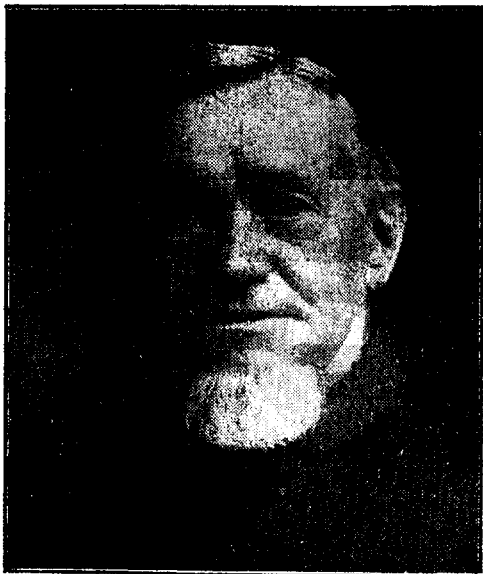


to Lancaster, I do not know. Whilst here, in addition to his school duties, he ministered to congregations at Strasburg and Millersville.

The Conestoga Collegiate Institute was a select private school for young ladies. It was located in a private home on South Lime street. From an educational point of view, its rank was of high degree,—the seniors, competing as it were with the students of Franklin and Marshall College, proved by their examination tests their ability to equal if not surpass, the sterner sex. The tuition (for those days) was high, prices ranging according to classes.



REV. DR. H. H. BRUNING

The doors of the Institute opened in September, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, and, I think, closed about five years later. It was not a financial success. Rev. Mr. Bruning then accepted a call to the Lutheran church at Selinsgrove, Pa.; and, later, to Memorial Lutheran church at Erie, Pa. His health failing, he rested awhile. Later, he took charge of a small congregation at White Haven, Pa., where his earthly career ended. He was beloved by many, not only of his own denomination but also by the

patients in the sanatoriums of that place, who eagerly looked for his comforting visits.

The teachers of the Conestoga Collegiate Institute boarded with a Mrs. Mason, in the rectory of St. John's Episcopal church, (Rev. Mr. Barker, rector) ; and later, went with her to the Kramph building, a large mansion, one room of which was for some years the home of the Yeates Institute for Boys. (Prof. Warrenner, principal). The grounds of the mansion extended from Charlotte street on the west, to Concord on the east; and from Chestnut to Walnut street. On this large space, many a game of croquet was played by prominent men of Lancaster. The mansion was also the home of the writer, then a happy school girl, who had many a romp on these spacious grounds.

The Stevens high school now occupies one corner of this site.

The patrons of the Conestoga Collegiate Institute were prominent men of that day, among them being Judge David W. Patterson, George Sprecher, B. B. Martin, Thomas Baumgardner, Henry Baumgardner, Jacob Getz, Benjamin Shenk, William Baker, William Peiper, Jacob Long, Rev. Dr. Amos H. Kremer, (pastor of the First Reformed church), J. W. Geist, editor, Jay Cadwell, William Brenneman, and Messrs. Bowman, Fahnestock, Amwake, Stirk, Arnold, Reinoehl, Holbrook, and others.

THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER—A POEM

By GEORGE W. HENSEL, JR.

W. K. Martin entered the service of the Pennsylvania railroad as draftsman in 1883. Previous to this time, he had been working with Henry E. Wrigley on the location and construction of the Mexican National railroad, and his experiences in that work made him a valuable member of the Pennsylvania railroad engineering force in locating and constructing lines in the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania. He was promoted to an assistant engineership in 1894, and in 1909 was made engineer of construction. In 1923 he was retired, having reached the age limit of seventy years.

Notable as were his services in the location and construction

of the Cambria and Clearfield railroad, the Black Lick branch and other lines, in the mountainous districts of this State, and the likewise important work incident to the building of the Conowingo Dam, and the relocation of the Pennsylvania railroad, we folks who live on the banks of the Susquehanna and appreciate its beauty, traditions and historic lore, will ever cherish the memory of this engineer, who while at work amidst these scenes wrote these lines, which should have long since been released to worshipers of the grand old Susquehanna.

One evening, while seated on the front porch of the boarding house at Port Deposit, in company with associate engineers and surveying partners, he was reveling in the beauties of the Susquehanna and comparing it with other famed rivers, to delight his listeners, some member of the party suggested: "Go to your room, and put your thoughts into verse." He retired and an hour later, returned, and read to his appreciative associates these fine classic lines, which will long be remembered in connection with our noble Pennsylvania river:

The legendary Tiber flows
Through treasured tomes of verse and prose;
The shadowy splendors of the Rhine,
Survive in art and lyric line;
The Nile with gloomy tomb and hall
Still holds the mystic's gaze in thrall;
And yet the Susquehanna's glory
Awaits its place in song and story—
Waits for a silver tongue to tell
Its majesty of crest and dell;
To time each pulse to nature's moods,
The rapture of its silent woods,
The rhythm of its restless rills,
The grandeur of its purple hills—
A mood to people laureled glades,
Again with life-departed shades
To picture in the sunset's glow,
The council fires of long ago,
Or fancy in the hazy morn,
The weird, sweet note of boatsman's horn—

To follow it from glimmering source
Through all its wild tumultuous course,
From covert, where the furtive flee,
To oblivion in the imperial sea.

—W. K. MARTIN.

GRAVE OF FREDERICK POWEL, REVOLU- TIONARY SOLDIER, MARKED BY A TOMBSTONE

By WILLIAM FREDERIC WORNER

In Vol. XXXIV, pp. 160-1, of the Proceedings of The Lancaster County Historical Society, appears an obituary of Frederick Powel, who served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War. In that account it is stated that he sleeps in an unmarked grave in St. Michael's Lutheran churchyard, Strasburg, Pa.

Since that paper was published, Mr. William B. Bishop, a prominent citizen and progressive farmer of Strasburg township, Lancaster county, applied to the War Department, through Hon. J. Roland Kinzer, Lancaster county's distinguished representative in the Congress of the United States, for a tombstone to be placed at the grave of Mr. Powel. The application was granted, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Bishop, and a stone was placed over the grave of the almost forgotten patriot in St. Michael's churchyard, on August 5th, 1931.