the facile pen of the late Lee L. Grumbine, Esq., of Lebanon, Pa., by specimens which have appeared in this magazine, such as "Der Viert July," "Der Schumacher," "Mei Arme Beh," "Sonntag Morgets an der Ziegler Kerch," etc., etc. It was the last work of this lamented author—than whom no one ever soared higher in poetic flight in our dialect, not even the talented Harbaugh—to collect all his effusions and translations into a handsome volume under the title of
"Der Dangelstock." Scarcely had the printer's work been finished when the fell stroke of the rude destroyer suddenly marked this gifted writer as its victim. The limited edition of this work—not over 200 copies of this inestimable work—was thus left on the widow's hands, whose crushed heart has scarcely recovered sufficiently to even make known or market these valuable treasures. As a personal friend of both Mr. and Mrs. Grumbine the editor of this magazine cheerfully uses this means of making known this rare and handsome treasure to lovers of literature or kith and kin of our stock. The volume is very handsome in every way, some have the author's signature on title page, and in fine red cloth binding sell at $2.00 a copy. It will not be five years when collectors will offer premiums for a copy and in a decade "Grumbine's Dangelstock" cannot be bought for five times the purchase price now. It would not be surprising if in a few months the entire edition would be exhausted. If I were a dealer in rare books I should want the whole edition myself to make the handsome profit there is in store, as there are only 300 copies extant. Address Mrs. Roie A. Grumbine, Oberlin, Ohio, or Edward E. Croll, Lebanon, Pa.

A Correction.

In our last issue (Pilgrimage article, page 319) we erred in making the Rev. Dr. F. J. F. Schantz a son of Hiram Schantz, the last Schantz proprietor of the Schantz mill. It should have read a brother instead of son.

To and About Our Advertisers.

A few parting words to and about our advertising friends is due. First a word of gratitude for entrusting the advertising of their goods to this humble medium, and for paying for the service. Only a few of our advertisers forgot (?) to send checks for contracted bills. We have forgiven them and cancelled their bills; but we doubt it gravelly whether success will ever come to their business. The most of our patrons have had reliable goods for sale, with reliable business character to make good their promises—whether they vended books, or musical instruments, or typewriters, or grandfather clocks, or antique furniture, or schools of learning, or health and rest resorts. Of the latter we are compelled to say for the Grand View Sanatorium, of Wernersville, Pa., which has been a constant advertiser, and which, with new annexes, has been obliged, this past summer, to turn hundreds of guests away, that we speak from personal knowledge of its systematic management, its superb location, its charming grounds and buildings, its magnificent scenery and its superlative cuisine and dining-room service, when we say that of the most boastful use of terms in any advertisement of it, it is true what was said of King Solomon's glory, "The half has never been told."—The Publisher.
INDEX
FOR
VOLS. V AND VI
INDEX

Book Notices, ... 46-48, 60, 95-96, 114, 144, 192, 236-240, 286-288, 336, 379

EDITORIALS:

The Pennsylvania-German Society, .................................................. 1
A Dialogue at the Gate of St. Peter, .................................................. 2
A Suggestion, ................................................................................... 49
St. Peter as Collector, ........................................................................ 50
Best Wishes for a Delightful Vacation, .......................................... 97
A Book Bargain, Proceedings Pennsylvania-German Society ......... 98
Lee L. Grumbine (In Memoriam) ..................................................... 145
A Day in Old Germantown, .............................................................. 193
Where Shall I Spend the Summer? .................................................. 241
The Schiller Centennial, ................................................................. 289
The Pennsylvania Chautauqua, ...................................................... 299
The Magazine’s Transference, ........................................................ 337
Announcement of New Publishers, ................................................ 340

FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIA-GERMS:

J. D. Imboden, ................................................................................. 3-7
Henry Harbaugh, ............................................................................. 51-60
Peter F. Rothermel, ......................................................................... 99-108
James Lick, ..................................................................................... 149-159
Joseph Leidy, .................................................................................. 196-201
William A. Muhlenberg, ............................................................... 243-250
Samuel S. Haldeman, ................................................................. 291-303
Samuel D. Gross, ........................................................................... 345

GEOEALOGICAL:

Additional DeLong Data, .............................................................. 22
The Croll Family Again, ................................................................. 31
Rieth (Reed) Genealogy, ............................................................... 90

HISTORICAL PILGRIMAGES:

From Winchester to Harrisburg, ................................................... 8
From Winchester to Harrisburg (continued), ............................ 61
A Detour on the Forks of the Delaware, ....................................... 121
Moravian Headquarters—Old Bethlehem, .................................. 166
A Stroll Through Modern Bethlehem, ....................................... 210
Dr. Muhlenberg and St. Johnland, ............................................... 251
Fishing Along Two Lehigh County Streams, ............................. 310
Down the Little Lehigh from Source to Mouth, ....................... 366
Miscellaneous:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First German Lutheran Preacher in America</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Président Roosevelt’s Opinion of Our German-American Population</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Researches in the First Century of German Printing</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Early German Settlement of Winchester, Va.</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Memin Portraits</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The German Colony at Frankenmuth</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Early German Printing in America</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Pennsylvania-German Graveyard Records</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Word About Pipe Organs</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tulpchocken Settlement (with map)</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Germans and Our Independence</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Early German Printing in America</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Pennsylvania-German as a Formative Influence</td>
<td>271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weather Prognostications and Superstitions</td>
<td>328</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rooster Weather Vane</td>
<td>364</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Poetic Gems:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ein Psalm des Lebens</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Der Sailor das Nimnymeh Kummt</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Du Bist wie Eine Blume (and translation)</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die Letscht Maud Müller</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drescherlied</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ein Stick Newer’s Aerndefeld</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schpotjohr</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Der Bu am Schteelese</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thro’ Death to Life</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mystic Weaver</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die Womelsdorfer Cademie</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ein Gedicht auf’s Leben</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>’S Neu Fogel-Haus</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Das Alt Schulhaus an der Krick</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Der Ehrlich Schmidt</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>En Tramp</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Der Schumacher</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schlitz’s Beer</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die Schulhaus Bell</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Das Mühlrad</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonntag’s Ruhe</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zum Andenke an L. Grumbine</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ein Psalm des Lebens</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN.

En Character, .......................................................... 162
Der Naturgeist, .......................................................... 163
The Prussian National Hymn (and translation), ......... 164
If the Little Flowers Knew (and translation), .......... 165
Lebens-weisheit, ....................................................... 165
Das Zerbrochne Ringlein, ........................................... 165
Jahreswende, ........................................................... 202
The Deserted Old Mill, .............................................. 202
Die Alt Verlosse Muehl, ............................................. 203
Passende Grabschrift, ............................................... 203
Die Alte Lieder, ......................................................... 204
Der Dichter, ............................................................. 204
Am Schpundloch, ....................................................... 205
Lewe und Himmel, ..................................................... 207
Lebens-weisheit, ......................................................... 209
Die Sterbenden Helden, .............................................. 264
The Dying Heroes (Translation), .............................. 265
Die Alta applabaem, .................................................. 267
Der Schnee-Starm, .................................................... 269
Wald Kirche (and translation), ................................. 269
Osterfest, ................................................................. 270
'N Lewe Psalm, .......................................................... 270
Der Viert July, .......................................................... 304
'S Schulhaus am Sandloch, ....................................... 306
Die Dallastown Reunion, ......................................... 307
Drei Sache, ............................................................. 308
To a Picture, ........................................................... 356
Der Hendrik Voss, ...................................................... 357
By the Perkiomen, ..................................................... 359
Das Grab, ................................................................. 361
'S Alt Schwimloch, .................................................... 361
Haend All Rum, ........................................................ 363
Writing in sight for 20 yrs. The first machine to use a black space key. The original visible writer has made The Hammond famous the world over.

Do not handicap operators by asking them to use machines writing upside down.

116 STYLES OF TYPE IN TWENTY-SEVEN (27) LANGUAGES

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICES: NUMBERS 33 AND 35 SOUTH TENTH STREET
To any one sending in 10 new subscribers for 1905 with the cash ($1.00) we will mail five dollars worth of excellent books on current history or fiction.

The Penn'a German
Lebanon, Pennsylvania

A Tale of the Kloster
An Historical Romance of the Early Days of the CLOISTER AT EPHRATA, LANCASTER CO., PA.

"A novel that will prove one of the greatest literary hits of the season."—Southern Star.
"Expertly executed."—Philadelphia Inquirer.
"A bold, effective portrayal of human nature as it exists in the world over, whether in cloister or palace."—North American.
"Masterly and exceedingly entertaining."—Potterville Republican.
"Vivid and faithful sketches of the quaint and strange ways and thoughts of old times."—Lancaster Daily Intelligencer.
"Full of dramatic interest."—Ephrata Review.
"A tale of absorbing human interest."—Harrisburg Telegraph.
"A powerful novel."—Augsburg Teacher (Phila.).
"Written with simplicity and grace."—The Outlook.
"There is enough mystery and adventure to satisfy the most confirmed novel reader; and the literary style meets the demands of the most precise critic... If the publishers can obtain another work from the same pen we hope the opportunity will not be passed by."—Pacific Baptist.

If your bookseller does not have it send $1.50 for book postpaid, by check, postal money order or stamps, to the author Ulysses S. Koons, Esq., 416-19 Harrison Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Tickets for all western points. Baggage checked throughout.
Fare mileage tickets sold at all stations to persons holding Pennsylvania R. R. mileage books.
For further information see the time tables at all offices of this and the Pennsylvania Railroad Co.

A. D. Smith, Gen. Supt.