

# Lancaster—Old and New

By James D. Law

It's but a little local rhyme  
With no pretence at special skill;  
I sing not of a far-off clime,  
I write not with a classic quill.  
I never saw Parnassus Hill  
Nor drank from Helicon sublime:  
My rhyme's a little local rhyme  
With no pretence at special skill.

And yet, for those who have the time  
To take the good and leave the ill  
The music of its homely chime  
A pleasant hour may haply fill,  
Altho' it's but a local rhyme  
With no pretence at special skill.

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With the Compliments of the Author

"Consider all that lies in that one word PAST! What a pathetic, sacred, in every sense POETIC, meaning is implied in it; a meaning growing ever the clearer, the farther we recede in Time,—the MORE of that same Past we have to look through!—On which ground indeed must Sauerteig have built, and not without plausibility, in that strange thesis of his: 'That History, after all, is the true Poetry; that Reality, if rightly interpreted, is grander than Fiction; nay that even in the right interpretation of Reality and History does genuine Poetry consist.'"—Carlyle.

\* \* \* \* \*

"An artist that works in marble or colors has them all to himself and his tribe, but the man who moulds his thoughts in verse has to employ the materials vulgarized by everybody's use, and glorify them by his handling."—Holmes.

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### Special Notice.

☞ Mr. Law will consider himself under special obligation to any one who may point out errors, either of omission or commission, and any new material received will be incorporated in the next edition.

LANCASTER—OLD AND NEW

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LAW

# In Memoriam

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## Marriott Brosius

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*“Native here and to the manner born.”*

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But yesterday we saw and hailed our friend  
As, full of life, he passed along the street:  
Ere dawn to-day his heart had ceased to beat,  
So swiftly did the fatal stroke descend,  
The knell that none could fail to comprehend,  
The certain summons that we all must meet;  
And now the glory of a higher seat  
Succeeds the term that here has reached its end!

A soldier-statesman: in his chosen field  
We honored him as our repeated choice  
Until his name was to the nation known;  
And at the last, with all his worth revealed,  
While we lament we also can rejoice  
That brilliant Brosius was our very own.

March 16, 1901.

J. D. L.



REVISED AND ENLARGED COPY

OF

LANCASTER—OLD AND NEW

AN ADDRESS  
DELIVERED BEFORE  
THE LANCASTER BOARD OF TRADE

JANUARY 9 1902

BY

JAMES D. LAW

*Author of "Dreams o' Hame," "The Sea-Shore of Bohemia," "Columbia-Caledonia," and other Scottish and American Poems.*

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

AT

LANCASTER, PA., U. S. A.

January 25, 1902.

DEDICATED  
TO  
MY FELLOW MEMBERS  
OF THE  
LANCASTER BOARD OF TRADE.

A large, elegant handwritten signature in black ink, reading "James D. Law". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, sweeping initial "J" and a long, horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Lots of wit and lots of humor!—As we all  
were gather'd there  
Some to see us might have fancied we  
had never known a care!  
Just as well a man can bury Life's vexa-  
tions for a time,  
Only by a sour-faced bigot is a frolic  
deemed a crime.  
Smile, my brother, when you want to,  
whereso'er your lot be cast,  
Never mind the musty proverb, 'He  
laughs best who laughs the last.'  
'Better late,' I know, 'than never,' but we  
also must allow  
None can glorify the future looking sad  
and gloomy Now!  
Leave To-morrow's cares and worries till  
To-morrow's clouds appear.  
Millions scenting distant trouble miss the  
blossoms scatter'd Here.  
Of the phantoms of the fancy Fear has  
been the poison asp,  
Sucking all the life and pleasure from  
the things within our grasp,  
Melancholia breeds but cobwebs in the  
chambers of the brain:  
Laughter like the bright Aurora scatters  
Sunshine in its train:—  
Light and Life and all the Graces smiling  
down from skies of blue,  
Thro' their rosy-tinted fingers dripping  
balm like healing dew:—  
Laughter!—Nature's best elixir for a  
thousand human ills  
With no after-tang to follow in the  
shape of doctor's bills!

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BY  
J. D. LAW.

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## "LANCASTER: OLD AND NEW."

There is a common saying that everybody else knows more about our business than we do ourselves; and, while I confess I have sometimes felt that it surely must be so, I do not ask any of you, gentlemen, to subscribe to such a statement. It is, however, generally admitted, I believe, that in coming to a new locality a stranger is apt to notice many things that are overlooked by native residents. As a comparative newcomer I must at the outstart plead guilty to having been to some extent "a chiel amang ye takin' notes;" but when it is known that I only take them to give them back again I do not altogether fear your censure. Furthermore, when I succeed in securing for my "notes" the endorsement of the Lancaster Board of Trade I am satisfied if they may never reach general acceptance they will not locally, at least, be allowed to go to protest.

In the brief time at my disposal I can only touch on a few items, and the exigencies of the occasion must serve as an excuse for the fragmentary character of my address. No matter how or where we approach the subject, Lancaster is always interesting. John Wright, of Old England, began us right by giving us the classical name of his birthplace. When the Romans invaded Britain more than two thousand years ago, they established a castle or camp on the banks of the River Lune, or Lune, and from this "Lune-Ceaster" comes the name of Lancaster. Spenser mentions it in his "Faerie Queene," it figures largely in Michael Drayton's "Barons' Wars," and through no less than seven of Shakespeare's immortal dramas it plays a prominent part. In the fourteenth century the Scots swooped down on the old town, almost wiping it out of existence; and it is interesting to note that in the twentieth century some of the same race are to be found doing

their best not to r-a-z-e, but to r-a-i-s-e  
our modern Lancaster, which is cer-  
tainly a good way to expiate the sins  
of their ancestors. Having had occa-  
sion recently to invoke the Muse in  
favor of some local topics I jumped  
into the arena with no little misgiving,  
you may truly believe.

Might I the facts like Mombert scoop,  
had I the inspiration  
Of such as Harris, Ford or Rupp, or  
Evans' information!  
Could I but only for a while the lyre of  
Kieffer borrow  
The Art of Stauffer or the style of Mar-  
tin or of Morrow!  
Did I like Diffenderffer write, like  
Steinman or like Sener,  
How much in learning and in light my  
page would be the gainer!  
Had I but Dr. Dubbs's pen or Clare and  
Whitson's pencil,\*  
Some finer strokes I surely then might  
undertake to stencil,  
But if they may be under par in spirit  
and in letter,  
Accept my verses as they are, till some  
one gives us better.

One of the first things that struck me  
in regard to Lancaster county was its  
beautiful natural scenery. As a con-  
crete example, I recall a lovely April  
afternoon, in company with some  
friends.

The City clocks were striking four as  
Grandview was receding  
And soon by Pequea's lovely shore the  
Day Express was speeding—

\* Why wait until their final call and then  
in polished phrases  
Beside the coffin and the pall begin to  
sing their praises?  
Far rather would I hear, indeed, a puff in  
plain prosaics  
Than have my weeping widow read my  
name in elegaics!  
So bear in mind if any laud you ever  
think of giving.  
It's not unlawful to applaud a fellow  
while he's living.  
I have but small respect for those whose  
pride can ne'er be tickled,  
Could I arrange it, goodness knows they'd  
all be caught and pickled.  
While men can taste and see and hear  
and gauge and weigh and measure  
A little bit of wholesome cheer can give  
them no displeasure.  
Away with all the mawkish airs of him  
who makes pretension  
And says he neither knows nor cares how  
folks his name may mention!  
The ladies don't—the pretty dears—in  
their polite dominion,  
But happy is the man who hears an-  
other's good opinion.

The Train that yet for all its pace was  
 so accommodating  
 It stopped to leave us at the place where  
 teams were for us waiting.  
 It took no little driving skill as well as  
 concentration  
 Unsqueezed to climb the Bleak House Hill  
 from Kinzer's Railway Station,  
 But when at last we reached the top and  
 cast our eyes about us  
 Soon did the beauties of the stop begin to  
 thrill throughout us:  
 A sense of joy we all agree and gratitude  
 came o'er us  
 That we were yet alive to see the scenes  
 that lay before us:  
 The mountains rising on the left where  
 observation ended.  
 By some manipulation deft seemed with  
 the azure blended.  
 The nearer ranges in their swell like  
 waves upon the ocean,  
 As shadows o'er them rose and fell, ap-  
 peared to be in motion.  
 And through the haze, as in a dream,  
 with smoky pennons trailing,  
 We saw the whitewashed houses gleam  
 like stately vessels sailing.  
 Oh, what a peaceful, happy land, where  
 yachts are made from stables,  
 And battleships are built and mann'd  
 from snowy-tinted gables!  
 Where daring sailors plow the fields with  
 heavy canvass'd clippers,  
 And where the apple orchard yields as  
 enterprising shippers!  
 Upon our right as rare a scene our rov-  
 ing eyes delighted,  
 And not a speck of black or green was  
 in the prospect slighted.  
 The trains, the woods, the Nickel Mines,  
 the homes and fields so pretty,  
 To mention all would strain the lines of  
 my impromptu ditty.

---

As has been better said than I can  
 say it, Lancaster county has always  
 been noted for its superiority in pro-  
 viding for the inner man. Recently I  
 had a good illustration of the ruling  
 passion strong at ninety, and will  
 quote the incident in its entirety, be-  
 cause, in addition to an interesting  
 bill of fare, I have attempted to fix  
 with more or less fidelity a few of the  
 idioms of speech that I think are pecu-  
 liar to this part of Pennsylvania:

Believing with the greater bards of yore,  
 Like Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Moore  
 and Burns,  
 On all that may pertain to homely themes,  
 Where inborn sense is joined to mother  
 wit,  
 The truest critics are the common folk,  
 I sought a man, a native of the place,  
 To him some samples of my verse I read,  
 And far beyond my hope or my deserts



My farmer friend, of man's allotted age,  
Approved my sketches and pronounced  
them good.

But just as I, elated with the praise  
(To only say what some would fail to say,  
Or make pretenses that it mattered not),  
Had reached the passage touching off the  
sights

So common once on Yearly Settling Day,  
My single hearer was, to his surprise  
And my instruction, by his father joined.  
Six feet and over in his stocking soles  
He must have measured ere he passed  
his prime,

And bending now across his oaken staff,  
His back supporting more than ninety  
years,  
His ruddy cheek yet mantled fresh and  
clean

Against the silver of his straggling hairs—  
A rose implanted in a wreath of snow—  
He heard me read, and when I reached  
the end

"There's more," said he, "than what you  
say is all—

Indeed and double—lots of things I've  
saw,

Yes, ev'ry which way that you care to  
turn,

That Time has outen'd since I was a boy.  
If you kin stay I'll let you know a while—  
Your stuff is just so middlin', so I sink—  
Eusebius Hershey is my pik for rhymes:  
Not heavy like a piece of silly bread,  
Nor strubly—no—and lasty as the sun.  
His 'Living Poem' I have got it onct,  
And read it in the after—ev'ry day—  
I've seen him yet already preaching still!"  
And so, not much unlike "The Inland  
Ship

Of Commerce," once familiar in our vales  
With "gee" and "haw," the old man ram-  
bled on,

His curious phrases, quite beyond my art  
In all their faithfulness to reproduce.  
I had forgotten—so he sadly said—

To "make a mention" of the old-time  
school,

When boys and girls would bar their  
teacher out

Until he treated them to sweets and fruit.  
Then, at the thought of something good  
to eat,

A brighter light came dancing in his eyes,  
And with a wealth of eulogistic words  
He smacked his lips as he recalled the list  
Of dainties common in his younger days:  
The Apple Butter and the Souss and Sass,  
The Apple Dumplings and the Schnitz  
and Knep,

Sour-kROUT and butter-bread and "kauphy-  
soup"

(I write the last as it was writ for me!)  
And kichlin cakes, kohl-slaw and liver-  
wurst

And "chighans from the bott" and raisin  
Pie!

("My daddy had no breakfast if he lacked  
His smear-kase mixed with garlic—and  
his pipe!")

And then he took a turn and spoke of  
Schpooks,

And Pow-wow doctors that would puff  
 and blow  
 And mumble words until a sickly child  
 Was of its ailments and its aches re-  
 lieved;  
 And when he had got fairly started in  
 On Huskings, Quiltings, and the Parties  
 met  
 For Singing—all such interesting themes—  
 A passing shadow and a puff of wind  
 Upset his eloquence and changed his look;  
 "I fear," said he, "that it will give a  
 gust—  
 And like enough will soon make some-  
 thing down.  
 It has a crutch agin a pleasant time—  
 I'll have to go and make the back-door  
 shut!"—  
 So with my thanks I said a quick Good-  
 bye  
 To reach my home before the rain came  
 on,  
 Delighted greatly with the old man's  
 talk.

---

While some of the items of our old  
 friend's list I have never seen, I can  
 cheerfully testify that in modern ban-  
 quets Lancaster can ably hold her own.  
 An opportunity was given me not long  
 ago to attend an informal gathering,  
 which opened up a chance for some  
 verses by way of dessert.

There we found a groaning table in ap-  
 pointments spick and span,  
 Nothing lacking one could wish for to re-  
 fresh the inner man.

If some may think I have more nuts  
 than candy in my confectionery they  
 must blame the subject and not the  
 writer:

Ah, when will we together get again in  
 such a party  
 With such a feast before us set and ap-  
 petites so hearty?  
 From soup to shad, from shad to lamb,  
 we zigzagged on, erratic,  
 Down all the line to cheese and ham and  
 mocha aromatic;  
 Forgetting not the sparkling wine with  
 which the whole was savor'd  
 The new strawberries, big and fine, so  
 fresh and sweetly flavor'd;  
 And Cream! It was so rich and nice, if  
 one had kept the tally,  
 I'll bet it came from Paradise—beneath  
 us in the valley!  
 Perhaps you think to suit my rhyme I  
 have the place invented;  
 That merely with a word to chime my  
 verse has been augmented;  
 But bless ye, no—we have it sure and lots  
 of others rarer,  
 From common Clay and Bareville pure to  
 Bear's a little barer!  
 We're not so great as Father Penn to  
 vaunt such names as Andy,

Pocopson, Paint and Robber's Den; we  
 have no Woodcock handy.  
 We crave no Moon, Oil Creek nor Peach,  
 and neither are we kicking  
 To know that Wolf's beyond our reach  
 and Nippenose and Licking.  
 No Chest is ours, nor Loyal Sock, nor are  
 we yet so crazy  
 To own New Freedom, Slippery Rock,  
 Scrubb Grass, Snow Shoe and Daisy.  
 It's true we have not yet begun to give  
 a place like Rush room,  
 Or Warrior's Mark or Warrior's Run or  
 Cherrytree or Mushroom.  
 Fair Chance, Four Coons and Sugartown,  
 Cornplanter, Muff and Minnie  
 We have to pass with Eagle's Crown,  
 Parnassus and Shickshinny.  
 We're not so rich as we have been; we've  
 lost John Harris' Ferry,  
 Our Robinson no more is seen, nor Bearn  
 nor dear old Derry.  
 Peshtank and Hailem, too, are gone, Man-  
 chester and Montgomery  
 Are now to us as much unknown as  
 Heidelberg and Cumry.  
 The Signboards may be taken down and  
 in our local babble  
 No more we mention Pinchguttown or  
 once far famed Hardscrabble.  
 No longer may we proudly know such  
 morsels fat and juicy  
 As Fiddlers' Green and Beggars' Row,  
 Seyschwamp and Noodledoosy;  
 But we can surely not complain of what  
 time has bereft us  
 While on our map we still retain a list  
 like what is left us.  
 What other county in the land within  
 such compass narrow  
 Can boast of names like Bird-in-Hand,  
 Letort and Octoraro!  
 Salunga, Chickies, Kissel Hill, Cocalico,  
 Vinola,  
 Fertility and Puseyville, Lobata and  
 Leola—  
 Are but a few I can recall in quite a  
 careless gleaning,  
 With music in them one and all regard-  
 less of the meaning.  
 To get a sound to fitly go with little Cone-  
 wago  
 You cannot show us less than show the  
 city of Chicago!  
 We have a Greenland, also Lapps for  
 those who love the Arctic,  
 But home explorers may perhaps be satis-  
 fied with Martic.  
 If one should find Sadsbury sad or Provi-  
 dence unpleasant  
 A smiling Eden may be had where May  
 is always present!  
 We've Windom "to the Manor born" (as  
 oft it's wrongly written)  
 And Donegals that look with scorn on  
 Bart and Little Britain!  
 Colerain and Lyles we can produce as  
 worthy of attention,  
 And Schoeneck, Iva, Pool and Truce we  
 should not fail to mention.  
 Tho' I believe in Irish O's we may be  
 somewhat barren,



There's not a Mac, nor Mc, but knows the  
 comforts of McSparran.  
 We've Lincoln, Newton, Andrew's Bridge,  
 New Holland and New Texas,  
 Pike's Peak and Ronk's and Black Oak  
 Ridge and Vici to perplex us.  
 We have no Monk, but in Mt. Joy we  
 never lack a Florin,  
 While names like Narvon and Conoy to  
 us are nowise foreign!  
 Why need our wooers waste their breath  
 when those who chance to get a  
 Refusal from Elizabeth can go to Mari-  
 etta!  
 If no Rebecca we can claim, we have a  
 sweet Rowenna,  
 But those who think Acadia tame in vain  
 will seek Gehenna.  
 Our Unicorn's no fabled horse, our Buck's  
 domesticated,  
 And long for pleasant Intercourse we  
 have been celebrated.  
 In Kinderhook or Amsterdam the Dutch  
 can hold communion;  
 Grand Army Vets can drink a dram at  
 Junction or at Union;  
 We've Silver Springs and Muddy Creek  
 for Sober Water Drinkers;  
 Churchtown and Kirkwood both bespeak  
 no lack of pious thinkers;  
 For Scots we have got Aberdeen,—a  
 something of a station,  
 Safe Harbor always is serene for rural  
 navigation;  
 If Pittsburg fails to satisfy, a Smoke-  
 town we can offer,  
 And though we have no Drexel nigh a  
 Ledger we can proffer.  
 What need to seek the Holy Land so far  
 across the ocean?  
 We have Bethesda near at hand, a Bethel  
 and a Goshen.  
 For Cockneys we have London Grove, for  
 buyers always Sellers;  
 Long since our Goodville angels drove  
 the imps away from Hellers.  
 Pedantic Boston drummer chaps who call  
 potatoes "tubers"  
 Can drum more business up perhaps at  
 Hubley's than at Huber's.  
 Our Sorrel Horse might well be stuck be-  
 side the best of Ascot,  
 And we need never lack for luck as long's  
 we have a Mascot.  
 Blue Ball, White Rock, Red Run and  
 Rheem's we show amongst our lingo  
 And Pleasant Grove in quiet dreams not  
 far from Conowingo.  
 We have a Talmage in our bounds, yet  
 Sports unchecked may revel  
 At Sporting Hill or on the grounds sur-  
 rounding Chestnut Level;  
 Or break their necks in Brecknock's  
 plains, or simply dump their cargo  
 At Hains or Cains or Hell's Gate Lanes,  
 Eldora or Camargo!  
 Within our borders may be found both  
 Leacock and Lampeter  
 And many other names that sound too  
 rugged for my meter,  
 Like Vera Cruz, and Monterey, Tayloria,  
 Gap and Dissler;

But "one by one" the rest to say I leave  
 to—Simon Shissler!  
 Sufficiently I think I've shown with all  
 our gifts from Nature  
 We pretty well can hold our own in local  
 nomenclature.

---

This long digression please excuse, we  
 still were at the table  
 Enliven'd with the latest news and anecd-  
 otes so able.  
 And then the witty joke and jest, the  
 laughter ever present,  
 The repartee and all the rest that flow'd  
 and flash'd incessant,—  
 O, reader, could my lines but be so bright-  
 ly interlarded,  
 For all the time you give to me you  
 would be well rewarded!  
 What tho! some stories were not new it  
 made but little matter,  
 Were chestnuts barr'd but precious few  
 Bon mots we'd have to scatter;  
 When what is told is fresh to me in but  
 the slightest feature  
 Why, what care I how old it be to any  
 other creature.  
 There's not a verse in modern lore how-  
 ever bards have striven  
 But what its twin from days of yore I  
 doubt not could be given.  
 Should living Poets therefore cease their  
 Sonnets to be stringing?—  
 The birds as soon might hold their peace  
 nor plague us with their singing.  
 There's room for all—for all a chance; if  
 they should not approve you  
 Let Criticasters go to France, but never  
 let them move you!

---

A proof of how well Lancaster  
 cared for the public in her early his-  
 tory may be found in the splendid list  
 of Inns, Hotels, Taverns and Road-  
 houses scattered throughout our city  
 and county. The old names also natu-  
 rally suggest old people, times and  
 manners, so I make no apology for ap-  
 pending a few reflections by way of  
 footnotes to the catalogue:

Ye Anciente Innes—our old Hotels!—to  
 name them thro' and thro'  
 Would conjure up ((whatever else) a  
 pretty fair-sized Zoo.  
 We had "The Lion" and "The Lamb,"  
 "The Unicorn," "The Bear,"  
 "The Leopard," "Turtle," "Bull" and  
 "Buck" and "Horses" by the pair;  
 "The Flying Angel," "Golden Fleece,"  
 "The Eagle" and "The Cat;"  
 "The Rainbow" and "The Thirteen  
 Stripes," "The Compass" and "The  
 Hat;"  
 "The Cross Keys" and "The Globe" dis-  
 played their hospitable charms  
 In friendly competition with "The Penn-  
 sylvania Arms;"

"The King of Prussia" Signboard near  
 "The Washington" was seen,  
 "The Franklin" and "The William Pitt"  
 beside "The Indian Queen."  
 For those who did not like "The Ship,"  
 "The Fountain" could be found,  
 "The Harp," "The Wheat Sheaf," "Wa-  
 terloo" or "Grape," no less re-  
 nowned;  
 "The Bird-in-Hand," "The Rising Sun,"  
 "The Wagon" and "The Wayne,"—  
 And many more whose glory ne'er can  
 be revived again!  
 The other day I stood before the old  
 colonial "Plow,"  
 And thought how very great the change  
 between the Past and Now!  
 If Lyman Gage thro' Lancaster his course  
 should chance to steer  
 It's hardly likely he would look for "food  
 and lodging" here.  
 And yet this very place and house we  
 positively know  
 Was good enough for Gallatin a hundred  
 years ago.  
 Last Sunday night, in musing mood, when  
 all was hushed and still,  
 From German street with easy pace I  
 climbed the Queen street Hill,  
 And took a stroll around the site where  
 once had stood "The Swan,"  
 A hostelry of great repute in ages past  
 and gone.  
 As Fancy waved her magic wand, erasing  
 what was new,  
 How many glimpses of the Past were  
 brought before my view!  
 I saw the Bartons—big and small—old  
 Thomas of St. James,  
 Who loved his king so well he shirked  
 the Young Republic's claims;  
 The famous Botanizing Ben whom Andre  
 taught to draw;  
 The Doctor with the best advice to bind  
 a broken jaw;  
 Matthias with his Ores and Clays, his  
 Honor Will, the Judge,  
 And Lawyer Wash., the silver-tongued,  
 whose merits none could grudge;  
 I saw old Father Beates pass, and roving  
 Henry Boehm,  
 Who lived to realize in part his Methodis-  
 tic dream;  
 I saw the noted Eberman, who made our  
 first Town Clock;  
 Saw Bishop Seybert stop to greet a mem-  
 ber of his flock;  
 I saw Lord Altham, as a hind, for Bar-  
 ber's prison bound;  
 And Temperance Black and Eberle in  
 medicine renowned;  
 I heard the hated Hanks harangue  
 against Masonic Arts;  
 Saw Draughtsman Scott expose for sale  
 his Lancasterian charts;  
 Caught Bishop Peter Eby's voice as in  
 his well-known vein  
 He told the story of the Cross in Men-  
 nonistic strain;  
 I saw the Martyr'd Dickson led to edit in  
 the jail  
 The sheet that never could be gagged nor  
 forced to trim its sail;

I saw the Graver Peter Getz, whose work  
 was deemed so fine  
 The Washingtonian first cent piece was  
 made from his design;  
 I heard the Post boy blow his horn and  
 shortly with its load  
 "The Good Intent," in all its pride, came  
 rumbling down the road;  
 I saw Judge Grosh, as big as life, re-  
 turning from a drive  
 And bravely seated by his side his Mrs.  
 Number Five;  
 I heard Miss Slough's piano fill the  
 Square with sweet perfume  
 As once again she play'd for me "The  
 Rose Tree in full bloom;"  
 Saw Baron Humboldt when he came with  
 laurel in his hand  
 To greet our Clergyman, the famed Lin-  
 naeus of our land;  
 And heard his brother hum the lines by  
 which he's known the best,  
 Adopted as a Standard Hymn despite his  
 warm protest;  
 "He would not alway" live, he said—"he  
 did not ask to stay"  
 And soon to old St. Luke's, New York, the  
 Poet went away;  
 Saw Dr. Priestley come to town from  
 Strasburg where he stayed  
 Before the Susquehanna's banks he ven-  
 tured to invade;  
 Saw Champneys on a champing steed,  
 Herr Smith and Dickey, too,  
 And here and there a color'd man and  
 here and there a Jew;  
 Saw Steinmans, Heinitsches, Demuths,  
 whose business signs they say  
 Six score of years ago were here as they  
 are here to-day;  
 Saw Caldwelles, Cassels, Cochranes, Erbs  
 and Kauffmans by the score,  
 Ferees and Graffs and Fahnestocks and  
 many others more.  
 Upon a barrow standing near some local  
 books were shown  
 Whose tempting titles made me wish that  
 they might be my own;  
 "The Chronicon," "The Martyr's Book,"  
 and others in the dress  
 That first they wore when they were  
 launched from our first printing  
 press;  
 A pamphlet set from Coulter's type, a  
 most inviting pile,  
 Of Broad-sides, Ballads, Bills and Tracts  
 in Chattan's finest style;  
 The pious "Vision" seen and penn'd by  
 Herr with such effect  
 It made our first New Mennonite the  
 Bunyan of his sect.  
 "The Prayer of Love" by Geist, who still  
 is spared to use his pen;  
 Some "Twisted Threads" by some one  
 else, but now beyond my ken;  
 "Colloquial Phrases—Ehrenfried;" and,  
 what is still more rare,  
 A German Folio Bible made by "Alman-  
 acker" Baer,  
 A bunch of modest bits of Verse, some  
 Sermons bound in calf,  
 With Lawyer's Books and "Oriflammes"  
 —I could not name the half;



But all I know were worth my time, re-  
     stricted tho' it be,  
 Had I been granted but the chance to  
     take them home with me.  
 Beside the heap a little box I noticed  
     loaded full  
 With "Tickets for a Drawing" held "to  
     build a Publick School,"  
 Recalling in their vividness the free and  
     easy Age  
 When all such schemes were legalized and  
     very much the rage.  
 They helped to build our Streets and  
     Roads, and Churches much revered  
 We still have standing in our midst that  
     thus were financed.  
 Indeed, some towns were started so, and  
     started fairly right,  
 Tho' some again, like Bridgeton, boomed,  
     and disappeared from sight:—  
 Not thine, O breezy Brownington, be such  
     a fate to share,  
 Thy castles all too lovely are to leave  
     them in the air!

It would be quite impossible to  
 exhaust my topic if I talked for  
 a week. After I thought I had  
 handled the subject fairly well, I had  
 an experience last summer that ena-  
 bled me greatly to enrich my pages. I  
 ask your indulgence while I relate the  
 circumstances, as my adventure per-  
 tains to one of the most illustrious  
 characters associated with the name of  
 Lancaster:

It was the hour when light begins to  
     wane  
 And underneath the garlands and the  
     flags  
 Columbia's heroes in their honor'd  
     graves  
 Had heard the echoes of the last salutes,  
 The bands of music and the silver tongues  
 That told the story of Memorial Day.  
 Through Rossmere Tract companion'd by  
     my dog  
 With pensive step I made my easy way  
 Until I paused before the modest shaft  
 That marks the site where stood the  
     house where lived  
 The Statesman, Lawyer and the patriot  
     Chief,  
 Of all our Citizens the only one  
 That left his name upon the Roll of Fame  
 Whose lustre Time can never blot or dim.  
 While speculating on the sacred spot  
 As darkness thickened there appeared to  
     me  
 A man I took to be of middle age.  
 His wig, his breeches and his coat and  
     vest  
 His hat and shoes, colonial one and all,  
 But yet so well they graced the hallow'd  
     ground  
 So smoothly joined the current of my  
     thoughts  
 And he so plainly was so much at home  
 I was not startled as I might have been,

And unabashed, "Good Evening, Friend,"  
I said.

He nodded kindly as if not displeased,  
And thus encouraged I resumed my talk:  
"How comes it, Judge, that I behold you  
here?"

You cannot tell me you were overlooked  
And were not asked to join the "Yellow  
Cats,"

For once departed from their bags of  
green

To meet at Ephrata to feast to-night?"—

He sweetly smiled and answer'd, "I sup-  
pose

The limit line had somewhere to be drawn  
And since the Host took all the living bar  
'Twas wise I think to let the dead ones  
rest.

I knew, besides, that I should meet with  
you

And having watched you in your recent  
work

(If task so pleasant could be counted  
such!)

I thought my time with profit might be  
spent

In speaking to you on your chosen  
theme!"

With keen delight my thanks I stammer'd  
out

And sitting down upon the grassy bank  
The very spot where once perhaps he sat

When he decided in his heart, to write  
The autograph that now so much is  
prized

And risk his fame, his fortune and his  
life

For Independence and the end of Kings,  
He cleared his throat and speaking slow-  
ly said:

Too much entirely you have overlooked  
That should be surely mentioned in your  
verse:

As one who sits before a living screen  
That seems to move in panoramic style

I see before me in its ceaseless flow  
The Stream of Time unfolding like a  
scroll,

And as the pictures that appear to lead  
Go flitting by now more or less distinct,

In briefest phrases I will note the scenes  
That most impress me as they glide  
along.

#### GEORGE ROSS SPEAKS:

The prospect opens with the distant Past  
When James the First was wearing  
Britain's Crown

And all our country was a forest vast  
Of little value and of less renown.

The Susquehannocks and the Shawanese  
Delighted then upon our hills to roam

Or by the Creeks amongst the mighty  
trees

Erect the Wigwams that they called a  
Home.

Of Shakespeare's era, of his kin and kith,  
No stranger doubtless to our mighty  
bard

The great Explorer Pocahontas Smith  
Presents a sketch that claims our brief  
regard:

A giant Indian in his hunting dress  
 Prepared alike for either friend or foe,  
 The native ruler of the Wilderness  
 His sceptre symbol'd in his bended  
 bow.

Then came the Age of Quaker William  
 Penn,  
 The French-Canadians and their trading  
 schemes  
 When Chief Opessah and his leading men  
 So oft broke in upon the White Man's  
 Dreams.

Here moved the Chartieres and made  
 their abode,  
 Pierre Bizailon also settled here,  
 And left his Epitaph in "Peter's Road"  
 Our one reminder of his long career.

Scotch-Irish, Welsh, and English settlers  
 next  
 With Swiss and Germans came upon the  
 scene,  
 And through a "purchase" or a worse  
 pretext  
 Commenced locating in our rich de-  
 mesne.

The Smiths their trials with the Lowrys  
 share,  
 Each man equipp'd with Bible and with  
 gun—  
 Ah, who can tell how much they had to  
 bear  
 From "Cresap's War" until the  
 "Bloody Run!"

Now far transplanted from his native  
 land  
 The Douglas in the Piersol found a  
 friend;  
 "A kindly Scot lies here"—of all he  
 plann'd  
 The only record of his final end.

Here also lived the Semples and Gal-  
 braiths,  
 The Wilkins, Harrises and many more,  
 And here occur'd the first of all the  
 deaths  
 That later on such awful fruitage bore:

When Thomas Wright was by an Indian  
 killed  
 With perfect truth it may be briefly  
 said:  
 Each drop of blood that day at Snake-  
 town spilled  
 Before the end was by a life repaid.

Such names as Mylin, Kendig, Hess and  
 Bare,  
 The Frantzes, Landises, the Herrs, the  
 Gaies,  
 Hostetter, Brenneman and Shirk and  
 Hare  
 Were common now amongst our Glens  
 and Dales.

In Donegal, but here and there to quote,  
 We had the Andersons, the Scotts, the  
 Speers;

Sterrits and Porters we might also note,  
And Fords and Pattersons of later  
years.

Amongst our Welsh came Davis, Foulke  
and Jones,  
Ellis and Evans and a score beside  
Whose patronymics still our country  
owns  
And still can mention with no little  
pride.

The Swiss, the Germans and the English  
stuck,  
But with a few exceptions by the way  
Still further West the bold Scotch-Irish  
struck  
Till they are over all the West to-day.

More peaceful times now came upon the  
land  
And white and red men might be seen  
to meet  
At "Gibson's Pastures," as we under-  
stand,  
The site where now we have our County  
Seat.

From Oberbach the saintly Beissel came  
To whose opinionative zeal we owe  
The sect that brought to Ephrata the  
fame  
That yet surrounds it with a dying  
glow.

In cloister'd cells that still are shown us  
there,  
Like monks and sisters of the Church  
of Rome  
Austere in lodging and in garb and fare  
The pious Baptists made their hermit  
home.\*

A strange community, we must confess,  
To judge them only from their outward  
guise,  
But in their Schools and in their Printing  
Press,  
They proved their culture and their en-  
terprise.

Their Books of Music and their Painted  
Charts  
That still the studies of the learned en-  
gage  
Attest a leaning to the finer Arts  
Within our borders in a bygone Age.

They came as softly as the falling dew,  
They lived in peace and when they came  
to die  
They disappeared as gently from the  
view  
As misty vapors in the morning sky.

How great the contrast from the constant  
strife  
Of other settlers in our broad domains,

\* Not thine, O Raikes, the Sabbatarian  
fame  
That undisputed for so long ye bore,  
Thy torch was but rekindled at the flame  
Here lit by Hacker forty years before!



This green oasis in the arid life  
Of early days amongst our hills and  
plains!

But while we pause to make our mental  
notes  
Our panorama has been moving on,  
We look and waken from our musing  
thoughts  
To find the era of the Red Man gone.

Alas! alack! that we should have to see  
With all the horrors we could well de-  
scribe  
The Paxton Rangers in their ghoulish  
glee  
Wipe out the remnants of our native  
tribe.

No longer now amongst our valleys seen:  
The Aborigine pursues the chase  
Along the Creeks where trees are ever  
green,  
All unmolested by an alien race.

And what remains of what was once so  
great  
To link the present with the days of  
yore?—  
A dozen names that no one can translate,  
Some pictured hieroglyphs and—nothing  
more!

Now guided by the Cannon smoke be-  
hold  
Our fearless Farmers as they leave their  
farms  
To join our Citizens as brave and bold  
In opposition to the British Arms.

The certain War could be no more post-  
poned  
And who more quickly rushed to vol-  
unteer  
That Transatlantic Rule might be de-  
throned  
Than those enlisted from our County  
here?

Our fighting Hubleys we may take as  
types  
Of all who joined them in the noble  
cause  
And marched away beneath the Stars and  
Stripes  
To help to clip the mighty Lion's claws.

How well their mission was in time ful-  
filled  
We need not in a hurried sketch recall;  
Enough to say that as it had been willed  
They did their share to break the  
Tyrant's thrall.

Our Inland City figured largely then:  
Here Congress met if only for a day,  
And here King George's scarlet-coated  
men  
For stronger reasons made a longer  
stay.

We put the Hessians to repairing shoes,  
To work the mines the Fusiliers were  
hired,

And not a few, if we can trust the news,  
To settle down amongst us were in-  
spired.

We hear to-day of peaceful bands of men  
Upon the tramp because of Rights de-  
layed.

This City muster'd such an army then--  
Our Soldiers who avowed they would be  
paid.

In recent years the Paxton Boys had  
scared  
The Quaker City when they marched to  
town,  
And now our "Flying Camp Reserves"  
declared  
The time had come again to travel  
down.

They made the journey as they said they  
would  
Received the promise they had come to  
seek  
Discussed its tenor and pronounced it  
good  
—And all were home again within a  
week.

"Thorough" or "Through" our Founder's  
motto stands  
And thus whatever we may undertake  
When we "turn to" and "spit upon our  
hands"  
All opposition has to yield or break!

If treated rightly we will do our share  
In any business that may be to do:  
Abuse us and you soon will be aware  
Our people can be good Insurgents too!

The famous Franklin, weighing this and  
that,  
Perhaps our Country's most reputed  
Sage,  
Statesman, Philanthropist and Diplomat  
With splendor shines upon our local  
page.

Our Seat of Learning he endow'd, and  
when  
We first grew rich enough a Hall to  
own,  
It was the frugal Democratic Ben  
Who came himself and laid the Corner-  
Stone.

On College Hill now stands his Monu-  
ment,  
His glory joined to Justice Marshall's  
fame,—  
Minerva's Light with Law's effulgence  
blent  
Irradiating from the double name!

'Twas in our City that the well-known  
phrase  
"The Father of his Country" first ap-  
peared.  
And here we gather'd to accord our praise  
To him in person whom we all revered.

We met him in his famous Coach of State  
 At Wrightsville Bridge and brought him  
 thence to town,  
 And here our President was pleased to  
 wait  
 To add to our already great renown.

We dined and wined him in our City Hall  
 One glorious Fourth, and while his  
 name survives  
 We can with gratitude and pride recall  
 The signal honor as each Fourth ar-  
 rives.

The Mother of the Revolution, too,—  
 Sweet Lady Washington—has seen our  
 town,  
 And many houses that we yet may view  
 Have heard the frou-frou of her silken  
 gown.

Along our streets old Chester's soldier  
 Wayne  
 Has often gallop'd on his mad career,  
 And it's a certainty that Thomas Paine  
 Prepared some numbers of his "Crisis"  
 here.

The Ornithologist and Scottish Bard,  
 Rare Sandy Wilson (once the friend of  
 Burns!)  
 Canvass'd our city, and in his reward  
 Of one subscriber figured big returns.

Count Zinzendorff and Botanist Michaux  
 Both took our measurement in ages  
 gone;—  
 One preaching from our Court House  
 Portico,  
 The other viewing us and passing on.

From Centre Square the Quaker Artist  
 West  
 Commenced his struggle up Fame's  
 rugged steep  
 To reach the Laurel that was Britain's  
 best,  
 And with her greatest at the last to  
 sleep.

Ah, surely then it was a gala day—  
 We read it now as if it were romance!—  
 When here our people in their best array  
 Received the Hero from the land of  
 France.

Our ladies met him with their posies  
 sweet  
 Tied up in ribbons, red and white and  
 blue,  
 And on the platform or upon the street  
 Were duly kissed, if all reports are true.

Our Scholars sang for him their sweetest  
 notes,  
 Our soldiers hailed him with their  
 loudest cheers,  
 Our finest speakers with their choicest  
 thoughts  
 Retold the story of his younger years.

And with us still, not quite unknown to  
 fame,  
 Lives Casper Weitzel, whom we all  
 have met,

That as a babe received his Christian  
name  
Reposing in the arms of Lafayette.

Good Father Keenan we can also see,  
St. Mary's Pastor and our City's pride,  
Beloved by all and always known to be  
A safe adviser and an able guide.

Two generations did he preach and teach.  
His life and labors only giving o'er  
When lacking less than three short years  
to reach  
The splendid record of the full five  
score!

Much more did my interesting com-  
panion tell me, but I must hasten on.  
As you will soon perceive, "all is grist  
to my mill." In my ardor to collect  
new data I do not hesitate to confer  
with the dead or to take a tip from the  
living, but, so far as it can be done,  
always with due acknowledgment, I  
trust:

Speaking of the old-time Manners, Cus-  
toms, Fashions,—what you like,  
Robert Risk's "Observed and Noted" re-  
cently I chanced to strike,  
Reading there a Lamentation couched in  
prose as pure as terse,  
For a whim I paraphrased it into  
Alexandrine verse.  
'Rather risky to enlarge it!'—do I hear  
a critic say?—  
Well, Expansion is in order over all the  
land to-day.  
If I've err'd assimilating raw materials  
duty free;  
If I've looted facts and figures clearly  
ready-made for me;  
Bob, I know, my Muse will pardon even  
where he finds she strays,  
And to him be all the glory, and the  
honor and the praise.

#### LAMENT FOR APRIL 1.

The First of April has been dead for  
years!  
It lives no longer as our greatest day:  
No more within our bailiwick appears  
Its hum of business and its mixed dis-  
play  
Of solemn faces and of pleasure gay.  
Ah, where is he who in his youth has  
seen  
The rustics gather in their best array,  
And views the stragglers that may now  
convene  
On this once noted date, but sighs for  
what has been!

Not long ago it was the only chance  
That many farmers would consent to  
take  
To see the City and to give a glance

At current fashions—for the women's  
sake;  
The one occasion when they made a  
break  
In fifty weeks of drudging on the soil,  
At plow or harrow, at the scythe or  
rake,  
Or dropped the burden of their indoor  
toil  
To pay their yearly bills and count their  
twelvemonths' spoil.

Then might the Countryman be spied in  
town  
In all the beauty of his unkempt hair,  
His suit of black or drab or khaki brown  
As quaintly cut as 'twas of buttons  
bare.  
He moved among us with a gawky  
stare,  
Or from a doorstep or a window sill  
Survey'd the passers with a wistful air,  
To capture which might well have tried  
the skill  
Of our Von Ossko's brush or Phoebe  
Gibbons' quill.\*

He summed accounts upon a water plug,  
His money roll brought often into view,  
And thought it nothing out of place to  
lug  
His dinner with him and his horse's, too.  
No peanut stand nor eating house he  
knew,  
Unless perhaps a doughnut he might buy,  
Or spend a nickel on an oyster stew;  
But yet at times he has been known to  
try  
Both Sprenger's brand of beer and Rei-  
gart's brand of Rye.

He was a ringer for the small boys' jokes,  
Who "April-fooled" him to their hearts'  
content,  
A ready victim to the crudest strokes  
The older fellows would for him invent;  
The empty parcel and the heated cent  
That lay unnoticed by the city jays;  
And rarely to his country home he went  
Without neglecting from the curb to raise  
The neatly-bound brick-bat that always  
met his gaze.

Yes, he is gone and with him, too, has  
gone  
The backwoods beauty and her country  
swain,

---

\* When I reflect upon the varied sects  
That more or less around us masque-  
rade,  
And think how triflingly the garb affects  
Some pious wearers when it comes to  
trade:  
When I believe, however long delay'd,  
We grow like what we worship—if we  
can,  
I sometimes think with one who well  
has said:  
'An honest god's the noblest work of  
Man!'  
And wish some freaks I know subscribed  
to such a plan.



Who loved on this red-letter day to don  
 Their finest clothing and to give the rein  
 To all the fancies of the rural brain;  
 To haunt the station and take in the  
 shows,  
 And see the sights that follow'd in their  
 train  
 From early morning to the final close,  
 With that profound delight which but  
 the rustic knows.

They made a picture that was worth a  
 frame,  
 This happy couple as they walked the  
 street  
 In broadest day not shrinking to proclaim  
 How love at last had made their lives  
 complete;  
 Their little fingers linked in converse  
 sweet,  
 Perchance they nibbled at a ginger cake,  
 Or for variety preferred to eat  
 The pretzel which the Lititz bakers  
 make—  
 One bag between them both for pure af-  
 fection's sake.

Unvexed by tailors and their changing  
 style,  
 His father's coat the guileless Brummel  
 wore,  
 A little smooth it might be in its pile  
 But sound as ever to its inmost core,  
 A broad-brimmed hat upon his head  
 he bore,  
 An ancient collar and a stock encased  
 And chafed his neck until they made  
 it sore;  
 His front was by a brassy watch chain  
 graced  
 And greasy boots his tight, high-water  
 pants embraced.

His girl was also "fitted out to kill,"  
 With ample freedom in her homespun  
 dress,  
 Her hat a triumph of her artless skill  
 In robbing color of its loveliness;  
 No patent leathers did her feet com-  
 press,  
 Her calfskin shoes were easy and were  
 dry,  
 And for her crook our rustic shep-  
 herdess  
 Display'd a parasol that one might try  
 In vain thro' Rose's stock or Follmer,  
 Clogg's to buy.

Thro' netted mitts her fingers could be  
 seen  
 And red they were, as were her cheeks  
 and fat,  
 But they would err who thought she must  
 be green  
 Or who would try to take her for a flat.  
 She knew her business and her Bible  
 pat,  
 And those who might attempt to put her  
 out  
 Would for their tit receive a fitting tat,  
 And wish beyond the shadow of a doubt  
 They had not been so rash as bring the  
 tilt about.

What else she might be she was not a  
 prude,  
 And all regardless of the dude or fop,  
 She did not scruple wheresoe'er she stood  
 To make her pocket-book her stocking  
 top;  
 And on the street or in the druggist's  
 shop  
 She did not hesitate in sharing bliss  
 By drinking from her sweetheart's glass  
 of pop,  
 Or, deaf to laughter and the fountain's  
 "siss,"  
 Imprint upon his lips a smacking country  
 kiss.

When night came on the farmer home-  
 ward hied  
 His wagon loaded with enough for  
 three:  
 Our youthful Romeo by his Juliet's side  
 Not far to rearward we might also see;  
 That night she did the driving so that  
 he,  
 With her to hold the reins along the way,  
 Might have his hands and all about him  
 free  
 To do the courting that I doubt not they  
 Believed to be for them the best part of  
 the day.

And gone as well the old-time Bully is  
 Whose one ambition was to start a row,  
 Who walked around chuck full of  
 "whiskey-fliz"  
 To smite his enemies his open vow:  
 They one and all have made their final  
 bow.  
 Such scenes and actors are forever o'er,  
 The Press, the Postman and the Trolley  
 now  
 So much have added to advancement's  
 store  
 That old-time April First can come again  
 no more!

---

Let us pause now, to take a brief  
 glance at things as they are:

Here flows the tide of human life in vol-  
 ume full and strong,  
 By changing scenes of peace and strife,  
 thro' types of Right and Wrong.  
 We have the country and the town and in  
 them may be seen  
 The city gent, the rustic clown, and all  
 the grades between.  
 The men who dress with hooks and eyes  
 commingle with the beaus  
 Togg'd out in fashion's latest guise from  
 shdits to patent toes.  
 The dames and damsels mix and mell  
 from Dunker matron staid  
 To that rare sample of the belle—an Iris-  
 tinted maid!  
 The farmer gossips in the store or tests  
 the drinks on tap  
 In dens along Bohemia's shore not men-  
 tioned on the map.  
 The gaudy wenches of the street their  
 trade in daylight ply

While Amish lasses pure as sweet in yellow teams drive by.

---

For leading Recreations now the Park,  
the Boulevard,  
The Country Club and Boating Trips are  
held in high regard.  
When Golf refuses to engulf the cares of  
business strife  
A Conestoga River row can add new zest  
to life;  
And even those who do not wish to steer  
or pull the oar  
Need not unsatisfied remain upon the  
verdant shore  
When steamers like "The Lady Gay" for  
for half a dime or so  
Defying winds or tides traverse the  
waters to and fro.  
Athletic Clubs and Reading Rooms content the more sedate  
And Baseball Games and Football Games  
with others have their weight.  
The devotees of Cards and Chips can always find a game  
From mild Progressive Euchre up to  
Poker not so tame.  
Roof Gardens, too, have just come in  
where Vaudeville displays  
Her choicest shows for from a dime to  
twenty cents a gaze.  
And then we always with us have McGrann's far-noted course  
For lovers of the Turf to test the merits  
of a horse,  
While Lime Street Track from Grubb's to  
Clay no small attention wins  
For Sleighing Heats in Winter Time or  
Summer Sunday spins.  
Indeed, for Locomotion we are now so  
well supplied  
Who cannot fit his fancy here can not be  
satisfied.  
From bicycles to Four-in-Hands and up  
to Tally Hos  
With Auto Cars of all designs our county  
overflows.  
I'll not endeavor to compute nor venture  
to declare  
The miles I've passed with Mr. Shand behind his spanking pair;  
North, East and West and South I've  
seen his trotters test his skill  
By shining creek or dark ravine or  
thickly wooded hill.  
And not a few romantic spots were first  
brought to my view  
By "Douglas's" and "Dan'l's" help, to  
give them but their due!  
With all so fine it's pretty hard however  
one might strive  
To single out for special praise a single  
special drive.  
A half a score of routes pop up for choice  
of foremost claim  
Succeeded by a dozen more with merits  
no less lame,  
And in the end if one is fair it might be  
frankly said  
Seek where we like and when we may  
we'll always be repaid!



But pleasant as such driving is it must be  
 noted slow  
 To riding on the Trolley Cars,—wherever  
 they may go.  
 And now the rails or plans for rails the  
 county maps reveal  
 Like spokes converging from the hub of  
 some gigantic wheel.  
 A man can have a choice of lines for  
 miles and miles to glide  
 Across a country justly known as "Penn-  
 sylvania's Pride,"  
 The Garden Spot of all the State un-  
 equal'd for its farms  
 Its handsome Buildings, splendid stock  
 and other rural charms;  
 In Agriculture's widest range without a  
 par or peer,—  
 The very first upon the list where'er you  
 care to steer;—  
 So brilliant, and so big a gem that it was  
 doubtless planned  
 To be the flawless Koh-i'-noor to place on  
 Nature's hand.

Outsiders might not be blamed if  
 they were to consider we had now  
 reached the end of our string of celeb-  
 rities and important happenings; yet,  
 it seems to me, we have only scratched  
 the surface, and have failed to mention  
 one of the most famous incidents con-  
 nected with our district, and the most  
 brilliant galaxy of our local stars:

Who has been so dead as never to have  
 read about the claim  
 Which entitles Christiana to the highest  
 local fame?  
 There was fired the shot that tyrants  
 trembled in their hearts to hear,  
 Marking Fifty-One forever as an Epoch-  
 Making year!  
 In the streets of Christiana (fitting place  
 indeed to tell)  
 Once again we heard the story told by  
 one who knew it well:  
 One who in his youth had heard it from  
 the very lips of those  
 Who were actors in the drama from its  
 outset to its close:  
 Who in graphic language pictured Ed-  
 ward Gorsuch bold and fierce  
 As, supported by his kindred, and by Dr.  
 Thomas Pearce,  
 He invaded Parker's dwelling on a dark  
 September morn,  
 Leaving Kline, the timid Marshal, in a  
 nearby field of corn;—  
 How the clamor soon collected all the  
 people near at hand  
 As the wealthy Marylander for his slaves  
 made loud demand;—  
 How that Hanway, Lewis, Scarlett and  
 the other men of peace  
 By their presence and their manner  
 hoped to have the tumult cease:—  
 How the outcasts massed together armed  
 with clubs and scythes and guns  
 Ready to repel the onset threatened by  
 the Southland's sons;—

How the reckless, daring Gorsuch cursed  
 the darkies as he said  
 If he could not get them living he would  
 surely take them dead;—  
 How the no less fearless negroes bravely  
 met their bitter foe  
 And with their initial volley laid the fiery  
 Gorsuch low;  
 How the white unharmed Aggressors now  
 less valiant than discreet  
 When they saw their Leader dying in his  
 gore amongst their feet  
 Left the spot for further succor, led by  
 Marshal Henry Kline,  
 As the Hero of the Cornfield doomed for-  
 evermore to shine!  
 Yes, 'twas here, in Christiana, our pre-  
 cursors did prefer  
 Helping slaves to fight if need be, quiet  
 Quakers though they were,  
 And the Riot there encouraged was the  
 first decided stand  
 Made by Right against Injustice backed  
 by Law's protecting hand!

A random word about our claims that  
 some one was to edit  
 Recalled how many famous names we  
 have got to our credit.  
 If I should wish to read the roll of all  
 our country's noted  
 You would be weary of my scroll before  
 they could be quoted.  
 From Weiser down to Wickersham, to  
 take a sample cluster,  
 What other group can Uncle Sam from  
 equal limits muster?  
 Betwix't the gloaming and the dark in  
 Long's now celebrated  
 But still neglected City Park last night  
 they congregated.  
 For many months we have revolved since  
 Cath'rine did devise it  
 When all the legal doubts were solved  
 how best to utilize it:  
 Now surely here a hint we find that's  
 worth consideration,  
 Why not preserve it for a kind of Spirit  
 Reservation?  
 The Susquehannocks I'll be bound would  
 all be much elated  
 To use a Happy Hunting Ground so nicely  
 situated.  
 Palefaces too among the braves might  
 not object to rally  
 When for a frolic from their graves  
 they were allowed to sally:  
 Unvexed our Great Departed there could  
 have their nightly meetings  
 And with the living if they care enjoy  
 fraternal greetings!  
 I closed my eyes and saw them pass with  
 more or less precision  
 As once again they trod the grass be-  
 fore my mental vision:  
 And for his poor imperfect plan excuse  
 the lame recorder  
 Who only names them as he can with no  
 attempt at order.  
 Forgive me if the first I saw were Keiths  
 and Hamiltonians  
 And Stewarts, Mitchells, Gordons, "a my  
 brither Caledonians;"

And I can hardly be reproved if better  
 yet and finer  
 I spied a Scot but once removed in Ross  
 our only Signer,  
 DeHaas beside him took his stand and,  
 through the group to hurry,  
 I hailed the Fighter Rockford Hand and  
 old Grammarian Murray.  
 The Miffins and the Atlees two, the  
 Shippens and the Snyders,  
 And Forney first among the crew of all  
 our news providers.  
 There Muhlenberg and Fulton walked  
 discussing trains and trolleys,  
 As Heintzelman with Reynolds talked on  
 Philippino follies.  
 Old Dr. Neff in all his pride untouched  
 by Time's eraser,  
 I noticed walking by the side of doughty  
 Colonel Fraser.  
 Professor Haldeman was shown a  
 Shreiner Timepiece scanning,  
 While Dr. Harbaugh all alone to smite his  
 Harp was planning.  
 A sermon on "the Jasper Gates examined  
 as an Omen"  
 Was being preached to Jasper Yeates by  
 Sainted Bishop Bowman.  
 And Henry Leman with a gun, as Curtis  
 Grubb was cheering.  
 Had Langdon Cheeves on the run for  
 reasons not appearing.  
 At Nevin's side stood Lititz Beck and  
 near them Thomas Burrowes,  
 While Simon Rathvon tried to check a  
 bug among the furrows.  
 Old Brewer Franck explained the mode  
 of tapping kegs of lager,  
 As Rauch and William Henry show'd the  
 first designed screw-auger.  
 The murdered Ramsey, looking weak, at-  
 tempted to inveigle  
 Old Maytown-born Lochiel to speak with  
 Manheim Baron Steigel.  
 And it was worth a lot to spy Rebecca  
 Gratz's manner  
 As Barbara Freitchie hobbled by with  
 Bible and with Banner.  
 The artist Eicholtz paused to paint a  
 Dunker's little daughter,  
 While Dr. Agnew made complaint about  
 our muddy water.  
 And lo! I thought, how Time the worst of  
 crookednesses evens  
 As Wheatland's Sage upon me burst in  
 pleasant talk with Stevens:  
 I heard such words as "Tagalogs," and  
 "Cubans" and "a cleaning"  
 And "Ripper Bills" and "to the dogs," but  
 could not grasp the meaning.  
 And just as Marriott Brosius stopped to  
 make a short oration  
 To my regret the curtain dropp'd without  
 an explanation.  
 The shadows faded into air in manner so  
 capricious  
 The Tryst I hope again to share when  
 Fate is more propitious.  
 And when I do and lift the veil from what  
 is yet remaining,  
 My next Apocalyptic tale may be more  
 entertaining!

**EXTRA!**

The Printer having just advised me that the "copy" on hand would leave several blank pages in the "form," I have decided to improve the opportunity by recording a few more local lines. The bulk of the foregoing matter was inspired by a visit paid to Christiana last spring, and the most of the following fragmentary extracts refer more particularly to that interesting occasion.—J. D. L.

**The Beginning of it.**

Why, yes, of course, it's worth a rhyme  
as long's the Susquehanna  
To celebrate the splendid time I had at  
Christiana.  
The School Commencements there for  
years have been so greatly noted,  
The Orator that there appears so very  
widely quoted,  
Among us here they're apt to say a  
fellow's education  
Is not complete unless he may take in a  
celebration.  
With such preamble you'll agree I should  
have been delighted  
When to the classic jamboree this year I  
was invited.  
And very pleased I was, in fact, "I'd let  
ye all be knowing,"  
Thro' Tom McGowan's kindly act to get  
the chance of going.  
To crown the whole another friend with  
very small persuasion  
Confirmed my promise to attend on this  
august occasion.  
When honor'd far above my meed by  
Hensel in addition  
I felt I was in luck indeed exceeding my  
ambition.  
Big-hearted William Uhler, he is worth  
my sweetest measure;  
He at his best can only be when giving  
others pleasure.  
As fine a man as I have met—where'er  
I'm situated,  
When I his kindness may forget may I  
be execrated!  
Whenever he elects to guide good fellow-  
ship is present,  
Wherever he may turn aside the path is  
always pleasant,  
Whichever road we choose to go it never  
can be stony  
With Pennsylvania's Cicero to act as  
Cicerone.  
I have no rare prophetic gift—I'm not a  
politician,  
But at a pinch can make a shift to read  
a premonition;  
And I'm afraid, unless my friend his  
many friends can fetter,  
A Judge or Justice he will end, or Gov-  
ernor—or better!



**The Party.**

Why should we not have all felt good and  
 had a fling at folly?  
 Our host was in his brightest mood and  
 Schaffer more than jolly.  
 The genial Judge that is was free from  
 cases to perplex him,  
 The other Judge that is to be had noth-  
 ing yet to vex him.\*  
 The youthful Sproul had cast away the  
 senatorial toga,  
 Will Keller's briefs, as we might say,  
 were sunk in Conestoga.  
 Our brother George in Quarryville had  
 left his business lying  
 While I myself with all my skill to sink  
 the shop was trying,  
 And when our honor'd Uncle Ike, his face  
 with pleasure glowing,  
 Drove up the Philadelphia pike our cup  
 was overflowing!

**A Red Letter Day.**

Why should we not have all been gay  
 and Nature triply gorgeous—  
 For it was Shakespeare's natal day, St.  
 Coyle's and great St. George's!  
 The English worthies both are gone—  
 but that's another story—  
 Enough that we had Lawyer John alive  
 and in his glory.  
 His Little Legend "Forty-Three" another  
 year completing  
 Looked very bright and sweet to see  
 across the floral greeting:  
 And in a sentence seemed to say "from  
 now until it closes  
 Our brother may expect his way to be  
 among the roses."

**The Last Ride.**

Day was waning, but the stars yet had  
 not started to arrive,  
 When refreshed and more than happy we  
 commenced our final drive;  
 With a swish and merry clatter forth  
 upon the road we fared,  
 Each one doubtless to his liking with a  
 boon companion paired.  
 I, as ever, extra lucky, sat behind a noble  
 steed,  
 Born and bred in old Kentucky, famed  
 for strength as well as speed:  
 Beautiful as one could wish for, and when  
 treading grass or sand,  
 Meeting cows or passing wagons, guided  
 by a master hand.  
 George and I, tho' lately strangers, as we  
 added mile to mile,  
 Soon like old-time friends were chatting,  
 getting closer all the while.  
 What altho' the distant landscape faded  
 quickly from our view;  
 What altho' a thicker darkness followed  
 with the gloaming dew;

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\* All things foreshadow'd don't take  
 place, but this we can report: JUDGE  
 SMITH with dignity and grace now rules  
 the Orphans' Court.

What altho' we soon were threading  
 turnpikes more by faith than sight;  
 Bless'd with such a pleasing comrade  
 driving was a pure delight!  
 Who can name the themes or topics that  
 we did not touch upon  
 As by hill and slope and meadow briskly  
 we went speeding on?  
 Education, Travel, Business—Country  
 Gain and City Loss,  
 Politics and Men and Manners all in turn  
 we gave a toss.  
 But what most perhaps amused me was  
 his story of a word  
 Used within his observation in a manner  
 most absurd:

**"A Pacific Proposition."**

George had just been in Seattle, on the  
 Puget River slope—  
 Land of fruit and wood and salmon—  
 land of sunshine and of hope!  
 And he said it "beat the record" how the  
 natives "slung the slang"  
 And upon a "proposition" all the silly  
 changes rang.  
 If a cloud with moisture threaten'd then  
 the subject of remark  
 Was "a rainy proposition" on the street  
 or in the park:  
 If a poor old man or woman on the pave-  
 ment made a slip  
 "A banana proposition" very likely made  
 them trip:  
 Was the noontime flyer scheduled then  
 the porter wisely knew  
 That "the midday proposition" in a  
 minute would be due:  
 Did a hearse upon a corner block a car  
 by some mishap  
 Then "a funeral proposition" very  
 promptly was on tap!  
 Talk of terms and modes of logic—not a  
 few, but truly all  
 Kinds of verbal propositions with these  
 people had the call:  
 Problematic, apodictic, categoric—not a  
 style  
 But was used in conversation in a way  
 distinctly vile.  
 And it's likely until something better  
 comes to fill the bill  
 In their thriving city they are "proposi-  
 tionizing" still!  
 "Well, we will not with them quarrel,  
 let them use it as they may,  
 And the more that they abuse it sooner  
 will it lose its sway,  
 Till at last, by all neglected, it may find  
 its final grave—  
 'A Pacific proposition'—underneath the  
 briny wave!"

**In Pownall's Pavilion.**

But the time was now approaching when  
 Commencement should begin,  
 To the famous big pavilion young and old  
 were trooping in;  
 And when we by Slokum guided marched  
 in solemn Indian file  
 Through the brightly-lighted entry down  
 the single centre aisle;

When the Borough's crack musicians  
 hailed the strangers as they passed  
 With a welcome that a Sousa never at  
 his best outclassed,  
 When at last upon the platform each one  
 found his vacant chair,  
 Not a man but was delighted he had been  
 invited there.  
 Such a sea of upturned faces surged and  
 swayed before us then  
 In a line to do them justice I confess  
 defies my pen;  
 Fathers proud and anxious mothers,  
 blushing belles and happy beaus  
 Sat by sisters and by brothers right and  
 left for rows and rows.  
 Even little bits of babies here and there  
 we spied anon  
 Smiling dimpled buds of promise—and  
 performance later on!  
 Looking round the stage we noticed  
 nodding right and left to friends  
 William N. Commenius Riddle, famed to  
 Penn's remotest ends,  
 View'd as teacher, author, critic—all the  
 three combined in one,  
 Never need the Red Rose City blush to  
 own to such a son.  
 And we noted "Jack" McCaskey—"Doc-  
 tor," if it better please,  
 Sitting as a guest of honor, and, as al-  
 ways, at his ease.  
 Tireless worker, always modest, kind and  
 gentle to excess,  
 Loved as friend and educator—may his  
 shadow ne'er grow less!

#### The Exercises.

To recite the whole proceedings, inter-  
 esting as they were,  
 Would, I rather fear, compel me on the  
 side of length to err;  
 For to merely quote the speeches heard  
 that night within the hall  
 Would require a fair-sized volume, noting  
 nothing else at all.  
 Graceful Miss Amanda Landes, lacking  
 her without a doubt  
 We'd have had the play of Hamlet with  
 Ophelia's role left out;  
 All her themes were well selected, to  
 display her varied art,  
 And the loud applause she captured  
 proved how well she did her part.  
 Then the boys who graduated—each one  
 with a clever talk;  
 Any one might soon discover they could  
 tell you cheese from chalk,  
 Not forgetting sweet Miss Wallace like a  
 rose upon its stem  
 And her speech of salutation, also in it-  
 self a gem.

#### The Motto—The Lesson—The Example!

But, of course, the finest thing was Mr.  
 Schaffer's short address,  
 Touching on the need of Courage in the  
 winning of success.  
 Oh, if I could only give his "fine, long,  
 lubricating words,"  
 Smooth as Smyrna's brand of butter,  
 sweet as Mrs. Hannum's curds,

You would say without discussion—even  
 Coyle would soon conclude  
 "Forty-three" was not a motto that could  
 charm like "Forti-tude!"  
 Who could fail to see the beauties of so  
 pleasing a discourse?  
 Who could miss its leading lessons pic-  
 tured with such telling force?  
 "TRY—it makes demands for courage!  
 TRUST—you need the virtue there!  
 TRIUMPH!—those who are the bravest  
 only can expect the fair!  
 Don't be awed, but be audacious! If you  
 look for fame or gold  
 Learn that fear invites misfortune. Luck  
 abides but with the bold!"  
 Schaffer finished, Sproul regaled us  
 greatly also to our gain  
 With a few remarks, impromptu, cast in  
 reminiscent vein,  
 As he stood and spoke before us—"famed  
 and rich and young"—I sighed  
 "There is Mr. Schaffer's model in the  
 flesh personified!"  
 In our day and generation rarely such a  
 man appears—  
 None, indeed, I know to fairly match his  
 record for his years.  
 Was it not an inspiration to invite him to  
 attend?—  
 In himself a potent lesson all could see  
 and comprehend.  
 Doubtless not a few who heard him as  
 they strive to reach their goal  
 More than once will be encouraged if they  
 but—remember Sproul!

---

"Wer mied deheem is, un will fort,  
 So luss ihn numme geh'—  
 Ich sag ihm awwer vorne naus  
 Es is all Humbuk owwe draus,  
 Un er werd's selwert seh'!"  
 —Harbaugh.



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