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Rittenhouse Drive

The Pennsylvania- German

Vol. II. JANUARY, 1901. No. 1.

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5 55	2 16	10 25	6 30	Lebanon ...	8 07	12 55	4 33	8 13		
6 05	2 26	10 35	6 40	Cornwall...	7 56	12 44	4 22	8 02		
6 15	2 36	10 45	6 50	Mt Gretna...	7 47	12 36	4 13	7 53		
6 24	2 41	10 50	6 55	Colebrook...	7 41	12 29	4 07	7 47		
6 25	2 44	10 53	7 00	Lawn.....	7 38	12 26	4 04	7 44		
6 30	2 49	10 58	7 05	Bellaire...	7 34	12 22	4 00	7 40		
6 40	2 58	11 07	7 15	Conewago...	7 24	12 12	3 50	7 30		
.....	6 10	8 10	Columbia...	10 25	6 00		
7 10	3 25	11 35	7 45	Harrisburg...	6 55	11 45	3 25	7 00		
9 50	7 10	2 30	11 00	Williamsport	1 05	8 30	12 40	4 00		
12 46	4 25	12 52	10 31	York.....	1 49	10 22	1 49	5 54		
2 30	6 00	3 11	12 10	Baltimore...	11 55	8 50	12 00	3 34		
4 05	7 15	4 10	1 15	Washington	10 40	7 45	10 50	2 01		
1 50	11 30	6 55	5 50	Pittsburg...	10 00	3 00	8 00		
8 05	4 16	12 27	8 37	Carlisle...	5 50	10 46	2 05	6 05		
9 00	5 14	1 32	9 35	Chambers'g	11 05	9 45	1 05	5 00		
8 10	3 56	12 55	8 10	Lancaster...	6 30	10 35	2 25	6 05		
10 20	5 47	3 17	10 16	Philadelphia	4 25	8 40	12 25	4 26		
12 28	6 55	4 19	11 13	Trenton, N.J	2 27	7 00	11 11	4 42		
3 53	8 08	5 53	12 43	New York	12 15	9 30	2 00		
AM	PM	PM	PM	Arrive	Leave	AM	AM	AM	PM	PM

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The Pennsylvania-German.

VOL. II. NO. I.

LEBANON, PA.

JANUARY, 1901.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.



THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN wakes up early this New Year's morn. It has donned its best clothes and wears its cheeriest face to greet its friends on this dawning of another new year and a new century. It celebrates its birthday today and is bound to keep this first anniversary with no promises of turning a new leaf. It proposes to keep right on in its former ways. It is not conscious of many mistakes committed. Its motives have not been sinister, nor its ways crooked. It has no apologies to make except the one that it was not born sooner. But even this does not lead to its despair. It has the unblocked, much-talked-about Twentieth Century before it—where all the ills of life are to be righted—in which to grow stouter and older. It, therefore, has the best greetings to offer to its readers and hopes to help to make their lives happier and more contented. It can take care of more friends and trusts to find and win many of them during the year. It hopes its present friends may help to bring about many an introduction. It boasts of the selectness of its company and of the fact that only the dull can ever forsake this numerous and congenial coterie. It asks little of its friends; but promises and gives much in return. So with best greetings for another bright and prosperous year to all, it promises to make each one prouder than ever of his honored ancestral blood.

WE omit in this number our wonted Historical Pilgrimage in order to give room for the article on a historical landmark that has before been mentioned in these pilgrimage articles, but about which the correct data was missing to give it proper notice then. Prof. Brinser, the grandson of the once locally noted bishop, has furnished us this sketch, and so we retrace our steps a little, over ground already covered, to take in this knowledge of a man and a meeting-house, whom many will well remember as having once drawn considerable attention. We hope in our next to resume our pilgrimage eastward over the old State road between the Susquehanna and the Swatara or the Schuylkill.

RENEWALS of subscription are in order. In fact they have been made the order of the day ever since the October issue. So anxious not to miss a single issue have many felt that they placed themselves in the advanced column of prepaid subscriptions for 1901. Their names are all credited with this payment. (See address label). Quite a few have induced one or more of their friends to join them, thus not only proving helpful to the magazine, but doing good missionary work among their friends whose happiness and fund of information will thus be increased, and who will gratefully remember and appreciate this kindness all the year round. We have no objections if all follow this example. Among the expressions of satisfaction coming to us with these renewals are such phrases as these: "More than met my highest expectations," "It is one of the most attractive of magazines," "You have my best wishes in the good work you are doing," "Of course I am pleased with the magazine." etc., etc., etc.

Renewals made now will be accepted at the dollar rate per year. If postponed until after April 1st, the invariable rule of adding twenty-five cents will have to be observed.

THIS Magazine is but a year old, yet the first two issues have become rare. The entire edition is exhausted, with the exception of a few copies of uncut pages, not over a dozen, which sell at 50 cents a copy henceforth. For the present we can supply Nos. 3 and 4 of Vol. I, at the original price of 25 cents a copy. How long this can be done it were wild to guess.

Extra copies of the Conrad Weiser, Michael Schlatter and David Rittenhouse portraits sell at 10 cents a piece. Not a great many on hand.

A FEW considerations lead to the publication of the Croll family-register at this time. 1. It is the one best known to the editor. 2. Recent research into the data of first few generations of this transplanted German tree into American soil has brought new facts to light which correct former impressions. 3. A large reunion of that branch of this family to which the editor belongs was held last summer (July 4, 1900), and 4. It may serve as a model and stimulus for other families to have their genealogical tables constructed and published. This journal welcomes such genealogical data.

Famous Pennsylvania-Germans.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE.

THE descendants of the early German settlers of Pennsylvania, who speak their tongue, now corrupted into that peculiar dialect known as the "Pennsylvania-German" are frequently called the Pennsylvania-Dutch by the non-discriminating public. It is claimed, however, that the latter name is a linguistic misnomer, as the proportion of those using the Dutch language, who settled within the State, was so small as to form scarcely "a drop in the bucket" of this important settlement in Pennsylvania's population. It would be more truthful to apply this terminology of Dutch to the descendants of the Hudson River settlers of New York—inasmuch as Holland poured its emigrant settlers mostly into that colony of the New World.

A small number of Hollanders, however, took up their abode in Penn's colony—some even had preceded the famous Quaker to the extensive forests, later purchased by, and named after him. It is certain that these were soon amalgamated with the German people, and shared their customs, manners, convictions, and even their language, so that their descendants could not be easily distinguished from those of the Germans.

Among the earliest settlers of Pennsylvania was Wm. Rittenhouse, who was a native of the principality of Broich, Holland, and who emigrated from Amsterdam, to Germantown, Pa., in 1687. His ancestors for several generations had been paper makers, upon which craft as a means of support William was also made to depend, while his heart and time was occupied in preaching the Gospel to his Mennonite countrymen. Accordingly he built, in 1690, on a branch of the Wissahickon Creek, the first paper mill erected in this country.

From a quaint, rhythmic description of that early condition of the province, taken from the pen of Richard Frame, and published in 1692 by William Bradford, under the title of "A Short Description of Pennsylvania, or a relation of what things are known, enjoyed and like to be discovered in the said province"—we quote the following, to show the allusion to this early paper mill:

"The German-Town of which I spoke before,
Which is at least in length one mile or more,
Where lives High German People and Low Dutch,

Whose trade in weaving linen Cloth is much,
 There grows the flax, as also you may know,
 That from the same they do divide the Tow;
 Their trade fits well within this habitation,
 We find convenience for their Occasion.
 One trade brings in employment for another,
 So that we may suppose each trade a brother;
 From linen rags good paper doth derive,
 The first trade keeps the second trade alive:
 Without the first the second cannot be,
 Therefore since these two can so well agree,
 Convenience doth appear to place them nigh,
 One in Germantown, t'other hard by.
 A paper mill near German-Town doth stand,
 So that the flax which first springs from the land,
 First flax, then yarn, and then they must begin
 To weave the same which they took pains to spin.
 Also when on our backs it is well worn,
 Some of the same remains ragged and Torn;
 Then of the Rags our Paper it is made;
 Which in process of time doth waste and fade:
 So what comes from the earth, appeareth plain,
 The same in Time, returneth to earth again."

When this mill was destroyed by a freshet in 1701, Wm. Penn himself, aided in its rebuilding, which second structure was of stone. The business, largely in the management of Mr. Rittenhouse's son, Claus, or Nicholas, who, by and by, became sole proprietor, steadily increased, of which Gabriel Thomas in 1697 writes, when he says that "all sorts of very good paper are made in the German Town." It was this mill that regularly supplied Wm. Bradford with paper, who was "the first printer in the British colonies south of New England." The same mills continued operations for over a century, well on into the present century, and the business in all this period never passed out of the hands of the direct descendants of the original builder.

Among Claus's children was one named Matthias, who, however, became a farmer and settled in Norriton township, Montgomery Co., Pa., and it was the latter's eldest son, David, the subject of this sketch, who has made the name of Rittenhouse famous for all time.

David Rittenhouse was born in Roxborough, on the 8th of April, 1732, and died in Philadelphia, June 26, 1796, so that his life was cotemporaneous with that of Washington. His earliest

tasks were to perform such farm labor as commonly falls to the lot of a boy of tender years. When he was twelve years old, an uncle, dying, left him a chest of tools, and a few books, containing the elements of Arithmetic and Geometry and some mathematical calculations. This was a windfall, indeed, which shaped the entire future of the farmer lad, and led to the making of one of the foremost astronomers of the day.

From the day that this incipient astronomer came into the possession of his legacy, the farm implements and even the barn-doors, pig-sty, and fences of his father's fields began to be decorated with mathematical figures and calculations. His native mechanical skill was greatly aided by the use of these tools which now supplemented his jack-knife—the only tool hitherto possessed, yet by means of which he had already, at eight years of age, succeeded in constructing a complete model water-mill. His better equipment, however, now brought better results. Thus we find that at seventeen he had completed a serviceable wooden clock, which led his father, a year or two afterward, to supply him with a still more complete set of tools, by which means he was enabled, as he passed out of his teens, to establish himself at his rural abode, in Norriton township, as a "Clock and Mathematical Instrument Maker."

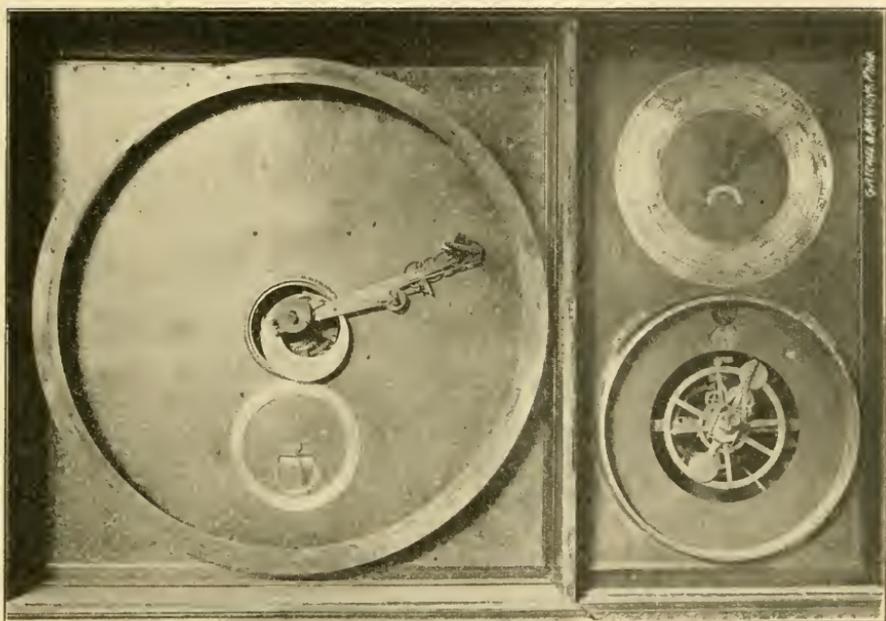
He now devoted himself most assiduously to his trade, by giving his days to the craft and his nights to study. Thus he was enabled to solve abstruse mathematical and astronomical problems, discovering for himself many of the laws and principles that govern the heavenly bodies, and of which he for a while was supposed to have been the originator. Says Lossing: "While Newton and Leibnitz were warmly disputing for the honor of first discovering Fluxions, Rittenhouse, entirely ignorant of what they had done, became the inventor of that remarkable feature in algebraic analysis." Thus he also pursued the studies of Latin and Greek, from books kindly furnished him by a friend. It is not easy to hide a bright luminary, whether he rides the heavens or begins to illumine the earth. Mr. Rittenhouse's clocks were soon in demand because of their accuracy. His astronomical knowledge soon led to his introduction to men of learning and while yet a young man his self-acquired knowledge of science brought him much into demand. Thus before the official astronomers, Chas. Mason and Jonathan Dixon, undertook to draw

their famous boundary line, he was engaged to determine the initial and most difficult part of this disputed boundary, between Pennsylvania and Maryland, which he did with instruments of his own manufacture, with such satisfaction that the former accepted his calculations without change and that he was offered extra compensation for his task. New York and New Jersey's joint commission also had him employed in the settlement of their State boundary line, as well as other colonies, when they began definitely to fix their respective boundaries.

Among the early products of his skillful hand and ingenious brain that brought him notoriety, was the construction of the now famous planetarium, made for Princeton College, which to-day prizes it as a valued relic of the man and the earlier struggles of science, and for which he received three hundred pounds. This planetarium has been regarded as a most wonderful piece of mechanism, showing the movements of the solar system by machinery, and it gave the young mechanic great reputation. It is thus described in an article which appeared in Harper's Magazine, of May, 1882. "Around a brass sun revolved ivory or brass panels in elliptical orbits properly inclined towards each other, and with velocities varying as they approached their aphelia or perhelia. Jupiter and his satellites, Saturn with his rings, the moon and her phases and the exact time, quantity and duration of her eclipses, the eclipses of the sun and their appearance at any particular place on the earth, were all actually displayed in miniature. The relative situations of the members of the solar system at any period of time for five thousand years, backward or forward, could be shown in a moment." It at once called forth great enthusiasm and as a proof of a rare genius the builder's contemporaries were loud in their praises of it and him. Two future Presidents of the United States lauded it without stint. John Adams, who, it is said, was habitually cautious in the use of laudatory terms, when speaking of the work of others, yet said it was "a most beautiful machine. It exhibits almost every motion of the astronomical world." Thomas Jefferson, who was Rittenhouse's personal friend, wrote: "A machine far surpassing in ingenuity of contrivance, accuracy and utility, anything of the kind ever before constructed. He (Rittenhouse) has not, indeed, made a world, but has by imitation approached nearer its maker than any man who has lived from the creation to this day." Dr.

Gordon, the English historian, wrote concerning this celebrated orrery, in 1790, that "there is not the like of it in all Europe."

It was not long before Rittenhouse was engaged by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, who went in a body to see this marvellous contrivance, to make a similar one for the University of Pennsylvania, for which he received £400, besides a gift of £300 as a token of their sense of his mathematical genius, as displayed



THE RITTENHOUSE ORRERY.

From photograph made expressly for "The Pennsylvania-German" and published for the first time

in the construction of the first one. Though the first Planetarium has been kept as a prized work of the mechanical art by the College of New Jersey ever since its purchase by Pres. Witherspoon, it came very near being carried away, on several occasions. Lossing, the historian, states that when Cornwallis arrived in Princeton, after the battle (Jan. 2d, 1777), he saw and admired the work of art, and determined to carry it away with him. The Americans, however, caused him to leave the place too soon to accomplish his purpose. Likewise, during the same year, Silas Deane,

the American Commissioner at the French court, actually proposed to present it to the French king, as a bonus for his good will. The conqueror and the diplomatist were happily both foiled.

On an eminence of his rural estate Rittenhouse built an observatory, which afforded him a wide sweep of the heavens in all directions. It was here that he and Franklin frequently met to study and discuss astronomy, electricity, and kindred subjects. Rittenhouse had, on Feb. 20, 1766, taken unto himself a wife in the person of a neighboring farmer's daughter, by the name of Eleanor Coulston, whose domestic accomplishments and geniality of heart were always most cordially at the service of the rising young astronomer in the most hospitable entertainment of his eminent friends and visitors. It was here, in a secluded workshop and a rural home, that the great astronomer and philosopher laid the foundations of his future eminence. But he could not always be held here. The world has need of such men in her wider avenues, and usually finds them in their hiding places and calls them forth into the more conspicuous spheres. Thus honors now speedily came to be conferred with lavish hand upon Rittenhouse.

In January, 1768, he was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society and in June of the same year he addressed the society on the transit of Venus, which was to occur on the 3d of June, 1769. In consequence of this address this body appointed three committees to make observations. One of these was in charge of Rittenhouse, who was to make all preliminary arrangements, and make observations at his observatory at Norriton. This task he performed with great zeal and consummate skill. From Thomas Penn and others he secured reflectors and other apparatus, all of which he mounted. The observation was a most important event to the science, as the transit of this planet across the disc of the sun had only been seen three times previously in all the range of human observation. Hence to make it a success required the most accurate calculations and the finest exactitude in every minutia of the preliminary work. One can imagine with what intense interest the day and hour of this occurrence was looked forward to. As the moment approached, according to his own calculations, Rittenhouse is said to have become greatly excited. By his side were his assistants, Dr. Wm. Smith, the Provost of the University, John Luken, Surveyor-General of Pennsylvania, John Taylor, also a surveyor and mem-

ber of the Assembly from Chester county, and others. When at precisely the expected moment the discs of the two planets touched, the great philosopher was overcome by anxiety and fainted away. His highest hopes had been realized, and his fame was established. The royal astronomers of England testified that the observations were excellent, while according to another authority, "the finest approximately accurate results in the measurement of the spheres, were given to the world, not by schooled and salaried astronomers, who watched from the magnificent royal observatories of Europe, but by unpaid amateurs and devotees to the science in the youthful province of Pennsylvania." Other observations of planetary transits and the motion and orbits of comets added to the growing fame of this rural astronomer.

In 1770 he removed to Philadelphia, where for a time he continued his mechanical pursuits, but where he was soon called to fill other important positions. New honors and duties followed each other in quick succession. Thus for a while he had official charge of the State-House clock, and then was employed to make important State Surveys, make interior water ways and determine the extreme northwest boundary between Pennsylvania and New York. The Revolutionary War breaking out, prevented the project of establishing a State Observatory under his direction, but sent him to the preparation of moulds for the casting of clock-weights in iron, to be exchanged for the leaden weights of clocks in his city, which were to be cast into bullets. Next he was commissioned to arrange for the casting of iron and brass cannon; to view a site for the erection of a Continental powder mill; to conduct experiments for rifling cannon and musket balls; to determine upon a method of protection by stretching chains across rivers; to superintend the manufacture of saltpetre, and to locate a magazine for the military stores on Wissahickon creek. He soon arose to the position of president in the Committee of Safety, and in Nov., 1776, was elected a member of the Assembly. It was he who drafted the first constitution for his State in the convention which met on the 15th of July, 1776. In Jan., 1777, he was elected the first State Treasurer under the new constitution, to which he was unanimously re-elected for twelve successive years, until, in 1789, he declined to serve longer. In 1792 he was appointed by President Washington as the first director of the United States Mint, which position he held for three years. He also served as

professor of astronomy in the University of Pennsylvania, from 1779 to 1782, and at other periods as a trustee and vice provost of said institution.

His titles and literary honors were many and well-merited. In 1772 Princeton conferred upon him the honorary degree of A.M., which was followed in 1789 by that of LL.D. Similar recognition of his worth came from other institutions. He was elected a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1782, and in 1795 as an honorary fellow of the Royal Society of London. In the American Philosophical Society he served as secretary from 1771, as vice-president in 1786, and on the death of Benjamin Franklin, in 1790, he was elected its president, which office he held until his own death, in 1796, when he was succeeded by Thomas Jefferson. The latter said of him: "We have supposed Mr. Rittenhouse second to no astronomer living; that in genius he must be first, because he is self taught." Rittenhouse contributed a score or more of articles to the earlier volumes of the Society's transactions, on optics, magnetism, electricity, meteors, logarithms and other mathematics, the improvement of time-keepers, the expansion of wood by heat, astronomical observations upon comets, transits and eclipses, and similar obtruse topics, some of which, as early as 1770, attracted to himself the attention of the Saxon astronomer—Von Zach. Upon his inauguration to the presidency of the society, he gave it the sum of \$1,500 of his own earnings.

Mr. Rittenhouse died on the 26th of June, 1796, in the Christian faith, full of honors and leaving behind him a career crowned with brave and brilliant deeds. His remains were first interred in the rear of his dwelling and observatory, N. W. corner of 7th and Arch Sts., but were afterwards removed to the cemetery of the Pine Street Presbyterian Church, S. W. corner of 4th and Pine Streets, Philadelphia, where they now repose. Dr. Benj. Rush, by order of the Philosophical Society, pronounced a fitting eulogium on his life and virtues. His name has become a household word wherever there is a knowledge of mathematics, mechanics, or philosophy, and no other name in American annals so adorns that worthy list of climbers into well-merited fame, unaided by aught but native genius and perseverance.

Poetic Gems.

DIE NACHT FOR DE CHRISCHDAAG.*

BY COL. THOS. C. ZIMMERMAN.

'S waar die Nacht for de Chrischdaag und dorch es gans Haus
Verreegt sich kc' Thierli, net emol en Maus;
Die Schtrümp waare schnock im Schornschte gehunke,
In der Hoffning der "Nick" dheet graad runner dschumpe;
Die Kinner so schnock waare all schö im Bett,
Von Zuckerschleck draame un was mer, doch, wött;
Die Mamme im Schnupduch un ich in der Kapp,
Hen uns juscht hi geleet for'n lang Winter's Nap—
Dan draus in 'm Hoof waar so 'n dunnerse Jacht,
Dass ich ufg'schprunge bin zu sehne wär's macht.
An's Fenschter graad schpring ich so schnell wie'n Flasch,
Die Läden ufg'risse, ufg'schmisse die Sasch!
Der Moond uf der Bruscht dem neug'fallne Schnee
Macht Helling wie Mitdaag, üwver alles, so schö.
Im e' Aageblick kummt, jetz, un rund wie e' Kersch
E' Fuhrmann im Schlidde un acht kleene Hersch—
E' Männli in Pelze, so freundlich un frei—
'Hab graadeweck g'wüst's muss der Pelznickel sei!
Wie Adler, so schnell, sin die Herschlin zusamme,
Un er peift un'r ruuft, un'r nennt sie mit Naame:
"Jetz Dascher! jetz Danzer! jetz Pranner! jetz Vixen!
Un Komet! un Kupid! un Dunder! un Blitzen!"
An der *Porch* isch er nuff, um die Mauer gefalle—
"Jetz schpringt aweck! schpringt aweck! schpringt aweck alle!"
Wie laab for'm e Windschtorm—der wildscht das mer seht,
Wann ebbes im Weeg isch un's himmelwärts geht,
Zum Hausgiwwel nuf sin die Herschlin wie g'floge,
Mit'm Schlidi foll Sach un der "Nick" mit gezoge;
Im e' Aageblick hörscht uf'm Dach—owwedrowe—
En Gescheer un Gedanz wie mit höl'zene Glowwe.
Mei Kop zieg ich nei, guk um mich im Haus—
Un im Schornschte, do kummt'r wahrhaftig schun raus!
Mit Peltze ferwickelt fon Kop biz zum Fuus,
Un alles ferschnuttelt mit Aesche un Ruus!
Uf'm Buckel en Bundel foll allerhand G'schpiel—
'S hat geguckt wie 'm Kremer sei Kramm artig fiel.
Sei Maul wie 'n Kersch, un sei Dimple die lache—
Sie Aage, die blinzle, und wie Rosa sei Backe.
Gans rund war sei Mäuli un roth wie der Klee,
Un's Schnurbärdli weiss wie woll, oder Schnee:

*We wish our readers would compare this excellent translation with Moore's original
"A Visit from St. Nicholas."

En schtumpiges Peifli, fescht zwische de Zeh,
 Un der Schmoock schteigt in Ringlin so schö in die Höh.
 Sei G'sichtli so breed, un sei Bäuchli e' bissel
 Ueverm Lache hot g'schüttelt wie Dschelly in der Schüssel.
 So dick un so rund war des luschtige Elfge,
 Muss lache, graad aus un kan's gaar net helfe.
 Sei Köpli waar eifrig un schwätzig mit Nöcken—
 Sei Aage, gaar freundlich mit Blinzele un Blicken;
 Die Schtrümp hot 'r g'fill't, un mit frölichem Braus,
 Da schpringt inschtändig, den Schornschte hinaus;
 Un schteigt uff der Schlidde, zu der Fuhr peift en Piffel,
 Dann fliege sie fort wie Duun fon der Dischtel:
 Doch eb' er gans fort waar, sei Gruss hat er g'macht—
 "En herrliche Chrischdaag! un zu alle Guut Nacht!"

DIE WESCH-FRAA.

Am Wesch-Daag, schun in aller frueh,
 Draegt sie Hols un Feuer hie—
 Kessel, Eemer, Zuewer—alles musz herbei—
 Is des doch net 'n groszi, schweri Ruesterei?
 'S Feuer brennt, un leucht so schoe,
 Un'z Wasser zischt schun in die Hoeh!

Dann kummt die Wesch—en Bindel voll—
 Ja! hinneno, un—noch e mool—
 Leine, Wolle—klee un grosz, un all—verschmutzt,
 Ken Wunner, dasz die Wesch-Fraa steht, un guckt, un stutz!
 'S Wasser kocht schun in die Hoeh,
 Nau kann sie flink an's Wesche' geh!

Doch net zu warm, un net zu kalt,
 Gieszt sie ei, un macht dann halt—
 Harti Seef, un weechi Seef, musz ah noch bei—
 Scharfe Sache, gehoere zu der Ruesterei!
 Sie bueckt sich in der Zuwer nei,
 Un legt die Leine-Wesch sich ei.

Guck! Wie sie uw'rem Wesch-Bord hengt—
 Alle Kraefte sich ahstrengt—
 Uf un nidder reibt sie ewig lang druf nei—
 Ich mocht net ihr' Haend, un net ihr Buckel sei!
 Nau schwenkt sie 's mol, un dreht sich's aus—
 "Eh Strueck is doch mol widder haus!"

"Du armi Wesch-Fraa, ich musz fart,
 Ich weesz du host's erbarmlich hart,
 Growe, harte Mensche, denke gar net dra—
 Drum gewe sie dir ah—en klener Krummer-Loh!
 Ich guck noch z'rueck, un denk derbei,
 "Ich moecht doch net en Wesch-Fraa sei!"

E. K.

DER ALT SHOFF-BUCK.

BY S. DE LONG.

Der alt Shoff-buck,
 Dort hinner 'm Stroh-stock,
 Mit seiner dicka Woll;
 Was hut er Hörner!
 Umringt mit Lämmer—
 Awer er is tricksvoll.

Was macht er Aage!
 Dorf doch nix saage
 Zum alte laddy-Buck.
 Er is stark un böse,
 Guckt wie 'n wilder Göse,
 Dort hinner 'm Stroh-stock.

Vier Buwe, zwa Maed
 Stehn outside 'm Gate.
 So tricksvoll wie der Buck,
 Sie sin all voll Fun,
 Un kens arrig fromm—
 Sin "chips" vom alte Bluck.

Der Mart un der Sol,
 Die Mira un die Poll,
 Der Philip un der Charl;
 Vier Buwe', zwa Maed,
 Dort outside 'm Gate,
 Was tricksvolle Kerl!

Der Mart gebt fuenf Cent
 Wer reit bis ans End
 Der Lane, der Shoff-buck;
 Der Charlie is jung.

So macht er 'n Sprung,
 Schmeist ab sei Hut un Ruck.

Now huckt er uf 'm Buck,
 Dort hinner 'm Stroh-stock
 Un häbt sich an der Woll.
 Der Buck backt un kickt
 Als wie gans verrickt,
 Is awwer noch tricksvoll.

Der Buck macht 'n Jump
 Un toucht kaum der Grund—
 Er geht so stark wie 'n Train.
 Der Charlie greift zu,
 Reit wie 'n guter Buh
 Dorch Dreck, Hecke' un Bäm.

Now alles war gut
 Mit-out Ruck un Hut
 Bis an der Saur-appel Baum.
 Die Nescht henke' niddere
 Fer Shoff-buck un Ritter,
 Absalom, oh! Absalom.

Dort henkt er am Baum,
 Wie der Absalom,
 An seine' lange' Hoor.
 Der Shoff-buck springt Hame
 Nummer ains im Game,
 Der "best mann" uf 'm Floor.

Moral: 'S negeht mol reit en
 Gaul.

MEI' ARME BE'.

VON LEE L. GRUMBINE.

Herr Doktor, sag mol was mir
fehlt.
Wann ich mei' Sache hab verzehlt,
Ich hab's so maechtig in de Be',
Ich kann's wahrhaftig net versteh.

We'es weiters net was letz mag
sei'
'S is au' ke' Rheumatiss dabei;
Sie thun mir weiters au net weh,
Doch hab' ich's so in meine Be'.

Ich hab ebmol gegla'bt des Uewel,
Des wer vielleicht in meine
Schtuewel;
Schied's doch net in die Schu; ach
ne'!
'S is nirge'ds wo as in de Be'.

Der Wirth der will mir oefters
sage',
Die Ursach waere die Kreh-a ge;
Er we's nix, 's is net an de Zehe.
Bin's g'wiss 's is jusht in mein
Be'e.

Un' no', die Alt thut immer klage,
—So schpoettisch schiebt sie's 'uf
der Mage—
Ich thiet zu viel an's Wirthshaus
geh,
Sel' waer der Truewel mit de Be'.

Mer schweigt 's best bei so boese
Leut,
Sonsht hat mer immer wiester
Streit;
Abartig weil ich au' net meli'.
So gut un' g'schwind bin 'uf de
Be'!

Sie sagt mei' Gelt waer all ver-
suffe,
Un' 's is net wohr; hab's jusht
verloffe;
Des kann doch enig epper seh'
'S is nix Schuld dra' a's wie die
Be'.

'Sis gar net as ich's Saufe treib,
So 'rum zu geh von Kneip zu
Kneip;
Ich kennt gut drunner thu',
verschteh,
Wann's net waer fur die schlechte
Be'.

Kann trinke oder bleiwe losse;
Bin awer g'wiss au' nie verdrosse
E'ns zu nemme, oder zwe';
Zum schtaerke meine schwache
Be'.

'Sis net as ich's net stoppe kann,
Kann's grad 'ufgewwe wie e'
Mann;
(Ich hab noch nie, des muss ich
g'steh;
Wann sonscht nix fehlt isch's in
de Be'.)

Am Wirthshaus bin ich schier
Verbei,
No'h reisst's mich ewe' wieder
nei;
Ich spier e'n wetterlich Gedreh,
In dene newerzwege Be'.

E' mol hab ich's dorch gezwunge;
Bin an der Thuer verbei ges-
prunge;
No'h denk ich 'swaer doch recht
un' schoe
Zu b'lohme so standhafte Be'.

Sie ha'en's verdient; bin 'rei
gekemme;
Ich hab mir glei' paar Schnapps
genumme;
Net lang geht's bin ich schon im
Thee,
Wer is die Schuld als blos die Be'.

Die Be' sin als mit mir gegange,
Wo ich sie g'schickt nach meim
verlange;
Jetzt muss ich ewe duldich geh',
Nachfolge meine arme Be'.

So in Versuchung oft mich fuehre,
Thun sie ihre Weg verliere;
Ke' Wunner kann ich nimme steh,
'Uf dene lutteriche Be'.

Doch, des Getraenk is fur der
Bauch,
Der Herr macht Alles zum Geb-
rauch;
Der liebe Vater in der Hoeh,
Der giebt mir jo die schlimme
Be'.

Was macht m'r, Doktor? Weh! Dei Mittel hat gar nix gebat,
 O, Je! Jetz halt ich a', un' trink mich
 Kann nimme steh! Kann nimme satt!
 geh'!

DER BETTLE MON.*

BY DR. A. K. MINICH.

Ich hare es dohr on der lane uff De draina lawfa net won are
 gæ, Fart gæd un sawgt "Hot Yaæ."
 Ich gook tsu'm fenshter nows,
 'Sis numma 'n oldter bettle mon— Woorum is are yetz so schlecht
 De cooma uft tsu'm house. ob,
 Woorum dreibt ene de note;
 Yetz hut der †Wasser ene aw kart Ols' bettle mon de weldt dorrich
 Un brillt os we en læb; gæ,
 "Konsht rei, are doot dere g'wiss Tsu froge wore si brote.
 net wæ
 Sæshit net dos Ich ene hæb?" 'Sis net de ormute dos ene yetz
 Maucht læva oony freind—
 Der oldt hund hut se weesht ga- Der siffer leeft nur ane soch
 hoss; Un sell's si græshter feint.
 Hut duch nuch ken gabissa,
 Duch monicher hut sich fart ga- Ich wooner woo si mommy is,
 mauch; Ferleicht yetz in ehr ruh.
 Dorich furcht are wærdt farissa. Un wase net dos dar siffer doh
 Ware ehr ga-leehter boo.

Ae hund im hofe, der onner Se hut ene uft tsu era brusht
 draws, Gadrickt mit warme freed;
 Der bettle mon dertswisha; Se hut ene uff si gnee galarndt
 De hund hen gagoutzed un uff Des kindish hame gebate.
 ene loos,
 Du grund! we hut are ga-grisha.

We loompich is der aurem drup, Won Ich ols on si mommy denk
 We dreckich is si glæd; Don sæ Ich far mere shtæ
 Are hut en hem doh greekt ledsh My leeve mommy woo nuch net
 yohr, Hut g'hasa ane weck gæ.
 Des drawgt are ols nuch heit.

Si g'sicht is g'schwolla un fier We monicher hut se socha gevva,
 rote, Ehr hond war nee net tsu—
 Si bort is row un long. "Ich wase net vos nuch cooma
 Are tzittert won are uff will shtæ, con
 Un longsoma is si gong. Tsu meim galiebta boo."

Are hut ken hæmet in dara weldt, Des hut se uft mit feeling g'sawt,
 Are læbt doh gons arlae; Un yetz coomed kenner he
 Dos Ich net grawd mit lushta
 helf—
 Des doon Ich wæga se.

*We give this in the author's preferred spelling, which differs from that generally observed by this magazine.—Ed.

† Watch Dog.

THE HEAVENLY TWINS.*

BY REV. P. C. CROLL.

There landed one day, a short time ago—
 Yet it must be fully ten months or so—
 In a louse where burned Love's fire aglow,
 A pair of most beautiful things:
 Two cherubs they are, who have lost their way,
 Two sprays of some sea in a calm little bay,
 Two pigeons, which, from their flock gone astray,
 Have come hither to rest their wings.

Their eyes plainly tell that from heaven they flew,
 Since these speak loudly of th' sky's richest blue
 While lights from beneath make them sparkle like dew,
 Which every one captures and wins.
 Though human in form they're divinely fair
 And breathe a holy, celestial air;—
 They are birds, indeed, sufficiently rare
 To be called the heavenly twins.

So 'like are they that e'en their own mother
 Hasn't learned to know the one from the other,
 But anxious to save all future bother
 Decided to give each a name.
 So the preacher christened the one little maid—
 A princess indeed—as fair Adelaide:
 While the other, wholly of happiness made,
 He baptized Beatrice the same.

Though otherwise named each the other does ape
 In size and in form, in color and shape,
 That measured by grace, by pound or by tape—
 No peas have e'er grown so alike.
 For Beatrice wears sweet Adelaide's curl,
 While Adelaide takes from the other girl
 A dimple to match, and her tooth to pearl
 A perfect resemblance to strike.

So mother was forced to mark all their clothes,
 And letter each piece, from the head to the toes,
 With initials, by which she cunningly chose
 To detect her captors of heart.
 But lo! in the bath she mixed the dear girls,
 And now is distressed, 'cause neither by pearls,
 Nor dresses, dimples, nor yet by their curls
 Does she know A from B apart.

*The originals are the offspring of good Pennsylvania-German Moravian and Lutheran stock, while the facts narrated are substantially and literally correct.



Hence since, when asked to introduce each Miss,
 She answers by giving each a hug and a kiss,
 Saying meanwhile that one is Beatrice,
 While the other is Adelaide,
 But which, since they mixed, it were hard to tell.
 "God knoweth," she says, "He may break the spell,
 Until then, perhaps, it were just as well
 To think each as the other maid."

Since the above was penned this heavenly pair,
 With eyes like the sky and with golden hair
 Have grown six years so charmingly fair
 That we're proud their faces to show.
 Each has learned, meanwhile, some useful thing—
 For both go to school and both learn to sing:
 E'en one tried to fly, but alas! broke her wing,
 Yet which one no one can know.

PENNSYLVANIA AND THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS.

PENNSYLVANIA is one of the greatest in our sisterhood of States. Her star is one of the brightest in that constellation, which lights up the field of blue in our national colors. She formed the keystone of that arch of thirteen cemented colonies, which originally combined to form this great country of ours. She provided a meeting-place



for their various representatives to gather in council and declare their independence. The same she gave to another company of chosen men who were selected to draft and form their country's constitution. Moreover, it was upon her territory that the seat of colonial government was for a long time located, and where the first decade of our constitutional government had its capital. She gave to the cause of freedom many a brave general and hosts of her gallant soldiery. On her soil were fought some of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution, and here is located the camping ground where bivouaced the main body of the patriotic army, and spent such a winter of privation and suffering as rivals the darkest story of soldier life.

The State has since added to her fame by giving to the cause of universal freedom the most illustrious battle-field of history—Gettysburg. She has given to many of the newer States large numbers of their best and stanchest pioneer settlers. By means of her minerals, timber, and agricultural products she has taken a leading part in her contribution to the Nation's greatness and wealth. As for scenery, the poet has long ago truthfully declared that, than hers,

"No lovelier landscape meets the traveler's eye."

But Pennsylvania is no less famous for her contribution of great and noble men and women. A complete list of the illustrious actors which she has given to her country and the world, would include some of the brightest names that adorn the pages of history for the past two centuries, and would be long enough to fill quite a voluminous catalogue. These deeds of gallantry and greatness have been wrought in all the avocations of life. She has furnished her goodly quota of statesmen and counsellors both in the colonial period of our history and in that which followed our independence as a Nation. She gave to the cause of freedom many a brave and renowned soldier, to the Presidency at least one incumbent, to the Cabinet many brilliant members and to both houses of Congress many a leading light. Educational circles have abounded with her talent and all the professions have been honored with her generous supply. The ranks of journalism have taken from her sons some of its ablest writers, and authorship has been crowned by many a bright luminary whose birth-place and home has been within the Keystone State. Inven-

tion has been stimulated by the genius of her sons, while all the arts and sciences have received marvelous impetus by the influence of her children. Noted pioneers and distinguished men of wealth and business-success have found within her confines a happy birth-place. In it Franklin and Rittenhouse made their marvelous discoveries and astronomical observations. It gave the great botanists, Bartram and Muhlenberg, a home. It sheltered the refugee, Dr. Priestly, and those other noted scientists, Wilson, Audubon, Nuttall and Dr. Rush. It is the birth-place of Fulton, the inventor, and of West and Rothermel, the celebrated painters.

Of her polyglot population there is one class, however, which, because of peculiarities of temperament and modesty of manner, has not hitherto received a just due of those well-merited honors, to which their contributions to the State's early history and present greatness properly entitles them. These are the descendants of the early German settlers of the State. This is so because of the peculiar environments of language and rural residence, an extreme native modesty, and because of apparent wilful slight on the part of chroniclers. The late eminent historian, George Bancroft, acknowledges and deplors this great injustice done the Germans of Pennsylvania, due to the causes named. He adds: "Neither they nor their descendants have laid claim to all the praise that was their due."

It is the object of this magazine to make some amends for the defect. Its aim is, under a special head, to bring together a galaxy of brilliant names belonging to this class, whose possessors have won justly-merited honors, and whose sketches will prove, we trust, that they, and many whom they represent, are entitled to the recognition here accorded them. It will be a difficulty, where there is so wide a circle to select from, to always make the wisest choice of subjects. A scanning of the field has revealed a long list of eminent actors, the springs of whose lives are found in this Germanic stock. When one goes gunning for this kind of game he will find "the woods full of them." In the periodic and limited method here employed to bring down this big game it may be some time before all who have crossed our path shall have been bagged. But we assure our readers that every report of the gun will wing so excellent a fowl as to prove the shot no waste of powder. The sketches published during the first year will be of such as have been born in the Fatherland. Afterwards shall appear those who first saw the light of day in "dear old Pennsylvania." Many conspicuous names may have a while to wait for their turn. But let no one despair. In due time every illustrious actor will receive his proper setting. Meanwhile let all the living go on adding glory to their careers so that when their star appears it may shine with especial lustre. Were we spreading out the biographical eavens in an encyclopedic map we would bestud it with hundreds of such Pennsylvania-German stars as would shine in the realm of patriotism, statesmanship, oratory, invention, authorship, theology, divinity, medicine, law, education, generalship, jurisprudence and agriculture and as should include, in the writing of their patronymic, every letter of the alphabet.

The Pennsylvania-Germans are a distinct and unique element in our

American population. For a hundred and fifty years and more this stock has been mixing with the current of our national life, and yet, at the end of this period, it is as clearly recognizable, in name and manner and forms as distinct a factor in our population as the Missouri River is traceable in the mighty waters of the Mississippi a hundred and fifty miles below its mouth.

It has been the great and constant misfortune of these people to have been almost universally regarded as but a muddy adjunct to the great American population. Thus they have ever been grossly misunderstood and misjudged. While adding quantity to our national forces, it has been too generally believed by all classes, who have not taken time to investigate for themselves and be fair in their conclusions, that this stock has added little or nothing in the line of quality to our American population. The race-pride and prejudice of other constituencies, the wilful ignorance of many, and the excessive modesty and indifference to these things, long characteristic of the Germans themselves, are to account in large measure for their gross misrepresentation.

Even reputable authors, who have undertaken to give us historic portrayals of or fanciful pictures concerning these people, have often strengthened this false impression by painting their pictures too much in the darker colors, or else by ignorantly, or purposely, arranging their data in such a way as to bring out grossly-warped and overdrawn representations of their subject. Thus the chief fault, perhaps, of that otherwise excellent portrayal of Pennsylvania-German life, "Enemies in the Rear," lies in the fact that the author's *dramatis personae* are almost wholly chosen from the lower and rougher strata of this class. The book, though quite well written, is thus likely to leave a false and very unfavorable impression upon strangers to the community or the race as a whole. It is the author's mistake, who has allowed the intelligent and noble patriots of this class either to abet the cause of abolition and the suppression of rebellion silently at home, or else has chosen to make but slight mention, in his book, of the hosts of gallant men from among this class who marched to the front at Lincoln's first call for volunteers, and who, on bloody fields of battle, gave their lives as a full measure of patriotic devotion. This is inexcusable since it is now a well-established fact of history that the first troops to reach Washington after the President's call for volunteer defenders of the country's flag, in 1861, came from the very section of Pennsylvania where the scenes of this golden-circle hostility to the war are laid, and possibly nine-tenths of whom were in speech and blood Pennsylvania-Germans.* Even no less a poet than Whittier gave the Germans of Pennsylvania the just credit of being the very first in the nation to place themselves in hostility to the African slave traffic, when, two generations ago, he sang in his "Lines" to Gov. Ritner, of Pennsylvania, the praises of this influential element in his constituency as follows:

*So it was Nagel's Company of Berks County "Dutchmen" who were the first to reach Cambridge, Mass., and join Washington at the outbreak of the Revolution, and this only 34 days after Congress resolved to raise a Continental Army. (See Shinnell's "A History of Pennsylvania," p. 150.)

“And that bold-hearted yeomanry, honest and true,
 Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its due:
 Whose fathers of old sang in concert with thine,
 On the bank of Swatara, the songs of the Rhine,
 The German-born pilgrims, who first dared to brave
 The scorn of the proud in the cause of the slave.”

It is an additional fact that the first voice and pen lifted in opposition to African slavery in the Colony of Pennsylvania came from a German—Pastorius, the founder of Germantown.

Another instance of gross literary shadow-coloring we find in “The Making of Pennsylvania,” a well-written volume recently published by the Lippincotts of Philadelphia, where the author has been pleased to score the Germans somewhat unmercifully as well as unjustly for their niggardliness and obstinate opposition to general State improvement and education in particular. He credits the Lutherans, for instance,—a very large factor of this class,—with maintaining but one small college within the State, when the facts in the case are that this denomination alone supports four flourishing colleges, one female seminary, and three theological seminaries within the borders of the State, and has been interested in higher education within this territory since before the Revolution. The status at the present time is such that were the home of the writer (Lebanon, Pa.) taken as the center of a circle with a radius of eighty miles, there would be included within such a circumference—the very heart of Pennsylvania-Germandom—an array of higher institutions of learning that for prosperity and number cannot be duplicated in any other similar section of our great country. Many of these schools are the very creations of the Germans, and all of them are strongly supported by students from this class. Here is found the University of Pennsylvania, whose foundations, in the form of a precursory school were laid in Colonial times, aided by the active co-operation of two of the leading German citizens of the State, and whose present glory has been attained during the eminently successful administration of ex-Provosts Pepper—father and son—men in whose veins flowed the purest of Pennsylvania-German blood. This imaginary circle would contain also the following collegiate institutions, many of which enjoy a national fame, viz: Ursinus College, of Collegeville; Haverford College, Franklin and Marshall College, of Lancaster, the first distinctive college of the Germans, dating since the close of the Revolutionary war; Dickinson College, of Carlisle, hoary with age and laden with honors; Pennsylvania College, of Gettysburg, a Lutheran institutions almost three-quarters of a century old, and never so flourishing as now; the Susquehanna University, of Selinsgrove; the Bucknell University, at Lewisburg; Lebanon Valley College, of Annville; the Schuylkill Seminary, of Fredericksburg; the Albright Collegiate Institute, of Myerstown; Muhlenberg College, of Allentown; Lehigh University, of South Bethlehem, which is one of the best-equipped classical and polytechnic institutions of our country; and last, but not least, Lafayette College, of Easton. Besides these institutions of technical college grade, within this territory are located eight theological seminaries, viz.: At Mt.

Airy (Lutheran), Philadelphia (Roman Catholic), Collegeville (Reformed), Lancaster (Reformed), Gettysburg (Lutheran), Bethlehem (Moravian), Selingsgrove (Lutheran), and at Upland (Baptist), while some theological instruction is imparted at Carlisle and Annville. Six flourishing female seminaries are also supported in this district, located respectively at Bethlehem (founded in 1742 by the German Moravians as the very first Ladies Seminary in this country), at Allentown, at Lititz, at Bryn Mawr, at Mechanicsburg, and at Chambersburg. The same circle also includes six very prosperous State Normal Schools, attended in most instances, by many hundreds of students annually, four-fifths of whom, in some cases, know and even speak the Pennsylvania-German dialect as their vernacular. The same are located at Kutztown, Stroudsburg, West Chester, Millersville, Shippensburg, and Bloomsburg. Within this territory are maintained, besides the great Orphan School of Stephen Girard, at Philadelphia, Church Orphan Asylums, located at Germantown, Womelsdorf, Loysville, Topton and Middletown. Likewise has every town and city of this district maintained for years well-graded high schools, which have generally taken the place of once flourishing academies and boarding-schools—the local pride of bygone generations. Were a star to mark the site of each of these higher schools, any one can readily see how a map of this district—the very heart of Pennsylvania-German territory—would be studded with asterisks. While in the matter of the adoption of our public-school system some German localities were slow to exchange their parochial systems of mental and religious culture for an untried secular educational method by the State, yet justice demands a reiteration of the proud fact that it was a Pennsylvania-German Governor—the late Hon. George Wolf—who is recognized in Pennsylvania as the real founder and promoter of the public-school system of the State.

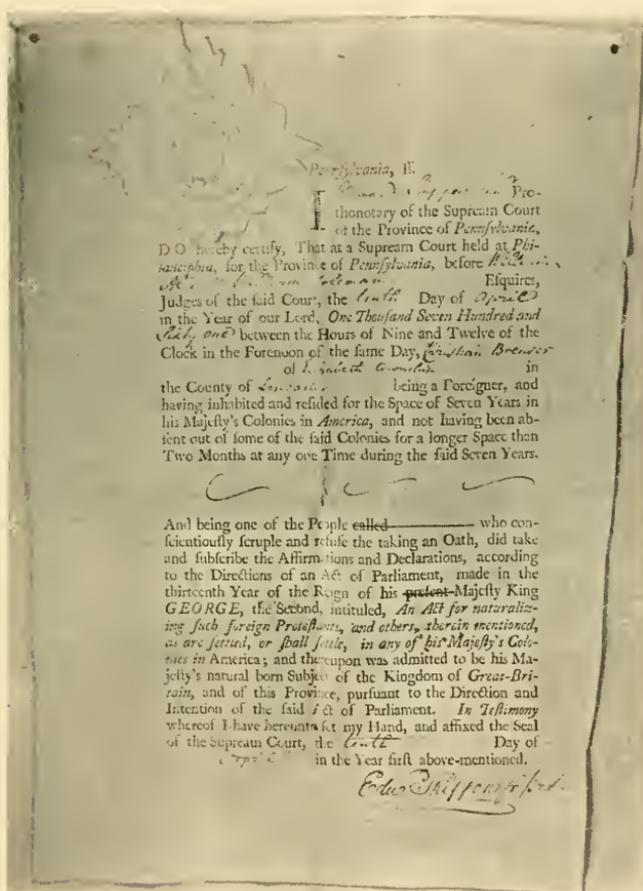
Were more proof needed to remove the false stigma of opposition to education, wilfully or with culpable ignorance affixed to this class, it could be stated that the present very popular and successful Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State, Prof. N. C. Schaeffer, LL.D., and his chief assistant, Hon. Henry Houck, are both full-blooded Pennsylvania-Germans, both of whom, at fifteen years of age, would have been frightened to hear themselves talk in any other tongue but this their vernacular dialect, and who today have not forgotten any of the rhythmic flow of its ground-down mixture of German, Low Dutch, and English vocabulary and idiom. Though this be so, these star educators have been called into a dozen or more of other States, where this dialect is not known, to instruct in pure English, State, city and county institutes of teachers in the rudiments and technicalities of their profession—and seldom without carrying home laurels for excellency of work done. Surely it is a base slander to charge the Pennsylvania-Germans with opposition to education or with indifference to any and every line of true progress.

And so it is a mistake to suppose that this class has produced no men and women of eminence. For this purpose a galaxy of famous Pennsylvania-Germans has been created by this journal and each number shall bring out a new star.

BISHOP BRINSER AND THE BRINSER MEETING-HOUSE.

BY PROF. H. S. BRINSER.

HISTORY clusters around a nucleus. It is but the lengthened shadow of a few men. The interesting part of history is that we are what we are because others were what they were. Landmarks and edifices, the mile-stones of history, are the embodiment of some



NATURALIZATION PAPER OF CHRISTIAN BRINSER.

one. It is a tonic to house the idea and foster it, that we are but the echo, the assimilation of that which preceded us.

Before mentioning the house or giving any data concerning it, it is im-

portant that we preface somewhat of him who made it a possibility, completed his idea by building it, which later became the open sesame through which Fault entered, forming a perch upon which it perched, and, really furnished a stable peg upon which negated ones hung thoughts that ultimately were made visible in far more beautiful edifices.

Rev. Matthias Brinser, founder and first Bishop of the United Zion's Children, was born May 10, 1795. His pseudonym, "Der Mottiss," is still heard in the community. He died July 27, 1889, aged 94 years, 2 months and 17 days, living for nearly one century on the place where he was born, and which has been occupied by Brinsers for over 150 consecutive years. The wonderful changes he witnessed and of which he often spoke, using its incidents in his sermons for concrete illustrations, would fill volumes, for his retentivity of memory was marvelous. As an illustration of this the writer well remembers the fact that he would often work sums mentally ere himself could produce them on paper.

Rev. Brinser was born in what is now Londonderry township, Dauphin county, four miles southeast of Middletown, but what was then a forest primeval. His grandfather, Yeoman Christian Brinser, came from Baden, Germany. The name on various papers, patents, and deeds of the Brinsers is spelled thus: Branser, Brentzer, Princer, Brenzer, Brenser, and is, therefore, a matter of speculation as to what the original name was. This Christian Brinser settled in Elizabeth township, Lancaster county, Pa. He was naturalized on April 10, 1761, when the French and Indian War was waging. He came to America about 1749. His wife's name was Anna Ursala Brinser. It is a matter of pride that we can here produce the naturalization paper of this, our great-great-grandfather.

John Brinser, Christian's son and the father of the bishop, was born June 23, 1750. He became the owner of what was then known by the government as "Brinser's Bower," upon which the subject of this sketch was born. This property is now owned by Matthias' only surviving son, Rev. S. H. Brinser. John built the first house on the granted tract. His wife was Anna Mary Gish. Their children were as follows: John, who died at 94; Jacob, at 62; Abram, at 75; Rev. Matthias, at 94; Anna, married to a Berg, and Catharine, to a Livingstone. In the cut of tombstones we see the face of the youngest male descendent, Ira S. Brinser.

The early life of the Bishop was very like that of the pioneer of the West. One of our sketches shows the little brick safety-house to which families of the community would resort to escape the cruel tomahawk and the Indian arrows. The tile roof made it fire-proof. Often they fled to the woods for refuge.

Rev. Brinser was one of the pioneer teachers, teaching the psalter, the Bible and "wrechla und schriba." The log-house in which he taught stood on the homestead yard and was only torn down a few years ago.

After his father's death in 1820, Miss Catharine Heisey, daughter of Peter Heisey, near Bainbridge, was employed by the Brinser's to assist in the household duties. She was young and fair at sweet sixteen and Cupid did his work slyly and swiftly. Before the robins came again Miss Heisey was Mrs. Brinser. They lived happily together for 68 years. Their

family was as follows: Susan Brinser Martin, Lizzie B. Metzgar, Catharine B. Kieffer, Fannie B. Brinser, Lydia B. Kieffer, Daniel and Rev. Solomon, Nancy B. Groff, and Mary B. Wolgemuth. Thirty-two grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren survived him at his death. At the funeral the following six grand-sons were his pallbearers: J. B. Martin, J. S. Brinser, A. L. B. Martin, D. B. Kieffer, J. W. Metzgar and H. S. Brinser. Bishops Joseph Nissley and Charles White and Revs. Daniel Kieffer and David Wenger preached on this occasion. Following a secular business in connection with preaching he had, at the time of his death, amassed a fortune of about \$60,000.

At an early age he identified himself with a very plain religious sect, known as the Dunkards, rightly, the River Brethren, so called on account



THE BRINSER TOMB-STONE.

of their proximity to the Susquehanna. He was ordained to the ministry in 1829 and preached for nearly seventy years. We often wished we knew, as is known today in the ministry, how many sermons he preached, how many he buried and married, how often he was called away of nights. We saw him marry several of his grand-children, and to this day can see him standing in the pulpit. At that time church buildings were considered an innovation by his denomination, which thought them unacceptable in the sight of God. Worship was conducted in the members' homes. In 1855 Rev. Matthias Brinser, realizing that his house was too small to accommodate the increasing membership of the church, and assisted by two brothers and several neighbors, erected a very plain one-story build-

ing to be used as a "Versammlung Haus." The idea to have even so plain an edifice was entirely exotic to all save the few progressive.

A meeting was held in the home of Jacob Engle, Conoy township, Lancaster county, soon after the construction of this meeting-house, and the action of Rev. Brinser and his helpers was severely criticised. He was given an opportunity to acknowledge his wrong-doing, but he took a Jacksonian stand that he had done no wrong, and, consequently need make no confession of it. The consequence was his expulsion from the church, which is explained by the following circular, translated from the German:

THE PARTING OF THE RIVER BRETHERN.

As there are many persons desirous to know the reasons for the Parting of the River Brethren, thus I will attempt, as near as possible, to give these reasons:

In February, 1855, several Brethren in Dauphin county, called a meeting, to consider, and to come to the conclusion concerning the building of a meeting house; and, as there were no objections made, they began to build a meeting house in the neighborhood of Matthias Brinser. The Brethren in Lancaster county held a Council with Jacob Engle, where the conclusion was reached "to warn them not to build the house." They wrote their conclusion in the German language in the following words and sent it to Matthias Brinser:

"Conoy Township, Lancaster County, May 16, 1853.

"Beloved Brethren, we wish you the peace of God and the love of Jesus Christ, with heartfelt greeting. We, the undersigned Brethren, have held a council, concerning the contemplation of building a meeting house in your neighborhood, and have unanimously concluded, to ask of you, that you shall not build it, as such a building, we believe, would become an open door to great shame and would make heavy hearts for many Brethren; therefore we request of you, out of heartfelt love, that you will accept our counsel.

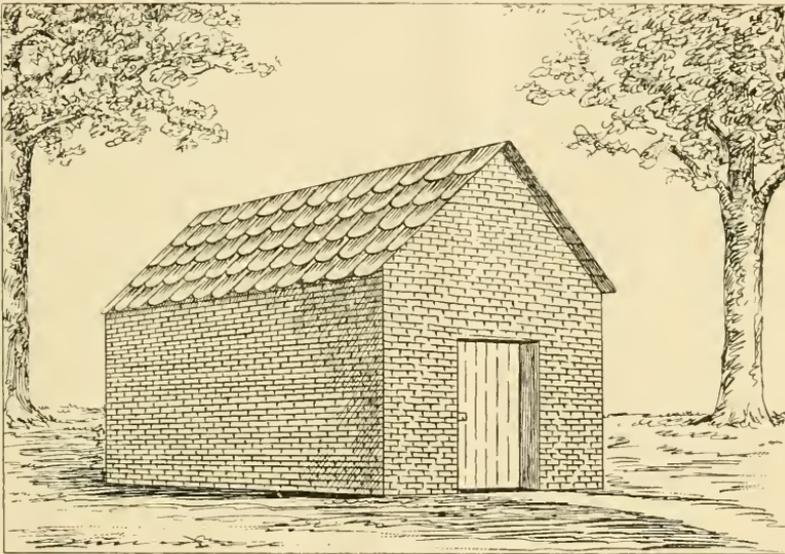
Jacob Strickler,	Benj. E. Musser,	John N. Graybill,
John T. Gish,	Christian Hoffman,	Jacob Grider
Benjamin Martin,	David Engle,	Michael Hoffman,
Henry Musser,	Jacob S. Engle,	John Hostetter,
Jacob E. Creider,	Jacob M. Engle,	Henry Engle,
Joseph Lehman,	Daniel Grove,	Isaac Herschey,
David Stoner,	John Engle,	Henry S. Engle,
Jacob Hostetter,	John B. Engle,	J. B. Hoffer."
Christian Musser,	Daniel Engle,	

Some time in the summer of 1855 they held another Council with John B. Engle, in Conoy township, and expelled Matthias Brinser and all his followers from Church, on this wise:

"This notice shows you, Matthias Brinser, that a unanimous conclusion has been reached, that the Council, which was held at Jacob Engle's, will be carried out with you. It says: "If he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." And you have not heard, therefore, you can no longer be a Brother, until you become con-

scious of the wrong and the fellowship will cease that exists with those that believe as you do; and it was seen, that the Church failed, inasmuch as it did not carry out the Council in the beginning, when you did not hear."

At this time he was 60 years old. A meeting was held at his house shortly afterwards and his followers declared that he should continue to hold meetings as before. This was done, and this was the incipency of the denomination known as the Brinsersites, but properly, the United Zion's Children. The second minister to join the Church was Rev. Daniel Kieffer, the father of three later ministers of the Church, Revs. Daniel



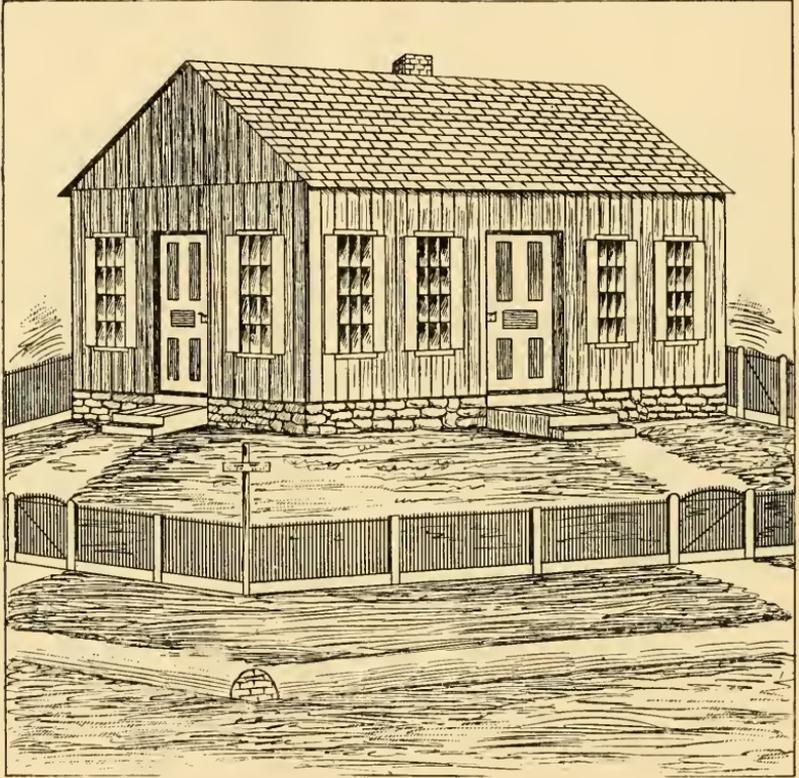
THE BRINSER FORT.

Kieffer, Jr., Samuel and Joseph. The first minister was Rev. Christian Wenger. Their first love-feast was held near Middletown, with Abram Strickler, the farm now being the property of Mr. Levi Jack.

Rev. Brinsers had been a Bishop under the River Brethren. He frequently traveled forty and fifty miles in answer to requests to officiate at funerals, and to preach the Word. Many a night was he called to administer to the sick and dying. By request he once preached in the court house at Harrisburg.

Now let us look at this historic little meeting house. How void of all embellishments. Although it was obliterated by the march of time, seven years ago, it yet holds an indelible place in our mind on account of the pleasant recollections and associations connected with it. As "State Rights" stood for Calhoun, so stood this house for our grandfather. It

was not old, but deep interest clusters around its history. The house would hardly have been taken for a school house by a passing stranger, for it was far below the general appearance of that kind of building. Being in the corner of a field, hard by the public road, a stranger would have been apt to regard it as an implement shed. It stood where four roads met. Many noted personages were surprised on first seeing this meeting-house, remembering the offence it occasioned for its extravagance. Scarcely possible to believe it was regarded as a sacrilegious innovation.



THE BRINSER MEETING-HOUSE, 1853-1893.

Drawn from memory by H. S. B.

Its builder, however, lived to see the day, when the Church from which he was excommunicated, adopted the very doctrines for which he fought so heroically. It must certainly have been a great satisfaction to this aged father in Israel. We are told that he once said: "Sie fressen einmal wos sie now kutzen." The prophecy was certainly fulfilled. The building was plastered and contained two old-fashioned stoves for heating purposes. There were five seating apartments. Four short benches directly in front of the pulpit. On these benches sat the ones hard of hearing, and the only

place that men and women sat in one tier. We can yet see the silver-haired "brethren and sisters" leaning forward to drink in the Gospel with long tin horns to one of their ears. There were also two large tiers of seats, one to the right and the other to the left of the pulpit, seating about two hundred. To the right sat the sisters, to the left the brethren. With the sisters were their little girls, generally clad plainly, and especially do we recall their little bonnets. With the brethren were their boys, in their long pantaloons, longing for the time to come when they could sit on the "Boy's Side." To the left, on the first bench, sat the preacher's and the deacon's wives and those who some day might expect such a position. On the next seat those of the older and more active ones. So the seating shaded down to the last seat where were the younger sisters and those who were not yet "sisters," but desired some day so to be. The scene will never be forgotten, that little sea of similarity, bonnets, capes and caps.

The very same shading of seating held true on the left, the brethren's side, who almost universally came in the end door, known to the boys as the "brother's door." Would a young man come in at this door it would make us smile. Then there were still two more tiers to the right and left of the side door. These sides were respectively the "girl's side" and the "boy's side," seating the same number as the pulpit sides. Here again the shading was in bold relief. On the first seats those girls who now went "to the girl's side" and those who belonged to other churches. So it ranged from the plainer to the "dressy" and the more gaudy and "sinners" on the back seats. The "boy's side" was our coveted goal, where we could be as other boys. Here again we find the same manner of voluntary seating. The "worst" boys invariably on the back seat. The benches were made of pine boards, had backs, but were neither painted, varnished nor clothed. Many bore names carved and written of those who attended the services and left artistic monograms thereon. One occasion we well remember, when the brethren's sons were reminded that they were getting too far toward sunrise on the "boy's side." Promiscuous seating of men and women was not known in this house and when their children got out into the world they thought this something wonderful and little dreamed that some day they would do the same.

It was in this low and modest building that its founder preached his last sermon when he was nearly 94. It was still freighted with his zest, and the same easy flow of language was still manifest. We do not know of a single service that he omitted in this house, save the last year or two of his life, when he may have missed a few. In this mecca he saw the revival becoming a feature of the church, and a number of his grand-children were here converted. It was the great baptizing place during the summer, and sometimes as many as twenty were immersed by trine immersion. How well do we recollect the almost painful quiet that reigned when the applicants rose for the baptismal questions. At such occasions frequently a dozen preachers were present. The services were well attended, even the aisles and the steps of the pulpit being filled. Hillsdale meeting was always a pleasant anticipation for old and young.

The opening service, song and praise,
 By the elder ones in Godly ways.
 Then rose the Bishop, his cap from his head,
 "Lasset uns bata," all knelt as said.

Hymn books were not used in the services. The hymns were lined out and sung, and when we did not have the words we sang the tune. Rev. Brinser generally waited until the other ministers had spoken and then he would "cap the climax," or as the boys said, "Er hut der trigger druf



WIFE OF REV. MATTHIAS BRINSER, Aged 91 Years.

gadu." We forgot to mention a few of his "spurs" on the pulpit, when others hesitated to speak. These as well as many other maxims of his are oft repeated to this day:

"Brüder, net so lang ga tzaudert; machet de zeit zu nutza."

"Eilet, Brüder, lasset de zeit nicht meesig ferby ga."

It is not exactly policy to travel on the name of one's ancestors, but we are not ashamed to state that the term "Der Ald Mottiss" has been of great value to us in our work amongst strangers, who knew him or of him.

The appearance of the highway on meeting day bore the semblance of

divided funeral processions, for there was a stream of vehicles from all surrounding parts. After services those that came many miles stopped with the neighbors, partook of dinner and had their horses fed. This was a time when special preparation was made on the Brinser homestead, for it was a usual occurrence to feed from twenty to thirty horses and more than twice that number of persons. This was cheerfully done and the grand-children always enjoyed "big crowds." The persons were fed by father and son. Prayer and song were common before they parted.

The building was doomed when the Pennsylvania Railroad company straightened its curve at this point and it was accordingly torn down in 1893, and an interesting landmark perished from the face of the earth that touched the lives of many hundreds of humble minds for time and eternity.

Hier kamen viele menschen von nahe und fern,
 Zu hoeren das Wort und zu loben den Herrn.
 Die alten Lehrern sind verreist, 'sis wahr,
 Doch die Worten sie sprachen ringen immer noch klahr.

The LEAVEN, a monthly pamphlet, published in Northfield, Minn., aping the style of the Roycrofter's "Philistine," has the following description of the Pennsylvania-Dutch in a recent issue. Arguing that all national types, unless constantly supplied by new blood, must eventually deteriorate to the aboriginal types of that country it thinks it has found an example in our stock, and thus says:

"In the State of Pennsylvania there is an old Dutch settlement. It is one of the oldest settlements in America, the most self-concoctionate and least affected by emigration. Here families have lived generation after generation, since the time of the early Puritan Fathers, undisturbed by the whirl of the busy world. It is here that the student of involution must turn for his data. Here are a people different from those of the surrounding country, outside world, and different from the emigrant. Their hair is losing its fineness and becoming coarse and straight and dark; their voice is losing its melody, and their skin its whiteness, its delicacy of tint, an inexpressible something. Their features are being gradually metamorphosed to those characteristics of the Indian. It is the involution of the Indian."

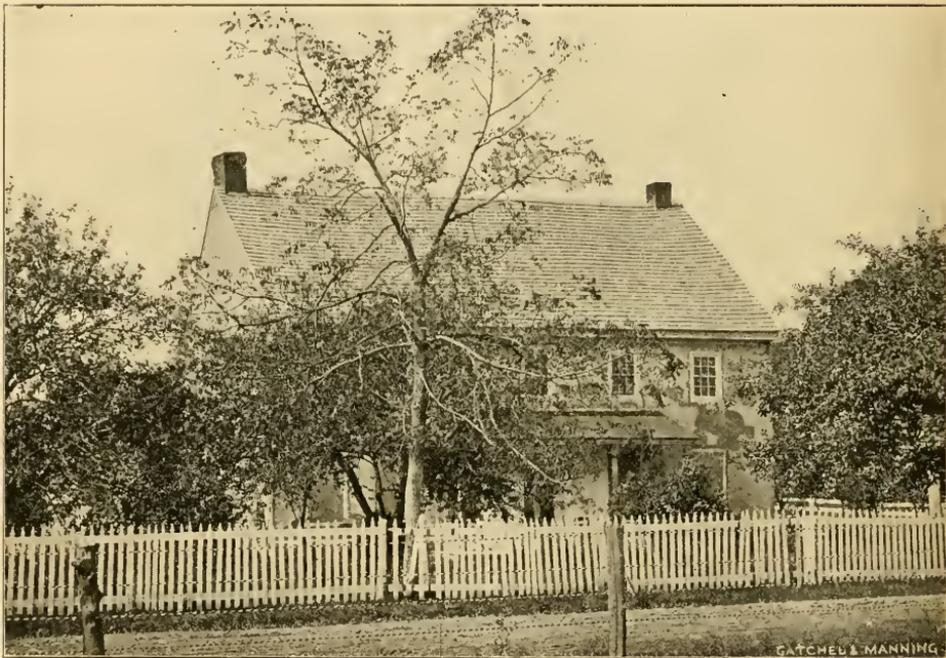
Bosh! I move that this Wooley Western editor be invited to the next meeting of the Pennsylvania-German Society to make apology for this astounding paragraph of inaccuracy in ethnology, history and science. If he fail to make proper amends for the slander, let him be consigned to some island banishment where he is to live in solitude and subsist on Limburger cheese and sour-cROUT till he knows his lesson better.

Genealogical.

THE CROLL FAMILY IN AMERICA.

NOT for the gain of glory, but for the preservation of genealogical history are these humble annals published.

The founders of the American Croll Family, according to the best data at hand were two brothers, Christian and Ulrich, who came from the Palatinate, sailing from Rotterdam, on the ship *Mortonhouse*, James Coultas, master, June 21, 1729, and landed at Philadelphia, August 19, 1729. (See Colonial Records, Vol. III, p. 367, or Second Series of Penn'a-



THE CROLL HOMESTEAD. Erected 1757.

Archives, Vol. XVII, p. 15). About 120 fellow passengers were on board from the same general region. It is Christian whose lineage is here given. Whether the York county branch of Crolls descended from Ulrich or Christian is unknown to the writer.

Christian Kroll took up his residence in Salford township, then Philadelphia, now Montgomery county, in the province of Pennsylvania. Prior to 1734 he was in possession of 50 acres of land, for which he paid a quitrental to the Penns. (See Journal kept in Land Office of the Proprietaries, Rec. XVI, p. 477.) This property is located near Harleysville,

according to the "History of Lower Salford township." Later he must have bought a tract near Salfordville, where in 1757, according to the date-stone, he built on the Philadelphia highway a large stone house, which he and his son and descendants occupied for over a century as a public hostelry. In those early days a public inn was a station on the commercial highway; "a depot on the trunk line of trade." As such, it was in that day of sparse settlements a noted public centre, and is often alluded to in the early local histories. This interesting landmark is preserved today though no longer in the Croll possession. It is now the property of Dr. Henry G. Groff, of Harleysville, Pa. We give a picture of it.

Within this colonial inn, Christian Kroll raised his family of sons and daughters. One of these was Michael, who fell heir to the estate. There are records to show he had possession of the old homestead as early as 1780; how much before this date is not known. He was born in 1738, and

George Henry, Bound to Michael Hartman by
and with the Consent of his Grand father, Nicholas Henry
for 14 years, from date, to Learn him the Trade of a Miller
to send him to school to learn to Read and write a Legible
hand & give him time to be instructed, to receive the Lords
Supper, in said Term, when free to give him a good freedom
Dues besides his other apparel, and five pounds in Cash
in Gold or Silver Coin

SPECIMEN OF MICHAEL CROLL'S HANDWRITING.

died 1795, having for several decades been an honored justice of the peace as well as inn-keeper. He changed the "K" of his name to a "C," as we find it written, when on Feb. 23, 1779, he took the oath of allegiance to Pennsylvania (See Penn'a-Archives, second series, Vol. III, p. 35. Also many old Deeds and His Docket.) His name occurs frequently in local documents as "Esquire Croll," and "Michael Croll, inn keeper." It is found, also, in signature to a return of the seven-months men, furnished by Col. Daniel Hiester, Jr.'s battalion of Philadelphia county militia in 1782. Mr. Dotterer, editor of the "Perkiomen Region," says: "Michael Croll * * held the important office of Justice of the Peace as early as Dec. 16, 1778. * * * Justice Croll had an extensive business. His docket is carefully kept, and written in a clear hand." As proof of this we produce the above specimen taken from his docket.

The old Croll Homestead stands at a cross-roads, about half a mile east

of the Old Goshenhoppen Lutheran and Reformed Church, with its famous ancient history. It is here that the first generations of Crolls worshipped and in its peaceful and populous God's acre that most of them lie buried. Michael's tombstone testifies that he died as an elder of the Lutheran congregation. Following are the head and old corner-stone inscriptions of present church edifice:

OLD GOSHENHOPPEN
CHURCH. 1744

REBUILT 1858.

LIBERALITAS PLEBIS
LUTHERANÆ ATQUE
REFORMATAE HAS
ÆDES UNA EXI T-
RUXIT. I. C. ANDRAE,
PASTOR.

It must be said that the sculptor fearfully pied the text of the above Latin inscription, and only a scholar can read it, as corrected above. This is its translation: "The liberality of the Lutheran and Reformed people erected this temple. J. C. Andreas, Pastor."

Among these "liberal Lutheran people" doubtless was Christian Croll, whose son was later an honored and prosperous officer. Though his grave could not be found, it is doubtless among the many unmarked tombs of that early period. Here they heard in that day of church planting the noted pioneers of that period, among them probably the patriarch Muhlenberg himself in his youthful prime, who may have given counsel in the erection of this edifice.

To return again to the charming old homestead. In company with a few relatives we visited the same during the past summer and awakened the old ghosts from garret to cellar, through corridors and spacious rooms. We found it substantially built of stone (now rough-casted), after the general colonial model. A wide hall in the centre with spacious rooms on either side, the house contains an old fashioned broken stair-way, with hand-rail and banister in solid oak. The second story is divided into large sleeping apartments, while the garret is a huge storage place for herbs and teas, dried fruits and cured meats, broken furniture and unwritten poetry. As a relic we carried away a wooden coupling pin and a peg from a hand-made rack, on which to hang our antiquarian hat.

As a stopping place for Conestoga grain teams and drovers on their way to the Philadelphia markets it was renowned over a century ago. When Reading Howell in 1794 made his celebrated map of the State, he conspicuously marked the spot as "Crolls." It was then a large estate. Already in 1776 assessments show that Michael Croll, Esq., had 260 acres of land, while his son's account as administrator, in 1796, shows that interest was paid on about £600 sterling loaned out. From the old homestead we

went to the neighboring "God's Acre," where for six generations this peaceful and thriving rural community has buried its dead, and where

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Among these dwellers of the silent city are many of our name and blood. Their sacred dust has long since mingled with the common clay, but the chiseled sandstone and the sculptured marble remain to tell their "short and simple annals." What room for reverie and reflection! Who can help but think in the grooves of Thomas Gray when in such a spot? And who-soever has read his immortal elegy will find the matchless stanzas come unbidden to his tongue, and he will hear himself repeat:

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

With tablet and pencil in hand we traced fac-similes of every epitaph we found that told the "short and simple annals" of a relative. We were sorry we could not find the tomb, or if found, not decipher the inscription of the first American ancestor. But from others found, and the help of a 75-year-old relative, Henry A. Croll, who has been a life-long resident of this community, and that of an equally aged scrivener of the same community, who has inherited the office as well as the sharp wit, retentive memory and punctilious accuracy of this class through several generations, Solomon K. Grimly, Esq., of Schwenksville, a clear line of descent of the Montgomery county branch of our family has been traced. This will we draw and then give the data of the tomb-stone inscriptions found.

I. The son and administrator of the estate of Michael Croll, Esq., was Jacob Croll. The record of said administration is now in the hands of Esquire Grimly, who says it was a large estate. For over two years this Jacob Croll wrote his signature with the "Administrator" suffix. (See Court Records of Montgomery County, at Norristown, Pa.) This Jacob Croll is not buried here (interred at Swamp Church burial grounds) but his wife is, and from her age he must have been born about 1770-1775. He

had one brother, named John, and four sisters, named Polly, Sophia, Betsy and Peggy (Rebecca). These were married respectively to Abraham Gerhart, a Mr. Boyer, George Hertzell and Benjamin Reiff.* The tombs of most of these are found in the Old Goshenhoppen Church burial grounds. (See below.)

The next generation brings us to Philip Croll, son of Jacob and Sarah Croll. He had charge of the old homestead in his day and here his only son, Henry A., our companion in this research, was born. The tombstone registry says this Philip Croll was born Jan. 29, 1799. He married Christina _____, who died young and left but one child, (Henry). This Philip doubtless had brothers and sisters as per gravestone record. Henry A. Croll, his son, was born in 1826. He has two sons and two daughters, Mrs. N. H. Sacks, of Quakertown, and Mrs. Snyder, of Philadelphia. One son lives at 518 Susquehanna Avenue, the other near Quakertown. His son-in-law and grand-son, Mr. H. M. Sacks, are publisher and editor, respectively, of the Quakertown "Times." This, therefore, makes this line of descent clear to the present time.

Now for the record of the Old Goshenhoppen tombs. These follow as copied, in the order of generations.

I.

CHRISTIAN KROLL. Tomb not found. His wife's name was Barbara.

II.

1. Hier ruhet der Leib des verstorbenen MICHAEL CROLL. Er wurde geboren den 9 ten Februar 1738 und ist gestorben den 8 ten December 1795. Seines Alters 57 Jahr 10 Monath weniger 2 Tage. War Kirchen Altester in der Ev. Lutherischen Gemeinde in Alt Goschenhoppen. Leichen Text: Ev. St. Lucä, am 12 Cap. vers. 37. "Selig sind die Knechte die der Herr, so er Kommt, wachend findet."

2. Hier ruhen die Gebeine der verstorbene CATHARINA CROLL, gewesene Ehegattin des weiland verstorbenen Michael Croll. Sie wurde geboren den 17 ten Juny im Jahr 1745 und starb den 24 ten October, 1825. Brachte ihr Alter auf 80 Jahr 4 Monat und 7 Tage. Ihr Leichentext war die Epistle an die Römer, das 8 Capital, 38 u. 39 versen.

These sleep side by side, while other graves are somewhat scattered over the older portion of the grave-yard.

III.

1. JACOB CROLL, not buried here.

2. Zum Andenken an SARAH CROLL, Ehegattin von Jacob Croll. Sie war geboren den 1 ten October 1779, und starb den 26ten October, 1835. Brachte ihr Alter auf 56 Jahr u. 25 Tage.

3. Zum Andenken an JOHANNES CROLL. Er war geboren den 31ten Marz, 1779, und starb Januar den 23ten, 1847, in einem Alter von 67 Jahre 9 Monat u. 23 Tage. (He died a bachelor.)

4. Zum Andenken an MARIA CROLL, Gattin von Abraham Gerhart.

*He at one time represented his county in the State Senate (History of Lower Salford Township). He was a grandson of the notorious Jacob Reiff, of the early Reformed Church History.

Geboren 8 August 1782. Starb am 27 Jener, 1874. Alt 91 Jahr 5 Monat 19 Tag.

(This was the "Polly," of Michael, mentioned above. The Boyers are also buried here from whom descended Michael C. Boyer, at one time high sheriff of the county.)

IV.

1. PHILIP CROLL. Born Jan. 29, 1799. Died May 16, 1883. Aged 84 yrs. 3 mos. and 17 days.

2. Hier ruhen die Gebeine von der verstobenen CHRISTINA CROLL, Ehefrau des Philip Croll. Sie wurde geboren den 5ten July 1800, und starb den 25ten Januar 1828, in dem Alter von 27 Jahr 6 Monat und 20 Tag.

O Leser halt ein wenig still.

Und hoere was ich sagen will:

An diesem Stein geh nicht vorbey

Ohn das er dir Erinnerung sei.

3. Here is buried the body of Maria, wife of MICHAEL CROLL, *Born Geiger*. She was born June the 1st, 1799, and died March 25, 1837. Aged 37 years, 9 months and 24 days. [She was the wife of the first Croll settler in Berks County. Ed.]

4. MICHAEL; sohn von Michael Croll und Susanna Heilig (1847).

5. FATHER MICHAEL CROLL. Born May 14, 1824. Died Aug. 18, 1892. Aged 68 years, 2 months and 29 days. (Next to him sleeps presumably his daughter. Both graves are marked by large and expensive stones. See below.)

V.

1. AT REST. CAROLINE CROLL, wife of Edwin S. Godschalk. Died Oct. 3, 1892. Aged 24 years, 10 months and 13 days. Asleep in Jesus!

Other graves of relatives are found here, as one marked "Margaret Croll, wife of Jesse Long. B. Aug. 12, 1836. D. July 14, 1880." And our informant mentions another family commonly known as "Billy Croll, the lame tailor," who had two sons, William and Jacob. Others of the same line had settled father north in the same Perkiomen Valley and passed their days in the neighborhood of Green Lane, and Pennsburg. It may be the Ulrich Croll descent, of whose settlement no sure data is known to the present writer. It may be remarked that one Frederick Conrad figures so much in the older family records and accounts that he is believed to have been intermarried with the earlier Crolls. He was Commissioner of Montgomery County in 1784-86, and a Federalist member of Congress in 1803. He was connected by marriage with Henry Antes and the forebears of Gen. J. F. Hartranft. Some of his descent became illustrious, as especially his grandsons, Rev. Dr. Frederick W. and Prof. Victor, long the editors of "The Lutheran Observer." (See Perk. Region, Feb. 15, 1900.)

Many Crolls lie buried at the Mennonite burial grounds near Skippack, Pa.

II. Now a paragraph on the Berks county branch, to which the present writer belongs. For extensive data on this line of descent, let any one

interested consult the writer's book on "The Croll Family," published as a golden wedding souvenir in 1887.

It was doubtless a son of Christian, the American immigrant, Henry by name, who sometime in the latter quarter of last century took up his residence in Allegheny county.*

His son, Joseph, followed probably his cousin, Michael Croll, from Montgomery county to Greenwich township, Berks county, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, and here learned the tanner's trade, married a Polly Schlenker, reared his family, and died near present Crumsville. (One of the Schlenkers moved in the dawn of the just completed century to Stark county, Ohio, and became the progenitor of Mrs. McKinley, the present lady of the White House.)

For a full account of the Joseph Croll descent consult our Golden Wedding Souvenir. An accompanying diagram gives this line of Croll descent in outline. It contains the names of one line for seven generations.

The writer's father was the eldest son of Joseph and Elizabeth (Schlenker) Croll and his family is noted in foregoing diagram. Of his eight children, all are living but one, and filling honorable avocations. The oldest son, the late Rev. A. D. Croll, of Lyons, Pa., died, after fourteen years of most successful ministry in the Lutheran Church, on June 19, 1876. Among the fruits of his ministry was the upbuilding of a once strong and vigorous parish, with the equipment of new church edifices, the winning of hundreds of souls to Christ, and the influencing of about a dozen of his young men for the holy ministry, among whom may be named Rev. Dr. J. A. Sigmaster, Prof. in Gettysburg Theol. Seminary, Rev. O. C. Roth, pastor of First Lutheran Church of Altoona, Pa., Rev. G. W. Fritsch, of Ashland, Pa., Rev. W. R. Weiland, of Altoona, Rev. Leeser, of Pottstown, and the present writer. On Revs. Morris F. Good, of Annville, Geo. A. Greiss, of Allentown, Wm. J. Gaby, of Dayton, Ohio, and Prof. Fred. L. Sigmund, Prest. of Carthage College, he laid his hands in holy baptism and shepherded the lives that most influenced them to choose their holy calling.

John Croll's surviving children, in 1887, celebrated, with other invited friends, their parents' Golden Wedding Anniversary, on which occasion a nephew residing in Buffalo, N. Y., Sylvester E. Croll, sent the following original, acrostic poem, which was read:

DIE GOLD'NE HOCHZIG.

Ja, des is der Dag, un des is die Schtund,
 O wie sin unser Herz' so voll Freede!
 Heit is unser Hochzigdag—mir sin im Bund
 Nau fuzig Jahr; der Dodt allee kann uns scheidde.

*From the assessment records of Upper Salford Township for 1776 we learn that Henry Croll was a saddler, still living here at that time and was assessed for 1 cow. The same records charge Michael Croll, from 1767-1776, with hotel license. In 1807 Jacob Croll (his son) was down for hotel license.

Christian Croll. Em. to Am. 1729	<p>Michael Mont'y Co. Brauch</p> <p>Henry Allegheny and Berks Co. Brauches</p> <p>Christian</p> <p>Polly in Jacob Esser, Kutztown</p>	<p>Joseph in Elizabeth Schlenker</p> <p>John Buried in Wooster, O.</p> <p>Lydia in John Tomer</p> <p>George Pittsburg</p> <p>Michael in Polly Schlenker Bannah Scherer</p> <p>David Pittsburg</p> <p>Addie in Mr. Birchfield</p> <p>Henry in Polly Herritz</p>	<p>John in Catharine DeLong</p> <p>Addie in Jacob Bebler</p> <p>Joseph in Elizabeth Miller</p> <p>Henry in Lydia Kistler Sarah A. Selp</p> <p>Samuel</p> <p>Michael in Mary A. Frederick</p> <p>Mary & Sarah (Twins) Mary in Benjamin Burkey</p> <p>David in Eliza Gaisers</p> <p>Rufina in Jacob Beth</p> <p>William in Sarah E. Shup</p> <p>Kate</p>	<p>Alfred DeLong* in Alice C. Traxler</p> <p>Hiram in Adeline Rockel</p> <p>Martin Sebaldis in Elizabeth Grhu</p> <p>Silas Gottlieb in Josephine E. Acker</p> <p>Cyrenus Charles in Alice Burkholder</p> <p>Elmira Elizabeth in Fighman, Bittner*</p> <p>Philip Columbus in Sallie A. Greiss</p> <p>Priscilla Susanna in Oliver C. Rohrbach</p>	<p>Katie E. in George Bittner, 1 children Luther T. in Ida Ritter, 1 child Ella S. in William Stegried Edwin H. Amelia R.* Alfred DeL.*</p> <p>Laura J. in Edwin Spruger, 9 children Elmer A. in Clara Hinterleuter, 3 chil. Margie L.* Minnie E. in Sylvester Schneck, 2 ch. Carrie J. Sadie A. in Frank Stahley, 2 children</p> <p>William M. in Annie Kuniz, 2 children Charles A.</p> <p>Alfred D. in Kate Guinther, 2 children Mamie I. in Robert Guth, 2 children John P. *</p> <p>Katie in George Lamb, Hattie M. in Charles Shadt, William W. Earl C. * Raymond B.</p> <p>Payson C. Elsie K. Tilghman J.</p> <p>Edward E. Rose W. Herbert G. Philip Raymond* Alice K. Paul R. Alloy T. Hilda M. *</p> <p>Katie C. Ivah C. Estela C.* Florence</p>
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Of first four generations all died except William and Kate of fourth. Of last three generations the dead are marked by an asterisk.

Catharina, der Weg war net immer so schee,
 Rau un Kalt, Hitz un Froscht, hen mer g'funne;
 Obgleich nau wann's vorbei is do meind mer's net meh,—
 Lob un dank, mer hen's so weit iwwerwunne.

"Lieb" war unser Schprichwort—brav, redlich un fromm,
 Un getrei unserm Herrgott zu lewe,—
 Niemand zu beleidige,—des sin Ruhls unserm Schtamm,
 Die schtrickt zu beobachte hen mer g'schtrewe.

Kinner un Kinskinner, Alle, folgt ihr uns noh,—
 Am Grab erwarde uns Deehl;
 Treescht eich, ihr Liewe, dort sin sie all froh,
 Ruh un Friede gebt's dort unne fehl.

Im Lewe's—Morge hot uns der Herr viel g'schenkt
 Nie ware mer unne Sei sege;
 Am Owet, ah, is Er uns noch a'gedenkt,
 Drum folgt Seine holdselige Wege.

Es scheint ziemlich lang—fußzig Johr—lang un weit,
 Laenger noch scheint's zum Grab zu eich Kinner;
 Oh wann mer zurick guckt wie schnell ging die Zeit!
 Nur paar Johr un mir ware noch Kinner.

G'schwischer un Kum'rade ware bei uns im G'schpiel,—
 Gedanke wie die mache uns Schmerze;
 O wie lang folgt eem doch des Heemweh G'fieh!
 Laut un deitlich schlaegt's nau noch im Herze.

Doch heit is ken Zeit for Heemweh oder Drauer,
 Es is jo en glueckselige Schtund;
 Nau denkt mer an's Siesz un vergesst alles Saur,—
 En jedes sing, "Heil," Herz un Mund.

"Heil, Heil, gold'ner Hochzigdag! Heil!" all schtimmt ei,
 O wie froelich koenne mer All singe!
 Crolle Schtimme muesse heit gewisz luschtig sei,
 Hell un laut losz es Jubellied klinge.

Zum Schlusz singt Gott Ehre, Er is immer gut,
 Er war gnaedig uns so lang zu bewahre,
 Ihm wolle mer vertraue in Alles das Er dhut,
 Trennt Er aach mit em Dodt unsre Schaare.

1 is schun vorahgange—Nau kumme noch Dhreene—
 8 wares im A'fang im Kreis,
 8 hoffe mir wieder im Himmel zu sehne,—
 7 hier.—O fehl doch kens uf der Reis!

In a lighter vein has another cousin poetized, descriptive of the young

Croll pranks in the days of their childhood. The reader is referred to the columns of Poetic Gems, for this humorous effusion.

Last 4th of July the family again gathered in happy reunion at the home of Silas, the third son, who is also a justice of the peace and now serving his second term as Director of the Poor of Lehigh county. The attendance at this reunion was large, the exercises enjoyable and profitable.

III. Of the York county branch of the family we have data only of the later generations, kindly furnished us by Miss Annie M. Croll, of Middletown. We can begin only with John Croll, who was born in York county in 1767, came to Middletown, Pa., and is ancestor of that line of Crolls. He had two sisters, Mrs. Wolf and Mrs. Demuth, both of whom lived and died in York. The following is the diagram:

I. John Croll; b. Aug. 16, 1767; d. Nov. 14, 1825; m. Oct. 5, 1790, by Rev. Gehring, Elizabeth Metzger, of Middletown, Pa., b. Oct. 14, 1767; d. April 5, 1832. They had issue:

1. John; b. July 17, 1791; d. Oct. 21, 1793.
2. Lydia; b. Oct. 10, 1792; d. May 5, 1822; m. Dec. 4, 1810, David Ettl and left one child.
3. John; b. May 17, 1797.
4. Abner; b. Sept. 9, 1800.
5. Henry; b. Jan. 11, 1807.

II. John Croll (John), b. May 17, 1797; d. Oct. 12, 1873; m. March 26, 1822, by Rev. Geo. Lochman. Eliza Catharine Lowman, b. June 3, 1803; d. Dec. 12, 1881. They had issue:

1. George L.; d. Jan. 15, 1874; m. Sarah E. Brown; d. Sept. 17, 1882, and had Dr. Mercer B., John, Edward L., George L., Rebecca B., Frank and Raymond.
2. Henry W.; d.
3. Elizabeth C.
4. Caroline L.; d.
5. Susan D.
6. Maria L. d. m. Rev. W. M. Baum, and had Rev. Croll, Dr. Charles, Rev. William M., Eliza Croll, Mary S., Maria, George and Rev. Frederick.
7. Annie M.
8. Emma H. m. Dr. J. P. Keller, their issue. John P. Croll, Helen, Christian and William L.
9. Margaret C.; d.

III. Abner Croll (John), b. Sept. 9, 1800; d. Aug. 27, 1835; m. Rachel Shelly. They had issue:

1. John; (d) m. Mary Doudel (d) and had Robert, Horace, Amelia and Mary.
2. William A; m. Annie Faber and had Abner, Faber, John, William, Charles and Hollis.
3. Lydia; m. Jacob Nisley, and had Rachel, Frank, John, Luther. d.
4. Luther H.; m. Jennie Smyth. and had James, Morris, Roy, Elsie.

IV. Henry Croll (John); b. Jan. 11, 1807; d. Sept. 28, 1892; m. Mary Oldwiler. Their issue:

1. Abner. d.

2. Mary, Ann Eliza. d. Clementine. d.

Of these Luther H. distinguished himself as Prof. in Mathematics, was tutor of Abraham Lincoln's family when he was the first time elected to the Presidency, and died as incumbent of the chair of Mathematics in Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa. Many of the younger sprouts of this branch are winning fame and adding glory to the name.

Among the attainments reached and services rendered by members of the family may be mentioned service to their country on field and forum; public office held in county, State and nation; graduations from high and normal schools, business, art and classical colleges; and professions and business places of trust and honor nobly filled. If any have deserved it, none have yet gone to the jail or penitentiary. None ever was in absolute want. God has been good to the family. Let Him have the glory! It is hoped that coming generations may fare as well, and to this end may reunions and published history prove a stimulus. May those who shall hand this name to posterity not stain it, but add fame and honor by deserved success and by meritorious character and achievement! P. C. C.

Mr. Henry C. Mercer has recently presented the Lebanon County Historical Society, with a fac-simile tile of a typical Pennsylvania-German stove-plate of 1756. This tile was made at the Moravian Pottery and Tile Works, Doylestown, Pa., the home of this celebrated antiquarian, who has published a fine illustrated pamphlet on "The Decorated Stove-Plates of the Pennsylvania Germans." In his development of the Sruaffiato process of the Pennsylvania German potters, Mr. Mercer here has reproduced one of the now very rare S. F. Stove-Plates, in which are shown the Heart and Tulip design within the rayed medallion, supported upon a stand, representing lambs, (probably symbolic of the Trinity) with other Hearts and Tulips, the date, 1756, and the motto, "Las Dich Das Bek Nicht" (give not thyself to evil). The original was doubtless made at Warwick Furnace, also reproduced at Elizabeth and other furnaces, and shows in a high degree the decorative skill of the Pennsylvania German craftsman, the initials, S. F., remain as yet, unexplained by antiquarians.

The 166th anniversary of the landing in America of the Schwenkfelders, a German religious sect, was duly celebrated at the Kraussdale Meeting House in Montgomery County, Pa., on Sept. 24, 1900. It was from this people that the late Gen. Hartranft was an extract. Appropriate exercises, consisting of devotional services, historical addresses, and the singing of standard old German and English hymns were rendered during the day. The principal institutions of learning of this denomination are located at Pennsburg, Pa.

Book Notices.

Historic Pilgrimages in New England.

Edwin M. Bacon, who is an authority on New England local history, more especially on that centering about Boston, has favored all the American grammar and high school classes of history students, and the world of general readers as well by this more recent work of his. He takes a Western high-school lad, athirst for provincial, colonial and revolutionary history, and in a fortnight's well-planned excursion on steamer, train, trolley and afoot, takes him to see the very interesting landmarks and historical sights of New England, where this great nation had its beginning and was cradled. The reader discovers, ere he has completed the first day's trip, that Percy Denison is himself, asking the very questions and expressing the same interest and joyful delights and making the same notes and taking the same snap-shots that he would in like circumstances, and so the outing proves to every reader a realistic pilgrimage most entertaining and profitable. The well-posted and accommodating guide does not weary until he has taken you on an itinerary that includes Massachusetts Bay, Provincetown, Cape Cod, Plymouth and its environs, Kingston, Duxbury, Marshfield, Cape Ann and the North Shore, Salem, Peabody, Danvers, Marblehead, Boston, Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill and Cambridge. In all this richly historical section there is not a landmark of interest omitted, be it bay, or road, or bridge, or homestead, or church, or graveyard, or monument, or battlefield, or historic spot, that is not visited and photographed by this chaperon from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers to birth of the Republic. And many literary firesides are visited as well. The book, with its fine descriptions and route outline and its 120 illustrations lures you through its 450 pages with about the same charm such an actual pilgrimage would afford. Its excellent index enables you to refer to any particular point at will. It is the only satisfactory way to study local history. What this magazine seeks to do for Eastern Pennsylvania, this volume has done for the neighborhood of Massachusetts here covered. We commend it to the student of New England history. Silver, Burdette & Co., Pubs. New York and Boston. Price, \$1.50.

Conrad Weiser and the Indian Policy in Colonial Pennsylvania.

A new impulse is given to historical research covering the period of the colonies. This is evidenced by the organization of local historical societies, the founding of colonial hereditary chapters, the revival of genealogical study and the publication of historical and biographical works covering this period. Conrad Weiser has long loomed up as one of the towering figures in the colonial history of Pennsylvania. While every school-boy has heard of the famous Indian interpreter, his exact and particular labors have been hidden in a mass of fragmentary documents and letters that were disconnectedly bunched in the colonial

records of the State, and quoted in local histories, without much historical service. By the labors of Joseph S. Walton, the author of this work, these tangled ends have been woven from original sources into a connected historic fabric that enables one to trace this great man's steps during the eventful decades preceding the Revolution and make it clear that our great nation owes it to this modest German, (buried on his farm in Berks Co., Pa., with naught but a humble stone marker) that it is under English rather than Latin influence today. The reading of this volume makes one's admiration for this great public servant yet more profound. It is a handsomely gotten up book of 420 large octavo pages, divided into nineteen chapters and illumined with twenty full-page illustrations. It is a credit to author and publisher, and an indispensable text-book to the student of colonial Pennsylvania or the life of its greatest Indian agent. It sells at \$2.50 and is published by Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., 103-105 S. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gettysburg: "What They Did Here." Hundreds of thousands of visitors of America's greatest battlefield have listened to the thrilling story of the three days' fight that occurred here, as it fell from the eloquent lips of Gettysburg's recognized guide, Capt. Luther W. Minnigh. In this pamphlet this same guide has enabled hundreds of thousands more to learn the same story by means of his descriptive pen and camera. With this pamphlet of 150 pp., any one that can read English can visit Gettysburg in his home and look into the faces of the advancing armies, and watch the various movements of the different divisions from day to day, for he has the Guide by his side to answer every question and thus is enabled to see the conflict through his skilled, eagle, historical eye. Besides the illustrated description of the great battle, the pamphlet contains a Roster of both armies, Union casualties by states, location of statues, monuments and avenues, reminiscences of Gettysburg in poetry and prose and much other valuable information. This journal rejoices to say that while this greatest battle of the Rebellion was fought on Pennsylvania soil and the Union forces commanded by such gallant Pennsylvania heroes as Meade, Hancock, Reynolds, Geary, Gregg, Crawford, Zook, etc., it has found its best and most official guide in one of Pennsylvania's sons in whose veins courses the blood of Germanic stock. 150 pages. Price, 50c.

National Republican Art Souvenir. A memento volume of the memorable campaign of 1900, an "Art Souvenir of the Republican National Convention," held in Philadelphia in June last. About seven hundred handsome half-tone portraits of delegates and the National Committee; also numerous full page illustrations, among them Old Musical Fund Hall (the cradle of the Republican party) where the first convention of the party was held in 1856, both exterior and interior as it appeared; the Exposition Building; scenes of "Calling the Convention to Order"; "Reading of the Platform"; "Making the Nominations"; "Officers and Members of the National Committee," etc. A rare work of

art worthy of a place in any political library or the reading room of the club. There is nothing handsomer in this line that we know of. Published by Gatchel & Manning, Philadelphia. Cloth, \$5.00; Morocco and gold, \$7.00.

ILLUSTRATED MAILING CARDS. By authorization of Congress, the private mailing card is here these two years and more. Some are regular blanket sheets in size. Others are neat and tasty, according to the persons or firm's needs. But it took the genius of W. H. Richardson, of Norristown (business address, 424 Walnut street, Philadelphia), to originate a variety of local postal cards that are both convenient in size and exceeding charming in appearance. Half the card of the one side is occupied by a beautiful illustration of some local landmark of note, and as Montgomery county abounds in these, the world ought soon to be taught its local history by the use of these cards in the correspondence of its citizens. Think of its Valley Forge, its poetic streams of the Schuylkill and the Perkiomen, and its many historic churches and old homesteads. Better correspond with this far-sighted publisher, and get a taste of his work in a postal card reply.

Every school boy and girl, every young man and maiden, every employee, man or woman, white or black, Mongolian or Caucasian, Greek or Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, young or old, should read Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia," sent out gratuitously by Geo. H. Daniels, Gen'l Pass. Agt. N. Y. Central Railroad Co., Grand Central Station, N. Y.

Mr. Ethan Allen Weaver, secretary of the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution, announces the prospective publication of a volume on "Northampton County, Pa., in the War of the Revolution," that promises to be an invaluable contribution to the history of the State for this historic locality. Whoever can furnish any original data to help make this work complete will render acceptable service by placing it in the hands of this author for use in this forthcoming work.

IN VINDICATION OF JACOB REIFF.

BY DR. GEORGE G. GROFF (A DESCENDANT).

The manner in which Jacob Reiff is spoken of by Prof. Wm. J. Hinke, D.D., in *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN* (October, 1900, page 8) should not pass unnoticed.

Jacob Reiff and the Rev. Mr. Weiss were sent, in 1730, to Holland by the Reformed churches of Philadelphia and Skippack. Mr. Reiff was a man of high standing in the Church, and in the community, and a man of financial responsibility. Mr. Reiff received 1,760 Dutch guilders. His agreement with the churches allowed him 18 pence per day for all the time he should be absent,* all traveling expenses, and the refunding of £150, which he had advanced to the church at Skippack.

The money collected in Europe was with the advice of Rev. Weiss and Dr. Wilhelms, invested in merchandise, on which heavy expenses were unexpectedly incurred.

Mr. Reiff asked for a just and equitable settlement, but the churches could not be reasonable and asked for more money than he had collected, with interest added.

The Rev. Schlatter called in four English gentlemen, who allowed Reiff his expenses, and this amount being deducted, he paid Schlatter the balance.

The best evidence of his character is that which Rev. Schlatter gives him in Sauer's paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This serves as notice, that in future no person shall take upon himself to offend the brothers Reiff and their families with unkind remarks and reproach in connection with the much-talked-of collections, inasmuch as Mr. Jacob Reiff, immediately upon my arrival in this country, rendered an account in a becoming and orderly manner, and has settled the matter to my entire satisfaction, in which I am supported by the judgment of prominent and intelligent men who assisted me in bringing the subject to a conclusion; I have found him in this nothing other than an honest man and a friend, and I have no doubt that I can justify the disposition made of this controversy before the high authority of the Reverend and Christian Synods in North and South Holland.

MICHAEL SCHLATTER.

October 16, 1746.

* See Sauer's Germantown paper, Feb. 1, 1751.

LITERARY NOTES.

Ex-President Cleveland is writing for "The Saturday Evening Post" a series of strong articles which will appear in the magazine during the winter months. Some of these papers will deal with political affairs, and others with the personal problems of young men. They will be Mr. Cleveland's first utterances in any magazine on the questions of the day since he left the White House.

One of the most artistic of calendars issued by the publishing firms for 1901 is the one sent to subscribers of "The Youth's Companion" by the publishers. It is embossed in gold and colors, being a long panel in shape, having for the central figure a study of a colonial face. It is certainly a work of art. "The Companion" has issued a very attractive "announcement" of its features for this year, from which we expect a good treat in store for readers.

Among the contributed features in the December "Review of Reviews" are articles on "The Cuban Republic—Limited," by Walter Wellman; "Governor-elect Odell, of New York," by Dr. Lyman Abbott, and "Marcus Daly, Empire Builder," by Samuel E. Moffett. The editor comments upon many important questions of the hour, including the work before the new Congress.

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the Pennsylvania-Germans and their Descendants.

LEBANON, PA., JAN., 1901. * * * * Volume II. Number 1.

Rev. P. C. Croll, A. M., Editor and Publisher,
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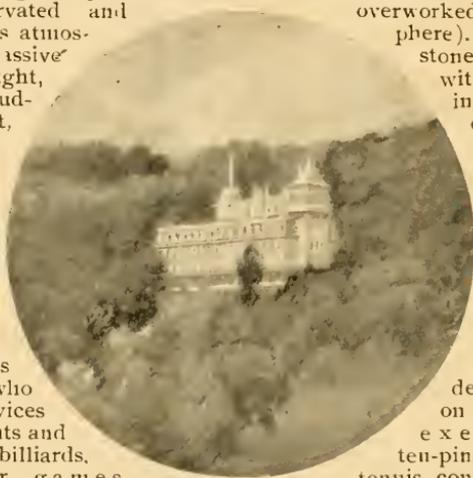
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The Pennsylvania- German

Vol. II.

APRIL, 1901.

No. 2.

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5 55	2 18	10 15	6 30	Lebanon	8 07	12 55	4 33	8 13	
6 05	2 26	10 25	6 40	Cornwall	7 56	12 44	4 22	8 02	
6 15	2 36	10 35	6 50	Mt. Gretna	7 47	12 35	4 13	7 53	
6 20	2 41	10 40	6 55	Colebrook	7 41	12 29	4 07	7 47	
6 25	2 44	10 43	7 00	Lawn	7 38	12 26	4 04	7 44	
6 30	2 49	10 48	7 05	Bellaire	7 34	12 22	4 00	7 40	
6 40	2 58	10 57	7 15	Conewago	7 24	12 12	3 50	7 30	
.....	6 10	8 10	Columbia	10 20	6 16	
7 10	3 25	11 25	7 45	Harrisburg	6 55	11 45	3 25	7 00	
9 50	7 10	1 50	11 00	Williamsport	2 19	8 30	12 40	4 00	
7 35	8 00	Buffalo, N.Y.	8 00	8 30	
12 46	4 25	12 52	10 31	York	1 49	10 22	1 49	5 54	
2 30	6 00	8 11	12 10	Baltimore	11 55	8 50	12 00	3 34	
4 05	7 15	4 10	1 15	Washington	10 40	7 50	10 50	2 01	
1 50	11 30	6 55	5 50	Pittsburg	10 00	3 00	8 00	
8 05	4 16	12 27	8 37	Carlisle	5 50	10 48	2 05	6 05	
9 00	5 14	1 32	9 36	Chambersburg	11 05	9 45	1 05	5 00	
8 10	3 50	12 55	8 10	Lancaster	6 30	10 35	2 25	6 05	
10 29	5 47	3 17	10 18	Philadelphia	4 25	8 40	12 25	4 26	
12 28	6 55	4 19	11 13	Trenton, N.J.	2 27	7 00	11 12	4 42	
3 53	8 08	5 53	12 43	New York	12 15	9 30	2 00	
A M	P M	P M	P M	Arrive	Leave	A M	A M	A M	P M

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THE CHRISTOPHER SOWER
HOMESTEAD AND PRINTERY

Located in 1731, on premises now Nos. 1645-53 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia.

...THE...
Pennsylvania - German

Vol. II. No. 2.

LEBANON, PA.

APRIL, 1901.

CHRISTOPHER SOWER.



WE call especial attention to the biographical sketch of this number, and the reading may put new pride into every one, for being able to claim race kinship with such an influential factor in the formative period of our nation. Both the Sowers (Saur) were men of intelligence, industry, enterprise, and of religious and political convictions. Both were prolific writers, and their almanacs, papers and magazines abound with numerous timely articles that helped to shape the religious and civil thought of their day and tended to the especial welfare of the Germans in Colonial America. No one is better qualified to bring out these excellent characteristics than Prof. Brumbaugh, whose exceptional facilities of research, enthusiasm of purpose, clear style, logical mind, and devotion to his German heritage, enables him to do this task. We abridge, with his permission, from his fuller sketch as contained in his excellent "History of the Brethren."



PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN
SOCIETY.

THE 10th volume of the proceedings of the lusty-grown young giant, the Pennsylvania-German Society, was distributed about the close of January. Although this excellent annual was somewhat belated in making its appearance, one could afford to wait for so rich and varied a treasury as this bulky volume contains. Like Santa Claus' pack, its cover is bursting with its multiplicity of good things. First greets us the familiar and earnest face of the Society's late President, Rev. Dr. F. J. F. Schantz, of Myerstown, Pa. Next come forty-six

pages of proceedings, including several obituary sketches, and a *fac-simile* reprint of the first German newspaper published in America, *Philadelphische Zeitung* (No. 2), printed by Benjamin Franklin in English types on June 24, 1732. Then follow three voluminous parts (vi, vii, viii) of the historical work of the Society on German influence in the settlement and development of Pennsylvania. These treat of "The Domestic Life and Characteristics of the Pennsylvania-Germans," "The German Immigration into Pennsylvania through the Port of Philadelphia, and the Redemptioners," and "The German Baptist Brethren," by Dr. Schantz, Editor Frank R. Dieffenderffer and Rev. George N. Falkenstein, respectively. All these articles are richly illustrated with new and rare pictures, and contain 97, 328, and 148 pages, respectively. To all this matter is appended a small volume under the general head of *Pennsylvania-German Literature*, on "The Capability of the Pennsylvania-German for Poetic Expression," illustrated by "En Hondfull Färsh," choice sample poems in the vernacular, by Rev. Dr. J. Max Hark; with another volume of 89 pages, under the general caption of *Pennsylvania-German Genealogies*, with the initial table on "Descendants of Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg," by Mr. H. M. M. Richards, the Secretary of the Society.

The entire work is so charmingly attractive that one will be willing to sacrifice the greater part of one night's sleep to explore it at one uninterrupted sitting, as the writer has done.

We have but one criticism to make concerning this publication. We think improvement could have been made in the system of spelling adopted by Dr. Hark in his excellent verses. The author admits of the difficulty that confronted him in deciding the choice between the German or English sounds of the alphabet in which to clothe the dialect phonetically. We think he made a mistake in adopting the English instead of the German sounds, and hope future contributors will not follow the gifted author's example. We regret to say a harsh-sounding word about so very excellent a contribution, but it is only because the jewel is so precious that we object to give it so awkward a setting. We should remember the rock from whence we were hewn. We call up the sainted Harbaugh to witness that we are right and take the liberty of clothing the author's "Dee Amshel" as *he* would have done. (See "Poetic Gems" column.)

Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

CHRISTOPHER SOWER, Jr.

BY PROF. MARTIN G. BRUMBAUGH, A. M., PH. D.,

U. S. Commissioner of Education in Porto Rico.



NO names in Colonial America are more significant of high service and great enterprise than the names of the two Christopher Sowers, of Germantown.

To the first Christopher Sower belongs the honor of having transplanted German printing to America. He it was who first on this continent engaged in German book-printing. He it was who first called into life on this continent the German newspaper, and who, along with his son, conducted it for forty consecutive years.

If we consider the extraordinary development that the German book and newspaper trade has since attained in the United States, and the influence it has exerted upon the refinement, culture, and well-being of a large element in our population, we cannot refrain from casting grateful looks backward to the two men, who, nearly two centuries ago, were the means of introducing to us this great lever of civilization. The history of these men is enwrapped in the whole intellectual and religious life of the nation. No history of the forces that made America can ignore these sterling men. They lived in quiet. They wrought in peace. But their life and their work became an enduring and potential influence in moulding the life of the country. They were broader than sect or party, and outlived their own generation. They live today in a thousand influences that enter into the complex social, educational, industrial and religious life which we call American civilization.

[The principal events of the elder Sower are here summarized: Born 1693 in the village of Laasphe, a town of Witgenstein, Westphalia, Germany. As a child attended Reformed Church. Early became attached to the Dunker Brethren. Medically educated at Halle and Marburg. Married Maria Christina ———, who on September 26, 1721, gave birth to their only

child, Christopher, subject of this sketch. The family emigrated to America in 1724, and located at Germantown. In spring of 1726 removed to Lancaster county, Pa., gaining his livelihood "as a hygeist and dealer in healing herbs." In autumn of 1730 his wife joined the Ephrata community of solitaires under Conrad Beissel, who made her sub-prioress of the sisterhood, and was known as Sister Marcella. She remained until 1744, when her son induced her to return, and was reconciled to her husband, resumed marital and household duties in loving fidelity until her end on December 14, 1752. Meanwhile, 1731, father and son had removed to Germantown, where the father built a large house (60 x 60 feet) on a six-acre lot (see frontispiece), now replaced by residences that adjoin the historic old Wistar mansion, still standing, carrying on business as optician, clock-maker and apothecary. In 1738 secured from Germany a printer's outfit of press and type. This press at once turned out A, B, C and spelling-book, almanac for 1739 (first in America), issued consecutively by this press for 49 years with a wide circulation throughout the Colonies. A hymn-book, *Weyrauch's Hugel*, in 1739, was first American book in German type. First paper, *Der Hock-Deutch Pennsylvanische Geschicht-Schreiber*, appeared same year and continued till Revolutionary War with a circulation at one time of 4,000. The monumental task was the printing of the large Quarto German Bible—the first Bible in a European tongue published in America—which after several years of labor appeared in 1743. It was in size 7½ x 10 inches, and contained 1,248 pages. Only four pages could be set up and printed at one time. For this work he was obliged to make new types, compound his own ink and make the paper used, and bind his own books. This German Bible preceded the first American-printed English Bible by forty years. More than 200 works were published from Sower's press between 1739-1758, and made him the foremost American publisher of that day, with Franklin, of Philadelphia, and Beissel, of Ephrata, as his Pennsylvania compeers and rivals.

He stood with Quakers as opposed to war, protested publicly against the abuses and sufferings of emigration and occasioned a reform, was a friendly and hospitable champion of new streams of immigrants, and promoted piety and religion by having a church in his own house. He died in 1758, and was buried in

Germantown. On January 1, 1899, his honored descendant, Mr. Charles G. Sower, of Philadelphia, continuing the name and publishing business to the present day, presented amid public services a bronze tablet to the Church of the Brethren in Germantown, in memory of his distinguished ancestors.—The Editor.]

IN MEMORY OF
CHRISTOPHER SOWER
 BISHOP OF
 CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN
 Born 1721 ☺ Died 1784
 Baptized 1737 ☺ Deacon 1747
 Minister 1748 ☺ Bishop 1753
 Published the HOLY BIBLE
 Second Edition 1763 Third Edition 1776

Only Son of
CHRISTOPHER SOWER
 Born 1693, in Laasphe, Germany
 Came to America 1724
 Commenced Publishing in Germantown 1738
 Published First Am. Quarto Edition of the
 HOLY BIBLE 1743
 Died in Germantown 1758

LIFE AND WORK OF BISHOP CHRISTOPHER SOWER.

"I was born on the 26th of September, 1721, in the town of Laasphe in Witgenstein, about six hours from Marburg."

Such is the brief record in his own diary of the birth of Christopher Sower, whose influence in the Church of the German Baptist Brethren is without a parallel, and whose influence among the Germans of Colonial Pennsylvania made him the peer of his own distinguished father, of Pastorius, and Weiser, and Muhlenberg.

He came to America in the autumn of 1724; lived with his

parents in Germantown for two years; removed to Lancaster county in 1726; returned to Germantown in April, 1731; attended the famous school of Christopher Dock, the Mennonite; engaged with his father in the printing business; and, at his father's death in 1758, succeeded to the management of his vast business enterprises.

He developed the German printing trade to proportions unequalled in Colonial America; issued two editions of the Bible, in 1763 and 1776; was basely defrauded of his property in 1778; and passed his closing years at Methacton, in Montgomery county, Pa., where his son says, "1784, August 26, in the morning at 2 o'clock, my dear father, Christopher Sower, blessedly fell asleep in Heaven, and was buried on the 27th."

At about the age of 63 he was laid to rest in the old Mennonite burying-ground of Methacton.

This, in brief, is the record of a man whose business and professional activities, were so numerous and valuable that they cannot be recounted, much less discussed, in the brief space allotted me on this occasion.

BISHOP OF THE DUNKER CHURCH.

"I was born anew through holy baptism on the 24th of February, 1737."

This simple record in his diary tells of his connection, at the age of sixteen, with this Germantown congregation. In May, 1747, he was made a deacon, and on June 1, 1748, he was called to be one of the four brethren to have charge over the congregation. On the next Sabbath, June 7, 1748, he was, with Alexander Mack, Jr., made Elder or Bishop of the congregation *on trial*. On November 3, 1748, he acted as administrator of the holy ordinance of baptism for the first time.

His services as Bishop were so successfully performed that on June 10, 1753, with the laying on of hands, after the Apostolic method, he was made Bishop of the Congregation. With him, on the same day, his life-long friend, Alexander Mack, Jr., was ordained to the Bishopric. These two leaders maintained the prestige of the mother congregation for almost half a century.

I am aware that the Germantown Congregation is, by some so-called historians, reported to have almost disintegrated after the death of Alexander Mack, in 1735. Such is, however, not the case. The congregation was unique among the colonial churches.

It was situated in a suburban village. The membership was largely made up of artisans and men of affairs. All the other congregations were membered by agriculturists. The result was that the rural congregations were vastly more closely affiliated, one with another. Germantown stood isolated, but by no means weak, weakening, or neglected. The Mother Church was active in all the councils of the Brotherhood, and the keen business insight of Christopher Sower enabled him to direct, in a large measure, the church polity of his people.

Busy all week with his multifarious businesses, he yet had time to discharge his Church duties promptly and faithfully.

He was a preacher of great power and a pastor of marvelous insight. He was beloved by all his people, and by all his neighbors. His charity exceeded that of all his Brethren, and he was known among the poor of Germantown as "The Bread Father."

In 1749, he officiated at the marriage of his Associate Bishop, Alexander Mack, and Elizabeth Neiss; and on April 21, 1751, he was married to Sister Catherine Sharpnack, who was baptized by Brother Mack, May 3, 1750; his friend and Associate Bishop, Alexander Mack, performing the ceremony.

Christopher Sower junr

He was intimately identified with the Annual Meetings of the Brethren, and frequently attended as a delegate, using his vast influence to mould a consistent and expanding Church polity.

He was selected by the Annual Meeting of 1780 to visit the congregations in Pennsylvania, and, with Elder Martin Urner, ordain Deacons and Elders in various places. He left his house at Methacton, to which place he had removed April 7, 1780, on August 9, and journeyed to Martin Urner's, on the Schuylkill.

The next morning these two Bishops started on a memorable journey. On the 12th of August a great meeting was held in the Little Swatara Church. It was a solemn service. In the presence of many members, Bishops Sower and Urner ordained to the Eldership of the Oley congregation, Brother Martin Gaby, and to the office of Deacon over the same congregation, Brother David Kintzy. At the same meeting, they ordained the following for the Little Swatara congregation: To the Eldership, Brother

Michael Frantz; to the office of Deacon, Brethren George Baszhear and Jacob Mayer.

On the 15th of August, at the Great Swatara meeting, Brother George Müller was ordained Elder of the congregation. Brother Müller had, prior to this, exercised the office of Elder on trial.

The next day a great meeting was held with the White Oak congregation. In this congregation Brother Christel Longenecker was Elder, but he was old and feeble, and Brother John Zug was ordained as Assistant Elder, and in case of the sickness or death of Elder Longenecker, Elder Zug was to have full charge of the White Oak Church. Here Bishop Sower preached to a large congregation and left the people greatly comforted.

On the 17th a meeting was held at Brother Henry Royer's, and on the 18th at Brother Michael Ranck's. On August 19th, after an absence of ten days, in which time he ordained three bishops; as many deacons; officiated at three communion services, and preached, perhaps, ten sermons, he returned well to his retreat at Methacton.

The next day he attended services at the Skippack. This chapter from his long and useful life clearly conveys to you the wonderful energy and devotion and usefulness of Brother Sower in the Church.

There are yet four events in his life to which I would call your attention.

HIS EDUCATIONAL LABORS.

He was a pupil of the pious Mennonite, Christopher Dock, in whose school he was so well taught that there sprang up in his young heart an abiding love, not only for his noble teacher, but also for true education.

In a corner of the old Mennonite cemetery, on Germantown avenue, stood the old log meeting-house in which Dock taught and Sower studied. Dock's plan of instruction was so unique that the elder Sower, as early as 1749, urged Dock to write a treatise on education. This Dock did after many conscientious misgivings; but he requested Sower not to publish the volume until the death of the author. After the first Sower's death in 1758, Bishop Sower urged Dock to allow his work to be printed. Not until 1769 did the pious old schoolmaster consent. Then the manuscript was lost.

After faithful search it was found, and Dock's devoted pupil

became the publisher of the volume. It is the first book on education printed in America. It was published in 1770, with an extended preface on education by Bishop Sower.

In the meantime, the Germans of Pennsylvania, anxious to establish a school for the education of the German youth of the province, called an educational mass meeting at Germantown, December 6, 1759. At this meeting, Bishop Sower took a prominent part in favor of a good school. He was one of a committee of six to collect money to erect buildings for what is now known as "Germantown Academy." He secured, evidently from the members of his own church, £189, 15s. Of this amount, he gave £20 in his own name and £50 in memory of his father. He served as Trustee of this Academy for many years, being President of the Board on four occasions: from January 1, 1760, to May 3, 1764; from May 4, 1769, to May 2, 1771; from May 7, 1772, to May 4, 1774; from May 1, 1777, to May 7, 1778 (in all ten years). In all that time he was so regular in attendance that, although a Trustee absent without cause or tardy in meeting was fined, he paid but one fine, a shilling, for an unexplained absence.

Among pioneer Americans no man stands out as the active champion of a broad and liberal education more distinctly than Christopher Sower. We may safely infer that this active, energetic and unselfish devotion to education was promptly seconded by his congregation, and that the Germantown congregation was first and foremost for educational advance. Like his illustrious father, he was an apostle of light to the Germans of America. The fact that the Germantown Academy was a union school, proves also that his devotion to education was based upon no sectarian view of its value, but upon that broad charity for the poor and the needy that made his life so rich in deeds of love. As the editor of a religious and of a secular paper, the publisher of two editions of the Holy Bible, of a family almanac, and of scores of religious and secular volumes, he was indeed the Sower of good seed in Colonial America, and the champion of the cause of the poor Germans.

He was the shepherd of a lonely German flock, surrounded by English pitfalls and French snares. With a resolution that never wavered, and an energy and capacity that were remarkable, he led the thought of the German-Americans and defended their rights against every open and secret foe.

HIS HOSTILITY TO WAR.

He was the enemy of war, and against the shedding of his brother's blood he protested vehemently.

In 1758 his father was summoned to a court-martial by General Forbes for daring to denounce the expedition to Fort Duquesne. Sower promptly met the General at an Inn, "*To the Stag*," on Lancaster Street, in Philadelphia, and in three minutes proved to the distinguished General that he was not an enemy of the king, but an enemy of war, because war is the enemy of the Saviour.

So Bishop Sower was brought under the ban of the oppressors for daring to advocate, in the perilous hour of war, his unchanged hostility to war. In his Almanac of 1778, he wrote:

"Thou once so happy land; by God and Nature blessed,
 And teeming with abundant joy,
 But now, alas, by sin and wrong and vice depressed,
 Thou seem'st to wither and to die.
 O Land; what art thou now? A scene of dismal woes,
 To wake our pity and our tears;
 Oppressed by rapine, murder and a thousand foes.
 Unknown in bye-gone years.
 And desolation, hunger, want stalk in the wake,
 Of the avenger's bloody steel.

* * * * *

Earth's pregnant fields lie waste, untouched by
 Who erst, full—peaceful turned the soil;
 The unwilling sword he grasps and dashes in the fight;
 What tears will flow from this turmoil!"

As early as June 13, 1777, the Legislature of Pennsylvania made it the duty of every citizen to adjure the King of England and take the oath of allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania.

This imposed a double hardship upon the Dunkers, including Bishop Sower. They opposed all war and all oaths.

They were perfectly willing to obey the new Government, and, no doubt, at heart gladly would have surrendered all allegiance to the King of England, whose agents in Pennsylvania had by no means endeared English institutions to these pious Germans. But to take an oath was contrary to the very fibre of their faith.

For refusing to swear when they taught "Swear not at all," fifty-eight persons on May 8, 1778, were ordered to present themselves not later than June 25th, to the proper officers and

take the oath. May 21st, a second edict was issued to the "enemies of the country."

Among this number was Bishop Sower and his son Christopher.

The time of respite was to end July 6, 1778.

Now, Christopher Sower was not an "enemy of the country," nor was he willing to take an oath. But before the expiration of the time legally accorded him to find some means of escape from his embarrassment, he was in the savage grasp of the minions of the law, who thirsted more to rob him of his wealth than to honor the law they were appointed to obey as well as enforce.

Two weeks before the time given him to appear before the magistrate, he was arrested (May 25, 1778,) in his home, shamefully and unlawfully abused, and deprived of an opportunity to obey the law.

He was thus in a most trying situation. Detained by the officers of the law and, moreover, unacquainted with its requirements, he was unable to obey the law; and because he did not do what he could not, his property was seized and confiscated and he was left a robbed and penniless man. True to his religion when, under so great provocation, he was reviled, he reviled not again.

Hear his own pathetic account of this crowning injustice and persecution. This account is copied from his own manuscript in the possession of Mrs. Mary Knauer, daughter of Samuel Sower, of Charlestown, Chester county, Pa.:

"Having heard how a number of Quakers were punished and carried away to Virginia, and being informed that there was yet some hundreds of substantial inhabitants on the list to be taken up and secured, among which my name also was put down, and as there was already a beginning made and some of the millers on the Wissahickon were actually taken away from their families, I considered what I would do, knowing Germantown would always be a disturbed place. English and Americans would continually march through it forward and backward, and having three of my children already living in Philadelphia, I bethought myself to go there to live in peace, and accordingly went to Philadelphia on the nineteenth day of October, 1777 (many months before that act was made which forbade to go to Philadelphia). I lived there quietly and peaceably till the second day of May, 1778, when I went back to Germantown, and was in my house that night and the next day till ten o'clock at night, when a strong party of Captain McClean's Company surrounded my house and fetched me out of my bed. It was a dark night. They

led me through the Indian corn fields, where I could not come along as fast as they wanted me to go. They frequently struck me in the back with their bayonets till they brought me to Bastian Miller's barn, where they kept me till next morning. Then they strip'd me naked to the skin and gave me an old shirt and breeches so much torn that I could hardly cover my private parts, then cut my beard and hair, and painted me with oil colors red and black, and so led me along barefooted and bareheaded in a very hot sunshiny day. A friend of mine seeing me in that condition asked them whether they would take the shoes from me if he would give me a pair. They promised not to take them from me. And so he took the shoes from his feet and the hat from his head and gave them to me. But after we had marched six miles, a soldier came and demanded my shoes and took them, and gave me his old slabs, which wounded my feet very much. On the 26th, at nine o'clock, I arrived at the camp and was sent to the Provo.

"My accusation in the *Mittimus* was an Oppressor of the Righteous and a Spy. On the 27th, in the morning, God moved the heart of the most generous General Muhlenberg to come to me and enquire into my affairs, and promised that he would speak to General Washington and procure me a hearing, and the next day sent me word that I should make a petition to General Washington, which I did; and, through the good hand of Providence and the faithful assistance of the said General Muhlenberg, I was permitted to go out of the Provo on the 29th day of May; but, as I was not free to take the oath to the States, I was not permitted to go hence to Germantown, as appears by the following pass, viz: 'Permit the bearer hereof, Mr. Sower, to pass from hence to Meduchin, not to return to Germantown during the stay of the enemy in this State, he behaving as becometh. Given under my hand at the Orderly Office this thirtieth day of May, 1778.'

"[Signed]

NICH. GILMAN,

Asst. Ad. General.

"So I went to Methacton and stay'd there until the 23rd of June, when I returned to Germantown and there lived quietly until the 27th of July, when Colonel Smith and Colonel Thompson came to my house and asked me whether I had entered special bail at the Supreme Court at Lancaster. I told them, No! 'Why not?' said they. 'Because I had no notice.' 'That cannot be,' said Thompson, 'it was in the Newspapers and Handbills.' I told them that I had at that time been in the Provo and at Methacton, and had seen none of those papers, and nobody had told me of it until the time was expired. 'Have you taken the Oath to the States?' 'No.' 'Why not, were you so attached to the King?' 'No; it was not the attachment to the King, but as you have in your Act that they that do not take that Oath shall not have a right to buy nor sell, and as I find in the book of Revelation that such a time will come when such a Mark would be given, so I could not take that Oath while it stood on that condition.' 'But you went to the English, to Philadelphia,' said Smith. I said, 'Do you know why?' 'No,' said he, 'nor do I want to know.'

"Then they told me that they were come to take an Inventory of my Personal Estate and sell it, and to rent out my Real Estate. I told them that I would submit to all that the Lord permitted them to do, and so Smith stood guard that I might not put anything out of the way, and Thompson went out to get Appraisers and a Clerk, and so they began to Appraise. I then beg'd they should let me keep my bed, but Smith gave for answer that they had no right to let me have anything besides my clothes and provision (which last he did not abide by, for when they found a barrel of Rice they took it down, although it was provision). I then beg'd for a few Medicines which I had put up for my Family's use, as they were chiefly of my own and my Father's preparation, and nobody else knew what they were. But Smith said medicines were very valuable. They must be sold. Then I beg'd for nothing more except my spectacles, which was granted. On the 28th they told me that I must quit the house for they must rent it out, and so I moved out on the 30th of July.

"Then they proceeded to sell my effects, but before the sale came on my son Daniel endeavored to stop the sale, and apply'd to L. Matlock and asked him whether his Father should not have a hearing. He reply'd, 'Yes! but we must sell his effects first.' He then apply'd to Mr. Lewis to stop the sale till next Court, who endeavored to do it. But they had invented a Lie that I or some of my people had secretly crep't into the house and had destroyed all of the New Testaments, and if the sale did not go on all would be destroy'd before said Court came on. And so they persevered with the sale of my Personal Estate and rented out my houses and lands for one year and then sold them, also contrary to the Confession of the Convention in the case of forfeited Estates by which no real Estate could have been sold before my youngest Son is of age. And so they have not only broken the Fundamental rule in selling my estate, but have also published me in almost all Newspapers as a Traitor, without any cause and without ever giving me a hearing or a trial; altho. I was never gone a inch from my place of abode and their own Attorney, Mr. Bradford, has himself declared to a friend of mine that if I had not forfeited my life I had not forfeited my Estate; for they had no more right to my Estate than to my life."

HIS ABHORRENCE OF SLAVERY.

Scarcely less painful was the abuse heaped upon him because of his opposition to slavery. Miller's *Staatsbotc*, of 1775, contains a savage attack upon him. But he knew how to suffer and be strong. He steadily dealt herculean blows at a traffic which his soul abhorred and which he believed his God abominated.

"It is with the utmost regret that we learn that Germans are to engage in the nefarious slave traffic. Though they are well paid for everything to sell, they still begrudge laborers, servants, or maid-servants their pay" (Pa. Reports, February 15, 1761).

"This Godless traffic could find, up to the present, no safe footing in Pennsylvania, owing to the abhorrence the Germans still have for it. But, for some years back, even some among them are beginning to take part in this great injustice. For, as merchants find that these 'black goods' find a ready market, they engage in it. Thus we are assured that three ships have been sent from Philadelphia to the African coast to steal these poor creatures, though this has never happened before. May God be merciful to our country before its measure of iniquity is full and the vials of His wrath are poured out upon it!"

How prophetic are these words! Just one hundred years after they were written, in the din and roar of civil strife, God avenged this horrible traffic, and through the heroic efforts of Lincoln and the boys in blue, this sin was wiped from the American people.

On every great question of religion, of politics, of education, and of industry, he wrote, and wrote wisely. He won the love and confidence of all true men. His holy life enlarged the borders of his influence and commanded the respect of his oppressors. The Germantown church flourished under his able ministry and that of Alexander Mack. It exerted a mighty influence for primitive Christianity in Colonial America.

HIS LAST DAYS AND HIS DEATH.

When the fury of war had blasted his hopes and impoverished his life, he was still rich; rich in his devotion to duty, rich in the love and confidence of his friends, and rich in religious zeal.

Even in his poverty God opened to him a refuge. At Methacton the homeless and wifeless old saint of God found a refuge in an old building, perhaps the one-room upper story of a spring house, belonging to Conrad Stam(m).

Accompanied by his devoted daughter, Catherine, he left the house of Brother Henry Sharpnack in Germantown on April 7, 1780, and went to Methacton to die.

God touched the hearts of friends and he was given money and provisions, as follows:

Brother Henry Sharpnack loaned twenty dollars, congress.

Brother William Hanschel gave twenty dollars, congress.

Fr. Anthony Benzet gave one guinea.

Brother Fausz gave six dollars.

Fr. Joseph Kretzer, in Lebanon, gave eight dollars.

Fr. Jno. Wistar gave eight dollars.

Reinhold gave 1 lb. tea, 6 lbs. sugar, 3 lbs. coffee (fifteen shillings).

In his diary he records these as given "After the robbing of my property," and further adds, "All of which I promise to honorably repay as soon as God places me in condition to do so. In case such is not possible in my life, let restoration be made out of the little I leave behind as far as it can be, and I have trust in God that He will richly reward what I am not able to restore."

To the credit of his memory and as an example to all men, he was able to record in the last days of his life, in a feeble hand under these accounts, these words as a memorial of Christian honor, "The above has all been paid."

In the midst of his toil for the Church he loved, Bishop Sower was called home. At the closing hour his devoted daughter, Catherine, and his son, Samuel, gave him the ministration of their loving hearts, and closed his eyes in peace.

They buried him in a walnut coffin, an act without precedent in the family, and laid to rest in the quiet city of the dead. At his funeral service Elder Martin Urner and Samuel Hopkins paid touching tribute to his noble life; his associate Bishop, Mack, too full for utterance, gave tribute to his worth in a hymn composed for the occasion. The hymn was sung at his funeral. It is found in the Psalter-spiel, page 496.

Over his body was erected a simple slab of marble, upon which is carved in his own words a triumphant challenge to death and an eloquent assurance of faith in God:

"Death thou hast conquer'd me;
 'Twas by thy darts I'm slain;
 But Christ shall conquer thee,
 And I shall rise again.
 "Time hastens on the hour,
 The just shall rise and sing.
 O Grave, where is thy power?
 O Death, where is thy sting?"



His work is done. He lived, wrought, suffered and died, and is not forgotten. In the literature of the country his name is written imperishably. In the Church he loved, his holy example is cherished as a sacred heritage. In God's love he is gathered among "the hundred and forty and four thousand who have come up through great tribulation, and who stand before the throne and say, Holy, holy, Lord, God Almighty."

THE SOWER GENEALOGY.

To Christopher and Catharine Sower were born nine children.

1. Maria Christina was born October 12, 1752. She died August 13, 1753.

2. Christopher was born January 27, 1754. He was baptized by Elder Mack, June 27, 1770; married Hannah Knorr, January 8, 1775; and with his brother Peter, began the printing business in Philadelphia in 1777. He allied himself with the king's party in the Revolutionary War, and was, no doubt, the cause in part of his father's persecution. In 1779, he founded the "Royal Gazette," in St. John's, New Brunswick. Went to England in 1784 to recover his father's property, and was made printer to the king and postmaster general of Nova Scotia. He removed to Nova Scotia in May, 1785. Later he removed to Baltimore, where he died, July 3, 1799. His wife was baptized by Elder Sower, father of her husband, July 3, 1794. She was a sister to the wife of Zachariah Poulson, publisher of the Philadelphia "Daily Advertiser." She died March 21, 1837. They had six children, Mary, Christopher, Priscilla, Brook Watson, Harriet and Martha H.

3. Daniel was born October 14, 1775. He was married January 17, 1786, to Maria Seiler (Saylor), who was born October 2, 1752; died February 16, 1839. Daniel settled on a farm near Phoenixville, Pa., where he died December 27, 1818. To them were born three children, Esther, Hannah, and Samuel.

4. Samuel was born December 17, 1757, and died on the 23rd.

5. Peter was born January 8, 1759; at eighteen he engaged in the printing business with his brother Christopher in Philadelphia. He went with his brother to New Brunswick and subsequently returned and studied medicine. He began the practice of medicine on Cat Island, British West Indies, where he fell a victim to yellow fever, 1785. He never married.

6. Catherine was born February 25th, 1761, baptized October 1, 1769, by Elder Mack, and married Samuel Harley, May 10, 1785. Her husband was a son of Rudolph and Mary Harley. Mary Harley was a daughter of Peter Becker. Thus the Becker and Sower families were united by this marriage. Catherine was a woman of unusual literary and business ability. She greatly aided her father in his business, and in his old age she was his faithful companion and assistant. Through her self-sacrificing devotion she aided in earning a livelihood for her impoverished father and did not marry till after his death. She died July 16, 1823.

To them were born twelve children, Daniel, Samuel, Mary, Sarah, John, Catherine, Joseph S., Elizabeth, Hannah, a son still born, Jacob and Abraham.

7. Esther was born August 30, 1762; baptized by Elder Martin Urner, April 8, 1781; married Christopher Zimmerman, November 22, 1781, and died June 13, 1786. To them were born two children, Catherine and Jacob.

8. David was born November 6, 1764; was baptized by Elder Martin Urner, April 8, 1781; and in 1786 married Catherine Saylor. He was a famous printer; had a bookstore in partnership with William Jones, at No. 66 North Third street, Philadelphia; removed to Norristown in 1799, and founded the "Norristown Gazette," later, the "Norristown Herald"; lived for some years in Westmoreland (or Fayette) county, Pennsylvania; returned in 1824; and died October 19, 1835. His wife was born January 1, 1763, and died May 7, 1828. They had seven children, Charles, Christopher, Mary, David, William, Edwin and Eliza Angelina.

9. Samuel was born March 20, 1767. This was the second child to whom the father gave the name Samuel. The first one lived only six days. This Samuel was a noted printer and type founder. His first press was at Chestnut Hill, now a part of Philadelphia, whence he removed in 1794 to 71 Race street, Philadelphia, and the next year to Baltimore, where he conducted one of the largest printing and type-foundry industries in America. He was thrice married, Sarah Landis, Hannah Schlosser, and Elizabeth Lamotte being his successive wives. He had one child, Maria.

In 1887 Mr. Charles G. Sower, of the fifth generation, senior partner of the Christopher Sower Publishing Co., of Philadelphia, compiled and published a complete and ingenious genealogical chart of the American Sower family, extending over eight generations, in which 921 names are enrolled, each set in its proper place and relationship, which includes the following family names, viz:

Akers, Alderfer, Ashcraft; Balcom, Balderston, Baxter, Bean, Bechtel, Bingham, Blakely, Blakeny, Booz, Brauthoffer, Brown, Brunner, Buckwalter; Cameron, Campbell, Cassel, Chamberlain, Chinworth, Cook, Crawford, Cregar, Cressman, Cross, Custer; Detweiler, Dickinson, Dobinson; Edwards, Eichelberger, Ellis; Faust, Finn, Frederick, Freed, Frick; Garrigues, Godschall, Gobson, Goodwin; Hallman, Hallowell, Harry, Harryman, Hartman, Hayes, Heckler, Hinkley, Hess, Hutchison; Isett; Jacoby, Johnson, Julier; Kalebach, Keesey, Keim, Kelly, Kern, Kitchin, Knauer, Kratz, Kulp, Kurtz; Landes, Landis, Long, Loux, Lynd; March, McCready, Metz, Milnor, Moore, Moyer, Musser; Nyce; Porter, Power; Quigley; Raymond, Reiff, Reiner, Reyburn, Riddle, Roberts, Rosenberger, Ross, Rowland, Rudy; Sauyers, Schuyler, Secombe, Sell, Shadlinger, Schissler, Shuyler, Showalter, Small, Southwick, Snow, Sower, Spaulding, Stauffer, Stein, Swink; Todd, Tomlinson, Toy, Trenary; Walters, Whisler, Wilbur, Williams, Wilson; Young; Zendt, Ziegler, Zimmerman.

Poetic Gems

Editor The Pennsylvania-German:

Although they would be somewhat open to criticism, I thoroughly enjoy the Pennsylvania-German poems, which appear from time to time in your periodical.

They show that the Pennsylvania-German dialect is not the jargon which it has been represented to be by those who know nothing of the origin and history of the Pennsylvania-Germans. With the exception of a number of English words and phrases which have crept into the dialect, it is nearly the same as that spoken in the Rhine provinces of Germany to this day. In order to show your readers the similarity between the Pennsylvania-German dialect and, for instance, the Westricher Mundart (dialect), I herewith send you a copy of one of Ludwig Schandain's "Gedichte in Westricher Mundart."

Yours fraternally,

D. E. SCHOEDLER.

Allentown, Pa.

BEIM SCHLOFE.

Schlof, schlof, mei' liewes Bu'che,
Schlof, schlof, mei' lieber Bu!
Im Stälche draus 's Hammche
Macht ah sei' Auhe zu!
Die Böckelcher, die Zickelcher,
Die Wutzewutzezickelcher,
Die Spätzelcher, die Vöchelcher,
Die schluppe in ehr Lechelcher:
Mach ah dei' Auhe zu
Un schlof in guder Ruh!

Schlof, schlof, mei' liewes Kinnche,
Schlof, schlof, mei' liewes Kinn:
Im Höfche gautz noch 's Hinnsche,
Dieweil ich bei dir bin.
Die Hinkele, die Gockele
Die schlofe—ich muss schockeke;
Die Wullewullegänzelcher
Sin ruhig mit de' Schwänzelcher:
Schlof ah mei' liewes Kinn,
Dieweil ich bei dir bin!

Schlof, schlof, mei' liewes Männche,
 Schlof, schlof, mei' lieber Mann!
 Erscht kummt der Brei in's Pännche,
 Noh kummt er in die Pann.
 So böse, böse Stöffelcher
 Die basse dort mit Löffelcher,
 Die wolle 's Pännche schärre,
 Doch doraus därf nix werre,
 Bis 's Männche schlofe kann—
 So schlof. mei' lieber Mann!

Schlof, schlof, da hascht e' Mäüleche,
 Schlof, schlof, da hascht e' Maul;
 Sunscht kriecht dich 's Hutschegäülche
 Der Hutschehutschegaul!
 Der Hutschegaul muss ziehe,
 Därf's Bu'che mei' net krieche;
 So loss dich dabber hutschele,
 Duh dabberche dich gutschele
 Un mach dei' Auhe zu—
 Gutnacht, mei' lieber Bu!

'M "LEAVEN" SEI SAUERTEHG.*

BY M. A. GRUBER.

'N grosser Kop' un wennig drin
 Is fiel umfasst un kenn Gewinn,
 Die Dumheit losst sich immer weisa
 Un will convinsa mit Briggel schmeisa.

'M Schmutzblat "Leaven" sei Sauertehg
 Macht bumbernicklisch schlechter Dehg;
 Der Satz is wieschtie dunklie Brueh
 Und hot 'n Farb gar schpöttig grue'.

Ei, denk mohl dra', so dumma Sacha!
 'N komm'ner Schulbu' macht's yo lacha
 Dass Leut, in unser Welddehl woona
 Die Gumm'ra blansa un tsiega Boona!

Kann Pulfer schpritsa, Schrot so gracha,
 Dass Luft un Deutsch kann Insching macha?
 Du Zuschtand! dass bei uns're Zeit
 Es gebt so dumma, g'scheida Leut'!

Washington, D. C.

* Composed on reading the article by "Leaven" reproduced in the January issue.

DEUTSCHER UND YANKEE.

Der Yankee ist ein kluger Mann,
 Von dem man Vieles lernen kann;
 Er sackt das Geld sich spielend ein,
 Drum möcht ich auch ein Yankee sein.

Doch nein, er ist ein armer Wicht;
 Kein Bier und Weine trinkt er nicht;
 Er kennt nicht ächtes Fröhlichsein
 Drum möcht ich auch kein Yankee sein.

Manch Deutscher, in dem Yankee Land,
 Hält fest an allem deutschen Tant;
 Hasst Alles was nicht Deutsch spricht rein,
 So einst auch wollt ich Deutscher sein.

Doch nein, er ist ein armer Mann,
 Der Pracktsiches nicht fassen kann;
 Vertrötelt's Sein mit Träumerein
 Drum möcht ich doch zu Deutsch nicht sein.

Getheilet würd ich beider Glück
 Mir wünschen keinen Augenblick;
 Doch das geb ich mit Freuden ein,
 Halb Deutsch, halb Yankee möcht ich sein.

Drum tön ein Hoch dem Yankee Sinn,
 Er bringt viel klingenden Gewinn;
 Doch deutschen Frohsinn, deutschen Sang
 Bleib treu ich all mein Leben lang.—Ex.

DIE AMSCHEL.*

BY REV. DR. J. MAX HARK.

'Die Amschle' sin do! Die Amschle' sin do!
 Ich hab die erscht k'hört heit Morge im Bett;
 Sie hot g'sunge im Garte as wär sie so froh:
 "Komm an! Komm 'hett!
 Komm an! Komm 'hett!
 'Sis die höchste Zeit 'as mer sich paare dnt,
 Un sucht sich fer'n Nescht en Baam as em su'!
 Komm an! Komm 'hett!"

* From "Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society" in revised form of spelling by the Editor.

Ich glaab as sie widder baue will dort
 Uf'm alt Beere-Baam 'as ich umg'hackt het
 Die nächst Woch, wär's net fer ihr Singe allsfort:
 "Komm an! Komm 'hett!
 Komm an! Komm 'hett!
 Do 's der beschte Baam in der ganze Welt
 Fer 'n Nescht; un ich glaab er is perpess herg'stell
 Komm an! Komm 'hett!"

Was laut's doch so schö im Morge' ganz früh!—
 En schönere Musick wünsch ich mir net—
 Wann sie Schwingt uf 'm Gipple un singt fer sich hie:
 "Komm an! Komm 'hett!
 Komm an! Komm 'hett!
 Fer was leischt un schlofst wann die Nacht 's ferbei?
 Die Welt's jo nie schöner 'as im erst Sonne-schei!
 Komm an! Komm 'hett!"

Nix dut mir so leed as wann sie 'm Schpot-johr
 Fort gehn, un mer seht sie der ganz Winter net
 Awer sie duhn 's net meinde sie singe als zuvor:
 "Komm an! Komm 'hett!
 Komm an! Komm 'hett!
 In 'n anneres Land now müsse mer geh;
 So sagt Farewell un expect 's Wiederseh'!
 Komm an! Komm 'hett!"

'N FRÜHJOHR'S LIED'L.

BY REV. A. C. WUCHTER.

Ei, guck amohl derta, Der Pivvie is doh!	Der Schnee is ferschmutsa, Un's Ice is a'weck,
Er huckt uff'm Poschta, Wos is'r so froh;	Die Schtrossa sin schlappich Un lawfa mit Dreck.
Now guckt'r mohl nunner, Now guckt'r mohl nuff, Now singt'r a-biss'l, Now haert'r schun uff.	Boll rabbelt's im Waasem, Boll Klebbert's im Hols, Die Frösch sin am peiffa, Die Hahna sin schtuls; Die Maed werra wusslich, Der Blohfogel singt, Un alles is luschtich Un hutschelt un schpringt.
Ei, Pivvie, wo warscht' du Seid'rm schpotejohr g'west? Warscht fert mit 'm Summer— Warscht süd'lich ferreht? Ich denk derta drunna Huscht's Hehmweh recht g'hot, Huscht nix wie g'drauert, Warscht's Lehwa recht sot.	Wie schö un wie lieblich Won's Frühjohr mohl kumm Won Alles mit Hummla Um's Givvelend brummt. Won's gaert'la mohl awfongt, Un Hinkle un Gäns, Duh'n nix as wie singa Un schit'la die Schwäns.
Des macht em ganz eifrich, Des macht em recht froh; Der Winter is ivver Un's Frühjohr is doh.	

Wie schä won die Blumma
 Recht dufta im Grass;
 Won Rodfish un Jeps'l
 Beim Johnnie im boss;
 Won's haest bei de Buhwa:
 "Now ous mit de Schuh";
 Un's greischt nimmie alles,
 "Die Dühr! moch sie zu."

Ach! geb m'r doch's Frühjohr!
 Der Winter mag geh
 Mit Werscht un mit Paanhaas,
 Mit Ice un mit Schnee.
 Ich bin yoh so frölich,
 Ich bin yoh so froh—
 Wos will m'r dann Maehner,
 Der Pivvie is doh!

DER ZUK.

BY REV. ADAM STUMP.

Es ziege jetz so viele Leit,
 In derer siesse Friejarszeit:
 Es schwarmet iwveral.
 Wann mer eigelade is,
 Dann geht mer mit, sell is gewiss:
 So is der gwänte Fall.

Erscht kumme Buwe mit dem Vieh,
 Sie dreiwé vonanaus die Kieh,
 Un greische heftig aus;
 Noh kumme dann die Wegge aw.
 Un Fuhrleit gehne newe draw,
 'S geht nach dem neie Haus.

Uf de Wegge is viel Sach;
 Do is Gegrisch, do is Gegrach;
 Des hässt mer en Geziek!
 Un Jung un Alt, jeds hut sei
 Gschpass;
 Aens sagt des, en anners das,
 Un dir sag ich kee Liek!

Des ziege is ken Kinnergschpiel,
 Es is em manichmal zu viel,
 Des Scheide g'fällt em net.

Die alte Hämet hut mer lieb,
 Des Farewell macht em nur Trieb
 O wann mers annerscht het!

In dieser Welt hen mir ken Schtell;
 Mer muss davon, un oft ganz
 schnell,

Un macht mers wie mer woll'.
 Now baut mers Haus, jetz reisst
 mers weck

Des Lewe hut jo gar ken Zweck,
 Des Herz is immer voll.

Es kummt am Letschte an en Zuk
 Aus dieser Sorgestadt—jetz Guk!
 Im Todeswagge dort!

Ja der nemmt jedes Menschesch-
 tick,

Un bringt aw kenne meh zurick
 Von jenem Ruheort.

Im Himmel gebts ken Zieges meh,
 Das Scheiden dort duht nimme
 weh;

Dort bleibt die Wohnungszellt.
 Dort geht ken langer zuk meh fort
 So läst mer klor in Gottes Wort;
 Sell is en bessre Welt.

'S ALT SCHUL-HAUS AM WEG.

BY M. P. KLICK.

Ho! ihr Schüler, horcht 'mol do,
 Was ich zu euch now schreib:
 Die Zeit geht rum, sie is net schlo,
 Ach wie mer sie verdreibt!
 Wie oft versammlte mir uns dort,
 Im Schul-haus an dem Weg
 Zu lerne' lese' noch der Art,
 Zu schpelle' der rechte Weg.

Des Schul-haus schtet dort an der
 Schtross,

Grad neue an dem Weg;
 Sehnsht net wie hängt now alles
 los,

Wie lumpich das es shtet?
 Fer Johre long, wahr es genennt,
 " 'S Schul-haus an dem Weg."
 'N jeder Mann hot es gekennt,
 Der gange' is der Weg.

Des Schul-haus is bal' ziemlich
schlecht,
Gebaut von Backa-Schtee
Geh juscht mol nei, dann sehnst
du's recht:—
Zu nidder un' zu klee,
'N kleenie Porch dort in der Front,
Mit raue' Schtee gelegt.
Die sin bal' all zug'schwemmt mit
Sand;
Wie heftlich es ausseht!

Grad vorne dra' 'n langer Grava
Der Paad dort uf der Höh,
Wer des seht kann herzhaftig sage'
Do guckts gewiss net schö;
Die Thür am Eck, now geh mol
nei,
No sehnst du wie es guckt;
Fer 's seht gewiss gar hässlich
drei,
Ich glaub ah dass es g'shpuckt.

Die Desk sin anfangs ziemlich alt,
Der Floor is artlich din;
Im Winter is es möchtlich kalt,
Wann ich im Schul-haus bin.
Wos is don sell dort in der Wand,
Ich wees net was es sei?
Sell haese' sie 'n gleener Shank
Fer all die Bücher nei.

Dort uf 'm Desk, sell is die Bell,—
Dort an der Wand der Brush—
Sie hut 'n Sound so shö un' hell,
As wie en Früh-Johrs Frush.
Dort uf 'm Fenshter is der Globe
Die Biwel neva dra'
Die zwe hen ah 'n gutes Lob
Bei all de' Schüler do.



Courtesy "The Youth's Companion."

Der wasser Kivvel dort im Eck,
Sell Blech kehrt dort dazu;
Die beede hen 'n guter Zweck,
Der gouse' Tag ke' Ruh.
S Blackboard henkt dort an der
Wand,
Die Mappa owe dra';
Un' unna is 'n breder Gong,
Die Desks sin neva dra'.

Der Offa schtet dort in der Mit
'As wie en eisner Mann;
Der Teacher hot ah jusht drei
Schrift,
Bis er ihn longe' kann.
Der Shmoke der geht zum Rohr
hinuf,
Zum Schonnshchtee geht er naus;
Die Kohle thun sie owe druf,
Die Aesch kommt unna raus.

Die Kappa henke in der Höh,
Grad neva an der Wand,
'N kleener Buh muss uf 'was shteh
Sie z' lange mit der Hand.
Ach! alles is bal ausgeart
In dere alte Hüt,
Die Schüler doch im grösste part
Die bringe 's Essa mit.

Oi! hab ich all mei Leb-tog net!
Guck jusht mol in die Höh!
Die Ceiling hebt net wie 'n klett
Des höt ich shier net g'seh,
Noch net so long war sell noch gut
Jah! g'wiss, so gut wie nei,
Do ware' Leut uf guter muth,
Wie 's Schul-haus war noch nei.

Dort is an noch die Shpeicher-Thür
 Now schaff dich mol dort nuff
 "Ich mag shier net, ich hass es
 shier,

Wer wees was hockt dort druff."
 Ach! sei doch schtill sis joh da-
 heem,

Grad do in unserm Land,
 Denkst du now net es wär en
 "Shame"

Wons g'shpuckt im fromme
 Land.

'S Dach is a'fongs nimme gut,
 'S blost joh Shnee do rei;
 Der schmelst 'm Teacher uf der
 Hut,

Des sot gewiss net sei.
 Dort sin a' noch paar alte Desk
 Fer die is net meh use
 Das mer sie all zusamme brecht
 Un giest ke' Thrän der Buss.

Guck jusht mol dort sell Giwwel-
 end,

Was hen sie sell verschafft,
 Ich kann net sehne wie sell's
 shtandt!—

Zu liggerlich gamacht.
 Ich will now 'n schtory sage noch,
 Das g'happend is mol do,
 Noch net so long, uf Chrishtdag's
 Woch.—

Im very Schul-haus do.

Der Teacher is mol naus gange',
 Bal' war die Thür zu g'macht;
 Die Schüler dann hen ihr verlona,

'S werd hefftichlich gelacht.
 Der Teacher kommt; er kann net
 nei;

Er kloppt mol an der Thür;
 Die Schüler horche; sis alles shei;
 Un g'shlossa war die Thür.

Er dreht sich rum; er geht jusht
 fort,

Un grad uf Heemweg zu;
 Die Schüler ware leenich dort
 Un's Schul-haus als noch zu.

'N Schüler geht un peept mol naus,
 Der Teacher war verbei,
 Er shteckt sei Kop zum Laade
 naus,

Un ruif ihm noch: "Good-bye."

Der Teacher mit de Schlipppers a'
 Guckt plötslich rum, gans shei
 Er dennkt sie sinn mol fleisig dra'
 Doch meent er wollt net nei;
 Es war net long dann kommt die
 Nacht;

Die Schüler gehn now heem,
 Un Morge hut ers ewe g'macht
 Die Schuld zamt Intressa heem.

Die alte Zeit kommt wieder z'rück,
 Wann ich so iwwerleg,
 Ich seh die Stross, dort a' die
 Brück,

Uns Schul-haus dort am Weg,
 Dann komm' mir all die Schüler ei,
 Der Teacher sehn ich steh,
 Ich leg die zwische Johre bei,
 Bin widder Buwele klee.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

It is not claimed that George Washington was a Pennsylvania-German, though he had many of these as trusted and beloved associates in camp and council, in field and in forum. But it is here asserted that it was a Pennsylvania-German publisher who first called Washington "the Father of His country." In the German almanac for 1779, printed by Francis Bailey, of Lancaster, Pa., is a frontispiece of Washington on a medallion, in the hand of Fame, who, with the other hand, holds to her lips a bugle from which are issuing the words: "Des Landes Vater." This is claimed to have been the first time this honored title was given the renowned general, and we challenge history to disprove it.

Historical Pilgrimages into Pennsylvania-Germandom.

OVER AN OLD STATE ROAD FROM THE SUSQUEHANNA TO THE SWATARA.



WE resume our historical march. For some time we have swarmed about the Capital City, like bees about a hive, or birdlings about a subtle charmer, or politicians and lobbyists about the new Capitol building on the hill. But we are now ready to leave this city for good. We have been neither defeated nor disappointed, for we were not after the official persimmon. We hunted historical dates and we found them and go away from Harrisburg enriched. As we bow our adieu to this proud and brawny-grown young city by the Susquehanna, we will not insult it as a certain plain-spoken Pennsylvania-German preacher did another town, when once upon a time he preached his farewell sermon in that city, and in his closing remarks said he was about to do what the devil had not done—he was going to leave the city. Nor will we curse it as Pope did when he left Londontown and wrote his scathing stanzas of farewell. But let us bless it, for we have fared well as guests and found cordial recognition in this once Scotchman's haven, now half owned and controlled by the aggressive "Dutchman." After the meeting of the Pennsylvania-German Society here next Fall, our stock will be at a premium, and even Harrisburg will publicly claim kinship with our happy and vigorous race. Therefore, with tears and regrets, fond Capital of the State, farewell!

We start on a journey from the Susquehanna to the Swatara over an old, beaten road. We have stood where the two streams unite, at Middletown. Now we want to see this Indian-named feeder of the State's chief river, where its two main branches unite at Jonestown. For our accommodation the State built a public highway almost as long as a century ago, when its Capital became fixed upon the banks of the Susquehanna, over which legislators and governors from the Eastern counties, among them the noted Governor Wolf, Pennsylvania-German to the core, and father of the common-school system of the State, journeyed in the days before the iron horse. From Easton and Allentown led this State road to Harrisburg, via Hamburg in Berks, and Jonestown in Lebanon counties—two old and once ambitious towns. Let us take twenty-five miles of this road on our journey today. The scenery is romantic, history is rich and the Pennsylvania-German has left his footprints on the landscape and his imprints on the historic page.

We pass out of the Capital City by way of its eastern gateway, over Allison's Hill. The street-cars take us to Pembroke, a little settlement

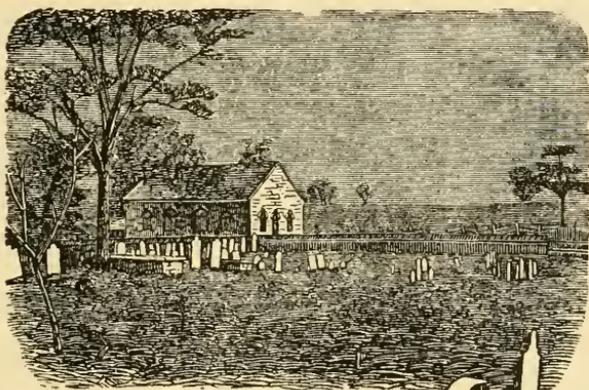
three miles to the east, and thence on to Progress, but one wonders why the name was ever given. Over a hilly road we trudge on, covering these rolling grounds, south of the Blue Mountains, over which oft the Indian war-whoop resounded, a hundred and fifty years ago, and where many a pioneer settler lived in constant jeopardy of his life, while some paid the penalty of death by massacre for encroaching too boldly upon the red man's hunting grounds. Over these hills the brave Paxton rangers roved in pursuit of their treacherous, red-skinned northern neighbors. We have passed Shoop's Church and its ancient graveyard, dating from 1770, and the old Gilchrist tavern en route.

Next we come to Sandy Rural Hollow, which is a Sleepy Hollow as well, yet a community of happy rural settlers, who mostly subsist by tilling the soil. Here the waves of German and Scotch-Irish settlements overlap. The fact that quite an old Lutheran church is located here is proof that the Germans have for some time occupied the land. The names of residents now is preponderatingly German—as is the case all through the Hanovers of Dauphin and Lebanon counties—townships named presumably by the first settlers, who were from the British Isles, in honor of the English Hanoverian kings, which, however, was a German line. The division of the county cut this ancient township of Scotch settlers into two, leaving East Hanover in Lebanon county, while the western portion fell within the limits of Dauphin. Brave and noble actors have gone out from this section to fill responsible positions in county-seat, State and nation.

Two miles to the east stands Buck's hotel, an old landmark, where the road leads past Wenrich's church to the northern village of Linglestown, which was once the pioneer outpost of German immigration. About the greatest excitement this locality has seen since the Indian massacres of pioneer days, occurred last December, when oil was discovered here and the drilling of wells and the leasing of land by New York speculators began. At what stage of development this new bonanza is now, the writer cannot tell, but it would not be an unlikely occurrence if here at Linglestown will yet be located the natural oil-reservoir to light up all Pennsylvania-Germandom, and the oil city of Eastern Pennsylvania be rising Phoenix-like, from its subterranean grave of buried and brewed pine forests of this mountain-side. So may it be! It is feared, however, this oil find may be only a hoax to boom the stock of the new trolley line building from Harrisburg that has already chosen this Blue Mountain site with its pine forests, fresh water, scenic beauty and cool atmosphere as a summer resort, hoping to add special cars for the benefit of farmers en route for market service. May the conveniences be great and the dividends large!

Two miles farther east is Manada Hill, and another equal distance brings us to Shellsville, formerly Earlsyville, where the Lutherans and Reformed have planted churches. Another stage of two miles brings us to Grantville, which perpetuates the illustrious American hero's name. This is the last Dauphin hamlet on our way before we reach the county line. Due north of this place, about a mile, long stood a celebrated landmark in the form of the Hanover, or Manada, Presbyterian

church, erected before the year 1740, and taken down in 1876. It is about 12 miles east of Harrisburg, located on Bow Creek, and hugging closely the southern base of the Kittatinny Ridge. The ancient God's acre is still preserved here in a carefully kept enclosure. This was one of the quartette of Presbyterian churches in which for a century and a half was nursed the sturdy religious life of these Scotch settlers of Pennsylvania. The other three we have already visited in these pilgrimages. They were Paxtang, Derry and Donegal. Many an honored pilgrimage has been made to this ancient shrine to commune with the sacred dust here sepulchred, and many an illustrious character of today can trace his ancestry to this out-of-the-way rural city-of-the-dead, where in the back woods of a trackless wilderness the ark of his forbears rested, and where they now sleep. In 1896 the Scotch-Irish Congress convened in Harrisburg, when many noted visitors found time to visit the spot and when the history of all these churches was rehearsed.



HANOVER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

We turn a few miles to the south to visit the home and birth-place of one of that stock who won fame as an author—Lindley Murray. Here, on the banks of the limpid Swatara, which takes an almost parallel course with our well-travelled highway, about one and one-half miles west of another ancient house of God—Bindnagle's Lutheran church—where worshiped the German settlers of that pioneer day—as their descendants do yet—was born this far-famed grammarian, whose reputation has filled two continents. Several houses lay claim to this honor—one, the old ferry house, no longer standing, another, an old and humble stone structure, known as Lautermilch's.

We are glad to show this house, in which this English teacher of two generations, in 1745 is claimed first to have seen the light of day, now the property of Mr. S. A. Loose, of Palmyra. Other old nearby localities have made similar claims, but the present owner feels sure of his boast. Murray attended an academy of the Society of Friends to equip himself for his life-work. His career is comparatively well known, how later when his father removed to New York City, he escaped from his counting house

to a school in New Jersey to slake his thirst for knowledge. At twenty-one a lawyer, a successful merchant during the Revolution, when shattered health drove him to England, where he purchased the estate of Holdgate, near York, where he took up his permanent abode and devoted himself to literary pursuits. Among his half a dozen text-books written here, his "Grammar of the English Language," issued in 1795, was for half a century a standard text-book throughout Britain and America. The Pennsylvania-German youth of two generations have never forgiven him for producing this vexation to the flesh, and we sometimes take down our old copy as a curiosity, and with a determination to heap vengeance upon it, yet deem it too sacred a relic to commit to the flames. So it



SUPPOSED BIRTH-PLACE OF LINDLEY MURRAY.

goes back again to the shelf. But dear old Murray never had any compunctions for the torture inflicted on school-children. He flourished on its revenues while his name spread far and wide, and on February 16, 1826, he died in peace, while today his name is graven upon school-houses and marks a very aristocratic and elevated section in our western metropolis.

One mile to the east the early German settlers of this section erected, in 1753, their house of worship. One of the earliest of these thrifty German plodders to crowd the Scotch-Irish neighbors and finally buy all their acres, who in that early date would hoot at the "dumb Dutch" when they passed each other on their respective ways to church, was Hans Bindtnagel, who took up about 800 acres of land in the vicinity of and west of the junction of the Quittapahilla and Swatara Creeks. He donated to the incipient congregation 5 acres and 20 perches of his land for church,

school, and burial purposes, plainly specified in his deed, entitled: "Bind-nagel's Deed of Gift to the Evangelical Lutheran Congregation on Great Swatara."

This indenture mentions the names of George Burger, Michael Bolz, William Hober and Christopher Suess as Trustees, and of Christopher Frederick Wegman, John Martin Gorn and Frederick Willhelm Hager as witnesses, while the instrument is signed by the donor's name with the significant "His Mark," attachment.

There are still found here communion vessels and altar cloths that bear the initials and dates of early donors, while several later bequests helped to make this a strong, self-supporting congregation for a century and a half. In its peaceful God's acre sleeps a large host of this community's humble but useful and once busy toilers. From these and other records the following names show some of the oldest and most prominent families resident hereabouts: Oehrle (Early) Zimmerman, Sichele, Breitenbach, Schnug (Snock), Ziegler, Hemberly, Shans, Karmany, Neu, Boltz, Kiefer, Kraemer, Kinsel, Killinger, Gerberich, Hennig, Romberger, Schmelzer, Steger, Stuckey, Deininger, Mark, Hersh, Runkel, Forney, Fortna, Lautermilch, etc.

In 1803 the cornerstone was laid for the present edifice of brick, when privileges, under certain conditions, were granted to the Reformed people of the community for the use of the edifice. This building has the interior arrangements of all country churches of that day, with its high-backed pews, galleries, square chancel and wine-glass pulpit preserved today. Its erection cost nearly \$2,500, showing that economy must have been practiced and much material and labor gratuitously given. A cupola and bell were added about 50 years ago. The pastors who have served this congregation are:

- Rev. John Casper Stoever from its origin to 1779.
- " Fred Valentine Melsheimer from 1779 to 1786.
- " John Casper Hoerner from 1786 (?) to 1790.
- " William Kurtz from 1790 to 1794.
- " J. G. Lochman from 1794 to 1808.
- " J. H. Vonhoff from 1808 to 1819.
- " Benj. German from 1819 to 1821.
- " John Stein from 1821 to 1841.
- " E. G. Ernst, D.D., from 1841 to 1846.
- " L. G. Eggers from 1847 to 1852.
- " W. G. Laitzle from 1852 to 1854.
- " S. Yingling from 1855 to 1858.
- " E. S. Dorr from 1859 to 1861.
- " E. S. Emery from 1863 to 1866.
- " H. Giess from 1866 to 1868.
- " R. M. Jacoby from 1869 to 1870.
- " L. G. Eggers from 1871 to 1874.
- " G. T. Weibel from 1875 to 1877.
- " M. Schimpf from 1878 to 1880.
- " I. W. Gauker from 1880 to 1899.
- " M. U. Reinhardt from 1900 to ———.

In going back over the fine, rolling farm land of the Hanovers to our historic highway, a number of prominent church spires can be seen, principal of which are those of Sherk's U. B. meeting-house, the congregation organized by Jacob Erb, later a bishop, originally and quite anciently founded as a Mennonite church (was this the "Great Swatara Church" at which Bishop Christopher Sower officiated? See sketch of Sower), and Zion's church of the Lutherans and Reformed, along the State road, 2½ miles east of Grantville.

The present Shirk's Union meeting-house was erected in 1825 by a union of the remnant of Mennonites, the Dunkards, the Lutherans and Reformed of this community for joint occupancy and equal privileges. This is a strange spectacle of our German people nearly 60 years before the founding of the Society of Christian Endeavor by Rev. Dr. Clark. The joint pastors were Revs. Felix Light and Henry Landis, Mennonite; Christian Wengert, Dunkard; John Stein, Lutheran, and Peter L. Fisher, Reformed. For over twenty years this fellowship continued. Meanwhile the followers of Otterbein became quite strong in this community, and as in many places, absorbed the Mennonites, and reorganized their churches as United Brethren in Christ. Accordingly in 1847, being greatly in the majority, they "petitioned the State Legislature and secured papers of incorporation, thus appropriating the property to themselves and depriving the rightful owners of all claims to the same." The following Spring, May 1, 1848, the Lutherans and Reformed, before taking the compelled departure, united in celebrating the Lord's Supper conjointly, the pastors, Revs. John Stein and Joel Reber, officiating at this unique service, where 63 persons partook of the holy supper.

Now Zion's union church, of the Lutherans and Reformed, came into being. Rev. Stein was prime mover. Mr. Adam Weise generously donated sufficient land for a site for church and burial purposes. His grave was first in new "God's acre." He died January 6, 1849. From a historical sketch of this church, published at the celebration of its semi-centennial in 1898, and furnished me by Mr. Landis A. Gerberich, of Lebanon, long a leading member here, the following data are culled: Cornerstone laid, June 11, 1848 (Whitsunday). Consecration of church, November 18 and 19, 1848. Pastors who served were:

LUTHERAN.	REFORMED.
Rev. John Stein.....1848-1860	Rev. Joel Reber.....1849-1851
" Wm. Gerhard.....1860-1867	" Abraham Romich...1851-1862
" Henry Giesz.....1867-1879	" Jacob D. Zehring, supply.
Supplied for two years.	" U. H. Heilman.....1864-1867
Rev. D. M. Martins.....1882-1885	" Eli E. Hiester.....1868-1874
" S. B. Stupp.....1885-1888	" C. H. Mutchler.....1874-1876
" J. Hilpot.....1889-1890	" A. R. Bartholomew.1878-1882
" O. S. Scheirer.....1891-1894	" Tobias Kessler.....1883-1889
Supplied-by Rev. F. J. F. Shantz.	" J. A. Wickert.....1889-1895
Rev. B. S. Smoll.....1896-1900	" W. D. Donat.....1895-date

A flourishing Sunday-school has been maintained here ever since the foundation of the church. Among the list of workers in it are found all

the prominent names of this community for a half century. From this nursery have gone out many noble actors into different parts of the world.

Between Grantville and this Church stands the Franklin school-house, where formerly stood its predecessor, a plain, rural school-house, which, with its varied life of a quarter of a century ago, is recalled by one of its pupils of that day in the poem found in our "Poetic Gems" columns. The author is still found hereabouts—a farmer and organist. Others who attended these township schools in that and other days, have since gone out to all the world to bless mankind, and supply many an enterprise



ZION'S CHURCH.

with bone and sinew, and seek their own fortune. The Gerberichs, Ranks, Wm. Bartholomew, Val. Uhrich, Esq., Dr. Lemberger, Col. Seltzer, Dr. Mease, and others, have gone to Lebanon to enter business, politics or the professions. Rev. Dr. Mease is pastor of the large first Presbyterian church, of Mansfield, O., and Rev. W. G. Dressler, of the Lutheran church, in Findlay, O.

Were we to go to the north of Harper's, where the Indian Creek empties into the Swatara, we would, by and by, come to a little village settlement known today as Lemberger's, where was long located a well-known woolen factory, owned for years by a Gen'l Harrison, a relative of, though not the ninth, President of the United States. Farther up this stream, nearer its source, in the mountains, is Indiantown Gap, made fa-

mous for the most atrocious murder in Lebanon county history—the Reber tragedy, which crime was punished by the bringing to justice of the six conspirators, in 1879, and the execution of four of them in 1880, at Lebanon. Their dark deeds are alluded to in Dr. A. Conan Doyle's celebrated Sherlock Holmes stories.

The famous summer resort of Cold Springs lies beyond another range of hills in the very lap of the Blue Mountains, where cooling breezes and ice-cold water are always on tap as Dame Nature's free gift.

Back to our highway, whereon we trudge in our pilgrimage, musing as we go, we pass the East Hanover postoffice site (Albert's Store) and go on to Harper's, thence to Mt. Nebo, thence three miles to Jonestown, which was formerly named Williamstown. At Harper's tavern, opened by Adam Harper, as pioneer, the Swatara makes a northern bend and touches the road. We could stop here to fish, for we might cast our line from our historic automobile; or we might enter the old fort and dig for gory historic facts and bleached bones, for nigh this spot a whole family was massacred in 1755. It is known on our maps as long as Harris' ferry, and so is Adam Read's block-house to the north. The Indian history of this section is as interesting as the scenery is beautiful, and the latter it were hard to excel, with its billowy fields, Kittatinny background, its mountain gaps and winding streams, and its landscape dotted with peaceful-looking farm-houses, hamlet and village clusters, punctuated by more church spires. The old Walmer's church between our highway and the mountains and the Jonestown churches loom in sight from Mt. Nebo.

Mt. Nebo! What a suggestive name! What another pilgrimage it calls to mind! What a promised land stretched out before it! What a vision Moses had here! What a fitting place here "On Nebo's lonely mountain" for the great law-giver and leader of Israel to pass away!

"And had he not high honor?

The hill-side for his pall;
To lie in state, while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall.
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave!"

So may the good men of our Lebanon county Mt. Nebo finally meet their fate, when it is time for their spirits to be gathered unto their fathers and their bones to be sepultured in the neighboring Macpelahs!

Another short dash and we are at the confluence of the two main Swatara tributaries, and at the ancient town of Williamsburg, now Jonestown, in its forks. So boldly had this town asserted itself in its earlier days, located on the very highway of the travel of that day—that it became a formidable rival with Lebanon for the county-seat, in 1813, upon the establishment of Lebanon county. The town is located upon a plot of ground originally granted by warrant by the sons of Wm. Penn, to a Mr. Klein, who afterwards conveyed it to William Jones, who, about

1761, laid it out in town lots. Other old families are the Ranks, Meileys, Seltzers, Heilmans, Bickels, etc., etc. The new place was long known by the founder's first name, later it assumed the family, or second name; while the next town to the northeast—laid out by Frederick Stump—has reversed this order. But that seems to be the difference between a Scotch-Irishman and a Pennsylvania-German, when it comes to naming a town.

Up the big Swatara civilization has long since gone through the mountain gaps to the stream's sources beyond the different bridges, to where the dusky diamond is now quarried. The foundry and factory, the saw-mill and grist-mill, the village and town centers, the canal and railroad all along this course, have been built since. Eastward, towards the sources of the Little Swatara, lie Shirksville, Fredericksburg, Mt. Zion, Hamlin (Klopp's church), Greble, or Greenville, or Albert's Mill, Frystown, Millersburg, Mt. Etna (Wolleberstown), Rehrersburg,



SCHUYLKILL SEMINARY, FREDERICKSBURG.

Strausstown. From this watershed rise the Northkill and Tulpehocken Creeks, which feed the Schuylkill, and along which banks settled the first German settlers of this section, who, in 1723, came from the Mohawk and Schoharie valleys, of New York, via the Susquehanna and the Swatara for their new home. South of Jonestown stretches a bold rocky ridge, which the inhabitants have named Bunker Hill! Upon it is a rocky chamber, said to have been used by the Indians for their councils. In 1844, Judge Wm. Rank, one of its honored residents, plead for an Academy to be erected upon its picturesque summit. Perhaps this was the intention when some years afterward, about 1853, Henry Villard, afterwards the noted railroad king and son-in-law of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, a fugitive from German universities and a native of Speyer, in Renish Bavaria, was chosen as a teacher of one of the township schools, near Bunker Hill. His career developed into a newspaper man and railroader—long president of the Northern Pacific—dying last November at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., as president of the Edison General Electric Company, wealthy and honored, after varied failures, while Jonestown was left to stand still or

to retrograde. Yet Mr. Rank's letter to the historian, Prof. I. D. Rupp, may have borne fruit, for in 1858 the cornerstone of Swatara Collegiate Institute was laid, not on Bunker Hill, but on an elevation immediately north of town, with the historian Rupp as its first principal. It flourished until 1875, when the building was destroyed by fire, but was rebuilt, and some time after abandoned as a school and turned into an Episcopal Church Home for Orphans, with Rev. A. M. Abel as superintendent.

And now let us visit Stumpstown (Fredericksburg). It is but three miles to the northeast of Jonestown, and is famous as the birth-place of



THE LICK MONUMENT.

James Lick, the California millionaire. It is the site of the Schuylkill Seminary, an institution of the Evangelical Association, and the resting-place of Mr. Lick's parents, the father having been a soldier in the Revolutionary War, whose prosperous son marked his tomb with one of the most costly of monumental shafts.

The town was laid out in 1758 by Frederick Stump, a somewhat notorious character, who later skipped the neighborhood, it is said, because he had despatched an Indian. Whether, like Moses, of old, he found this "Egyptian" contending with his brethren and his temper got the better

of him, the writer does not know. Only Mr. Stump found it convenient to take a trip to the South just about then, making his start very early in the morning, before the dawn of day.

In 1780 we find a character very much answering this fugitive's description at Nashville, Tenn., when that backwoods Commonwealth is formed. Several German names appear as signatures to the Compact of Government, among them Jacob Stump, afterwards "killed by Indians in his field, while his father, 'Old Fred Stump,' just escaped with his life by



SOLDIERS MONUMENT IN FREDERICKSBURG. Erected with Lick Money.

running: 'By sure, I did run dat time,' the old German was wont to say, looking back upon his experience" ("The Germans in Colonial Times"). He was a miller here later, but by this episode it would seem that the vengeance of the red men followed him—if indeed this is our Stumpstown Stump, as is very plausible.

Years after this renegade left the place, Mr. Lick took a similar trip, only he had but wounded a young woman's heart. He went by stages from Fredericksburg to Hanover, Philadelphia, South America, via Cape Horn to San Francisco, where he found the door unlocked to walk into

his castle of fortune. There he died in 1876, a millionaire, and is remembered for his benefactions, chief among which is the well-known astronomical observatory, on Mt. Hamilton, where he is sepulchered. Not long since a house with the Lick initials painted on the transom was taken down in his native village, which was the house of his birth. But we shall some day publish a full sketch of his career, and so pass on to say that all this neighborhood is quite historic ground.

Two miles northwest of town worshiped, a hundred and fifty years ago, the flourishing and storm-tossed Moravian congregation of Bethel, whose members were among the pioneer settlers and Indian fighters of that day, and whose ancient chronicles are still preserved. Several of them were slain and scalped by the red men, one Spittler (buried in the Hebron Moravian Cemetery), as his tombstone indicates, was "Ermordet von den Wilden." Beyond, near the base of the Blue Mountains, was the Tolheo, or The Hole, where, under direction of Gov. Morris, Capt. Christian Bussé erected, in 1756, Fort Henry, where a garrison of about 80 soldiers was stationed during the period of the French and Indian War troubles. Fort Smith was another defence erected near the Swatara, and it was into this section that Col. Conrad Weiser led his regiment of German farmers with their flintlocks, pitch-forks and other improvised weapons, in a moment of extreme peril, in the defense of the firesides of his peace-loving and industrious countrymen. The State has recently published two volumes on the "Frontier Forts of Pennsylvania," descriptive of the chain of forts which was then constructed south of the Blue Ridge from the Potomac to the Delaware. Several of them were located just north of the road we have traversed.

Another contemplated improvement was the South Mountain railroad, about 30 years ago, located parallel with and between this State road and the Blue Ridge. With much of the grading done, and touching the last two towns named, which was to give this whole section a healthy commercial impetus, came the crash, and now stock certificates are passed around as curios. The only hope is the trolley.

Fredericksburg was almost totally destroyed by fire in 1827, but was soon recovered, and with the discovery and opening up of coal fields was along the highway of trade from Harrisburg, Lancaster and Lebanon. Three hotels did a flourishing business then, as the State built highways to Pottsville and the east and west, with opposition stage lines running from Harrisburg to the coal regions, while to the east of us, about a mile west of Rehrersburg, until recent years, stood an old sign-post whose board indicated that the road through Fredericksburg was the way  To OHIO!

It is worthy of note here that shortly after the laying out of the town, in 1769, one Jacob Miley was disposed to hinder its progress by fencing up several laid-out streets, whose act was declared a nuisance by certain more enterprising citizens, who brought suit against said offender in the courts of Lancaster county. Not long ago the original draft of this bill was presented as a curio to the Lebanon County Historical Society. The curious thing about this bill is that it is labelled "The King vs. Jacob

Miley—Nusance," so that King George III, of England, great-grandfather of King Edward VII, present King of Great Britain, and Emperor of India, then sovereign, once had his name associated with Stumpstown, of which he probably never heard, and which he certainly never saw. Nevertheless "the king" gained his suit, the streets were opened, which became highways that have ever since led to—everywhere. Some of its citizens they led to fame—some to fortune. Old inhabitants remember hearing their parents relate how Simon Snyder, in 1808 rode on horseback through their town on his way to the capital of the State (Lancaster) to be inaugurated as Governor of Pennsylvania. His home was at Selinsgrove, and so his route lay over the Kittatinny Mountains through this enterprising town of Stump. It was his wife who, on being interrogated by the daughter after his election: "Mommy, sin mir now all Governeer?" curtly replied: "Nay, juscht ich un der Dawdy." But the Governor left both wife and daughter behind on this triumphal trip.

Nevertheless as he is the first Pennsylvania-German Governor, on his way to distinction, we will accompany him as far as Lebanon and there rest our horses until our next pilgrimage. The distance is nine miles due south and leads over rolling farm-land, a stage traversing it daily, leaving the old historic churches of Klopp's, Zoar's, Kimmerling's to the left, and the ancient Hill Church, above Heilman's sunny dale to the right. As we cross the little Swatara, at Stoever's Mill, we are reminded of the ghost legend which Dr. E. Grumbine, of Mt. Zion, has gracefully told in meritorious rhyme, but which space forbids us to insert, much to our regret. We mention his name and that of his two younger brothers, lawyers, Lee L., of Lebanon, Pa., and Samuel, of Titusville, Pa., both well up the ladder of professional attainments and distinction, (the former two contributors of this magazine), as destined to yet make their native Stumpstown more famous for their professional and literary achievements than James Lick made it by his great wealth. So may it be!



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SWATARA.

THE POTTERY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS.

BY HENRY C. MERCER.

A study of the gift plates, "pie dishes," tea-canisters, vases, drinking cups, puzzle jugs, and clay-painted children's toys made by immigrant German potters, who flourished in Eastern Pennsylvania from 1750 to 1830, discloses the fact that of the two processes by which their pottery was produced the one, *Sgraffiato*, had existed in Europe since the thirteenth century, and the other, slip decoration, was traceable to the potteries of ancient Rome. Widely differing in color and make from the so-called "china" and white earthen ware of the modern potter, unsurpassed in richness of hue, and expressing often the charm of the plasticity of clay yielding to the human touch, the wares, having been outclassed in hardness by the late products of New Jersey, had by degrees fallen into disuse. But as dying examples of an artistic instinct of the middle ages transplanted to America from the valley of the Rhine, they illustrate not merely

an episode in local history, but pertain to the broader narrative of the decline of the whole ceramic art.

When porcelain, the master craft of China and Japan, was dramatically rediscovered by Böttcher, the German alchemist, early in the 18th century, the potters of Christendom, turning away from the ancient channel of the development of their art, set to imitating first at Meissen, then at Vienna, then at Sevres, the hard, semi-translucent Chinese ware. In this fact lies the true explanation of the loss of color, the inartistic mechanism, the hardness of form,



PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN GIFT PLATES.

and the loss of the charm of plasticity that pertains to the pitcher and basin of the household, the tile of the floor of the railway station, the tea-cup and dinner plate, the vase and jar of the latter-day potter. Of the two motives, that of the chemist and that of the artist, which have dominated the development of pottery, the former took precedence. The potter of the Christian world turned chemist to follow the lead of an Asiatic craftsman still in that respect his superior.

Nevertheless, after Christian pottery had thus received a fatal blow, after the glowing colors of Italian majolica, the lustres of Spain, the rich hand-made forms of Germany and Holland had been cast aside for the technically superior wares made under Eastern inspiration, after machines, molds and presses had replaced the potter's arm and hand, still, in remote corners of Europe, the old art survived. And, as in the case of other inherited impulses, so here, it was the peasant, the man of the land, as distinguished from the inhabitant of cities, the humble agriculturist, as dis-

tinguished from the rich and powerful world of generally-known artists and patrons of art, that longest held on to the old order of things.

When, therefore, the Rhenish peasant, immigrating to America as Moravian, Mennonite, Lutheran or Baptist, established potteries in the wilderness, he transplanted with him not the improved technical methods of a new era of imitation, but an unmixed inheritance of the ancient potter's craft of Christendom.

In America, however, as in Europe, his skill yielded to modern influences. After years spent under sterner and more material conditions, the clay-worker who could tone the glaze in warm shades of green, brown, yellow, red and orange, paint upon the unbaked ware, as the ancient Romans had done by means of a quill, or scratch designs of beauty (*Sgraffiato*) through films of slip encrusted upon the body, lost hold of the decorative side of his craft. Soon the German mottoes were abandoned upon the plate and jar. By degrees the colors grew less varied and the designs weaker. Then the painted toys were forgotten with receipts for glaze, until we now see the ancient Roman device of slip decoration on yellow glazed red clay at its last breath in the form of a few saffron streaks upon rustic pie-dishes.



MORAVIAN TILES—Lotus Design.

The effort, continued through a series of experiments, to restore and develop in some measure the almost forgotten processes of the Rhenish-American potter, in the form of tiles for mural decoration, has been aided by a study of several disused or decadent rural potteries and their legendary receipts. And it is justified by the fact that the inferior strength of the ware—one of the causes of its disuse—does not militate against it in the form of tiles built into masonry, and therefore unbreakable.

Again we see in the new tiles the rich colors of the old ware because the same slips, the same methods of mixing and tinting them, and the same clays have been used, while to work in the spirit of the old potter has been to substitute where possible the impress of the hand for that of the machine, and to avoid mechanical exactness of outline in the sense in which these features have been avoided in the making of Greek coins.



MORAVIAN TILES—Tulip Design.

And though the process thus restored (and patented in its development) has lent itself to the expression of several schools of design illustrated by such patterns as the swan and the tower and cross and tulip of old Spain, the foliated animal designs of Persia, the birds, dragons and pomegranates of Italian renaissance, and the peacocks of Byzantine Ravenna, together with several original models, it has been the fortunate discovery among the Pennsylvania-Germans of striking patterns in castiron eminently appropriate for the decoration of mural tiles that has chiefly contributed to the results obtained.

A cross, a tulip or lotus, a heart with flowers, developed within a con-

ventional framework of columns and arches in a masterly and individual spirit strike the student with surprise. Originally intended for the adornment of iron stoves by the settlers of Pennsylvania and New York, rescued from decay and destruction at the last moment, the patterns, found cast in relief upon rusty plates or iron, reveal to us a whole forgotten school of decorative designs. Simple, earnest, religious, for centuries transmitted from father to son, the art, which seems to have escaped the attention of the modern decorator is that of the German peasant. Therefore it is rude. But it is ancient, and like the ballad song of Strassburg or the story of the Juniper tree, it is as purely as possible Teutonic, and pertains to that fountain head of unconscious popular suggestion from which artists like Wagner declare they have sought inspiration.

The use of flowers for punctuation and as plume-like adornments, of numeral figures and letters, the recurrence of an aureole of rays upheld by lambs (see illustration), the tulip springing from the emblem of the cross with other sacred symbols, and the arrangements of pillars, arches, and medallions, by degrees astonish us at the existence of these decorative themes overlooked by the historian, and unknown to the modern hand-book, yet so certainly related to the German past and the American beginning.



DECORATED CAST IRON STOVE PLATE.

While the Spanish, Italian and Persian tiles above referred to easily find their place in the ornamentation of conservatories, fire-places, loggias or garden walls, the more stiffly conventionalized floral and architectural forms of the German patterns adapting them to structural

outlines, logically gives to them a peculiar value for the adornment of buildings in a country where architecture now seeking inspiration from all parts of the world, promises further development.

Though not related to the peculiar school of building now known as colonial, the very existence of the ancient German designs in America forces upon us a broader conception of any architectural style that would pretend to express colonial life. As illustrated in the tiles the designs themselves represent that Teutonic element of colonial existence not yet expressed, and invite the attention of the architect of the future, who in the development of his craft seizes upon the suggestions of truth, the vital germs of art, wherever the life of his country has presented them. The making of Moravian tiles has recently been revived and concludes the ancient ceramic process practiced by the early Pennsylvania-Germans, who inherited the same from the craftsman of ancient Rome and medieval Europe, and is now carried on by the Moravian Pottery and Tile Works, of Doylestown, Pa.

THE SOWER PUBLICATIONS.

Inasmuch as we give in this number a sketch of Christopher Sower, we present here also a complete list of the publications of both the two Christopher Sowers, father and son, taken from the Sower Chart, as follows:

CHRISTOPHER SOWER, SR.

1738.—Ein A B C und Buchstabier, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender. (These Almanacs were filled with most valuable information and proved veritable text-books.—Ed.) Der Frühling ist hereby gekömme, Mein Heyland der du bist mir, Offt hast du mir zugeruffen, Eine Ernstliche Ermahnung—an Junge und Alte.

1739.—Zionitischer Weyrauches-Hugel (over 800 pp.), Die Ruthe Aarons, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Der Hoch-Deutsch Pennsylvanische Geschichtschreiber. (First German newspaper in German type in America.)

1740.—Predigten von Gilbert Tennent, Predigten von George Whitfield, Der Hoch-Deutsch Pennsylvanische Geschichtschreiber, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Extracts from Laws of Wm. Penn (translated), Sower's Bekantmachung, Gewissenhafte Vorstellung von Mangel rechter Kinderzucht.

1741.—Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Einfaltige Warnung und Wachter-Stimme, Der Hoch-Deutsch Pennsylvanische Geschichtschreiber, Die Grunde und Ursachen der Christlichen Wiedergeburt.

1742.—Zeugniss der Bruderschaft in Zion, Ein Schriftgemassen Zeugniss, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Hirten Lieder von Bethlehem, Einige Gedichte und Lieder, Ausband das ist Etliche Christliche Lieder, Henrich Antes's Bekantmachung, Zinzendorf's Allen Teutschen Eltern, Wahrer Bericht de dato Germantown, Ein Zeugniss eines Betrübten, Der Hoch-Deutsch Pennsylvanische Geschichtschreiber.

1743.—Der Neue Charter, Wohlbegründetes Bedenken vom Wege der Heiligung, Balsam in Gilead, Hochmann's Glaubens-Bekenntniss, BIBLIA, die ganze Heilige Schrift, Alte und Neue Testament (first Bible printed in America in a European tongue), Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Eines Geringen Bericht, Guldins Unpartheyisches Zeugniss, Mystisches und Kirchliches Zeugniss, Schriftimassiges Zeugniss, Jacob Lischey's Reformirten Predigers Declaration, Der Hoch-Deutsch Pennsylvanische Geschichtschreiber.

1744.—Ein Spiegel der Tauffe, Anhang zu dem Charter von Verordnungen, Engelbrecht's Gottliche Offenbarungen, Von der Geringschätzung und Nichtigkeit, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Der Hoch Deutsch Pennsylvanische Geschichtschreiber, Das Kleine Davidische Psalterspiel, Verschiedene alte und neuere Geschichten von Erscheinungen der Geister, Luther's Kleine Katechismus, Tractaten von der Geringschätzung und Nichtigkeit unseres Lebens, Die Geistliches Schatz-Kastlein.

1745.—Eine Beschreibung der wahren Kirche, Das Neue Testament, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Freimüthige und unpartheyische Gedanken, Der Pennsylvanische Brichte.

1746.—Die merkwürdige Geschichte der Belehrung von Jacob Fredrich Duss, Die umgewendete Bibel, Kurzer Auszug, Leichen-Predigt, Der Psalter, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Unterricht von der Einsammlung, Vom Cometen, Der Pennsylvanische Berichte.

1747.—Eine Rufende Wachter-Stimme, Eine Deutsch und Englische Grammatik, Geistliches Blumen-Gartlein, Brüderliches Schreiben, Ein ernstlicher Ruff in Liebe, Ein geringer Schein, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Klare und gewisse Wahrheit, Lovigny's Verborgenes Leben mit Christo, Noch mehr Zeugnisse der Wahrheit, Eine Leicht-Predigt, Der Pennsylvanische Berichte.

1748.—Warnungs-Schreiben, Von dem wahren, ewigen, friedsamem Reiche Christi, Verschiedene Christliche Wahrheiten, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Ein Christ Besuchet oft und gerne die Zion's Kinder, Verschiedene alter und neuer Geschichten von Erscheinungen der Geister, Der Pennsylvanische Berichte, Kurtze Vertheidigung, Andreas Freyen, seine Declaration, Auszug aus Christian Hoburgs Postilla Mystica, Eine Gründliches Anweisung zu einem heiligen Leben zu gelangen, Eine Kurtze Beschreibung von Jacob Schmiedtlein, Noch mehr Zeugnisse der Wahrheit, Jacob Lischy's zweite Declaration, Seelenspiegel, Siegenische Catechismus, Ein Gründliches Zeugniß, Ein Kurtz Vermittelings-Schrift, Reise Aus Babylon nach Bethel, Ein Mysticher.

1749.—Der Pennsylvanische Berichte, Eine Warnende Wächter-Stimme, Thomas á Kempis, The Christian Pattern or the Immitation of Jesus Christ, Sie Bekehren Sich Aber Nicht Recht, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Beggar and yet No Beggar, Trübertzige und einfaltige Anweisung, Jqhann Habermann's Kleine Gebetbuch.

1750.—Der Kleine Kampis, Gottliche Liebes-Andacht, Das Gueldene A B C, Dissertation on Pure Love, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Der Pennsylvanische Berichte, Anleitung Zur Englischen Sprache.

1751.—Von dem Elend der Menschen, Von des Menschen Erlösung, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Eine nutzliche Anweisung, Ausband, Einige Gedichte und Lieder, Die Frommen Lotterie, Der Pennsylvanische Berichte.

1752.—Lutherische Catechismus, Heidelberger Catechismus, Evangelisches Zeugniß, Der Pennsylvanische Berichte, Unpartheyische Gedancken, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, The Fatal Consequences of the Doctrine of Predestination, Ausband: Funff Schone Geistliche Lieder, Geistreiche Leider bei dem Reformirten Kirchen, Religions of the Ancient Brachmans.

1753.—Der Mennonisten Liederbuch, Der Nene Acte, Der wunderbahre Bussfertige Seelen sorger, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Description and Use of Globes, Neu-Vermerht und Vollständiges Gesang-Buch, Testimony against the present Anti-Christian Work, Der Pennsylvanische Berichte, The Everlasting Gospel, Die Kleine Harfe.

1754.—Gespräche, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Der Pennsylvania Berichte, The Pennsylvania Countrymen's Almanac.

1755.—Bunyan's Christensreise, Eine Kurtze Beschreibung einer langen Reise Aus Babylon nach Bethel, Das Augenehme Opfer, Treuherzige Erinnerung und Warnung, Ein Bettler und doch kein Bettler, Der hoch deutsch Americanische Calender, Verschiedene alter und neuer geschichten, Das Kinder-Büchlein, Das Leben Gottes in der Seele, Das neue Testament, Der Pennsylvanische Berichte.

1756.—Erzählung von den Trübsalen und der wunderbaren Bebreiung so geschehen an William Fleming und seinem Weib, Die Gottliche Beschützung is der Menschen Gewisseste Hulffe, Ein Warnung vom Himmel, Ein Send-Schreiben von der baldigen Erfüllung, The real Christian's Hope in Death, Der hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Der Pennsylvania Berichte.

1757.—Gospel Treasures, Die Treaties, Die Beschribung von dem Friedensschluss, Eine Nutzliche Anweisung, Der hoch deutsch Americanische Calender, Marburger Gesangbuch, Der inhalt von den Conferentzen welche einige Freunde zu Philadelphia mit etlichen Indianern gehalten, Der Pennsylvania Berichte.

1758.—Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Dove's Lottery, Observations Upon "Detection detected," Der Pennsylvania Berichte, Ein Spiegel Der Eheleute.

CHRISTOPHER SOWER, JR.

1754.—Daily Conversations with God, The Pennsylvania Town and Countryman's Almanac, Christian Education Exemplified.

1755.—The Penn'a Town and Countryman's Almanac.

1756.—Nature and Design of Christianity, Uncertainty of a Death-bed Repentance, Observations on Enslaving, Importing and Purchasing of Negroes, A Pattern of Christian Education, The Penn'a T. and C. Almanac.

1757.—The Penn'a T. and C. Almanac.

1758.—The Penn'a T. and C. Almanac.

1759.—Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Der Pennsylvanische Berichte, Observations on the Enslaving, Importing and Purchasing of Negroes (A. Beneget), Vollständiges Marburger Gesang-Buch, The Penn'a T. and C. Almanac, The Way to the Sabbath of Rest, The Journeys of the Children of Israel, An Account of var. Ways of God's Manifesting Himself to Man, Mistakes conc. Religion, Enthusiasm, Experience, etc.

1760.—Christ's Spirit a Christian's Strength, The Stumbling Stone, Observations on Ens. Imp. and Purch. of Negroes, 2nd ed., The Uncertainty of a Death-bed Repentance, Der Hoch-Deutsch Amer. Calender, The Penn'a T. and C. Almanac, Certain Agreements by Contributors to a School house in Germantown, Evangelia und Epistlen auf alle Sonntage, etc., Ein Anmuthige Erinnerung zu einer Chr. Betrachtung, Der Psalter des Königs David, Psalterspiel, Der Pennsylvania Berichte.

1761.—Die Naturalisationsform, Johann Habermann's Grosses Gebetbuch, Habermann's Kleine Gebetbüch, Das Leben u. die heroischer

Thaten des Königs, Friedrich III von Preussen, Drierler deutschen, und englischen A B C Bücher, Der Pennsylvania Berichte, Der Hoch-Deutsch Amer. Calender, Penn'a T. and C. Almanac, Das Neue Testament.

1762.—Neu eingerichtetes Gesangbuch, Eine nützliche Anweisung vor die Teutschen um English zu lernen, Der Hoch-Deutsch Amer. Calender, Penn'a T. and C. Almanac, Habermann's Gebet-Buch, Vollst. Marburger Gesang Buch, Germantown Zeitung.

1763.—A short, easy and comprehensive Method of Prayer, The Dreadful Visitation (Plague of London), Zeugniss der Wahrheit, Germantown Zeitung, Biblia, Die Heilige Schrift a. and n. Testaments, Der Kleine Darmstädtische Catechismus, Neu-vermehrt und vollst. Gesang Buch, Der Hoch-Deutsch Amer. Calender, Das Neue Testament, Die Wandlende Seel, Die Heilbringende Menschwerdung.

1764.—Geistliches Magazin, Die Allmächtige Errettungs-Hand Gottes, Germantown Zeitung, Das Kleine Davidische Psalterspiel, Der Hoch-Deutsch Amer. Calender, Anmerkungen über ein noch nie erhört und gesihser Winder-Thier, Schul-Ordnung (Ch. Dock), Protestation gegen die Bestellung Hr. Benj. Franklin, Christliche Morgen u. Abend Gebät-Buch, Die Reglen der Teutschen Gesellschaft, Eine Warnung und Erinnerung, Dass Anhangen an Gott, Bekanntmachung.

1765.—Johann Arndt's Paradies-Gärtlein, Die erste Frusht der Teutschen Gesellschaft, Das Geistliches Magazin, Der Hoch-Deutsch Amer. Calender, Germantown Zeitung, Antwort auf Benj. Franklin's Anmerkungen, Die Erste Frucht der Teutschen Gesellschaft, Wortheste Landes-Leute sonderlich in Phila., Bucks and Bercks County.

1766.—Das Neue Testament, Germantown Zeitung, Das Geistliches Magazin, Der Hoch-Deutsch Amer. Calender, The Uncertainty of a Deathbed Repentance, Die Reglen der Teutschen Gesellschaft.

1767.—Ausbund, das ist etliche schöne Christliche Lieder, Confession, oder Berkenntniss eines Christen, Bericht von den Brüdern im Schweizerland, Germantown Zeitung, Der Hoch-Deutsch Amer. Calender, Kurze Unterweisung für Kleine Kinder.

1768.—Das Geistliches Magazin, Der Hoch-Deutsch Amer. Calender, Germantown Zeitung, Die Wandlende Seele, Ein Merkwürdigen Traum, Der Psalter des König's u. Propheten David's, Ewige Evangelium.

1769.—The Sentiments and the Plan of the Warren Assocn., Das Geistliche Magazin, Das Neue Testament, Der Hoch-Deutsch Amer. Calender, Germantown Zeitung, Geistliches Blumen-Gärtlein, Minutes of Phila. Assocn. in 1769, Das von J. C. befohle Ewige Evangelium.

1770.—Der Hoch-Deutsch Amer. Calender, Das Geistliche Magazin, Nachrichters: oder Ross-Arznei-Buchlein, Marburger Gesang-Buch, Michael Fratzen's einfältige Lehr-Betrachtungen, Die Paradiesische Aloe, Einfältige und Grundliche Schul-Ordnung (Dock), Germantown Zeitung.

1771.—Der Weg der Gottseligkeit, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Das Geistliches Magazin, Germantown Zeitung, Nachrichters:

oder Rossarznei-Büchlein, Die Wandlende Seele, The New England Primer.

1772.—Neu vermehrt und vollständiges Gesangbuch, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Das Geistliches Magazin, Germantown Zeitung, Eine Nützliche Anweisung, Neujahrs-Geshenck für das Jahr 1772.

1773.—Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Das Geistliches Magazin, Geistliches Blumen-Gärtlein, Der Psalter des König's und Propheten David's, Der Kleine Kempis, Germantown Zeitung.

1774.—Grundforschende Fragen, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Das Geistliches Magazin, Germantown Zeitung, The Ready Reckoner, Rechte und Ordnungen im Hause Gottes, Der Geschwinde Rechner.

1775.—Das Neue Testament, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Germantown Zeitung.

1776.—Biblia: Die Heilige Schrift, altes und Neues Testament, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Germantown Zeitung, Christliche Morgen und Abend-Gebäter, Die Kinder Bibel, Robert Barclay's Apology, Der Tod Abels.

1777.—Vollständiges Marburger Gesangbuch, Das Kleine Davidische Psalterspiel, Lutherische Catechismus, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender, Germantown Zeitung.

1778.—Gedichter und Lieder.

Date Unknown.—Weg und Werke Gottes in der Bekehrung eines Menschen, Die Uebung der Gegenwart Gottes, Trucherzige Warnung eines Bruders in Christo, Von der Natur und Nothwendigkeit der Wiedergeburt.

BOOK		NOTICES
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The Germans in Colonial Times.

It will make any one's heart swell with pride, if through it courses a strain of German blood, to read Lucy Forney Bittinger's new book. Here this able authoress has traced the tides of German immigration into our constituent colonies from Maine to the Carolinas and Louisiana, and given a well-classified account of many of its foremost actors in all the callings that have built up and enriched our national life, giving much room to the daring exploits and loyal devotion of this stock in the struggle for and the winning of national independence. Many gallant and noteworthy deeds are recorded whose actors' names have long been modestly withheld. In the twenty-three chapters into which the volume is divided are given causes of German emigration, their different settlements in the colonies, their great exodus to Penn's colony, their religious influence, the influence of the German press, their place as pioneers and their place in the nation's wars,

with proof specific and abundant that the Germans "bore a manful part, who dared and suffered, fought and wrought in the making of the new nation." The book gives the clearest treatment and the ablest defense of the intelligence, morality and progressive activity of our colonial Germans, we have yet seen.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila. 8vo. 314 pp. \$1.50.

The Book of Legends. The facile pen of Horace E. Scudder has told over again, in this little volume a dozen and a half of old-time stories, some of which are familiar and current in many tongues. They are such stories as "The Wandering Jew," "St. Christopher" and "William Tell." These legends are usually the exaltation of some virtue or the personification of some truth, or else the glorification of some heroic or daring deed of faith. Whatever the origin, the moral or spiritual lessons are wholesome and orthodox and have already done much for the imitation and cultivation of like virtues and the shunning of base traits of character and hence deserve a new setting, in simple language, for children and youth. It is well to stock childhood with such wholesome literature as this author's series of little books on this general subject contains, for the literature is standard, the morals pure and the stories interesting to a young mind.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 16mo. 82 pp. 50 cents.

The Roycroft Catalog de Luxe.

Some time before the last Christmas holidays, a relative from Buffalo, N. Y., wrote that he had been to East Aurora, and taken home a few Roycroft prints, with which to brighten up the coming season. He also said that a hint had been dropped which he hoped would become operative in the bringing to the chief editor's sanctum of THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN a copy of the *de luxe* edition of the past year's catalog from this art-crowned, world-famous book shop. All the penalty we were to pay for getting us into this trouble was to write the donor the effervescence of our heart on opening the wrapper. January 15th the package arrived. The characteristic cord was quickly untied and now the eye and heart had a feast that tasted better than the breakfast. It chanced to be the junior member's birthday—just the 20th anniversary—who chances also to be a printer, who gets a little time occasionally between other tasks, to experiment upon THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN. Well, when he returned for his dinner that day, this *de luxe* edition lay on his plate, with a card, "Compliments of a kind Providence," on the theory that "all good and perfect gifts come from above." And now there was more effervescence, with three rousing cheers for the union—of Roycrofters. There was just a shade of regret, amid this joyful outburst, over the fact that he was not born in East Aurora, N. Y., so he might some stormy day back in under one of the corners of the Roycroft shop to keep its roof from coming down. But the Roycrofters' shop is not crushing in—except, perchance, with world-wide admiration. Well, it was worth while waiting to the twentieth century to receive this catalog, and if this is not praise enough try us on a book. We took the beautiful thing with us to our pulpit the

following Sunday to help to preach an object sermon to the children and youth of our flock, and the lessons of industry, formation of habit and the joys of life and toil soaked in easily. There is nothing printed in the world today to excel the finest Roycroft books, and we would say there was nothing in the world of yesterday to equal them, if we did not remember Conrad Beissel's Pennsylvania-German Roycrofters, of Ephrata, of a century and a half ago. We invite the king of Roycroft to visit this relic of artistic printing in our neighboring old town, or refer him to Mr. Sachse's voluminous works on the same institution. Thanks kindly!

		LITERARY NOTES		
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The recent investigations threw the public eye on West Point more intensely than it is wont to look upon it. General Charles King, a graduate of the class of 1866 of the Military Academy, and one of the most distinguished of American authors and soldiers, is throwing side lights upon West Point which were not seen in these official investigations. General King passed through the mill, took his punishment and accepted it as a philosopher. It is in this spirit that the articles are written for the "Saturday Evening Post," of Philadelphia. Other recent writers on interesting topics to this magazine are Henry B. F. Macfarland, Maj. J. A. Watrous, Hon. T. B. Reed and a host of others.

Some of the most eminent public men of the country are to be found among the contributors to "The Youth's Companion." The editorial page continues to present trustworthy information concerning important events, and to give concise and impartial summaries of the best opinions upon public questions. The aim of "The Companion" is not to influence the judgment, but to furnish the intelligent reader with the necessary materials for reaching a correct conclusion of his own.

We acknowledge receipt of "Valley Forge," a copiously illustrated article reprinted from the "New England Magazine" for February, from the able and graceful pen of Mr. W. H. Richardson, of Norristown, Pa., who, by his close study of this famous camp-ground and his skill in photography has given the public a very clear picture of this soon-to-become National Park by the Schuylkill.

The genealogy of the Johann Bernhard Reber descendants, he being the American founder, emigrating from Germany in 1738, has been recently compiled and published in a neat pamphlet by a scion of the stock, Morris B. Reber, of Reading, Pa., the receipt of a copy of which we herewith acknowledge.

Grand-View Sanatorium

WERNERSVILLE, PA.

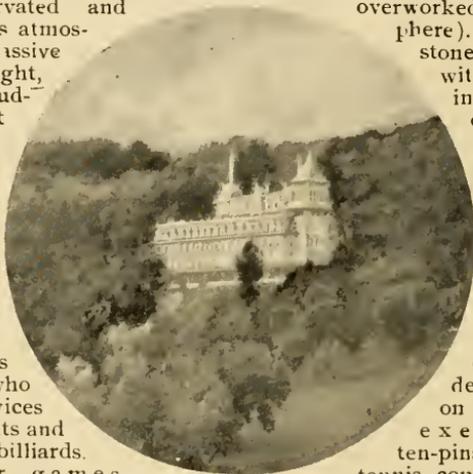


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grounds, excellent livery, miles of shady and well-kept walks and drives, all within the Sanatorium grounds which surround the buildings and comprise 600 acres. The institution is under the medical management of physicians with large experience. In the treatment department, all forms of baths, embracing the Scotch douche, electric, electro-chemical, electro-vapor, sulphur, Roman Turkish, needle or circular douche and Naueim baths; also massage, electricity, etc., are administered by skilled attendants. Medicine is used as little as possible, but given where strictly indicated. The noted Pavilion Spring Water supplies the houses, and is the purest, by chemical analysis, on record. In diseases of the stomach, kidney and liver it proves most beneficial.

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