



YORK, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 29, 1882.

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Mr. Haack's horse
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LEWIS MILLER.

In Saturday's issue, we briefly announced the death of Lewis Miller, of Christiansburg, Va. Mr. Miller was an "old Yorker" and a very remarkable man, well known to many of our older readers, to whom the following sketch of his family, life and character will doubtless be interesting: Lewis, or "Loui," Miller, as he was long and familiarly called and known among the people of York, was the eighth son, and tenth and youngest child, of John Ludwig Miller, a native of Nuremberg, Germany, and his wife, Catharine Rothenberger, of Heidelberg, Germany. The parents were married in 1770, by Rev. Joseph Miller, in Erbsach, in the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany, the seat of the famous family of Katzenellenbogen, and of the castle of the Baron Von Landwehr, around which our immortal Irving has woven his enchanting romance of "The Spectre Bridegroom." John Ludwig Miller was born in the year A. D. 1747, was educated at a gymnasium, or high school, founded by Melancthon, and was a classmate of Heinrich Schubart. At a very early age he was apprenticed to learn the "art and mystery" of making white crockery-ware, (or as "Loui" says in a recent letter to me, "China, to set on tables.")

Soon after their marriage—in 1771—John Ludwig and his wife, Catharine, emigrated to North America, taking ship, first at Rotterdam, last from Cowes, England, in the ship, Minerva, Captain Johnson, bound for Philadelphia. On the voyage their first child, Michael, was born, baptised, died and buried in the briny deep. Their next child, Elizabeth, was born in Philadelphia in 1775. She became the wife of John N. Koib, of York, by whom she had seven children, all sons. Several of whom survive and reside in New York city. Elizabeth died in 1864, or 1865, aged about ninety years.

The family of John Ludwig Miller, must have resided in Philadelphia for several years, for it appears that besides Elizabeth, two sons, David and Philip, and probably John, were born there, David in 1777 and Philip in 1780. These were the stormy times that tried men's souls, and ah! how much more interesting the family tradition would be, could it now be gathered from the lips of Ludwig and Catharine who so peacefully sleep in the lit's graveyard in the rear of the old German Lutheran Church.

Between 1780 and 1782 the family must have removed to Montgomery county, Pa., for, (as Loui informed me) there, on the Rittenhouse farm, in the latter year, his brother John, (the date or place of whose birth he does not give) died; and there, in 1784, was born his brother Joseph, who removed to Montgomery county, Va., and there died in 1842, in his fifty-eighth year.

Sometime between 1784 and 1787 the family removed to York, since, (as I continue to gather from its records) here, in the latter year, was born another son, Benjamin, who emigrated to Upshur county, West Virginia, where he died in 1864, aged 76 years and 17 days. John M. Miller (a second John), was born in York in 1790, emigrated to Rockingham county, Va., where he died in 1836, at the age of 75 years, 9 months and 10 days. Catharine, the second sister, and ninth child, was born in York, January 8th, 1793, died at the age of eleven months and lies buried in a little school house graveyard near the old John Roth mill, Manchester township. Her father, John Ludwig Miller, was the "schoolmaster at that school-house at that time; but the schoolhouse is no more to be seen," says "Loui."

Lewis Miller, the principal subject of this sketch, was born on the 3rd day of December, A. D. 1795, in York, in a small one-story frame, weatherboarded house, then, and for many years afterwards, standing on the east side of South

As a Pennsylvania Dutch Solon Shingle, he would have been unsurpassed and unapproachable. Moreover, he was a man of quick and keen perception, æsthetic taste; an ardent lover of all that was grand and beautiful in art and nature, or noble in human conduct. Though a lover of the sublime, he had a keen and lively sense of the ridiculous. He was an amateur of no mean skill in the arts of rustic drawing and painting in water colors. "Loui Miller's Books, or Chronics" as they are familiarly known to many of our people, are two large rustically illustrated manuscript folios, and now occupy a place in the Cassat Library. They have been the source of a vast deal of genuine amusement as well as of much valuable information, on topics of local and family history. To Loui Miller, the temptation to "picture off" or transfer to paper, in some comic, awkward and imitatively ludicrous manner, the grotesque images made upon his peculiarly susceptible brain, by queer people, in queer predicaments, was so perfectly irresistible as to amount to a passion, and the good natured and harmless manner in which he "took off" with pen or pencil, India ink or camel's-hair-brush many of our old citizens, not a few of whom are still living, would, in almost any other person, have been considered, and perhaps even treated, as grossly libelous. Neither *Punch*, *Puck* nor *Harper* could rival some of these quaint caricatures in their way. For these, (as many of the old masters had for their favorite subjects) Loui had a genius, a talent, and a style, peculiarly his own.

The first book opens thus: "THE BEGINNING OF THE CHRONIC from the year 1739 to 1870."

At the top of the first page is a neat pen-and-ink sketch of his old home and birth place, on South Duke street. It was a small one-storied log, weather-boarded house, and many will remember the unique and elaborate legendary carvings in wood which the skillful and cunning of old Loui Miller executed and placed above its humble doors and windows.

He then proceeds: "All the pictures contained in this Book . . . are true sketches, I, myself be there up in the places and spot and put down what happened, and was close by, of the greatest number, saw the whole scene enacted before my eyes—that man is but a picture of what I can see; who taught me by times to visit and improve the mind. I see all is vanity in this world.

'Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit or adorn your fame;
The man whose mind on virtue bent,
Pursues some greatly good intent
With undiverted aim.

Written by Lewis Miller, Jr., in South Duke street, York, Pa., April 6th, 1816.
The stanza seems to be incomplete, but contains quite enough to show the serious turn of his mind, even in his early manhood. Please indulge me in a brief reference to but two of his "chronic" illustrations and his own quaint accompanying records. Under date of 1793 I find the following (illustrated) entries:

"Rev. Jacob Goering administers baptism in the old Lutheran church to a child:
Singing the 366th hymn.

Das Lied.—Nun laßt uns frolich singen,
Von Wunder grossen Dingen,
Die aus der Taufe kommen,
Zu Nutz an trost der frommen.
Ich taufe dich in dem namen Gottes, der
Vater der Sohn und Heiligen Geist, Amen.
Old rs. Bannix, the sexton's wife, and
I, little Loui Miller, standing close behind
the Minister."

Another:
"May 26, 1793, was baptized a son of
George Farnsworth and his wife Phylax.

least indelicacy of thought or expression. But alas! At the age of eighty, man's spirit must be drowsy, and his bursts of humor shortlived, indeed; and such I observed, was the case with our old friend Loui. Soon he would relapse into apparent somnor and abstractedness; and melancholy! indeed, must have been the mood in which he wrote in one of his books the following stanzas.

"The hand of Time upon my brow may trace its lines;
From Memory's page fond recollections tear;
But not the treasured thoughts of friends who yet can cheer—
This saddened heart of mine.

"Well, I will bear what all have borne—
Live my few years and fill my place;
O'er old and young, affections mourn,
Rent, one by one, from my embrace,
Till suffering ends and I have done
With all delights beneath the sun,

"Whence came I? Memory can not say;
What am I? Knowledge will not show;
Round whither? Ah! away, away,
Far as Eternity can go!
Thy love to win, thy wrath to flee,
O! God, Thyself my helper be!"

Lewis Miller was the uncle of Mrs. Jacob Quicke, on South George street. He was a good man; honored and respected by all who knew him. Though physically of rather delicate and slender frame, he lived along the good old way "mittel mas, die best" Strasz," far beyond man's allotted brief; and on the 15th inst, after but a period illness, he fell asleep in the arms of that Savior in whom was all his trust and whom he loved so well. Fare thee well! Dear old friend! Peace, peace to thy ashes, for, "Staub und asche must du werden wie der weise Solomon."
York, September 25, 1882. H. L. F.

The Opera House.
The next attractions at the opera house will be "The World," on Wednesday and Thursday next, and *Mlle. Khea* on Friday as "Juliet."

The Horrid Man.
A young man residing in Londonderry township says the *Harrisburg Telegraph*, has been sued for kissing a girl. He says in his own defense, that he did kiss her twice, and that she brought the suit because he refused to kiss her the third time. We would like to hear the other side of that story. To a disinterested observer it looks as if the young man kissed the girl twice and she kissed him twice, and then he kissed her back—no, we don't mean that, he kissed her mouth—and then he stopped to get his breath and offended the damsel. If she had only waited until he got his second wind the probabilities are that he would have hung on, stayed longer, and kissed just as often as she was anxious to be kissed. But a Dauphin county court will have to settle this question.

Mormon sm in the Carleburg Valley.
The Chambersburg *Repository* says: The place for Christian missionaries is right here in Franklin county. Recently we announced that some Mormon missionaries had arrived from Utah and were pursuing their labors in this county. Since then, they have added a num-

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olitical articles on the in our State campaign DAILY to-morrow, and ndependent Republican way. As the other pa- ga have asked for space doubt the issues will be ly presented, and which the issues, and evolve the subject box.

township. Her father, John Ludwig Miller, was the "schoolmaster at that school-house at that time; but the schoolhouse is no more to be seen," says "Loui."
Lewis Miller, the principal subject of this sketch, was born on the 3rd day of December, A. D. 1795, in York, in a small one-story frame, weatherboarded house, then, and for many years afterwards, standing on the east side of South Duke Street, where the neat little cottage of Rev. John Fritz, now stands. On the rear end of the German Lutheran Church-lot, stood a small school house, where according to a time-honored and pious German usage, a parish school was kept sometimes, by the chorister, foreigner, or organist, of the congregation. Whether Louis' father served in any of these offices I am not certainly informed; but certain it is that for many years he bore the high, more dignified and honorable one, of Schulmeister, in the little old log school house that once stood in the rear of the German Lutheran church. Here he taught both German and English at one and the same time, and here it was that "little Loui" graduated.

German and English in the same school at the same time by the same master! No wonder our good old Pennsylvania German dialect became sadly mixed up, for this was a common practice in many parts of the State.
On the completion of his education, Loui was apprenticed to his brother John (M.) to learn the art and mystery of house-carpentering. After the completion of his term of apprenticeship, he worked at the business as a journeyman, successively for Peter Smil, Henry Small, George Small, Abraham Gartman, Jacob Gartman, George Jacobs, James Connelly, and perhaps others, for a period of nearly forty years, and was employed on most, if not all, the principal public and private buildings built or rebuilt in York during that period.

His father died in 1822, aged so.enty five years; his mother in 1830, aged eighty years, and they (as already said,) and their daughter Catharine, (Mrs. Kolb) he buried in the German Lutheran graveyard in York.

In 1840, Loui and several other Yorkers, among them Mr. Henry Hertzog and the late doctor Alexander Small, crossed the Atlantic and Loui made a tour chiefly on foot, of some of the principal countries of Europe. They took passage at New York in May, in the good ship Garrick, Captain A. B. Palmer, bound for Liverpool, making the passage in twenty-two days. In Liverpool they "put up" at the Waterloo Hotel, kept by William Lyon. "Thence," as Loui says, "to Birmingham, &c., &c., to London, &c., &c., and saw all in England." Doctor Small, after spending a few days in London parted company with the rest and went to travel on the continent. Loui and Hertzog remained in London about a week, seeing all that could be seen at that time. During their strolls about the great metropolis, Hertzog, occasionally in doubt about their own whereabouts, inquired as to the names of the streets, etc., whereat Loui, lest the distinguished American travellers might be mistaken by their English consins for ignorant country jakes, became very indignant. And, as Mr. Hertzog, informs me, on an occasion of unusual excitement in the streets—great crowds of people, splendid civic and military displays—he ventured to inquire the cause. A policeman very politely answered that the Queen was passing on her way to the palace.— This was too much for Loui, who, though remarkably observant, and, as we all know booked everything, was even too proud to seek information at the hands of those whom he considered his inferiors.

From London they went to Holland, up the Rhine to Mainz, where they parted; Hertzog going to Strasbourg (France) his native place, and Loui proceeding further up the Rhine, visiting all the principal towns and cities of Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Bohemia, Bavaria, France, Italy and Poland; keeping a complete diary and making numerous sketches of places, monuments and other objects of historic interest. The parties all returned at different times. Hertzog in November 1840, Loui in the fall of 1841, and the doctor perhaps somewhat later.

On his return, Loui resumed his trade and continued to work at it in the employ of the principal houses then carrying on the business in York. He was a man of a very social and genial nature, though withal somewhat peculiar, eccentric, and at times, even comic. In his humorous mimicry he was almost perfect, and with a little stage training, would have rivaled Owen himself.

Die Nützlichkeit der Tausch Kommen.
Zu Nutz an trost der frommen.
Ich tanke dich in dem namen Gottes, der Vater der sohn und Heiligen Geist, Amen.
Old Mrs. Bannix, the sexton's wife, and I, little Loui Miller, standing close behind the Minister."

Another:
"May 26, 1799, was baptized a son of George Finnefrock and his wife Elisabeth. The sponsors were Jacob Miller and wife, Sabina. The little son was born April 23d. Ludwig Miller, school-master, Lewis Shive and John and George B-ruxit, were also present assisting Ludwig in the singing."
Here I am almost tempted to indulge in a little of my own poetic nonsense:

How wonderful it now would be,
Could we Time's rusty bars unloak,
Or lift his draky veil and see
The fate of little Finnefrock!

One more: This was the occasion of what Loui calls "the holding of the first Democratical meeting ever held in York." He says it took place in the old log house, still standing—the Weiser property—on the north side of East Market street, between the banking house of Weiser, Son & Carl and the Central Hotel, in the fall or winter of 1799. His record of the event is substantially as follows:

"BURYING THE BLACK COCKADE.
"The first Democratical meeting in York in 1799 at Furry's tavern in East Market street. The Chairman was Col. George Spangler; Secretary, John Weyer; and the following persons were also present: Martin Hellman, Daniel Stauffer, George Dietz, Peter Dietz, Conrad Welshhaus, Michael Edwards, John Stroman, Henry Weiser, John Mossy, Jacob Spangler, Frederick Laumaster, Peter Wilt, Henry Sheffer, Philip Kissinger, Peter Small, Jacob Shultz, Jacob Cremer and Major Rooke.
After the meeting burying the Black Cockade in Furry's Garden."
(Here follows Loui's picture of the funeral procession,) and then the solemn funeral dirgesung at the grave—all the more solemn for its being in German.

"Nun, schwarzer—Seidner Kokarde,
Wir legen dich, jetzt, in den Garten;
'Warst lang genug schon auf dem Hut,
Fair dieses bis du nicht mehr Gut.
Du Schwarzer must fergraben werden;
Staub und Asche must du werden,
Wie der weise S-o-l-o-m-o-n!
Schlafe ruhig in der Erde,
Saub und Asche must du werden
Wie der weise S-o-l-o-m-o-n!"
Such was the funeral hymn sung by young Democracy at the grave of old Federalism in 1799.

Much of the true poetic spirit of the song must necessarily be lost in any attempt at translation.

The sense of a tolerably free English version would be about this:
Thou Black—though silken, Black cockade,
Thou must be in this garden laid;
Our hats, thou must no more adorn,
Nor must we thy departure mourn:
Thou somber symbol, it is best
That from thy labors thou shouldst rest;
Thou dust and ashes thou become,
Like the mighty S-o-l-o-m-o-n!
May thy slumbers peaceful be,
For corruption thou must see,
Like the mighty S-o-l-o-m-o-n!

In 1799 Lewis was but four years old, and it is hardly possible he was present on the ground on all these occasions. Like his father, Lewis Miller was a man of considerable learning and ability. He had a taste for history and poetry, was a firm believer in the Holy Scriptures, as the only rule of faith and practice. He was strictly virtuous, honest in all his dealing, and of intensely religious feeling. He was a Lutheran by religious training and a member of the German branch of the congregation worshipping in Christ's Lutheran Church. He never married, and for some years past made his home with his niece, Mrs. Craig, at Christiansburg, Va., but occasionally he visited York, and the scenes of his childhood and youthful pleasures.

To see the altered places
And the few familiar faces
Still lingering on the shore;
To tell of other days—
Of old and better ways
And talk them o'er and o'er.

In all this, his wonderful memory and powers of mimicry were great helps to him; and as he warmed up with his subject, he could recount scenes of sixty years ago, so graphically and humorously as to move crowds to roars of laughter; and this he did during his last visit a few years ago, (as I can bear witness, and that without even the

Formalism in the Christian Valley.
The Chambersburg Repository says: The place for Christian missionaries is right here in Franklin county. Recently we announced that some Mormon missionaries had arrived from Utah and were pursuing their labors in this county. Since then, they have added a number to their fold and only last Sunday five more were converted. Ministers of the Gospel, and members of all religious denominations should rise up and stamp this outrage under their feet. These same men went to York county for the purpose of converting some of the citizens of that county to their faith, but the people there seemed to possess some common sense, and gave them so long a time to skip the border or they would make it warm for them. Why can't our people do the same? There is no religion so repulsive and degrading as the Mormon, and from the fact that the civilized county of Franklin, where religious training and instruction have been so universal, should allow this to proceed day by day, is an enigma to us. It is an outrage and should be stopped at once.

The Story They Told at Home.
Lancaster New Era.

The Iron-ides Base Ball Club returned from York on Tuesday afternoon. In their game with the York club two innings were played and the score was even—two apiece. A rain storm put an end to the game at this stage.

Keep an Eye on Them.
Merchants are complaining that during the dark hours of the night store-boxes are stolen from in front of their stores. The police will keep an eye on those who are in the habit of making purchases after the owners have closed for the night.

STATE NOTES.

A Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation has been organized in Pittsburg. The basis of the church will be the teachings of the Savior combined with the doctrines of Confucius and Buddha.

The Delaware river above the Water Gap has been so swollen by the protracted rains that lumbermen are availing themselves of the opportunity for getting their lumber to Philadelphia and Trenton.

Judge Acheson, of the United States Court for the Western district, has given a decision to the effect that the law exempting banks which pay one per cent. to the State from all other assessments is a nullity.

C. H. Norris, a railroad brakeman on the Altoona division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was fatally injured at Holidayburg by being crushed between the dead-end. His skull was fractured.

It is given out that Lieutenant Governor Stone and Thomas Struthers, of Warren, and C. W. Gillilan, of Franklin will be named as a committee to select a site for the proposed new government building at Erie.

THE CAMPAIGN.
A Large Independent Republican Meeting in Lancaster.

By Telegraph to the DAILY.
LANCASTER, Pa., September 28.—A large Independent Republican meeting in Fulton Hall, this city, this evening, was addressed by Hon. John Stewart, Col. Wm. McMichael, Charles S. S. Wolfe and Thos. Watts.

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