ABRAHAM HARLEY CASSEL
(See page 303)
The Burning of Chambersburg, Pa.

By Rev. Dr. G. C. Seibert.

Note.—Reverend George Carl Seibert, Ph.D., D.D., the author of this paper, was born in Wetter, near Marburg, Germany, February 28, 1828. In the spring of 1862 he came to America on the recommendation of John Peter Lange, the editor of Lange’s Commentary, and at the solicitation of Prof. Philip Schaff, to assume the professorship of the Greek language and literature in St. James College, Maryland. On arrival he found the buildings occupied by Fitz John Porter as military headquarters, and the student body disbanded. The following year he entered the Christian ministry, and subsequently filled charges at Chambersburg, Hagerstown and Newark, N. J. In 1869, at the opening of Bloomfield Seminary, he became professor of Greek Exegesis and Systematic Theology, a position he filled to the time of his death in 1902. The paper, prepared at the time for publication by the American Tract Society, has not appeared in print before. Our readers are indebted to the widow of Dr. Seibert, of Orange, N. J., for the pleasure of reading this interesting sketch.—Editor.

HEN on the last day of July, 1864, the town of Chambersburg had been burned by the rebels we read in the New York papers accounts of the disaster, by which, as I shall prove, the facts in the case were misrepresented. We read, that not more than 205 rebels had entered that town and that 6,000 inhabitants had allowed them to burn their homes and to lay their town in ruins. By such statements, the deeply afflicted people of that town were, either from ignorance or something worse, represented to the world abroad as miserable cowards, who had not heart and courage enough to defend their homes and firesides against so small a number of rebels. Great injustice has been done in this way to the poor sufferers of Chambersburg, who had become so suddenly houseless and homeless. A town lying in ashes has been slandered and vilified. Thus it has become a matter of justice to a wronged and suffering community to bring the facts in the case to light, just as they were and to state them fully to the public.

Having been a resident of Chambersburg for some time, having visited the place a few days after its destruction, having learned the facts connected with the burning of the place from trustworthy friends, having compared carefully their narratives with the accounts of some sufferers, given in different papers, I feel as far as the matter is concerned perfectly able to give you a truthful description of the sad event by which the impressions made on your minds by New York papers may be corrected.

But as I have to give it in English, I feel exactly like the boy who is for the first time skating. On the usual way home he marched firmly and boldly on, but now, as he is on the ice he totters and staggers and tumbles down. No wonder, I think, if I do once and again the same. Two years and a half ago I crossed the Atlantic perfectly ignorant of your excellent language, and when, some weeks after my arrival, Rev. Dr. Schaff took me
along to hear a lecture he was going to deliver on political atheism, in English, I listened to the English words of my friend exactly like the boy of a Suabian farmer, who was sitting in the shade of a cherry tree and listened attentively to the song of a nightingale, wondering, what in the world the little creature might mean to say.

Well, I hope some patience and forbearance on your part, and earnest efforts, to skate as straight as possible on my part will make all right.

The Town of Chambersburg Before It Was Destroyed.

Cumberland Valley is one of the finest valleys of southern Pennsylvania. It extends from the Susquehanna river on the north, to the Potomac river on the south and is bordered east and west by two ridges of mountains, branches of the Alleghenies, which form two parallel lines, running from north to south. The valley is about 20 miles wide, has a very fertile soil and is settled principally by farmers. A railroad runs through the valley from Harrisburg on the Susquehanna to Hagerstown in Maryland. It connects the principal towns of the valley: Mechanicsburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Chambersburg and Greencastle. Among these Chambersburg was after Carlisle the best situated and finest town of the valley.

It was founded in the year 1764 just 100 years before it was destroyed. Three brothers of the name Chambers were the first settlers. They were of Scottish descent, but they came from Ireland. Their ancestors had left the Scotch Highlands under James, and had settled in the county of an Irish Count, whose land had been confiscated by the English crown, on account of high treason of its owner. The brothers Chambers gave the name to the place. They were brave and pious men. The first building they erected was a house devoted to the worship of God. They fought and defeated the Indians many times and one of them, Colonel Benjamin Chambers was, as we are told, the protector of all the settlers in the valley, their leader in war and their judge in the time of peace. He was the leading and ruling spirit of the valley.

The place which was selected by these first settlers, shows that they were men of sound judgment. There is a creek running from the eastern ridge of mountains in a straight line westward, but when it reaches about the middle of the valley it takes at once a southern course, the ridge of hills on the opposite side causes this change. The creek has here a heavy fall, favorable to mills and factories. It has a very pure and cool water, which, even in the warmest summer days, never gives out, because it is supplied by rich and mighty springs of limestone mountains.

Just in the bending of this creek, 100 years ago, the plan of the new town was laid out. Certainly then Col. Chambers did not expect that the place would have so sad a centenary celebration as it had, that white men and Christians would wantonly destroy the homes and firesides of peaceful citizens, their fellowmen.

The number of the first settlers of Chambersburg increased very fast when the war of independence was over. Many German families came over then from the fatherland and settled in that beautiful Cumberland Valley. Their descendants own still a great number of those fine farms, which you see in the valley. It seems that these German settlers were an earnest, industrious and religious set of people. There were certainly neither as many wicked men or infidels among them as there are among the German population of these eastern cities.

Thus the town of which I speak was inhabited by citizens partly of Scotch-Irish, partly of German descent. They numbered 6,000. There was hardly a very poor man among them. The most of them were well off, some were rich. The beautiful brick buildings of the place, the magnificent court house, the town hall, the printing office of the German Reformed church, the Franklin hotel and the buildings of the bank of Chambersburg by which the diamond was surrounded, testified that wealth, not poverty and misery, was prevailing in Chambersburg.
Chambersburg Three Times Visited by the Rebels and Yet Defenseless.

Chambersburg has been visited by the rebels three times. In the fall of 1862 Stuart came on his celebrated cavalry raid. I saw him and his men, as they passed through Mercersburg. Soldiers like them I never had seen before. They looked like robbers and highwaymen so ragged and dirty they were. And that was still in the golden age of the Confederacy; how may they look today! Stuart destroyed the railroad depot but did very little harm to the people. He had to hasten away because our men were on his heels. In the summer of 1863 we had the invasion by Lee's army. They occupied Chambersburg for about two weeks, emptied the stores and warehouses, robbed the citizens of their money and clothing and did a great deal of harm. I saw the whole army pass through the town toward Gettysburg and had an opportunity to notice what a skillful kind of robbers and thieves the rebels are. Whilst a regiment is marching through the streets, some gentlemen stand at the door of a house looking at the train. At once some rebel soldiers leave their rank, take off the hats of these gentlemen and bid them in the most friendly manner good-by.

Or a soldier, who is barefooted, orders a citizen to take off the boots and to supply himself. The farmers lost their horses, wagons and grain, but their houses and barns were not destroyed. The battle of Gettysburg compelled the rebels to leave. (skedaddle).

Since the first of July, 1864, the citizens of Chambersburg and the farmers of the valley were again kept in constant uneasiness. The news came that the enemy was again on the border. The Cumberland valley was open, no military force was there to resist an invasion.

True, General Couch was in command of the department of the Susquehanna to which the Cumberland valley belongs, but he had under his control not more than a company of 45 men, stationed near Mercersburg at a gap of the mountains called the Corner, and two small cannon. Several Pennsylvania regiments, which had previously been organized for the defence of the border, had been summoned by the Secretary of War to Washington when Ewell threatened this city, and to the army of the Potomac after the battle in the wilderness.

There was but one Union general near enough to prevent the rebels from executing their nefarious design on Chambersburg. This man was General Averill. He had retreated before the rebels towards Pennsylvania and was encamped Friday, the 29th of July, in the neighborhood of Greencastle ten miles from Chambersburg. When there was no longer any doubt that the rebels were moving toward Chambersburg General Couch tried several times to inform Averill of the danger. But the first two messengers could not find Averill; the third succeeded in finding him after midnight in the woods. Averill now discovered that he had been flanked by the enemy, but promised to come to Chambersburg and protect the town. He had about 2,500 cavalymen, but the horses of his men were worn out from long marches and fatigue. When the morning of that unfortunate day broke, Averill started for Chambersburg, but instead of taking the direct road, by which he could have reached the place in about two hours, he went far around, in order to prevent the enemy from flanking him again, and reached Chambersburg in the afternoon of that day, when the town was already lying in ruins, or standing still in flames.

The Rebels Arrive and Set the Town on Fire.

In the evening of the 20th of July a Union horseman came galloping into the town and brought the news, that the rebels had crossed the Potomac early in the morning in three different divisions and that 3,000 rebel cavalry, who had crossed the river at Clear Springs were moving fast towards Chambersburg. This news brought anxiety into every house and every heart. Merchants packed up their goods and sent them once more away. They had done so many times before. Those inhabitants, who had money under their control, took it to a place of safety, owners of horses sent them off. Frightened women talked together and told each other the brutal actions of rebels during their last invasion into Maryland. Whilst
scores of boxes and trunks and packages were conveyed to the cars, a gallant Union officer of Gen. Couch's staff, Lieutenant McLean took about 20 men, the provost guard, and placed two cannon on the western ridge of hills, from whence the rebels were expected, in order to prevent them from entering the town at night and capturing the cars. A heavy mist, hanging over the valley, favored his enterprise and concealed the small number of his men. When the rebels came, it was about two o'clock in the morning—they were so suddenly and unexpectedly greeted by cannonballs from the hills before them, that they stopped advancing, until the mist had settled. Thus the goods, stored up in the railroad cars, could be sent away safely to Harrisburg.

Meanwhile in town the hours of that night passed slowly by. Nobody was able to sleep; all were up and looking anxiously for the dawn of the morning and for the things to come. Although the people expected to witness a great deal of rebel atrocities, I may well say that nobody expected to see on that very day the town lying in ashes and ruins.

When the day broke Lieutenant McLean and his brave men left the hills and went to the cars, in order to escape capture by the rebels. The same was done by General Couch, and we cannot blame him for that, for without men the best general is of no avail.

Thus the town was at the mercy of the rebels. And it had not to wait long for them.

The rebels having been interrupted in their entrance into the town until daylight, employed their time in planting two batteries on the western ridge of hills in commanding positions and getting up their whole column fully three thousand strong. As soon as the mist settled and the doomed town came in their full view, they fired some half a dozen shots over the place, by which the citizens were informed of their presence. After that for a little
while stillness reigned, no reply coming from the town. Immediately thereafter the rebel skirmishers advanced slowly and cautiously like hunters who are hunting a deer. They entered the town by almost every street and alley, running out west and southwest, investing them simultaneously, halting at the corner of almost every house, until the forward command was again given. They found their way clear and no enemy in front to resist their entrance. Having reached the diamond of the town, they sounded a signal and at once a regiment of cavalry 830 strong, entered the town. It was the 8th Virginia cavalry regiment under the immediate command of General McCausland. General Bradly Johnson was with him, and also the notorious Major Harry Gilmore.

**Plundering Promptly Commenced.**

McCausland entered the Franklin Hotel and took his breakfast there. In the meantime his soldiers occupied every street and corner of the town and commenced at once plundering and pillaging. Hats, caps, boots, watches, clothing, silverware and everything of value were appropriated from individuals on the streets without ceremony, and when a man was met, whose appearance indicated a full purse, a pistol would be presented to his head with the order to "Deliver." This was done with a dexterity that would have done credit to the accomplishments of Rinaldo Rinaldini, the notorious Italian robber. Citizens were stopped on the pavements and ordered to take off their boots and coats and to deliver and if they did not obey at once, they were threatened with instant death. Many of them were insulted in the most disgraceful manner. Colonel Stumbaugh for instance was met on the street by a squad of rebels. They arrested him and, with pistols presented to his head, ordered him to procure some whiskey. Stumbaugh refused, for the very good reason, that he had none and could get none. Then he was insulted by the rebels in every possible way, was called a scoundrel and beaten even into the face. "I have been in the service of my country, and if General Battles was present, you would not dare to insult me," Stumbaugh said to the men who were abusing and insulting him. "Why, why?"

the rebels asked. He answered; "I captured him at Shiloh and treated him like a soldier." A rebel Major present who had been under Battles, heard the word, inquired into the circumstances, and, when he found, that Colonel Stumbaugh's statements were correct, he ordered his prompt release and withdrew the entire rebel force from that part of the town, where the colonel's house stood.

**The Orders.**

After breakfast McCausland had the Courthouse bell rung, to convene the citizens. But a few appeared. These were approached by captain Fitzhugh, one of McCausland's staff who produced and read a written order, signed by General Jubal Early, directing the command to proceed to Chambersburg, demand a tribute of 500,000 dollars in gold or 500,000 in Northern currency and if this sum was not paid in half an hour to burn the town in retaliation for the burning of six houses in the Shenandoah Valley by General Hunter. The citizens stated, that they were not able to raise so large a sum of money within half an hour's time, and that the demand could not be made in good faith. They further remonstrated against the monstrosity of burning a whole town of 6,000 inhabitants, in retaliation for the six houses named. They believed, that the threat was only made to frighten them into the payment of the money and did not think, that it would be carried out. But, alas, the order was carried out very quickly. Captain Fitzhugh immediately issued his order to his men, barrels of kerosene oil and matches were secured and in less than half an hour the main part of the town was enveloped in flames.

No time was given to remove women or children, the sick or even the dead. No notice of the kind was communicated to any one; but the work of destruction was at once commenced. The rebel slaveholders regard themselves as a superior kind of human beings—Southern cavaliers—they boast of their civilized warfare; but if Kentucky, if Missouri, if the city destroyed by Quantrill would not tell it, the history of Chambersburg would tell it to future generations, that
they acted like savages. No wonder, as their commander was McCausland, who was called a brute by some of his own men. And something like that the man must be in reality, for he had made to his officers the awful proposition, to set the town on fire during the night.

When two weeks before Rev. Edwards, a Lutheran minister of Hagerstown, asked McCausland from which state he came, he answered: I am from hell. You may well imagine, that such a man did not show any clemency to Union men, who were at his mercy. And the burning was really executed in the most ruthless and unrelenting manner. The rebels divided into squads and fired every other house and often every house, if there was any prospect of plunder. Such a squad would approach a house, break open the door with iron bars, enter the parlor, order the inhabitants to leave at once, cut the fine furniture into pieces, make a wood pile, pour on kerosene oil and kindle it with a match. In many cases five or ten minutes were asked by the families to secure some clothing, but were refused. Many families had the utmost difficulty to get themselves and their children out in time and not one-half had so much as a change of clothing with them. Some who had gathered up some clothing in haste were not allowed by the rebels to take these, but were threatened with instant death, if they did not cast them away and flee. Feeble and helpless women were treated like brutes—told insolently to get out or burn; and even the sick and dying were not spared. Several sick persons had to be carried out, whilst the red flames licked their couches. No one was spared save by accident.

The widow and fatherless cried and plead in vain, that they would be homeless. A rude oath would close all hopes of mercy and they would fly to save their lives. The old and infirm who tottered before them, were thrust aside, and the torch applied in their presence to hasten their departure. Some women, who attempted to quench the fire, were told with harsh words and curses to stop that or to die on the spot. One lady had a pail of water which she had brought to extinguish the fire thrown in her face.

In many instances the soldiers demanded owners to ransom their property. Some frightened women paid them sums, but when the rebels had received the money, they set nevertheless the houses on fire.

Robbing.

Whilst the rebels were engaged in firing the houses, they robbed and pillaged to their hearts' content. They entered every room of the house, rifled the drawers of every bureau, appropriated money, jewelry, watches, silver spoons, plates, candlesticks, pitchers and any other valuables, and often would present pistols to the heads of inmates, men and women, and demand money or their lives. One rebel accepted five dollars from a frightened old lady, to carry her trunk to a place of safety, where he coolly broke it open and helped himself to the most valuable part of the contents. She asked: "Now, sir, is that Southern chivalry," and received for reply: "Take that back, or I shall blow out your brains." But she did not take it back and did not have her brains blown out. It was sad to see ladies escaping from their houses with nothing but a few photographs of their departed parents or children. Mr. McCullom, a Catholic priest, was sitting on the porch of his house, when some rebels approached asking him to deliver his watch. He obeyed and was comforted by one of the robbers: "Pray only and the holy virgin will give you another."

Incidents of the Burning.

It is impossible to state all the many incidents which occurred in the burning of the town. Every family had their own tale to tell. The blow, by which they were struck, was so sudden, so unexpected, that the kindling of the fire in their houses was the first warning of danger most of them had.

When the house of Mrs. Watson was entered by the rebels, she earnestly remonstrated against the burning of her house and when the rebels cut her fine furniture into pieces, she said "Now, you do not act like soldiers but like scoundrels and thieves." The rebels fired the room, hurled the scolding woman into it and
locked the door on the outside. She would have perished in the flames, if not her daughters had rescued her by bursting in the door before her clothing took fire.

Another lady was sitting on her rocking chair, when the rebels entered and ordered her harshly to leave. The lady answered, this is my house and I shall not leave it, and this is my rocking chair and I shall not get up. The rebels let her alone for a few moments, but when they had kindled the fire, one of them poured some powder under the rocking chair, on which the lady was sitting. Then she rose at once and fled as quickly, as possible. Mrs. Lindsay, a very feeble lady of nearly eighty years, fainted, when the rebels fired her house, and was left to be devoured by the flames. Fortunately Mr. Reed, a cousin of the old lady, reached the house in time. He carried her out of the burning house, put her in a carriage and pulled it away through the street, while the flames rising from the houses on the right and left, were kissing each other over their heads. Mr. Wolfkill, an old man of more than 80, was prostrated by sickness, so that he was utterly unable to be out of bed. When the rebels entered the room, in which he was lying, he requested and entreated them, to be spared a horrible death in the flames of his own house; but they fired the building. The flames approached already the bed of the poor old man, when some good neighbors broke in the window and carried him away safely.

Mrs. Kuss the wife of a jeweller in Main street, lay dead and was going to be buried on that very morning, when the rebels entered the town. Neighbors and friends were assembled in the house to attend the funeral. There they stood
around the open coffin. The rebels entered, were shown the dead body and requested to spare the house. The soldiers went back without setting the house on fire, but when they came on the street, an officer, halting on horseback before the house, cried out "Boys, remember Hunter" and back they went to do the work. They allowed only, that a grave was dug in the yard, where the poor woman was hurriedly buried. Soon after, the ruins of her house fell on her grave. The little child of that woman was at the point of death. Mrs. Shryock, a friend of the dead mother took the baby and stepping out of the burning house presented it to the officer, saying: "Here is a dying baby which we have saved from the house, you have fired. Is your revenge sweet?" Shocked at the sight of the pale and dying child, the man burst into tears and answered: "No, madam." He followed Mrs. Schryock some distance and leaning down, asked her earnestly: "Madam, can't I save something for you?" Her answer was: "No sir, it is too late; I have lost all."

Mrs. Dennig, a good old widow lady living on the Northwest corner of the Diamond, got the first warning of the danger when three sides around her home were on fire. The forth is enclosed with an iron fence. An attempt to cross the fence burns her hands very badly, she sits down in the middle of her narrow lot, around her she folds a piece of old carpet, dipped in water, to shelter her person against the heat. An old negro creeps down by her side, and helps to moisten the carpet. Her face, though covered, is blistered by the intense heat. Now and then God sends a breath of wind to drive the hot air away and allows her to take breath. Indeed, it was a martyrdom at the stake, those two hours amid the flames. Only after she was rescued did the sight of her ruined home open the fountain of tears. "Don't cry, Missus," said Peter the old negro; "the Lord saved our lives from the fire." Many instances of similar sufferings could be added, but it would take too much time, to mention even the most interesting cases.

**Good Men Among the Rebels.**

Although the conduct of the rebel soldiers was barbarous in the extreme; although some drunken wretches were seen dancing with hellish joy upon the furniture and articles of value; although their oaths and foul language were heard in the houses and on the streets; although they did everything to add to the terror and confusion of the panic-stricken people; there were some good men even among these cruel rebels. There was, for instance, a surgeon by the name Abraham Budd. He had some relatives living in Chambersburg, went to see them early in the morning, and took breakfast with them. He did not know anything of the order to burn the town. Whilst he was conversing with his relatives, somebody came in and told what the rebels were going to do. Budd assured all present that they were far from doing anything like burning the town. In the midst of his assurances, the flames broke out almost in every part of the town. When Budd saw the fire, he grew pale, wept like a child and denounced the atrocity of his commander. He took no part in the work of destruction whatever, but assisted some unfortunate ones in escaping from the flames.

**Captain Barter.** formerly of Baltimore, peremptorily refused to participate in the burning, but assisted many people to get some clothing out of the houses. He asked a citizen, as a special favor, to write to his friends in Baltimore and acquit him of the hellish work.

**Surgeon Richardson.** another Baltimorean, gave his horse to a lady to get some articles out of the burning town, and publicly deplored the sad work of McCausland. When asked who his commanding officer was, he answered: "Madam, I am ashamed to say that General McCausland is my commander."

**Captain Watts** declared, that he would lose his own commission rather than burn out defenceless people. He allowed the citizens to use the fire engines and with his command aided to arrest the flames. Afterward, when the rebels left, one of their men was seen handcuffed. Passing by he recognized a lady, whose house was saved by his efforts, and addressed her: "Madam, your house is saved, but my commission and perhaps
my life are lost.” It was Captain Watts. 

Other officers and a number of privates displayed also evidences of their humanity. A rebel officer, who gazed at the awful spectacle of the burning town, was wringing his hands and crying loudly: “O, God, must I live to witness such a scene. Horrible, horrible! O, God, have mercy upon us.”

Houses Saved.

The principal part of the town, the entire body of it was burned. Only the outskirts are left. The number of houses, destroyed by the fire, is 539. Among these are all the principal buildings of the place, the Court House, Bank, Town Hall, German Reformed Printing establishment, every store and hotel in town and every mill and factory. 2,500 persons were made homeless and thrown out of wealth and comfort into poverty and misery. But two small churches were burnt. The rebels believed, that they were churches of negroes, and for this reason the two churches were destroyed. For a similar reason they destroyed the beautiful farm of Mr. McIlvaine, county superintendent of Public Schools.

When the rebels learned, that Mr. McIlvaine had taught negroes too they set his house on fire and were going to kill him. But he escaped unhurt. You see what a crime it is in the eyes of rebels, to think, that the poor colored people are worthy to be instructed.

Some persons succeeded in saving their homes. An Irish woman who was living in a remote part of town, gave one of the houseburners, who entered her house such a sound thrashing with a heavy broom, that the invader retreated and left the work of destruction to be performed by others.

The wife of a clergyman recognized one of the soldiers, who were going to fire her house, as a man who had been in the hospital of Chambersburg the previous summer after the battle of Gettysburg and whom she had fed more than once. She asked the man: “Well, sir, are you going to reward my services by burning my house”? The man recognized her too and frankly declared that he would not be so base as to destroy her house.

In the eastern part of the town is standing still on a hill the beautiful residence of Mr. McLellan, a lawyer, but no relative to the general. The house is surrounded by a very large garden. To this garden many of the homeless inhabitants had fled. There they were sitting on the hill and gazing at the scenes of horror before them. They hoped that this part of the town at least would be spared. But, alas! A squad of rebels comes out of town, in order to fire these outskirts, mostly houses of poor laborers. Then Mrs. McLellan steps forward and laying one hand on the rebel officer and pointing with the other to the frightened and weeping women and children, assembled on the hill. she addresses him: “Sir, have you at home a wife and children”? “Yes, Mam! Why?” “Well, for the sake of these, I entreat you, spare the houses of the poor people who live on this street. You may burn our house, we can get, perhaps, another; but if you burn the houses of those poor, helpless people, they will be ruined for their lifetime.” The rebel: “I have my orders and must execute them.” Mrs. McLellan: “But when you and I and all of us shall meet before the great Judge in Heaven, can you justify this act”? He made no reply, but ordered his command away and that part of the town was saved, saved by a noble and Christian lady, who was pleading on that day better on the street, than her husband ever pleaded at the bar.

The Scene

that followed the incendiary work can hardly be described. The day was sultry and calm, not a breath stirring, and each column of smoke rose black, straight and single; first one and then another and another, until the columns blended and commingled. Then one tall black column of smoke, hanging like clouds over the doomed town, rose up to the very skies. Long streams of flames, twisting themselves into a thousand fantastic shapes passed up through the clouds of smoke, whilst the rear and crackling and crash of falling timbers and walls broke upon the still air with a fearful dissonance, whilst the cries and shrieks of women and children, the screams and sounds of agony
of burning animals, hogs and cows and horses made the welkin horrid with sounds of woe.

Through the streets, which were soon filled with smoke, were the people running in every direction; mothers with babies in their arms and surrounded by their frightened little ones; children crying for their parents and parents anxiously seeking their missing children, from whom they had been separated in the confusion. Mr. Shryock lost his little boy aged about ten and did not find him till the next day at Shippensburg, whither he had walked a distance of eleven miles. The aged and sick and dying were carried through the streets, whilst on both sides the houses were in flames. Indeed, had not the day been perfectly calm, many must have perished.

The people, driven from their homes, fled either eastward to that hill, on which McLellan's house is situated, or North to the old Presbyterian cemetery. There on the graves of their fathers and mothers thousands of people assembled, there little children cried "To go home"—the home that was destroyed; old men, sitting on the graves, wept over the town, in which they had lived for three quarters of a century, citizens looked on with dismay upon the destruction of their lifelong labor and industry. There on the graveyard, in the midst of death one little life was added to the wretched throng.

Every minute more persons arrive. There comes a negro, dressed in woman's clothing and carrying on his head a featherbed, by which his face and hands were covered. In this way the smart fellow saved his life.

There comes a lady, who has wrapped a Union flag around her shoulders. She has taken it from the hands of a rebel, who was going to throw it into the fire. The emblem of her country's honor is the only thing, she has saved from destruction. She was determined, that the flag should become her shroud, ere it should fall into the hands of the foe.

**How Did the People of Chambersburg Bear their dreadful fate?** This question may, well be asked here. The answer is: They bore it admirably. No selfishness was apparent; every one was willing to assist his neighbor. It is true, that women and even men, who lost everything, wept bitterly; but no one lost hope and confidence in God.

A rebel officer stopped Mr. Shryock saying: "Sir, cannot a little money be raised to satisfy that brute McCausland; a very little money would save this end of the town." Mr. Shryock answered: "And if ten cents would do it, they would not be given."

When a lady, well known to me, the mother of a large family of children, was ordered to leave her large and beautiful mansion at once, the children burst into loud weeping. "I am ashamed of you," said the mother, "if you let these men see you cry. Do not give them that pleasure." And every child wiped away the falling tears and bravely marched out of the doomed home. Thus the people of Chambersburg showed the rebels, that they could destroy their homes but not their hope and honor. Fullgrown men, forgetful of themselves, sobbed over the destitution of those they loved; and self-sacrificing women strove to comfort those of weaker hearts. I know of persons, who saved property of others, whilst their own was burning to ashes.

When the rebels had finished their work of destruction, they left the town. The news had come in, that Averill was fast approaching. This news chased them off.

At 2 P. M., the Union forces advanced
through the town. The citizens cheered the dusty soldiers, but no cheers came from their lips, as they rode through smoke and flames and the intense heat of the smouldering ruins. One repeated exclamation of: "My God!" was all that was heard and then as they passed the flag staff in the centre of the town each one shouted: "Remember Chambersburg." And so they exclaimed and so they shouted, as they dashed at a trot through the town.

The people then returned to their homes, but alas, they found them lying in ruins. It was saddening to see the sudden change in circumstances. One of the most prominent citizens went with his family to the house of his hostler, another to the residence of his negro servant. The next day it was a still more sorrowful sight, to see refined ladies flock to the church to draw Government rations and receive articles of second-hand clothing sent up by the charity of persons residing along the line of the Cumberland Valley Railroad. It was hard an eyewitness says, to eat the bitter bread of charity, but this mortification was borne with the same heroism, with which they looked upon the sacking and burning of the dear old town.

**Retribution.**

Several of the rebels who participated in the burning of Chambersburg, were sent suddenly to their last account. An officer whose papers identify him as Major Bowen, 8th Virg. cavalry was conspicuous for his brutality and robberies. He went from house to house extorting money from the inmates. Thus he got too far south of the firing parties and was still engaged in the robbing business, when his fellow robbers had left the town. He was captured by several citizens in the midst of his brutal work and brought to the centre of the burning town. Now the fellow cried and wept like a child and begged the citizens to spare his life. But the town was still burning all around and it was taxing humanity rather too much to save a man, who had added the boldest robbery to atrocious arson. Whilst the rebel was still pleading for his life, a citizen, who was just losing five houses by the fire shot at him, but the bullet passed through the rebel's face, without killing him. Then the desperate man rushed out of the throng and took refuge in the open cellar of one of the burning houses. There with the intense heat blistering him, he entreated still the people that stood on the street, to spare his life. But as soon as he came out of the burning cellars, which gave him a foretaste of what was to come, five bullets finished his life. He was buried like a dog. The people expected, that they had freed the world from Harry Gilmore, but in this they were mistaken. True, we cannot justify that act from a Christian standpoint, but we may well confess, that under similar circumstances, in the full view of our burning and desolated homes, we would have pardoned him neither.

When the rebels were retreating towards Loudon Captain Cochran, quartermaster of the 11th Virginia cavalry, tied his horse to a fence and lay down to take a nap. He was awakened by Mr. Thomas Doyle of Loudon, who had followed the retreating enemy, to pick up stragglers. Cochran was well armed with sword and pistols, but he was taken so suddenly, that he had no chance to use them. Mr. Doyle gave him just fifteen minutes to live, that he might pray. The rebel entreated him piteously to spare his life, but Mr. Doyle answered: "You have not shown any mercy to the poor people of Chambersburg, therefore you cannot expect any from their neighbors. The foe who burns and robs citizens who have not taken arms against him, must die!" And holding in the left his watch in the right his revolver he shot the rebel dead, as soon as the fifteen minutes expired. He found on his person $815 in greenbacks, all stolen from citizens of Chambersburg.

Averill, who followed the rebels, as fast as possible, picked up several stragglers. Fifteen of them were shot by our soldiers near McConnelsburg in retaliation for the burning of a town, which had given to the rebels no provocation whatever.

The rebels recrossed the Potomac near Hancooc, but on the 17th of August they were attacked by Averill near Moorefield and utterly defeated. On the evening of
All of you know, that Early has been defeated three times since his order, to burn out peaceable citizens, was executed. There is a man in the Union army of the name Philip Sheridan whom all of you know, all of you honor and love; he has paid General Early his reward for the destruction of Chambersburg and, as a generous Yankee, he has paid it three times within thirty days; at Winchester on Fishers hill and near Cedar Creek. Sheridan has so utterly destroyed the military glory of Early that the town burner looks today exactly like one of the broken chimneys amid the ruins of Chambersburg.

Conclusion.

One more remark, and I have done. Perhaps you are inclined to think, that a spirit of retaliation is prevailing among the poor homeless sufferers of Chambersburg. But this is not the case, as I am able to state;

Retaliation can do no good to our people, but a great deal of harm and after all, it is morally wrong, whatever provocation may be given from the other side: Such were the words I heard, when I visited the place.

The people of Chambersburg have gone farther and have drawn up a petition, in which they earnestly implore the government in Washington to prevent anything of that kind on the part of our army. All honor to such people! They have learned the word: Vengeance is mine and I will repay, says the Lord.

Rebellion, says an old proverb, is like the God Saturnus; it devours its own children. And, lo! it has almost eaten up slavery and is going to devour its first-born son Jeff Davis just now for breakfast.

Breakfast of Saturnus Rebellion.

Breakfast generally takes place in the morning so this will be the morning of a beautiful sunny day of national life, where slavery shall be done away the Union, having been baptized in the heart blood of thousands of her best sons be reestablished and this beautiful country be forever as it was.

The land of the free
And the home of the brave.
R. ABRAHAM H. CASSEL, who died at his farm near Harleysville, in Montgomery county, Pa., within the last month, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, was a man of exceptional character and more than ordinary usefulness. He was in every sense a fitting representative of the Pennsylvania Dutch race. His paternal forefathers, who were of prominence in the Mennonite Church, lived in the Palatinate on the Upper Rhine, came to Pennsylvania in the early part of the eighteenth century and brought with them many manuscripts of the sufferings of the people there at the time of the French invasion. These manuscripts, some in verse, Mr. Cassel still preserved. On his mother's side he was a descendant of Christopher Sower, the famous Germantown printer, whose publication house produced between 1736 and 1778 over two hundred and fifty books and pamphlets, and who has the great distinction of having printed the Bible three times and the Testament seven times before either of them ever appeared in English in America. No doubt the knowledge of this descent and the family tales of the work and consequence of Sower had the most important influence upon the life of Mr. Cassel.

Early in his career he began to gather the books and other publications from the Sower and Ephrata presses, and with the utmost industry and zeal he continued in the pursuit until he had made a fairly
complete collection of the works relating to the Germans of Pennsylvania. In a sense he may be said to have preserved their literature. The verse of Johannes Kelpius the Hermit of the Wissahickon, in which volume is inserted a portrait of Kelpius by Christopher Witt, believed to be the earliest portrait in oil in America, now in the library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, owes its preservation to the care of Mr. Cassel. The Mennonites, Dunkers and Schwenkfelders are especially indebted to him, since his associations and his tastes led him to give especial attention to investigations and researches concerning them, and he had written much which illustrates their lives and their creeds. Without the training which comes from education in the school and lacking in all that the world calls culture, he possessed both native refinement and intellectual acuteness. Through his acquaintance with certain phases of attractive and obscure information, he was brought into relations with many men of wide erudition and influence, and he never failed to secure their respect.

When Mr. E. B. Tylor, the learned professor of archaeology at Cambridge University in England, of world-wide fame, came to America some years ago, one of the men with whom he sought an interview was Mr. Cassel. A litterateur of distinction wrote this acrostic concerning his labors and successes:

Alone he started at the break of day.
Before the stars had set, and ere the sun
Rose o'er the hill-tops to make plain the way.
And wearied oft, he stopped and asked each one:
"Had aught been heard of where his treasure lay?"
At which the heedless answered, laughing,
"Nay."
Men sordid said: "Twere better to have done
His search wherein no profit could be won."
Cheered by fond memories of men long dead,
At last in garrets where the spiders wove,
Secure he found the "Christopher Saur" he sought.
So, while the twilight gathers round his head.
Each hour more precious grows his treasure trove.
Like joys by some hard self-denial bought.

Numerous biographical sketches of him have been printed at various times, one of them in Auge's Montgomery County Biographies. In person he was slender, inclined to be tall, and the want of hair on his head was compensated for by a long, white beard. For many years of his life he had difficulty both in hearing and seeing. A consistent member of the Dunker meeting, he was always attentive to its observances and interested in its welfare. His long life was full of useful deeds of benefit to those around him, and helpful as an example to all.

A Biographical Sketch

BY EDWARD W. HOCKER, PENNSBURG, PA.

Who knows of the splendid educational facilities which the Pennsylvania-German country now offers finds it difficult to realize that four-score years ago there were fathers in this region who "made it a point of conscience to bring up their children in pious ignorance." The Pennsylvania-German farmers of that time, to a large extent, had forgotten the glorious literature of their ancestors. They clung with extreme tenacity to their German dialect, but the old-time German intellectual spirit did not appeal to them.

They forgot that in 1743, in Germantown, Christopher Saur, the pioneer German printer, had published the first Bible in America, forty years before it was printed in English anywhere on the continent. They forgot that Saur and his son, making all the paper and ink which they used, had issued more than 200 works in German, some going through six or seven editions. They forgot that the German Brethren of the Ephrata Cloister had translated and published the "Martyr Book" of the Mennonites, a folio
of 1500 pages, and the greatest literary undertaking in America prior to the Revolu-
tion. They forgot that of the produc-
tions of Benjamin Franklin's famous printing establishment fifty or sixty works
—probably half of all he issued—had been in German, that being necessary to supply
the demand among the German settlers
for food for their minds.

Those Pennsylvania-German farmers
of eighty years ago forgot that their an-
cestors had supplied the intelligence of
the Province, that there were many uni-
versity men, among the first German set-
tlers, that few of them signed their names
with a cross, although that was common
among the English settlers, and that when
Thomas Jefferson wanted the Declaration
of Independence translated into all the
languages of Europe, he summoned Peter
Miller, the leader of the German monks
at Ephrata, to assume the task.

The first three decades of the nineteenth
century were the dark ages of the Penn-
sylvania-Germans. Happily, since then
a great change has been wrought. For
many years the Pennsylvania-Germans
have been among the leaders in education-
all matters. And one of the men most
instrumental in ringing in the new era
was born in those dark ages in a little
farm house in Towamencin township,
Montgomery county. His name was
Abraham Harley Cassel, and the day of
his birth was September 21, 1820.

Through his mother this boy was a
lineal descendant of that Christopher Saur
who had printed the first Bible, and the
booklove of his ancestor, dormant through
several generations, came again to life in
this boy. From his earliest years the love
of books was the ruling passion of his
life.

But in the home of this boy books were rarely seen, for the father believed
that reading led to idleness. And so he
frowned upon the boy's yearning for
bookish things. But there was a village
doctor with a clearer vision, who encour-
aged the boy and loaned him books from
his little library. To thwart the lad's am-
bitions, the father gave him endless tasks
on the farm, so that nearly all his time
was occupied in labor. When he sought
to read in the kitchen at night, the light
was denied him. A sympathetic store-
keeper gave him a pound of candles, but
the father discovered the boy reading late
at night in his attic bedroom, and there-
after he had to go to bed in the dark.

A Yankee peddler heard the story of
the boy's struggles, and urged him to
await his next visit, saying he had heard
of an invention in France whereby candles
could be lighted without the aid of the
flame from the stove, and he intended to
investigate the invention. After a time he
returned with a box of matches, the first
ever brought into that township. Had the
other folk seen those matches, probably
they would have laughed scornfully at
them or denounced them as one of those
new-fangled notions that should not be
tolerated, because what is good enough
for the fathers should be good enough
for the sons. But the boy manifested one
of the traits that led to his ultimate tri-
umph—a readiness to make use of every
legitimate advantage that develops as a
result of the research and the progress
of the day. He paid 25 cents for seventy-
five matches, hid them in an old desk,
and thereafter he had light whenever he
so desired.

When the boy had advanced so far that
he was ready to begin the study of pen-
manship, he again encountered an array
of discouragements. Pens were made of
goose-quills in those days. But there were
no geese on the farm. The boy therefore
went out into the barnyard, and, after
an exciting chase, captured an old rooster
and pulled out a big tail-feather. Of this
he tried to make a pen. Several times he
attempted to cut the feather with his
father's razor. Then when the father
shaved the next time, the operation proved
rather painful, and he solemnly reprim-
anded his good wife for using the razor
to pare her corns. Then the boy used a
clumsy butcherknife to make the pen,
but as he did not know that it was neces-
sary to cut a slit at the point, the result
when he wrote looked as though the
rooster himself had stepped into the ink
bottle and then marched over the paper.

The boy's persistence attracted the at-
tention of several wealthy men, who off-
ered to pay for his education. But the
father's answer was: "If you give a child
learning, then you fit him for forging, counterfeiting or for any other wicked-ness that an unlearned man would not be capable of doing.” Finally, after much pleading, the father said: “Well, go to school, and if it leads you to evil, the fault is not mine.”

So the boy went to school for the first time when he was 11 years old. The term continued six weeks, and that was the extent of the education which he obtained within the walls of a school house.

Every cent he got he spent for books, but never was he permitted to bring them into the house. Hiding his treasures in the barn he secretly pursued his studies in mathematics, geometry and English and German literature.

When the parents learned that, despite their opposition, the boy managed to obtain books, they deprived him of suitable clothing, ordering him to clothe himself with the few cents he earned by selling roots and herbs. But rather than be without books he went barefoot and ragged.

Most boys, if subjected to treatment such as that boy in Towamencin had to endure, would run away. But this boy never ran away from difficulties. He seemed to realize from the beginning that his life’s mission lay among his own people. And that is the noblest feature of the whole struggle; for while he might have attained many desires of his heart with far greater ease elsewhere, he chose to remain at home and fight the prejudices that prevailed.

So the lad struggled on, and eventually he became a school teacher. In that capacity he achieved fame for his thoroughness of instruction, for his heart was in his work and he inspired his pupils with the zeal for knowledge with which he was imbued. Students came to him from a distance, and he was the first person in the township who was able to make a living the year round by teaching.

Now he also had better opportunity to gratify his love for books. He “boarded around,” as teachers did in those times, and thus in many families he discovered the fine old volumes of the early German printers, often stored away in garrets or piled in barns. The farmers usually were glad to let him take away these seemingly useless relics of a bygone age—the glorious age of German literature in America. And so the young teacher gathered these neglected books, bringing to light many an important work of which the historians and literary men of the time knew almost nothing.

Abraham Harley Cassel was then entering upon his life’s work of restoring a lost literature and of gathering one of the most remarkable libraries that one man has ever collected.

Although he had found the path which his feet were destined to follow, he still met obstacles. He had decided never to marry, and had resisted all the charms of the other sex with eminent success, until one day in his 22d year, when he met his ideal in a manner thoroughly romantic. A girl stopped at the Cassel home to get a drink of water and ask the way to a nearby place. Abraham experienced unusual delight in complying with her requests, and when she had departed he became aware of such a peculiar feeling of all-goneness that he realized that he was effectually and unalterably in love.

Thus far the episode did not vary greatly from what might occur today. But in the subsequent proceedings there was a difference. The youth of 1908 would learn the girl’s name within an hour, take her to a picnic within a week, buy enormous quantities of ice cream and soda water for her throughout a summer season, and then pay a preacher to make her his truly own in October. But this young Dunker in 1842 was more sedate. He realized the grave character of the situation, and he went to his room, fell upon his knees and prayed for divine guidance. Then he fasted to subdue his wild passion. But prayer and fasting seemed all in vain. “The more I prayed,” he remarked, “the more enamoured I became.”

Naturally enough, his parents opposed his desire to marry. A “book fool” such as he had no right to think about matrimony, they reasoned. But in Cassel’s bosom a still small voice seemed to say over and over, “You must marry her.” At last, feeling justified by the Bible’s
admonition, Cassel resolved to "leave father and mother and to cleave to a wife."

Soon after his marriage Cassel and his wife moved to the farm in Lower Salford township, above Harleysville, where he made his home until his death on April 23 last.

Without the help of any funds other than the money he earned by farming or by teaching school, he gathered his remarkable library in his little farmhouse. There were complete sets of the works of Saur, Franklin, the Epirata press and the other early printers. There were fifty different translations and editions of the Bible. There were books, newspapers, pamphlets and manuscripts, many of them 300 or 400 years old. In all there were 50,000 items in this great collection, and for many years it served as a storehouse of information for scholars and writers who were studying the history of the settlement of the country.

As the feebleness of age overtook him, Mr. Cassel made arrangements for the preservation of his books when he should be no more. Fifteen years ago he sent 3000 volumes of theological works to Mount Morris College, Mount Morris, Ill. Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa., afterward obtained about 16,000 volumes, and the Pennsylvania Historical Society acquired 3000 volumes. The two last named institutions maintain the Cassel collections separately in their libraries. Mr. Cassel also made donations of books to Bridgewater College, in Virginia, and to Ashland College, in Ohio.

Mr. Cassel sold all the books remaining in his collection to M. G. Brumbaugh, superintendent of the public schools of Philadelphia. Dr. Brumbaugh allowed the books to remain in Mr. Cassel's home until his death, hesitating to deprive the aged booklover of his treasures even though failing eyesight made it impossible for him to read.

In telling of the great men of the land, it is customary to recount the achievements of military leaders who have won fame upon the battlefield or of the magnates of commercial life who, beginning with little, have amassed millions. The lives of such men, no doubt, present much that is valuable and admirable. But no hero of the battlefield ever showed greater courage and no millionaire ever exhibited greater persistency than did this humble Pennsylvania-German lad in his obscure combat with the powers of ignorance and prejudice. It is not simply the fact that Cassel gathered a remarkable library which makes him a great man, but it is because of his unwavering devotion to a high ideal amidst sordid surroundings, because of his determination not to go with the crowd when the crowd went wrong, because of his resolve to make the best possible use of the mind and the soul with which he had been endowed, that the life of Abraham Harley Cassel stands as an inspiration for everyone who has at heart the progress of the community wherein he lives.

The Germans in Franklin Co., Pa.

Note.—Hon. M. A. Foltz, of Chambersburg, read a very interesting paper before The Kittochtin Historical Society, Sept. 22, 1898, on "The German Influence in Pennsylvania: With Special Reference to Franklin County." The following copious extracts, reprinted by permission, will interest our readers, and bear strong testimony to the value and influence of the German element in Pennsylvania.

We are citizens of no mean county. Our land has been peopled by our race only an hundred and sixty-eight years, but in that time it has given to the public service men who have occupied a greater number of eminent positions than has any other county in the Union. Settled almost at the same time by the Scotch-Irish and Germans the two peoples have become intermingled so that it is difficult now to tell in many instances where one ancestry has predominance over the other. But the majority of our citizens are of German descent. This was not so at first. The Scotch-Irish were the more numerous. They were of the energetic, restless temperament that made them
brave and eager warriors, astute politicians and progressive citizens. The Germans made less rapid entry upon the lands. They were as intelligent as their neighbors though not so intellectual; they were not fond of war and fought only when they must; they were piooding and frugal, delighting in rich crops and comfortable homes, and while they hurried forward their material advancement less quickly than the Scotch-Irish they made it much more secure. In the early history of the county they do not figure much except as honest, prosperous farmers. They were not regarded with the same sense of equality by the Scotch-Irish as later and they were kept in the background in governmental affairs. We have no evidence that they fretted much because of this; they were satisfied to build homes, when they could do so in peace, and establish that solid foundation which they have always laid everywhere in their communities.

In 1736 the "German Settlement" at Grindstone Hill was begun; in the same year Germans settled in Greene township; in 1737 Samuel Bechtel was a resident of Path Valley. And so the list might be continued. There were not many Germans here in the earliest years, but among them were those whose descendants have been prominent for years in the county. In addition to those named were the Schneiders, Piscackers, Ledermans, Kolps, Bechtels, Gabriels, Ringers, Steiners, Senseyns, Radebaughs, Ronbrakes and Wolffs, all before 1745. After that the influx was very great. It is not our purpose to trace the individual early settlers or to enumerate them. That has been done in the several histories of the county. The desire, now, only is to tell, in as concise form as possible, of the influence the Germans had upon our county's history in her educational and religious development and in agricultural, mechanical and commercial aspects and to refer to the part they played in statecraft and war.

The logical place of beginning is with the churches, because the church was a part of the German and because it led to the schools, church schools at first and secular afterward. The Germans who have had most impress upon this county's history were members of the Reformed, Lutheran, Mennonite, Dunker, River Brethren, United Brethren, and Seventh Day Baptist churches.

Less than a dozen years after the first settlement of the county there were Reformed and Lutheran families in the vicinity of Shady Grove and Grindstone Hill who formed themselves into small congregations for the purpose of worship and who were visited by missionary pastors. In 1748 Michael Schlatter, the great Reformed missionary, visited the county and preached to many families. In 1752 the German Baptists organized the Antietam congregation near Waynesboro. In 1765 Rev. John George Bager, of Conewago, York county, began visiting the Lutherans of this section and organized the Grindstone Hill congregation. At the same time the Reformed congregation of Grindstone Hill was organized. In 1770 the St. John's Lutheran congregation was established here by Rev. John George Young, of Hagerstown, who preached in German. In 1773 Besore's (now Salem) Reformed congregation near Waynesboro was organized by Rev. Jacob Weymer, of Hagerstown, and worshipped in a log school house. In 1775 John Peter Miller organized the Snow Hill Seventh Day Baptist congregation in Quincy tp., where the doctrines of the church had been preached ten years previously. In 1776 the Reformed and Lutheran people built their union house of worship at Grindstone Hill and as early as 1783 they had their "old log church" in Green castle; in 1784 or 1785 Zion's Reformed congregation of Chambersburg was established by Rev. Jacob Weymer. In 1792 Rev. Jonathan Rahausen was the Reformed pastor in Mercersburg. In 1800 Rev. John Ruthruff was the first Lutheran pastor in Mercersburg and Waynesboro, although both congregations had been organized long before. The Mennonites in Greene township held services in the homes of their members from the time of their arrival here until 1804, when the present church north of Chambersburg was erected with Peter Lehman as first pastor. Before the close of the last century there was a
Reformed congregation at Quincy and at the beginning of the present century the Reformed and Lutheran people held services in one building. In 1795 Rev. Christian Newcomer and Rev. Geo. A. Guethling preached the United Brethren doctrines in Rocky Spring and Chambersburg and their labors resulted in the formation, some years afterward, of several congregations. About 1820 the first Reformed Mennonite Minister, Christian Frantz, came here from Lancaster county and began organizing a congregation near Waynesboro. In 1830 the River Brethren established several congregations in the county.

The scholarly influence of the Reformed clergymen, the aggressive and progressive pastorates of the Lutheran and the strong, enthusiastic congregations of the United Brethren growing with unprecedented rapidity are recognized, while no class of people have surpassed or do surpass the Mennonites, German Baptists, River Brethren, Dunkers and Seventh Day Baptists as prosperous, orderly, God-fearing citizens who enrich, materially and spiritually, every community in which they make their residence. The influence of the Reformed church has been greatest of all the churches of the county. Marshall college at Mercersburg and the Reformed Theological Seminary there have been presided over by the theological thinkers and writers who hold high places in their distinctive world. Schaff and Rauch and Harbaugh and Gerhart and Appel constituted that powerful body of theologians who gave to the Christological principle its great importance in the church doctrines of to-day, and the impress of the college as a mere educational institution will never be erased. Had Franklin county given nothing to the world except the teachings of Mercersburg's theologians she would have made a rich contribution.

Eager for education as their ancestors were it was to be expected that the Germans of a half-century and more ago would be quick to embrace the opportunities offered by the free school system. No class of people in this county has given it more support and none has contributed more largely to the ranks of school teachers, while of the ten superintendents of schools in the county since 1854 seven have been of German descent.

The newspaper is called the great educator and here again the German has been the controlling power. In the early history of the county there were German papers printed here. At one time two such weekly publications were issued. The late Judge Henry Ruby, in a historical sketch, said: “There were but few families in town and country that did not then understand the German language, which accounts for two weekly papers being sustained in that language.” Judge Ruby in this statement proves two things, the quick ascendancy of the German influence in the county and the intelligence of the German residents, for newspapers are always a test of the intellectual character of a community.

The Germans were not numerically as strong at the Franklin county bar in the earlier days as their neighbors the Scotch-Irish, but they have given to it a number of eminent attorneys. Hon. Jere S. Black and Hon. F. M. Kimmell were two of our President Judges of Pennsylvania-German antecedents. Four associate justices, Jacob Oyster, Henry Ruby, John Huber and David Oakes were Germans. To-day 37 of the 49 practicing members of the bar are of German ancestry, among them those counted the leading practitioners.

A like condition exists as regards the medical profession. The German practitioners were not so numerous in early days as they are now, when they are in a majority in the county, but Germans were at the head of the profession here for many years. One of the first physicians in Chambersburg was Dr. Andrew Baum, a graduate of German universities; the first physician in Waynesboro was a German, Dr. John Oellig, who established himself there in 1790, and his descendants are still in the practice of the profession. Doubtless there were other pioneer physicians who were Germans. The “healing art” has had here many exponents through whose veins flowed the careful, thoughtful, patient German blood. They cannot be enumerated. On this occasion let us refer
only to the brilliant Senseny and scholarly Lane families each of which gave to our county a number of our best physicians, Dr. Adam Carl and Dr. J. L. Suesserott, whose names and skill will long be remembered and whom the profession will always class as the ablest of their time. Their students were many and are still in active and leading practice in various communities.

Many of the men Franklin county has sent to represent her in Congress and the State Legislature have been Germans, and Joseph Snively was one of her representatives in the Constitutional Convention of 1837. Hon. W. S. Stenger was Congressman and Secretary of the Commonwealth. Hon. George W. Brewer and Hon. W. U. Brewer represented the county in the Senate.

The list of Germans who have filled county offices is much too lengthy for recitation here. This much can be said with reference to it, that while men of German birth were, in the early history of our county, not frequently nominated to office, they have not been ignored during the past three-quarters of a century and for a long time have held the majority of the public places at the disposal of their fellow-citizens. That the Germans were a long time in arriving at the office-holding estate was not due to lack of ability or integrity, but to the circumstances that they were at first in a minority and that for many years the Mennonites and Dunkers and their brethren took no part in politics and could not be induced to accept an office or even to vote—a condition which exists to-day to a less extent.

In the domain of agriculture the Germans of Franklin county have been easily pre-eminent. They have the most productive lands and the most acres, they study their crops as a lawyer his cases, they are quickest to introduce new machinery, they have the best homes and the biggest barns, they have the most patience, and the most industry; the sleekest and the strongest horses that pull loads of grain to our elevators are those of the Mennonites and Dunkers and River Brethren or their children; the fattest and the best butter producing cows and the ones that carry home premiums from every agricultural fair at which they are exhibited are owned by the same class of people.

A well-known Mennonite of Greene township said the other day: "My grandfather came here in 1792. The slate lands were too high in price for him to buy—they were occupied by the Scotch-Irish who found them easiest to work—and he bought a farm here in the limestone region, where the land was considered very poor and was cheap." It is not necessary to tell this society of the relative values of the limestone and slate lands of the county now, nor to denote the cause of the difference.

A Franklin county public man of Irish descent has this to say of the Germans in Letterkenny and Lurgan townships: "They were all or nearly all industrious and economical. They found the soil apparently exhausted, and buildings and fences dilapidated. Indeed, to this day an insufficient fence is called an Irish fence. The Germans made rails in the winter and as soon as the snow was gone fence-making was in order, then deeper plowing, more thorough cultivation in every way, then lime-burning and liming the land without stint, thus enabling them to grow clover and thereby enriching the land. More recently, underdraining and the use of commercial fertilizers have brought these acres from among the poorest to among the best in the county, and instead of the small, dilapidated dwellings and straw-roofed barns of eighty years and less ago we have comfortable farm houses well furnished and commodious barns, well filled."

The late John B. Kauffman used to tell that the Germans who had "in great measure taken the place of the old pioneer" in Letterkenny township, were not always looked upon with favor, and that one of these pioneers once "wondered, reverently of course, 'what God Almighty meant in making the Dutchman and letting him have the best of the land beside.' " The German, however, only took that which was left in many sections.

That which they purchased a century ago is principally in German possession.
now (in many instances never having passed from the family) and thousands of acres which they then looked upon, we doubt not, with envy that was not covetousness, are now owned by their descendants. Their history has been a slow but always-growing acquisition of territory, and, with it, of respect from their fellows.

Among the settlers in Letterkenny township after the Revolution were a number of Hessians, who became, all accounts say, good citizens and industrious farmers, and whose descendants are, many of them, among our best-known people.

The Germans have built up Franklin county’s greatest manufactories, after inventing the machinery that is sent from them to nearly every country on the globe. In our early history there were busy Germans, too, and they did the bulk of the manufacturing. They built the “Dutch ovens” which are yet seen, they operated flouring and saw mills, flax and flax-seed oil mills; in 1794 Anthony Snyder made the first scythe and sickles on West King street along the Conococheague. In the same year, 1794, Jacob Dechert manufactured hats in Chambersburg. About 1800 Jacob Heyser made copper kettles and other copper goods here; in 1810 Jacob Dechert was followed in the manufacture of hats by James Wright in Chambersburg, and Jacob Kreps and John Weitzel in Greencastle; in 1812 John and Thomas Johns began forging sickles and scythes in “Kerrstown;” about the same time or perhaps earlier Thomas Johns and William Ferry made augurs; Philip Shall constructed cards for fulling mills, and George Faber followed him at a later period on West Market street; in 1820 Jacob Smith manufactured tacks “by hand;” and in 1821 Christian Etter began making cut nails in Chambersburg. In 1838 the first sleeping car ever used on any railroad was constructed for the C. V. R. R. from plans made by Philip Berlin, at one time Superintendent, and the first cab on a locomotive was the design of Daniel Hull, an engineer, and placed on an old Franklin railroad locomotive by Jacob Shafer, who resides yet on West Market street.

In few inland counties in the State do the wheels of trade turn with busier hum than in Franklin. With the exception of the C. V. R. R., the Chambersburg Engineering Company’s shops and some lesser establishments, every manufactory is the product of German ingenuity and capital and is directed by men of German ancestry. George Frick and Peter Geiser were farmer boys before they invented the Frick steam engine and the Geiser separators, and they and their German colleagues built up the Waynesboro establishments, which today have on their payrolls more than a thousand people. The Landis Universal Grinder, which has a world-wide reputation, was a German invention, and Germans control its construction in big shops in Waynesboro. So also is the American Manufacturing Company, of the same place, under German management.

For years two of Chambersburg’s leading industries were paper and straw board mills. The first straw boards manufactured in America were made by Geo. A. Shyroock, at Hollywell. He practically “invented” the paper board. A cousin called his attention to the fact that straw acted upon by potash was converted into a substance closely resembling the pulpout of which the ordinary wrapper paper was made. Mr. Shyroock immediately began experiments, and in 1829 produced straw paper and straw boards, the very first ever used as a staple article anywhere in the world. A Franklin county German had again given something new to the world’s commerce and his successors in the business and also in the manufacture of rag paper, in which Mr. Shyroock had been engaged before he evolved the strawboard, were the German-descended Heyzers.

It would have been a pleasing work, had time permitted, to have given in this paper some detailed testimony to the patriotism of the Germans of Franklin county when war’s “alarum” has been sounded. They were on the frontier of the settlements before the Revolution, and bore the brunt of the Indians’ attacks, they were part of the English army in the French and Indian War, and they fought for freedom along with their Scotch-Irish
neighbors in the Revolutionary struggle. In the Whiskey Insurrection they formed part of Franklin county's quota of 281 men, and in the War of 1812 they were conspicuous. By this time they had demonstrated to the satisfaction of their neighbors their executive ability and their courage, that was dauntless, and they held many of the commissioned offices. Jeremiah Snider was a colonel; Henry Reges, Andrew Oakes, Jacob Stake were captains; Jeremiah Senseney, John Musser, John Small, John Snider and others were lieutenants, and there were scores of privates. One of the Bonbrake families which radiated from Grindstone Hill is said to have given to the American army seven sons during this struggle. In the Mexican War the majority of the Franklin countians who participated were Germans, the records show. In the Civil War the number of Germans who enlisted from this county was far in excess of any other nationality. We meet many of them daily, and we remember those who sleep under the folds of the flag. The roll of Company C of the Eighth Regiment is made up almost entirely of German names.

And not only in Franklin county has the influence of our Germans been felt. In large numbers they have gone to the Western States and there have been chosen to many public offices and have been foremost in the development of the territory. The Pennsylvania-German in the West is an institution of which the mixed population there is exceedingly proud, and to which it bows in acknowledgment of intelligence and ability in many directions.

Such has been and is a record of the Germans who have found their active sphere in this county. It is not complete, I know, and there are many additions that can be made to it by members of German families. It is my hope that this paper will lead to the examination of old papers and records and to the reviving of traditions that will set forth in much fuller manner the great influence of the German brain and brawn and character upon this county. This paper is merely the frame upon which the more finished history may be hung. To it must be added the stories of the personal achievements of the Germans and their effect upon the current of local events. It will take a long time to give it that roundness which it lacks now only for the want of an historian, but it will some day have this and then there will be a richly treasured heritage for us. It will be the record of an honest people, loving God and loving education, who came to this county to settle on the poorest lands and who have acquired possession of the most productive farms and most profitable business houses, who taught good citizenship, who at first were scorned but who by merit and despite much jostling acquired ascendancy at the bar, in the pulpits, in medicine and in the school rooms; who fought for their country with bravery and with never a protest.

It is a record that must deepen the reverence of German descendants for their sturdy fathers, and excite the admiration of those who are "without the pale." And, let me bear testimony, not the least tribute we offer must be to the good German mothers—those noble women who spun the flax and bound the grain, who shared in joys, who soothed the fever and made less bitter the draught of disappointment, who reared the children and taught them the Ten Commandments and the trusting evening prayer, "Ein Feste Burg" and our own "America"; who impressed the lessons of thrift that was not cupidity, of ambition that crushed not the competitor, and of love for home and family that has given Pennsylvania and Franklin county their greatest strength. Modest as they have always been, they have never been able to veil their worth, and the impetuous Scotch-Irishmen have sued for their hands and their tender love with a persistency that has borne excellent fruit. Today there are few families, whose ancestors came here in bygone days, which lack the German mother, and the best aspirations of lives well-spent are those that are attributed to her implanting. Wife and counsellor, mother and guide, wealth-maker and home-maker, she is the best product of the German race. We owe much to our fathers: Our fathers owe their all to the German mother.
The Maternal Grandmother of Washington.

BY REV. HORACE EDWIN HAYDEN, M.A., WILKES-BARRE, PA.

HE article under this title from the pen of Mr. John Stotsenburg, of New Albany, Ind., published in the May number of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN, does me such injustice, I am sure unintentionally, that I ask as a subscriber the publication of this article in reply.

Mr. Stotsenburg quotes just ten lines in his paper, p. 226, from my book "Virginia Genealogies," which book he evidently had neither read nor seen, as he does not give the correct title of the work. And yet he gives part of two columns of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN from my book as coming from the pen of my friend, Rev. G. W. Beale.

The only facts given by him as discovered by Mr. Beale in connection with Washington's maternal grandmother, are her third marriage to Captain Richard Hughes, and her career with him; facts which it was impossible for me to discern in the chaotic condition of the Lancaster county records under the reconstruction clerk when I visited there in 1885.

As everything concerning Washington's grandfather and grandmother is interesting, I beg you will give the following pages in full, as they were never printed elsewhere than in my "Virginia Genealogies," now out of print:


He m. (I.), it is said, in England, cir. 1675, ELIZABETH ROGERS, or ELIZABETH ROMNEY, dau. of William Romney, of London, who d. prior to 1703. He m. (II.), 1707-8, MARY JOHNSON, widow, of Lancaster county, Va., b. in England; d. Lancaster county, Va., 17—.

Of Colonel Ball very little is known. He was a man of prominence in his county and parish. A Lieut. Colonel and a vestryman. But his name has become interesting to Americans. Lieut. Colonel Joseph Ball received a as that of the grandfather of General Washington of land 1704.

It is proven that he was twice married, and that the "mother of Washington" was his only child by his second marriage, but the history of his first and second wife is more or less traditional. This sketch differs from all accepted authorities on the subject, therefore a careful consideration of the following reasons for its deductions is asked. The letter of Col. James Ball, of "Bewiley," gives the name of the first wife as "Rogers." The twelve or more charts of the family which I have examined show a common origin in that letter. These uniformly give the name as "Rogers." Before publishing his "Washington and Mt. Vernon," Mr. M. D. Conway consulted me on the matter. As I had not then digested and arranged my data, I could only give M. C. the above facts. Since then I have re-written the "Ball family" and extended my researches with the following results:

There is no record of Col. Ball's marriages among the marriage bonds of Lancaster county, nor do I find any mention of the name of the first wife in the county or church books. The Letter Book of Joseph Ball, 19, son of Col. Joseph Ball by his first wife, and a lawyer of London, covering the seventeen years from 1743 to 1760, with many other papers, is still preserved in the hands of his descendant, Miss Downman, of Washington. These papers show that he had given much attention to the subject of his ancestry while in London. Most of the early Ball wills given in these papers are from copies obtained by him and his son-in-law, Rawleigh Downman. No mention of the maiden name of his mother occurs in these papers. But there is among his descendants a tradition that Joseph Ball's first wife was named Elizabeth Romney or Romney. A tradition so trusted that the name Romney occurs frequently in this line in memory of his first wife. It is the kindness of her gt. gt. gt. dau., Miss Julia Romney Downman, that I owe the privilege of examining the papers of Joseph Ball.

It is stated that Col. Ball resided in England until his first wife's death. If that is correct, his children by his first marriage were born in England. This would also place his wife's death prior to 1703. Col. Ball's second wife, Mrs. Mary Johnson, was born in England, as appears from the statement of her niece, Mrs. Shearman, that she was an English woman. By her first marriage she had a daughter, Elizabeth Johnson, named in Col. Ball's will. The date of his second marriage
is based on the fact that Mary Ball, his daughter by this union, died in her 82d year, Aug. 25, 1789, which places her birth at 1707-8, and also on a deed recorded in Lancaster county, from Col. B. to his son Joseph for two tracts of land, 721 and 200 a., which, should his son d. s.p., was to pass to his daughters. This deed, dated Feb. 7, 1707, states that at that date he had no issue. The witnesses were James Ball and John Robertson. He names in this deed his daughters, Mrs. Hannah Travers, Mrs. Anne Conway, Mrs. Chinn and Mrs. Jo. Carnegie. That he married the widow Johnson in Lancaster county appears from a deed recorded in that county February 12, 1703, from Col. B. to his son-in-law, Raleigh Chinn, of 190 a., witnessed by George Frick and Mary Johnson.

While preparing the Conway Family history, my friend, Mr. R. M. Conway, suggested that this witnessing of the deed of 1703 by Mary Johnson might indicate that she was at that time Col. Ball's "housekeeper." This was merely a hypothesis of Mr. C. and based, as he wrote me, on no possible evidence beyond her presence at the making of the deed. I regret to see that Mr. Moncure D. Conway, in his "Washington and Mt. Vernon," p. xiv., gives this hypothesis as a fact, and regards it as a proof of the "plebian origin" of Washington's grandmother. It is not easy to see how the position of a "housekeeper" at that date, or at the present time, can be arbitrarily accepted as indicating a "plebian" origin.

Mrs. Ann Shearman, who was a child when Col. Joseph Ball, her grandfather died, and of whom Col. James Ball made inquiry about Mrs. Johnson, gave no indication that the widow held any position in the Ball family before she became the wife of Col. Joseph Ball. The signature of Mary Johnson, as witness to the deed of 1703, proves no more than does the signature of George Frick, that he, the witness to any of the old deeds of those times were witnessed by the Clerk of the County Court, showing that the deeds were often executed, signed and witnessed in the Clerk's office, possibly by any person or friend at hand. Many such witnesses made their mark.

Mr. Conway suggests (Mag. Am. His. XVII., 197—note) that Col. Ball's deeds to his children prior to his second marriage "look as if he were conciliating his family." It was customary at that day, when the law of primogeniture prevailed, and the wife's estate was by marriage merged into the estate of her husband and entirely in his control, for the widower to make some settlement for the children by the first wife, prior to his second marriage. This appears especially in the case of Col. Edwin Conway. If the "conciliation" was supposed to be necessary on the hypothesis that he was about to marry his "housekeeper" against the wishes of his children, the same might apply to Col. Conway's marriage.

There is some reason to believe that Mrs. Mary Johnson was of Montague lineage, and if so, that George Washington, her illustrious grandson, is descended from Drogo de Montacuto, who, b. cir. 1049, accompanied William the Conqueror to the shores of Britain, and founded the great Montague family of England. That the Montagues of Virginia, who descended from Peter Montague, who came to Virginia 1621, can justly claim such lineage, has been demonstrated by Mr. Geo. W. Montague, of Amherst, Mass., in his "Montague Genealogy," p. 641.

Capt. G. W. Ball, who has so efficiently aided me in the Ball family, writes me that in his manuscript of the family of Joseph Ball there is a pencil interlineation made nearly fifty years ago of the name of "Montague" in connection with Mrs. Mary Johnson. Hon. Robert L. Montague, at one time Lieut. Governor of Virginia, wrote in 1819 to Mr. Wm. H. Montague, of Boston, that "the tradition has been handed down in our family that George Washington was of Montague blood through his mother or grandmother. The tombstones in White Chapel church yard, an old colonial church in Lancaster county, clearly proves the intermarriages of the Montagues and Balls." Peter Montague, the head of the Virginia line, was a Burgess from Lancaster county 1651-1658. (H. N. 1, 431.)

It is a significant fact that Washington used as his common seal the Montague crest. In 1792, when Sir Isaac Heard wrote to the President making inquiry into the Washington pedigree, and enclosing Washington Arms, General Washington replied: "The arms enclosed in your letter are the same that are held by the family here, though I have also seen and have used, as you may perceive by the seal to this packet, a flying griffin for the crest."

An examination of Burke's Armory will show that the crest of the English Washington family is "out of a ducal coronet, a raven with wings endorsed ppr. or, 'an eagle with wings endorsed sa. The crest of the Montague family is "out of a ducal coronet gu, a griffin's head below two wings, or." The "ducal coronet" is simply a "crest-coronet," and does not indicate ducal descent. Mr. M. D. Conway, in his "Washington," etc., goes fully into the discussion of the Washington Arms. He does not refer to the Montague tradition, but attributes the griffin crest to the German Washington family, and considers it a legitimate Washington crest.

Children, first marriage:

15. i. HANNAH. b. —, 1683? m. ante 1707. Raleigh Travers.


17. iii. ESTHER. b. —, 1685; d. May, 1751; m. ante 1703. Raleigh Chinn.


Second marriage:

*20. vi. Mary, b. —, 1707-8; d. Aug. 25, 1789, a 82; m. Mar. 6, 1739-1, Augustine Washington.

The above extract from "Virginia Genealogies" shows how large a part of my own statements printed 1891 Mr. Stotsenburg has incorporated into his article without any credit to me. It also corrects several important errors that reflect on both Mrs. Mary Johnson and her daughter Mary Ball.

Since B. J. Lossing wrote his historical fiction, called "Mary and Martha Washington," in which he made the distinguished mother of Washington born out of lawful wedlock, every writer down to Marian Harlan has repeated the error, that Mary Ball was born 1706. One exception must be noted: Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, in her "Mother of Washington," has given the correct date of Mary Ball's birth from my book. Mr. Stotsenburg makes her born 1707. He also commits, as serious an error when, on p. 226, he makes Mrs. Mary Johnson marry Col. J. P. Ball 1706. A careful reading of the paragraph above, beginning, "It is stated that Col. Ball resided in England," etc., will show that Col. Joseph Ball, by deed dated February 7, 1707, conveying two tracts of land to his son, Joseph Ball, distinctly states that at that date (Feb. 7, 1707), he had no wife; the exact words are, "at this date I have no wife." It is certain that he was then preparing to marry. But supposing him to have married that spring, say March, April or May, it is not reasonable to place the birth of Mary Ball, their only daughter, earlier than December, 1707, or as I give it above, 1707-8, which corresponds with the record that Mary Ball Washington "died Aug. 25, 1789, in the 82d year of her age," which means that she had passed her 81st birthday—hence born 1707-1708.

I am sure that Mr. Stotsenburg has made his errors innocently. But for many years Washington's grandfather, grandmother and mother have been more the subject of speculative writing than of real historical research. I do not wonder when Lossing, an historian, has set the pace by his romances. It is well to state here that no reliable connection has yet been made between Col. Wm. Ball, of Virginia, and any Ball family in England. Col. Joseph Ball's son, living in London, failed entirely to discover any. So did M. D. Conway, a member of Mary Ball's family. So did Mr. Wm. Ball Dodson, and so did I fail entirely to find any trace of the English line of Col. Wm. Ball.

No portrait of Mary Ball exists except Lossing's fictitious portrait. No proof exists of any marriage of Col. Wm. Ball's sons in England. The Ball Family History, covering 100 pages of my "Virginia Genealogies," has been proven step by step by documents and family records. So far, the only correction made to that record is in the way of new discoveries like Mary (Johnson) Ball's third marriage and the record of her life as Mrs. Hughes.
An Historic Pilgrimage Along Mountain By-Ways

BY ASA K. McILHANEY, BATH, PA.

On Wednesday morning, July 24, 1907, a party of nine longing for a lone country drive, made the necessary arrangements and started, by coach, for points of interest along the Blue mountains. This merry crowd included Rev. Dr. J. E. Smith and the writer, both friends to The Pennsylvania-German and subscribers since its first issue. As early as 6.30, we are ready. There is a gentle breeze and a clear sky. On rolls our coach.

Bath, founded in 1737, by Daniel Craig, President Roosevelt’s Scotch-Irish ancestor, is soon left behind. Two miles to the north, we cross our own winding stream whose waters have turned the wheels of over a dozen grist-mills, in the past hundred years. The Indians named it the Monoquasy, signifying, “a stream with several large bends,” the largest of which is eight miles long. It rises in Moore township, flows south through Bath and the eastern part of the Irish settlement, and empties into the Lehigh at Bethlehem. On its west bank, at the latter place, is the site of the Continental hospital burial grounds where lie interred the remains of upwards of five hundred officers and privates of the Revolutionary army. From the south, we approach

Chapman Quarries.

The first view that greets the eye is that of mammoth banks of refuse slate, which have been taken out of deep quarries, and being of a quality unfit for dressing, the mark of condemnation is placed upon it. The town derives its name from William Chapman, who was born in 1816; on the battlefield of Waterloo—his mother having gone there to attend upon her wounded husband. Chapman is said to have discovered the slate deposits in this region, and upon acquiring the land for a dollar in money, and a pint of gin, formed a company and amassed a snug fortune. Quarrying and preparing the slate for market is very interesting to a person who has not seen the mode of operation. The manufactured slate is of a hard-vein variety, and has been used on the roofs of many prominent public buildings. Leaving the slate region, we pass

Cross Roads and Klecknersville.

At the latter place is a large creamery owned by a stock-company, and judging from the number of farmers’ teams loaded with milk-cans, is doing a thriving business. Passing the old Santee homestead, we come to that of Conrad Dieter, situated on the top of a hill. On both sides of the road are seen bountiful crops of rye, just harvested, the finest being on Henry Bilheimer’s farm. Entering

Point Phillips,

the tavern sign informs us that this hostelry is run by H. P. Morey. The original name of the village and one still used is Chubbsville, just because old Philip Gross who ran things here with a high hand, way back in the thirties, sold a customer a glass of whiskey in which swam a small cub. When asked to explain how this happened, he admitted diluting his liquor with water taken from a spring in his cellar. But we dare not linger too long. Just ahead of us is the Hock- andauqua, which is an Indian word meaning, “searching for land”—white settlers being observed by the red men. Along this stream, a week ago, we gathered great groups of the beautiful rhododendron, many of them, quite full of the broad clusters which are set in bouquet fashion among the dark and glossy green leaves. It is these leaves that tell even the most uninitiated that the rhododendron is a relative of the laurel. Both are members of the heath family. So is the trailing arbutus. It is known as the bay
and rose tree—hence its name. Even the tiny, scrawny New England variety, the Rhodora, inspired Emerson to write—

Rhodora? If the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.

What would the Sage of Concord have written, had he seen these voluptuous beauties, growing in impenetrable thickets, along the dark recesses of a hidden stream, as we saw them?

For the past five or six years, many carloads of these plants have been dug up, along the Blue Mountains and shipped to stock the estates of millionaires in the south, and along the Hudson. One of the principal purchasers has been George Vanderbilt who has transplanted them by the thousands on his estate at Biltmore. But we would caution the owners of properties that you are robbing your lands of the very thing that makes them attractive. They are such slow growers that many a bush reaches the age of twenty-five years before it is eight feet high. Save the beautiful in nature!

But we must continue on our journey, and begin to ascend the Blue or Kittatinny mountains—the Indians supposing they had no end, hence the name. Half way to the top is the famous

Burrowes Spring,

the source of the Hockanandaqua, which enters the Lehigh at Alliance. The flow of water, from this spring is great; and, it is, no doubt, fed by an immense underground reservoir. An old Indian chief often referred to it as the "big spring on the mountains."

There are associations connected with this place worth mentioning, for here was once the residence of Capt. Eden Burrowes. Traces of his dwelling may still be found, and also spots of ground indicating that they were once under cultivation. Tradition says he had a large peach orchard here. We cannot understand what really persuaded Capt. Burrowes to build his home at this place, unless he believed in the words of Seneca—"Where a spring rises or a river flows, there should we build altars and offer sacrifices." Capt. Burrowes served throughout the Revolutionary War, in the first regiment N. J. continental line. He enlisted in December, 1776, as a sergeant, and was retired November, 1783, as first lieutenant. He was an original member of the N. J. state society of the Cincinnati, and died here in Moore township, Feb. 26, 1825, in his seventy-second year. His son "Cash," Burrowes was six feet six inches tall, and is still remembered by many old residents. He is buried at Moorestown. Having tasted of the excellences of the spring we wander on. A stone's throw from this spot, two years ago, we came across a big rattlesnake stretched out in the public road. How we admired its brilliant colors, and then tried to kill it. At first it did not seem to move, which may be from the fact that they are considered blind in the month of August. It made free use of its rattles, the sound reminding us of a locust's cry or the noise of a distant mowing machine.

Climbing to the top of the mountains, altitude 1620 A. T., we have a picturesque view of a large portion of Northampton and Monroe counties.

This notch in the mountains is known as Smith's Gap, and it was here, in 1737, that Marshall the pioneer of the walking purchase, and one of Penn's friends, crossed the mountain. We succeeded in finding three species of wintergreen in bloom; of these the Pyrola minor or small wintergreen nodds gracefully by the roadside and shows its beautiful white waxen bells, from which emanates a slight fragrant scent. The Pyrola rotundifolia or pear-leaved, wintergreen, one of the commonest of the pyrolas, and often mistaken for lilies-of-the-valley growing wild. The Pyrola umbellata or spotted wintergreen. Pursh the eminent American botanist who traveled through this region, in 1807, on a tour of investigation, separated the last-named species from the genus Pyrola, making it constitute a new family by the name of Chimaphila.—"A lover of winter." Its leaves are lance-shaped with rather distant saw-teeth and beautifully mottled with white along its veins.

At 9.20, we enter Monroe county, and descending the mountains greatly admire
a corruption of the Indian Pochkapockla
the many roadside ferns, even the com-
mon polypond of which Thoreau wrote so
charmingly, which grows best on the flat
surface of a large boulder covered with
a thick bed of moss.

Along the woodland borders is heard
the sharp, petulant cry of the chewink;
in the denser part of the woods, the tire-
less song or whistle of the indigo bunting;
while further on, the highholder is also
in evidence.

At the foot of the mountains, a
finger-board tells us we are four miles
from Little Gap, nine from Wind Gap,
six from Point Phillips, one from Kunkle-
town. Turning our horses’ heads in the
direction of the last place named, we
linger for a short time by the banks of the
Aquaschicola, which is another Indian
monument, in name, meaning, “Where
we fish with the bush-net.” Its waters
are very clear, and hold tribes of the wary
trouth. This stream originates at Ross-
land and empties into the Lehigh at
Lehigh Gap.

Crossing the bridge, we come to a
Memorial stone, erected by the Moravians,
in 1901, to mark the site of

Meniologameka,

which recalls the heroic missionary efforts
of the Indian village, nearly one hundred
and sixty years ago. It existed from
1749 to 1755.

From another hill we can see

Kunkletown,

and before reaching the post-office, are
compelled to cross another creek with an
Indian name—the Buckwha. It is gen-
erally called Frantz’s creek and flows
into the Aquaschicola at Little Gap. A
large dam is built in this stream, and
furnishes the power for the brick-works,
which now employ but a dozen men,
though a few years ago gave work to an
hundred. Kunkletown is the terminus of
the Chestnut Ridge railroad, and the
central point in Eldred township, which
years ago was known as the strong Dem-
cratic precinct with no Republican
voters. The church sets on a hill to the
north. The cascade in Mixsell’s creek,
where the water falls almost vertically
over hard, gray slate, is beautiful. J. G.

THE SITE OF MENILOGAMEKA NEAR
KUNKLE TOWN PA.

Fellencer is the hotel proprietor. Before
leaving this locality, we might state that
there is one thing commendable to the
hotel-keepers all along our route: and
that is that they furnish houses for the
homes of the purple martins. This bird is
of an extremely sociable disposition and
dwells by preference where man has his
habitation, rarely being seen far from
settlements. They arrive in April, com-
ing north from Cuba and Mexico, and
leave in August. Bird-lovers have
identified them, and year after year, they
come back to the spot that is their home
and that was built for their pleasure.

We follow the road to the north, pass
the homes of the Borges, Frables and
Heffelfingers until we reach the very sum-
mit of Weir Ridge. Here is seen one of
the prettiest sights of the countryside—
a buckwheat field in bloom—a sheet of
pure white, rippling and dimpling as the
breeze stirs it, and musical with the hum
of countless honey bees. Dropping down
the steep wooded declivity, we get our
first view of the far-famed

Pleasant Valley

the land of green hills, fertile fields and
running waters. The principal object in
the peaceful view is a great red mill stand-
ing on the banks of a little brook that falls
into the Pohopoco creek. This word is
—“two mountains bearing down upon each other, with a stream intervening.” It is now exactly noon. We cross the Weir creek, a branch of the aforenamed, and arrive in

Gilbert’s.

We repair to the home of Roger Kresge and become the guests of his daughter, who is a teacher in the Bath schools, and with whom we are acquainted. Lunch is served in the woods, and by the side of a spring. Mr. Kresge pointed to a spot only a few fields distant, where Fort Norris was built. It was erected through the efforts of Benjamin Franklin, in 1756, and lay midway between Fort Hamilton, in Stroudsburg, and Fort Allen in Weisport. This fort was named after Isaac Norris, Speaker of the Assembly, he who directed that there should be cast on the State House bell of 1752 the words, “Proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof.” The ground on which Fort Norris stood is now the property of Charles Frable, it being a part of the original Serfass tract. It stood “on the high road toward the Minisink”! that is, on the road to what is now Stroudsburg. Gilberts is a pretty village of about a dozen homes. Here is located Salem church, and the Polytechnic Institute, with Prof. Feltham as principal. The hotel is run by M. Gregory, and the store by Mahlon H. Kresge.

About two hundred yards west of the village, and near the roadside, is a granite monument, seven feet by four feet, with the inscription, “The site of

Wechquetank

a Moravian Indian mission station, 1760-1763.” It is situated on the banks of the same brook that Edward Marshall drove his axe into the stump of a wild cherry tree, to mark the end of that famous swindle—the walking purchase. And it was of Edward Marshall that Frederick Hoeth, Jacob Weiss and a few others bought land to begin a settlement in this region that the Indians called Wechquetank. Hoeth owned a large part of the land and built the mill in 1750. In December of 1755, the Tioga Indians, flour

ishing the bloody scalps of the murdered martyrs of the Mahoning, attacked and burned the little settlement, murdered Hoeth, his wife, his son-in-law, and carried his daughters into captivity. In 1760, this devastated little settlement was purchased by the Moravian church, and in October of that year, Bernard Adam Grube settled there with a small colony of Christian Indians. This settlement was abandoned in 1763.

But it is time to move onward. By 3 o’clock, we are in

Brodheadsville
	named for General Brodhead, a son of the first settler, and an Indian fighter of noted ability. At a time, he had charge of a garrison on the West Branch, and in 1780 commanded Fort Pitt. Brodheadsville is situated in a level country, and in the heart of Pleasant Valley. Its homes are surrounded by well-kept lawns, and many set back from the main driveway. The Fairview Academy is under the principalship of Prof. Kunkle, and like the institution at Gilberts, prepares young men and women for teaching and for college. Northward a short distance is Lake Mineola, which lies in the midst of a series of typical knob-like moraine hills. It has neither inlet nor outlet that is visible, but is fed by springs which rise from beneath its surface. The Indian interpretation is “beautiful water.” Leaving to our left the hostelry kept by E. Everett, a mile eastward a signboard informs us that it is one mile to Effort and five miles to McMichaels. Who does not love the old-fashioned country sign-post? It is a token of your fellow-man’s regard for you, a stranger in a strange land, and such as it has to give it gives freely. We soon come to

McIlhaney

which is beautifully nestled in a rich agricultural community, close to McMichael’s creek. The village was named for Thos. M. McIlhaney, Esq., who for many years was an honored citizen of Monroe county, and an uncle to the writer. None of the family ever lived here. “Bill” Dotter, of Pocono fame, is the accommodating land-
lord. His barroom is very attractive; the walls and ceiling are covered with fine paintings, indicating surrounding scenery, made, no doubt, by some eminent city artist while summering here. To the north flows the beautiful McMichael's creek. It rises in the Pocono mountains and flows into Brodhead creek, at Stroudsburg. In its waters live the speckled trout and the edible terrapin. Only a few days ago, a lone fisherman, Joseph Harps, while angling for bass, was startled by an animal swimming up to him. It was a full-grown beaver, a colony of which now exist on the West farm. Taking the Wilkes-Barre turnpike and steering southeastwardly some three miles past the Serfasses and Altemoses, we reach

**Lake Poponomining**

the Indian translation being, "where we are grazing." It is generally called Saylor's lake.

Here is a shrine—the rolling woodland slopes down to the side of the lake, which affords a fine view upon entering. Near the water's edge stand bushes covered with hundreds of wild roses. Look at them! Is there a daintier flower of the summer-time? Indeed, Lehigh Hunt was right when he sang,

> Whatever of beauty
> Yearns and yet reposes,
> Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
> Took a shape in roses.

The lake is a beautiful sheet of water, being from thirty to forty feet in depth. On its borders are numerous tents occupied by sojourners from all parts of the country; Bathing, wading, boat-riding, swimming, gathering pond lilies, and fishing for the calico and black bass, perch and catfish, contribute, in part, to their daily enjoyment.

After supper we start for home. Passing the Lake Poponomining Inn, C. F. Williamson, proprietor, we enter

**Saylorsburg.**

Here is the mammoth plant of the Blue Ridge Brick Works. The Lake House, an up-to-date hotel, is kept by Anthony Heller. The place is named for the old Saylor family, who were the merchants here for many years. Further on is Cherry Valley.

In travelling through the country, a tree-lover will notice that there are more kinds of oaks than one. There are those whose trunks are comparatively white and whose leaves have trim, rounded lobes; and there are others whose boles are quite dark, and the leaves of such usually have jagged lobes terminating in bristles. These are the rough distinctions between the two great groups into which the oak family is separated, the white and the black. The whites are the aristocrats of their race. To their class belonged the European oak of antiquity, fabled to have been born of the lightning. Jove's own tree and Thor's, the sacred tree of the Druids. Of the white oak tribe, too, are the famous trees of English history, beloved by a nation not only for their many cherished associations, but for their lusty vigor, which makes them a type of sturdy fidelity and soundness of heart; and white was our famous American, the Charter Oak of Hartford, familiar to all school children.

But it will soon be dark; so we move onward. Crossing the railroad is a field, near

**Ross Common**

in which is a little cemetery, containing not more than a thousand square feet; a graveyard where lie at rest the remains of the members of the Ross family, who at one time owned nearly all the land north of the Wind Gap of the Blue mountains. The township of Ross was named in memory of the owners of the property, which we presume embraced all or nearly all of the township. The word "common" means "manor" or "home," hence Rosscommon can be interpreted as the "Ross home." On this manor they established a graveyard, around which they built a stone wall between four and five feet high. Within this inclosure are a dozen graves, about half of them marked with monuments, three being marble boxes that cover the entire grave. Beneath one of these repose the remains of "John Ross," Esq., an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, who was born Feb. 24, 1770, and died
Jan. 31, 1834." Beside the grave of Judge Ross is that of his wife, "Mary Ross, born 1774, and died in 1845." Another grave similarly marked is that of Thomas Ross, of Easton, who was born in 1757, and died in 1815." The Ross family has no living representative in this vicinity. Passing the hotel wheremine Host Xeineyer holds sway, and the Rosscommon springs, whose waters have effected some wonderful cures, we come to the Mountain Glen hotel, situated on the very mountain top, and near the country line. This is the Wind Gap, the name given to the cut through the mountains, the crest of which has an altitude of 1450 feet, A. T., but the gap summit is only 978 feet. Here are the Stony Gardens, the Indian Rock and the Sullivan road. For General Sullivan, in 1779, with an army of two thousand five hundred men, on his way to drive the British and Indians from Wyoming, passed through here. In his journal for June 18, he wrote, "The whole of the aforementioned troops warned, by firing of a cannon, marched together, with the pack-horses and baggage-wagons, at 4 o'clock in the morning, on the way to Wyoming. The road for this day's march was good. Encamped at Heller's tavern" (Woodley House).

We are now in the borough, a long-drawn-out town of the same name, and after a two-mile drive, reach the other end called Woodley. This tavern stand, known as Stotz's, and prior to that for a long time as Hellers, occupies the place where a public house had been erected as early as 1752, deriving its resources from the travel which passed its doors along the new Minisink road through the Wind Gap.

A few miles to the south, we cross another stream of water—the Bushkill, which is a Dutch word, signifying "bushy stream." It enters the Delaware, in Easton.

Past the Stotz and Reh farm, the Clearfield hotel and the Fehr, Seifert and Remaley homesteads, brings us to

Moorestown

named for a Revolutionary soldier. Near it stands the old church, now handsomely remodeled, where the beloved pastors, Rev. Dr. J. E. Smith and Rev. W. J. Andreas, attend to the spiritual wants of these good people.

At 11 o'clock we arrive at our homes in Bath, somewhat tired, having travelled forty-five miles, and all having spent a day long to be remembered.
The Blickensderfer Family

**Note.** In preparing these notes we made use of the "History of the Blickensderfer Family in America by Jacob Blickensderfer," copies of which "may be had on application to M. T. Blickensderfer, Lebanon, Mo. Price, 50 cents each."

**Tradition** says the Blickensderrfers originally came from Switzerland, being disciples of Menno Simons, and were expelled from that country on account of their religious tenets. There is an old place in Switzerland, near the city of Zug, called Blickensdörfl, but it is now only a small hamlet. However, the fact of the existence of this old Dorf of this name and the fact that many Blickensderrfers still reside in this vicinity, lends credence to the tradition.

The earliest known authentic information of the Blickensderfer family in America is contained in the land titles in the archives of the city of Speyer.

February 12, 1716, Ulrich Schneider received permission of the Electoral Palatinate Court to convey the same to "Anabaptist" Blickensderfer, or Pleickensdorffer, as the name is there written. This "Anabaptist" had six sons, of whom five emigrated to America and one remained on the Kohlacher estate in Germany. The names of those that migrated were Christian, John, Jacob, Ulrich and Jost.

Christian Blickensderfer, born 1724, married 1748 and migrated in 1753 with his family to America, accompanied by his youngest brother, Yost. After remaining about a year and a half in the vicinity of Philadelphia, he removed to Lancaster county and settled on a farm near Lititz, where he resided until the spring of 1761, when he moved to Lititz, where he remained until his death. He was a farmer with but little patrimony, most of which was expended in reaching America, but earned his support largely by teaming, from the exposure incident to which he in later years became an invalid. He was twice married, had nine children, of whom four died in infancy.

John Blickensderfer migrated to Pennsylvania from Germany in 1749, accompanied by a younger brother, Ulrich. He probably remained some time in Eastern Pennsylvania and finally drifted to Western North Carolina. Very little is known of him or his descendants.

Jacob Blickensderfer migrated to Pennsylvania, 1748, unaccompanied by any other member of his family. Tradition says that soon after his arrival in America he went west and lived among the Indians, nothing being heard from him for some years, when he suddenly appeared among his brothers in Eastern Pennsylvania dressed in full Indian costume, hunting shirt and breech cloth, so transformed in appearance that none of them would acknowledge him to be their brother. He did not remain long, but hankering after the freedom of forest life, again went West among the Indians, and was never heard from again, how and where his life was terminated being unknown.

Ulrich Blickensderfer came to Pennsylvania, 1749. He is known to have been in Lancaster and York counties, Pennsylvania, and Frederick county, Md., but before the Pontiac war (1763) he had located in Bedford county, Pennsylvania. From this place he was several times driven by the Indians, once with the loss of his oldest son, killed by them. During the Indian disturbances he remained some time with his relatives in Maryland, but subsequently returned to Bedford county, where, as far as is known, he continued to reside for the remainder of his life. His children resided in Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York, Kentucky and Ohio.

Yost Blickensderfer came to Pennsylvania 1753. He seems to have spent some time in various places before he acquired land in Frederick county, Maryland, making his home near where Wolfsville is located.

Of the descendants of these five
brothers, the immigrants, the following
notes may be of interest:

Jacob, son of Christian, died of camp
fever contracted while furnishing sup-
plies to the hospital of Revolutionary sol-
diers at Littitz, where he lies buried.

Christian, son of Christian, moved to
Tuscarawas county, Ohio, where he had
purchased nearly 1,200 acres of land, and
where he lived the remainder of his life.

William, a grandson of Christian, en-
gaged in the navigation of flatboats, or
"broadhorns," as they were termed, on
the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, then one
of the principal methods of transporting
the products of the West to a market.
These boats were built on the upper
waters of the Ohio and its affluents, laden
with flour and other products, and in the
spring of the year, when the streams
were in flood, floated to New Orleans,
where both lading and boats were sold.

Levi Miller, a great-grandson of Chris-
tian, served as a missionary among the
Indians in Kansas. One of his sons
served in the Army of the Potomac dur-
ing the Civil War, and was four times
wounded. One of the daughters married
Joseph Romig, a missionary among the
Indians. Another married John H. Kill-
buck, a Delaware Indian educated at Naz-
areth.

George C. Blickensderfer, son of
Nathan, and great-great-grandson of
Christian, born 1850, has made the fam-
ily name known far and wide as the in-
ventor of a typewriter and the president
of a large firm manufacturing the same
located at Stamford, Conn.

Jacob Blickensderfer, author of the
family history from which these notes are
gleaned, a great-grandson of Christian,
was educated at Nazareth, Pa. He en-
tered the railroad service and served as
chief engineer of the Pan Handle road,
on the Union Pacific, chief engineer of the
Atlantic & Pacific road, in the govern-
ment service. He was one of the original
incorporators of the Union Pacific rail-
road, and located the line west of the
Green River. He also located and super-
intended the construction of the Oregon
Short Line railway and a number of lines
in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and Wy-
oming.

Descendants of the five brothers are to
be found in many of the States of the
Union, and have made their way to
Alaska, England and Africa.

Pioneer Home Life

Note.—The following lines, quoted from
"The Gernhardt Family History," give a pic-
ture of home life among the early settlers.
Although the author says that this history
was written only for the Gernhardt kindred,
we feel sure "outsiders" will enjoy the de-
scription.

The first act of our forefather
after he had made a suf-
ficient clearing on his claim
doubtless was to construct a
cabin of logs, and to fill up
the interstices with sticks
and mud. The floor, if not at first mere-
ly of clay pounded down smooth
and hard, was probably made of hewn plank,
and the roof may even have been thatched
with long straw, but later on laid with
boards or split shingles, and the heavy
doors were hung on big wooden hinges.
There were probably two rooms on the
ground floor, and a half-story loft above,
where the children slept when old enough
to climb up the stairs or ladder. In the
kitchen, in the partition wall, we think
we see an immense fire-place, constructed
in a massive stone chimney, where the
cooking was done, and, if it could be
had, a swinging iron crane from which
to suspend the kettles over the fire. The
fire was produced with steel, flint and
pump, as matches were then not yet in-
vented. Until prepared to make tallow
 candles, they burnt hog's lard, or fat of
some wild animals, in little boat-shaped
iron or tin lamps: or perhaps at first
used pitch-pine knots and splinters to
make light. But they did not want light very long, as they had no daily papers to read, and the general habit was to retire early and enjoy sound and refreshing sleep after working hard all day.

For sweeping Rosine had splint-brooms made of hickory saplings. For coffee they substituted roasted beechnuts, chestnuts, pease, rye, or corn. No time was lost in planting an orchard, and as soon as they had apples then came the greatly esteemed luxury of cider, apple-butter, dried apples, apple pie, and—foolish Esau! to give his birthright for a beef-steak, if he could have had—"Schnits and Knepp."

The furniture of our ancestors was doubtless at first of the simplest description, most of it very likely made by Heinrich himself. A great-granddaughter now living in Lehigh county has a rocking-chair that she says her father willed to her as the chair made by his grandfather (Heinrich), and this is unquestionable evidence that our forefather possessed considerable mechanical aptness. Later on as prosperity permitted, and the family increased, various unpretentious conveniences were added to the household outfit. What an event in their plain, simple and economical domestic life when they became the happy possessors of a stove! Think of it! A stove! And no doubt it was one of the old-fashioned ten-plate stoves, invented by the philosophic Benjamin Franklin, who—as has so often happened—married the girl that at first made fun of him.

And what would dear old Mother Rosine think if she were to wake up out of her last long sleep and see the latest improved cooking stoves and ranges, the convenient extension tables, the elegant sideboards, cushioned chairs, superb chamber suites, grand carpets, lace curtains, as well as the organs and pianos, that many of her numerous descendants have now? And what would she say, if she stood there in her cabin door, as of old, in her gown of flax, and barefooted, even if it were on a cool autumn day, and saw a whole train of her female descendants coming to pay her their respects, dressed in elegant skirts, handsome coats, exquisite furs and mufflers, patent leather shoes and "loves of bonnets," now so common? It was still after her day in Northampton county that ladies—real ladies, we have been told—would wear silk dresses (when they could afford it), and walk miles to church and carry their shoes, and then, to appear more presentable, or respectable, or fashionable, but hardly more comfortable, just before reaching the place of worship put their shoes on their feet. The shoemakers then often traveled from house to house to make and mend shoes; and, because the shoes were well made, of honest leather, and were tenderly taken care of, would last a long time. This reminds me that I once saw a Pennsylvania-German have on a pair of calfskin boots that he had then been wearing for forty-three years. They were his wedding boots, and were, of course, only worn at "dress-parade."

—The Daily Princetonian said recently: "During the last eight years the names of 228 schools having had first and second group men in the Freshman and Sophomore classes, have appeared in the University catalogues. These schools represent 29 States of the Union, and in all 618 men are mentioned as being in the first or second groups. Perkiomen Seminary heads the list of schools with six first and twenty-four second group scholars, and this is especially remarkable when it is considered that only 31 men from the Seminary have been in attendance at Princeton since 1865." Perkiomen Seminary is a Pennsylvania-German community, is controlled by a Board of Trustees of whom all can talk the dialect, and is attended by a student body of whom many have German blood coursing in their veins.

The committee on arrangements for the Hess family reunion decided to hold the next annual family reunion at the usual place, Dorsey Park, near Allentown, on Saturday, Aug. 23. It is expected the attendance will exceed that of last year, which was estimated to number upwards of 900 persons.

The Hesses were among the earliest settlers in Eastern Pennsylvania, and the descendants are quite numerous. The first emigrant by that name on record at the port of Philadelphia was Samuel Hess, who came with a colony from Switzerland in 1712 and settled in Lancaster County. He reared a large family. From that time until 1774, when the Revolutionary War broke out, 40 immigrants from Germany by the name of Hess landed at Philadelphia. Among them was Nicholas Hess, who settled at Springtown, Bucks county, in 1741, and whose numerous descendants reside principally in Bucks, Northampton, Lehigh and Berks counties.
Nora.—These lines were written over 20 years ago, by Remund Daniel Leisinger, publisher and editor, of Allentown, Pa., and appeared in Der Deutsche Pionier, May, 1882.

In dem Buch, wo allebot gedruckt wird und wo ich asemlo zu lese kriegt, unternimmt sich 'n Kerl von Ohio, Pennsylvanisch-Deutsche Briefe zu schreive, for dehen hochgelerten Deutsche Leser zu weise, wie mir do in Pennsyl- 
vany schwatzte. Wann sellter Kerl von Pennsylanly kommt, dann hat er sein Vater- und Muttersproch zielsam sauver vergesse, oder hot sein Lebtag nicks davon verstanmet, vor sein Pennsylvanisch-Deutsch is so wenig recht, as wann's Schwowe-Deutsch war; und er macht's grad wie schier all die Ancere die unser Sproch schriewe wolle—er verhunzt sie, dasz 'n Sekand is. Do in Ost-Pennsylvania sin mir eppes stolz uf unser Sproch und glawe, dass sie schöner, weecher und herlicher is, wie's ganz Hochdeutsch, sonst hatte m'ir net so lang behalte und so gut druf achtgewe, wie m'ir hen, und for des macht's uns bös, wann sie noch abartig im Druck so arg verduckert wird. Unser Sproch hen m'ir beahrt for unser Familienproch bol hunnert und fußzig Joor, und sie in hohe Ehre g'halte zum Andenke an unser Vorvater, die von der Palz und an- 
vere deutsche Lämner rüwer kommen sind, do g'settielt, so gelebt und geliebt und fercherliche Strapate ausstanme hen. Es is wohl her- 
werth, dass m'ir ihr Andenke heilig halte, weil sie mit unussprechliche Mühselkkeit, in Noth und Elend und Armuth des ganz östlich von Pennsyl- 
avany zu prächlige Bauereie gemacht und uns zur Erbschaft immerlanse hen. For des wolle m'ir unser Sproch net Verdorre, net drüwer g'spoet und net zum g'spasz- und Zerr- 
bild gemacht have, wie sich's ethische so Rotz- 
löffel von Schulmeister. Zeidungsschriewe, die sich's niwe, unnerhumen hen.

Selmelmols in de Jore 1725 bis 180 rum, wo- 
unser Alte des Land in de Dheim vum Staat ufgenumme hen, hot's noch net so viel von dehee Franhandzeler g'hat, wo unser Sproch mit engliche Worte verhunze, die sie selwer net verstehne, wie heutzutag; selelmols keon jungen Kerl der Name von seine Eltere verlegelt und uf so'n Art g'schriewe, dass m'ir'meene sollt, er höat von Englische oder Eirische abstanme, statt von Deutsche es müszt sich dann zugetrage have dasz' so mic Kerl sein Vater oder Groszvater 'n Gaul g'schole oder 'n Epper gemordt hatte, und ghabt net wie wann, dass er sich mit seinem Name hot sehame mussu und deswege'n verannert hot. Und do möchte ich euch frage, ihr Leut, wo die Name von ihre Vöreltere verlegelt hen, for was thut ihr des? Hen euer Altvater

Schoof g'schole, falsch Geld ausgewe. Mord 
bagange, oder so eppes, dassz ihr euch schame 
müszt mit ihre Name? Oder is es in grossere 
Ehr, von Eirische oder Engliche abzustamme, 
as von Deutsche? Sellelmos hen die Leut in de 
dere Gegend noch all deutsch zu nammer ge- 
ßchwatzt—der Parre, der Schulmeester, die 
Kinner, und der Dadi und die Mammie. Und 
Die Madn und Weiner wo zu sellze Zeit von de 
Insche gemorder oder g'schole und in die weit 
Wildniss genommurne worre sin, in in dene 
Sproch beklaget und bedauert worre selle viele 
Dhuutand wo begrawe sin uf dene viele alte 
Kircbät im östliche Pennsylvania—'n Dheel 
shun hunnert und verzigt Joor—war'n alle 
Blut von unserm Blut, getrenne sorgsamme 
Vorfare, Eltere G'schwieter und Bekannte. 
Niemand bracht sich zu schante, ihre Name 
zu trage, und er hot net nothwendig sein 
Name anners zu buchtabe, so dassz m'ir net 
wees, wo er herkomm. Selle Alte verdiene, 
dass m'ir ihr andenke bewahre, und wann m'ir 
des in Worte bringt, is es Pennsylvania- 
Deutsche. Doher, und weil m'ir Vater und 
Mutter, Groszvater und Grossmutter, die so viel 
for uns erschaft und so viel gelitte hen, nach 
noch im Tode ehre wolle, esterni m'ir unser 
Sproch so hoch und sin Pennsylvania- 
Deutsche gebliwe bis uf der heutig Dag—weißt 
ihr Sproch war.

Ich hat' wohl noch manches uwer die Sach 
zu bemerke, aber, das Ding wird m'ir zu lang. 
Awer selle Mannssel und Weibssel, wo so 
gern uwer Pennsylvania-Deutsch und unser 
Volk schriewe—so gar Bucher schriewe, mocht 
ich herzlich bitte, statt so fercherlicher uwer uns 
zu lüge, hewer die Finger ganz darvon zu 
losse. Was ihr schriibt und druekt, sin juch 
ausnahme und beileiwe keert korrekt Bild vom 
Charakter der Pennsylvania-Deutsche. Euer 
G'schriew is in lentlig Zerrbild, ihr trewe 
Narrheit und Spott mit uns und unsere Wege, 
und dhüte gleich die Welt weiss zu machu. 
Ost-Pennsylvania war mit lauter Narre ufge- 
baut. 's net woh, dassz der Pennsylvanier n 
Vertel so viel Englich in seiner Sproch 
swatzet wie ihr schrieh, und er braucht a net 
viel narrische Worte, wie ihr ihm belet- 

Unsere Zeidung, unser Gottesdienst, Lieder, 
Bibel und Gehebucher sin hochdeutsch, wie 
aume, und do konne die Leuer vom "Pionier" 
und annere Schriite sich an de Finger abzahle, 
dass sie ung führn sin. Ich hat' vielvleif des 
etemol g'schriew—wenn ich net dehe Kerls, 
wo uns alsfor durch 'n falsche Brill angucke, 
hatt 'n Muskur gewe wolles, was werlich Penn- 
sylvanisch-Deutsch heeeset.
The American

By Prof. Charles K. Meschter, Lehigh University.

(The First.)

For me alone Great Spirit makes
The fishes in the mountain-lakes,
And me the dainty deer He brings
When'er at it my arrow sings.
The herds of bison on the plain
Are mine, my wealth their shaggy mane;
Thereof I make my wigwam walls,
Thereof the garb which o'er me falls.
I live Out-doors; here is no law
But love of brown-cheeked, black-haired squaw,
And where the lofty c'tract sprays,
The dusky, wily pappoose plays,
While others up the old trees creep
To snatch the forest birds asleep.—
My soul endures but in the wild;
Great Spirit, help thy Indian child!

(The Second.)

My buildings loom (the sun is hid)
Like Kufu I's Great Pyramid;
My methods are continuous rush,
Which would make ancient Cheops blush.
Four walls that almost touch my face
Compress me in my business place;
And here, the Midas of today,
I turn to gold this earth of clay.
Gold is the twentieth century's sprites
Which pale th' entire Arabian Nights;
And every person looks in awe
To money as the only law.—
I know not, care not, struggle rife,
If life be strife or strife be life.

In Der Ernt.

Im Erntefeld war's net so wie nau,
Mit Patent-Machine;
Es war'n grosse Companie
Un juscht ehn rechte Jubilee,
En Dagloh so verdiene;
M'r hot so viel dazu gelacht,
Es hot die Erret leichter g'macht.

Die Brenticke-Buwe aus d'r Schadt
Sin ah as kumme ernte;
Sie hen zwee Woche Freiheit g'hat
Von Handwerks-erwet in der Schadt—
So halber ausgelerte;
Erseht ware sie als matt und bleech,
Doch uf zu alle Deiwellstreek.

Sie ware Morgets artlich faul—
Un sin net frühr ufsgchtenne;
Im Bett hen sie sich rumgedreht,
Bis sie als g'hort hen dass die Meed
Schun rappile mit de Banne;
Un sell war auch die enzig Jacht
Die faule Stadkerls uf hot gewacht.

Dann wann's mohl bald Mittag war,
Hot's Mittaghorn geblöhse:
Des hot sie widder utgerührt—
Was hen die Schadtkerls als geschiert,
Wie freiheitsfröhe Franzose;
So'n Appetit forn's Mittagesse!
Was hen die Schadtkerls doch als gesse!

Unn wann sie's Horn geblöhse hen,
Dann hot der Wasser g'heit:
Wie g'schwind war Sichel, Reff und Sens
Un Reche g'hanke uf der Fenz,

Und heemzus hen mer g'eilt:
Nord wann m'r als sin Kumme so.
Was war der Wasser als so froh!

Noch Mittag war'n Schund for Ruh,
Im Schatte dort so kühl;
Die Alte hen ihr Peite g'schmohkt,
Die Buwe hen die Meed geplogt,
Oftmohls schier gar zu viel;
Sie hen ebmohls net kenne ruhe,
Die so unrühige knause Buwe.

Es ware als zweh Extra-Ihms—
'S is wohr—es is ken Drahm;
Es zehe Uhr und vier Uhr Schtück,
Hen mir oft gesse an der Gruck,
Am alte Kerschebaun.
Un's hot uns besser g'schmackt dort draus,
As Bescht am Disch im feinsche Haus.

Was hen die Meed uns als gebroch:
In selle grosse Korb?
Ei, frische Week und Brod und Flesch,
Butter und Pickels, Milch und Kas,
Und Kersche-Pei so merb;
Un's war nichts bess'res in der Welt,
As so en Esse draus im Feld.

Sell war'n schöne Companie.
Lebhafter junge Leut:
Die Meed hen g'recht und g'lacht und g'sunge,
Die Buwe hen ihne nochtgebunne—
Ich wort's war noch so heut.
O! was en Companie alleweil—
Zwee Mann, zwee Esel und zwee Geil!
LITERARY GEMS

Z2TJ Garstig 'S Geht Do Was Is'tbios Lfcna "nd Was (ri« Schreckliches Was Was 'S Schlimme Schlof Schreckliches Was Was Machtig Was Wieste Klacke Gelang alle Teurlerei, es Hutlerei, Schütz Sache Hitz

Draus im Land do brauch Niemand Die lange Nacht durch aus zuwache; Meh Verstand, 's Vieh halt's e'n Schand So 'n heftig's Luderlewe mache; 's is alles still un' sucht 's g'ebt ke' so wiesn Jacht. 'Uf der Bauerei mag' ich lieuer sei. Bei de Kuh un' Sau 'uf der viert July!

Hässlich Lärme! Garstig Schwärme! G'schüß, Gekrach, Geknall, Gebios! Kreislich Sturme! Gott etbarmen! 'S is e'n tausend Teufel los! 'Uf alle Seite knall'ts, In alle Ecke schall'ts, Schreckliches Geschrei—wiesn Hutlerei, Gott lob! die Lumperei is nachemol verhechte.

DER VIERT JULY.

BY LEE L. GRUMBINE.

Was e'n Lärme!, Was e'n Schwärme! Me'nt's gans Volk is 'uf der Stross, Was e'n Stürme! Was e'n Lärme! Waere'n tausend Teufel los! 'Uf alle Seite knall'ts, In alle Ecke schall'ts, Schreckliches Geschrei! Geht alles druf un'drei; Schreckliches Geschrei! 'uf der viert July!

Was es macht! Un' was e'n Jacht! Was es donnet, was es blitzt! Was es kracht, wie 'f der Schlacht, Pulver putzt un' Feuer spritzt. 'Uf alle Seite knall'ts, In alle Ecke schall'ts, Grosse Hutlerei! Do sin mer all dabei, Mächhtig Hutlerei, 'uf der viert July!

Was Gewimmel! Was Getümmel! Gar ke' Ruh die ganse Nacht; Schlot ke' Krummel; lieuer Himmel, Was es üwerall rum kracht!— 'Uf alle Seite knall'ts, In alle Ecke schall'ts, Schlimme Schüsserei—in alle Ohre 'nei. Schlimme Schüsserei, 'uf der viert July!

Wieste Gelang die gans Nacht lang, Klocke klingle, Hörner blosse; Was e'n Zwang bei'm gross Gedrang, Gute Sache un' Gottlose: 'Uf alle Seite knall'ts, In alle Ecke schall'ts, Rechte Teutherei! 'S macht m'r Abscheu, Schlechte Teutherei,—'Uf der viert July!

Grosse Hitz! Was eun G'schwitz! 'Uf un' ab die Leut rum renne; Pulver Schütz—Donner-blitz! Hawe Gelt fur zuverbrenne! 'Uf alle Seite knall'ts, In alle Ecke schall'ts, Verfluchte Lumperei! Ich wit sie waer verbei! Verfluchte Lumperei, 'uf der viert July!

Von Weitem hot's als viel gueckt As wie'n Trupp Schneegans; Der Reaper macht'n grosse Jacht. Doch, was hot als die Music g'macht? Es Blohhorn und die Sens; Un wann mer hen die Sense g'schliffe, Nord hen die Vögel des arscht g'piffe.

Was wird's gluffe, was wird's g'suffe, Hi' un' hervon Kneip zu Kneip, All getroffe—un' sie hoffe. 'S is noch Platz in ihrem Leib! 'Uf alle Seit Getrunke, In alle Ecke g'sunke— Wieste Sauer, sie schutt'e 'raus un' ei, Wieste Sauer, 'uf der viert July!

Was sie blose, was sie stose 'Uf der Musik-instrumente, Wie der grosse Teddy Roose- Velt un' an'eri Presidente, Des dumme Volk zulerne Mit Streite un' mit Sterne, M'r schlütt die Freiheit ef, mit Pulver und mit Blei, Un' macht die Heide frei, mit Zwang un' Heuchelei.

Clippings from Current News

—The Philadelphia Record is publishing a series of brief papers on Pennsylvania captains of industry, which contained, during May, sketches of Charles M. Schwab and Charles H. Cramp, two noted representatives of the Teuton stock.

—Professor C. A. Marks, the well known musician, of Allentown, Pa., contributed an article on Sunday-school Music to The Lutheran of May 21, in which he called "the grand old German choral the foundation of the greatest school of sacred music that ever existed."

—A granite die and base has been erected to the memory of Major Peter Hartman, at the old Pikeland Cemetery, West Pikeland township, Chester county, Pa. Peter was an officer all through the Revolution. His second wife, Margaret Metzler Schreiber, is buried by his side. Memorial exercises were held on Sunday, May 31, at 10 a.m., at the graves. His children were George Hartman, Peter Hartman, Jacob Hartman, Moses Hartman, Benjamin Hartman, Catharine Ralston and Margaret Griffith.

—Perkasie, Bucks county, Pa., has a five-generation group of citizens in Mrs. Sarah Freed and descendants of hers.

—in Warrington township, near Rossville, York county, Pa., there are four generations of the same family living in the same home: Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Glattfelder, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Glattfelder (the former the second generation), Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Glattfelder (the former the third generation) and their son.

—The Rev. Dr. J. D. Shindel, of Allentown, Pa., recently resigned as pastor. Doctor Shindel's father and grandfather were each in the ministry 40 years, he himself 42 years and his son nine years.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoover, of Unionville, Center county, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, all their nine children being in attendance.

—in the announcement of the award of Fellowships and Scholarships for the year 1908-09, made by the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, there occur more than 25 good German names.

—Major Clark, of the Bureau of Immigration, read a paper before the Anthropological Society of Washington, recently, in which he combated the pessimistic view of those who think that the great influx of foreigners in this country will injure the racial type. The Teutonic element, he declared, will remain the backbone of the nation.

—in an existence of eighty years. The Bauern Freund, a German weekly newspaper published in Pensburg, Pa., recently discontinued publication, and thus brought to an end German journalism in Montgomery county.

—for the benefit of the poor boys of Philadelphia, the Christian Settlement Association of the University of Pennsylvania will establish a permanent summer camp, on a farm of 64 acres, along Swamp Creek, in the upper end of Montgomery county, Pa. During the present year the settlement will send out to the camp at least three relays of boys of from twenty to thirty each, and also one group of men and two of girls, at a total cost of about $2,000.

—in the columns from the old state house at Harrisburg will figure for all time in a memorial at Jersey Shore, being now a soldiers' and sailors' monument, erected with money subscribed by the citizens and community, the school children having taken an
active part. It was dedicated on May 30th, and Adjutant General Thomas J. Stewart was the
orator of the day. The shaft was secured for
this purpose by Captain P. D. Bricker, former
chief clerk to the auditor general. The granite
base and the bronze life-size figure which sur-
mounts it were provided out of the funds
raised by the people. The monument is in
honor of the soldiers and sailors of the Civil
and Mexican Wars.
—During one of the most severe storms that
has visited Philadelphia in years, the spire of
the historic old Christ church was struck by
lightning and damaged by fire to the cost
of $1,500.

The famous old church was erected under
a provisional charter granted by King Charles
II to William Penn for the erection of the
province of Pennsylvania in 1695, and its
threatened destruction drew thousands to the
scene.

Old Christ's was the church of President
Washington, President Adams, Benjamin
Franklin, Betsy Ross, the Marquis de Lafayette,
members of the Continental Congress and
Revolutionary heroes, over whose graves in
the churchyard the firemen tramped and
dragged long lines of hose to save the structure.

The church, as it now stands, was rebuilt in
1725, after the style of St. Martin in the
Field, London, with a square belfry and tower-
ing spire.

In the belfry were eight chimes that were
hung with the liberty bell to announce the sign-
ing of the Declaration of Independence. These
bells were carefully covered by heavy tarpaulin
by the firemen to prevent damage during the
blaze.

The spire was surmounted by a mitre in
replica of that worn by Bishop William White,
the first bishop of the United States, whose
game is before the chancel rail in the church.
The mitre was destroyed and fell with the spire,
tearing arent hole in the roof. Before the
bishop's mitre was placed on the spire it was
surmounted by a crown of King George in
replica, which was destroyed by a bolt of
lightning some time after the Revolution.

Every precaution was taken to prevent the
destruction of the historic pew, church fur-
nishings, and records, and they were covered
by canvas and rubber blankets. Because of
the extreme height at which the fire started,
the firemen had great difficulty in reaching the
blaze, which burned for nearly two hours.

Before the flames were subdued they had
burned the spire nearly down to the belfry.

At the recent session of the German Re-
formed General Synod at York, Pa., Rev. A.
Stapleton had on exhibition a collection of
rare books pertaining to the early period of
that church in America, among them three
Heidelberg Catechisms which are the only
copies known of these issues. The first is a
Sauer issue of 1555, which is seven years older
than any other American issue known. The
second is a Cist publication (Philadelphia),
1788, and besides the catechism contains
Lampe's "Harbitis Milch"—its first supposed

issue in America. The third is a Carlisle print
of 1808, the first issue of the Heidelberg Cate-
chism west of the Susquehanna.

Another interesting work of Mr. Stapleton
is a book in manuscript of 756 pages, contain-
ing several distinct works on mysticism. This
book is of great age, and is bound in Gothic
manuscript vellum, the writing of which may
be a thousand years old. The book evidently
once belonged to Heyndrick Pannebecker, an-
cestor of Governor Pennypacker, as it con-
tains in his handwriting the following in Latin:
"Hundrick Pannebecker habet virtutum
Exorun."

John G. Dengler has taught 47 years in 51
years in Berks county rural schools and, all
but one of these in Oley township. Mr. Den-
gler took great interest in the Civil War, and
while reading the history of John Brown's ex-
periences in Kansas, he was convinced that
slavery was wrong. In the spring of 1861
he started his subscription school, as usual,
when one morning he heard that Fort Sumter
had been fired on, and that the President had
called for 75,000 volunteers. A few minutes
later Professor Dengler arose from his seat
behind the old teacher's desk, and addressed
his pupils, saying: "Take your books and go
home with them. I will respond to the call
of the President."

Immediately the young teacher enlisted under
Captain Isaac Schroeder, and at the expira-
tion of three months he returned home to the
Oley hills. He was at once engaged as a
teacher for the coming school term, but he was
so much interested in the cause of liberty
and his country that before the time arrived
for the school term to begin, he had placed
his resignation before the school board and
enlisted for three years as a gunner in the Fifth
United States Artillery under Captain James
McKnight, and served in many heavy battles
during his term of enlistment.

The house in which Paul Revere lived when
he made his famous ride from Boston
to Lexington has lately been restored to its
original condition, and was opened on April
18th, the anniversary of the ride. It is now
a memorial museum, containing relics of the
Revolutionary goldsmith, steel engraver and
copper founder. It is supposed that a part
of the building was erected in 1680. It was,
therefore, an old house when Revere bought
it in 1770. The part of Boston in which
it stands is now occupied largely by Italians,
who receive valuable lessons in American
history from close association with the home of
the noted patriot.

We quote the following from The Moravian
of May 27:

"MORAVIANS—STRONG IN NORTH-
AMPTON COUNTY."

A particularly violent case of insanity caused
a man to commit a particularly atrocious mur-
der in Nazareth, Pa., known far and wide as
one of several places in the State settled by
Moravians in early days. The murderer be-
longs to a coterie who call themselves "Holy
Rollers."
A prominent city paper, usually very careful as to the truth of its news, takes occasion, in connection with this matter, to assert that, "nowhere else in the United States are there so many religious bodies or sects as are found in Lancaster, Berks, northern Montgomery, Lehigh and Northampton counties." Especially delicious is the following as to grammar, spelling and content:

"WITCHES AND DEVIL CHASERS."

Many of the inhabitants of the section of Northampton county around Nazareth believe in witches and devil-chasers. It is really a hot-bed of superstition, as are upper Lancaster and lower Berks counties. For not only do some of the inhabitants believe in devil chasing, but there are others who actually believe in witchcraft, and women, believing themselves witches, who for $2 will put a "hoodoo" on human beings, in which they as well as their patrons profoundly believe. Witch dances are held on a hill known as Hexukoopen, or Witches' Hill, in which men and women participate, and rituals similar to those of the ancient Druids are observed. The Northampton witches claim to have been initiated in their art by the devil disguised as a "big black man." In such a superstition-ridden country the fanaticism of the Bachanals (the murderer) and the Smiths becomes more explicable.

The religious conditions of eastern Pennsylvania are far from ideal, but the violent drawing of the long bow does not improve matters.

The article under discussion does not directly blame religion for the excrescences of which it complains. It closes with the enumeration of thirty-nine different "sects" which flourish in eastern Pennsylvania. The Moravians are referred to in the words which stand at the head of this editorial. We are not particularly hurt by our enumeration under the head of "sects." We have seen it often. Our Episcopalian and Lutheran friends possibly resent it more than we do; for they stand in the same category. But "Holy Rollers," "Devil Chasers" within a few thousand ems of "Moravian," is just a little too much even for the humblest Moravians. We respectfully ask the newspaper in question hereafter to separate these words, by nothing less than a hundred thousand ems, if it will ever be necessary again to mention "Devil Chasers" and "Moravians" in the same issue.

—The North American of May 27 had an illustrated article on "Jackies from Reading and Vicinity Who are Among Men Who Served with Evans," from which we clip the following:

"Ever since the Revolutionary War Berks county has been prominent in the military affairs of the nation. During the fight for liberty, its loyal sons were among the first to come to the defense of their country. During the Civil War, First Defenders of Berks county were the ones who first reached Washington to defend the capital.

"The sons of Berks county, through whose veins flows the Pennsylvania-German blood, have always been ready to defend their flag, either on land or on sea, and they have responded as readily to the call during times of peace as during times of war.

"Evidences of the loyalty of Berks county young manhood is found by the fact that thirty-seven jackies, who are with Uncle Sam's Pacific fleet, claim old Berks as their home. Thirty-one of these men are natives of Reading, and in most cases their parents reside here. Six of them hail from the rural communities."

—The pioneer of Berks county isquires is William Y. Shearer, who has conducted the office of Justice of the Peace ever since 1854, holding the office for 44 years. Not only is he himself a pioneer justice, but the Shearer family is a pioneer justice family. His great-great-grandfather, Christopher Shearer, came to America from Germany when he was 17 years old, and located in Reading, where he was justice of the peace 80 years ago, having his office at the corner of the present Eighth and Penn streets.

John, a son of Christopher, and grandfather of the present justice, conducted the same office for many years in Bern township, where William Y. is now holding court. He in turn was succeeded by William Shearer, an uncle of the present official, who held the office until 1874, when it was passed over to the aged present magistrate.

In addition to attending to the disputes between people of his bailiwick, Mr. Shearer is a surveyor, and has determined the boundaries between practically all the farms in Bern and adjoining townships, besides having written most of the deeds, wills and legal documents that his fellow-citizens made during the 44 years. For 40 years he clerked at every sale held in the community, but lately relinquished this part of the usual justice's task. Mr. Shearer is 79 years old, and is one of a family of 13 children.

—Rev. James Daniel Woodring, D.D., president of Albright College, Myerstown, Pa., died April 28, of anemia, at the age of 53 years. He was born near Allentown, Pa., graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1878, entered the active ministry in 1879, became field secretary of Albright College in 1901, and its president in 1902. During his services in the ministry he received into church membership almost 800 persons on confession of faith.

—Prof. Samuel E. Wolf died at Indiana, Pa., May 18. He was born in a Pennsylvania-German settlement in Center township, Indiana county, April 14, 1852. He became a school teacher in 1849, established the Marion Institute in 1850, of which he was principal until 1871, was County Superintendent of Schools from 1871 to 1881, and after which he continued his educational labors until 1897, rounding out half a century in the educational world. In 1896-97 he taught a school which was ten miles from his home, and yet went back and forth every school day except ten of the worst, leaving home in the morning at four o'clock, reaching the school house at seven, and making his own fires. It is said that in many families
of Indiana county he taught three generations of children.

— The mother of ex-State Senator M. C. Henninger, of Lehigh county, died May 1, at her residence in Emaus, of general debility, at the age of 86 years.

Mrs. Henninger came of fighting ancestors. Her great-grandfather on her maternal side was John Koehler, who, as a private in Captain Dreisbach's company, fought through the Revolutionary war. Her grandfather, Conrad Marcks, was a conspicuous figure in the Fries rebellion, in the enforcement of the House tax law. This law, passed on March 4, 1798, was looked upon as especially burdensome and unjust by the people of Eastern Pennsylvania, and contained a provision directing the assessors to measure, count and register the panes of glass in each and every house, and make their number and size the basis of a direct tax for Government revenue.

The insurrectional movement against the house tax broke out in Milford township, Bucks county, in the fall of that year. The head and front of it was John Fries, and one of his most active lieutenants was Marcks. It was at the latter's house that Fries and his company rendezvoused on March 6, 1799, and on the seventh they marched to Bethlehem, where they released a lot of prisoners in charge of United States Marshal Nichols.

President Adams sent several companies of soldiers to the Milfords and stamped out the rebellion. Fries and Mrs. Henninger's grandfather and several others of the leaders were arrested, taken to Easton, tried for high treason and condemned to death; but were later pardoned by President Thomas Jefferson.

Mrs. Henninger's father, Jacob Marcks, was a sergeant in Captain Rinker's company in the War of 1812.

FOR THE JOKE BOOK.

— In Sunday-school, pupils were singing a hymn in which there occurred in the refrain the words, "In the Cross, in the Cross." A little tot joining in the singing sang lustily, "Dingdalgis, Dingdalgis."

— A little boy in school, having trouble to remember the letter "F," scratched it out. In reciting he would call out the letters as he followed the teacher's pointer, "M, N, O, P, Q, Ausgedatz, S, T." (Ausgedatz—ausgekratzt—scratched out.)

— Little Henry S., who after wards became the tall Henry S., was promoted in school to the German New Testament class. He found trouble in pronouncing the proper names, and hesitated one day as he came across the name Caiaaphas. An older pupil by his side prompted him by pronouncing the word. He failed to catch all the sounds and made a guess at the sticker by saying "Coffee Fass."

— A familiar repair—"Bist immer z'falla?" "Gewis net nuf," "Hust der weh geduhl?" "Gewis net gut." "Soll ich der Dokter holha?" "Gewis net der Butcher?"

— Mr. Schneider became Mr. Taylor and spoke English. In showing a letter of pages one day, he said: "I pulled up these walkers on playwater." (Ich habe die Lafer aufgezoge uf Spiel wasser.)

We wish to repeat what has been stated in these pages before at various times, that these pages are open to all our readers for the free discussion of any theme relevant to our general aid. Quench not the spirit if you feel prompted to ask a question or write out your opinion on some subject for the benefit of our readers. What seems to you commonplace and unimportant perhaps may be of vital significance and importance to others.

Chat with Correspondents

Cheering Words.

A letter from the Philippine Islands brings these cheering words:

"I am trying to round up all the true-blue Pennsylvania-Germans out here!"
Thanks, Major H. D. S.

From an educator in Virginia came the following:

"I am reading the numbers of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN with increasing interest, and am trying to get others interested. Whatever I can do will be for the purpose of helping on what I consider an excellent and worthy publication."

A lady reader in New Jersey says:

"I enjoy reading the magazine very much. Each number seems to be more interesting than the last."

A Philadelphia subscriber writes:

"Kindly discontinue my subscription to your magazine. I am receiving so many worthy magazines and have such an embarrassment of periodical riches I must curtail somewhere."

In reply to our letter stating that a renewal of the subscription would be a great favor, a remittance "with best wishes" from this subscriber reached us in a few days. Dear Reader, if you must curtail, do not withdraw your friendly aid and good wishes from the only popular magazine in its field. If you have decided to curtail, follow the example of our worthy Philadelphia brother. We need you and want you to stick to THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN.
Travelling Expenses.

Dr. Julius F. Sachse, of Philadelphia, furnished from his own collections the following account of somebody's travelling expenses.

Our tourist was evidently a rule unto himself in spelling, and apparently omitted one item of 37 cents in transcribing his account. Were he to make the trip from Williamsport to Philadelphia in our day, he could sup and attend the theater in the former place, go to bed before midnight and arise from sweet slumbers to eat his breakfast in the latter place, and the State would see to it that his fare would not exceed one-third of what he paid for stage hire.

**TRAVELLING EXPENSES FOR THE YEAR 1822**

August th 27 went to Muncey.

Stage Hire from Philadelphia to Reading $3.50
From Reading to Northumberland 4.62
From Northumberland to Muncey 2.25
Breakfast at Norristown 3.7
Supper and Lodging at Carter's P 3.7
Breakfast and Dinner 5.00
Supper Breakfast and Lodging 6.2

$12.23

Stage hire from Williamsporte to Northumberland 22.25
Supper Lodging and Breakfast 5.00
Halifax Supper and Lodging 4.5
Stage hire from Sunbury to Harrisburgh 4.00
Harrisburgh to Lanckister 2.50
Supper and Lodging 5.00
From Lanckister to Philadelphia 5.00
Breakfast and Porters carriage 5.2

$16.21

Twenty-eight Dollars and forty Four Cents

Tombstone Inscriptions.

While we are investigating the desirability and feasibility of printing tombstone inscriptions, we will greatly appreciate letters expressing the opinion of readers respecting the subject in general or any of the three points referred to by the librarian of a public library: "The printing of tombstone inscriptions is certainly feasible; its desirability would depend.

First, on how far you would be able to print ones of historical value, rather than ones to piece together genealogical records of unimportant families.

Second, on the systematizing by families or sections of such records.

Third, on cumulative indexing of such records.

Grammar and Dictionary Suggested.

The following letter touches on a very important subject, and ought to call forth a number of communications. There are undoubtedly many persons 'of Pennsylvania-German descent whose interest in the life, language and customs of their ancestors is keen, but who are unable to obtain means of learning it themselves' (words of correspondent).

By way of suggestion we might ask whether our readers would deem it advisable to print with our dialect selections an interlinear translation, or a free translation in parallel columns or a glossary of terms at end of each article. While the dialect has been dying the last hundred years and still shows considerable vitality, the time is coming when it will be a thing of the past, of history. We who may should give permanent form and existence to its beauties and variations, and make its study by others possible. While the province of this magazine is not grammar and dictionary-making, we shall find pleasure in encouraging the work of others.

NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY.
ALBANY, N. Y., May 6, 1907.

MR. H. W. KRIEDEL,
EAST GREENVILLE, PA.: Dear Sir—The lists of unfamiliar words in old sale bills, which you have been publishing in _The Pennsylvania-German_, have suggested what appears to me to be a real need in the way of anything like an adequate dictionary or grammar of Pennsylvania-German. The disintegration of Pennsylvania-German communities, the removal of their members to widely-separated localities, and the gradual disappearance of the spoken dialect, makes the need increasingly acute.

Thanks to periodicals like your own, and the interest aroused by the Pennsylvania-German Society, the literature of Pennsylvania-German is increasing, and the student of the future will be fairly well supplied with texts. However, unless aids in the form of grammar and dictionaries are provided, much of this literature must unavoidably become unintelligible as the number of those who speak the dialect decreases. The excellent grammatical works of Prof. Haldeman and Dr. Learned are no longer readily accessible, while Dr. Horne's word-list never purported to be intended for scholarly use or to be inclusive in vocabulary.

It is laudable to attempt to perpetuate the memories of our ancestors by collecting specimens of the language they used. It can be no less laudable or necessary to increase the chances of such perpetuation by providing means to make intelligible such literature to those of Pennsylvania-German descent who can no longer speak the language their fathers spoke. The Pennsylvania-German Society has proved that the power of doing sustained, scholarly historical work is still present among the people of Pastorius, Beissel and Miller. It cannot be doubted that the ability to do creditable philological work is also present, if the desire, too, is present.

If you could, through your magazine, call attention to the need of works of this kind, I feel sure you would give considerable impetus to a most worthy undertaking.

Very truly,

F. K. WALTER.
Pennsylvania Historical Societies

York County Historical Society.

According to report, one of the most successful meetings ever held by the York County Historical Society met May 14, made interesting by the large and enthusiastic attendance and by the paper read by Rev. Clinton E. Walters, D.D., on “Old-Time Gleanings.” In this paper the writer dwelt on the natural history collection of the birds and animals which haunt York and vicinity, on the valuable collection of books which the society possesses, on the engravings of William Wagner, who, in a competition, won out over all his competitors by his design and motto of the State of Iowa. The speaker dwelt also on the history of the fire companies of the city.

Lancaster County Historical Society.

Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart’s article on the Pennsylvania-Dutch, which appeared in the November issue of The Pennsylvania-German, was made the subject of a paper by Frank R. Diffenderfer, which was read before the Lancaster County Historical Society, February 7. We hope to reprint the notes or remarks on the article made by Mr. Diffenderfer, who says respecting the same: “There is so much in it that requires notice that if all the objectionable points were carefully commented upon, another article of almost equal length would be required.”

Bucks County Historical Society.

An interesting collection of old Quaker hats and bonnets has been deposited in the museum of the Bucks County Historical Society, by Comly Walton, of Hatboro. There are two of beaver, one straight rimmed and another of a later period with a rim slightly curved. Of the bonnets, one is drab and very old, and two are of a later date. The oldest of the hats and bonnets have been in existence nearly a century, but they are still in excellent state of preservation.

The Historical Society of Schuylkill County.


The Historical Society of Berks County.

The “Transactions” of this society, Vol. II, No. 3, embracing papers contributed to the society during the year 1907, has been received. Covering 96 pages, it contains the President’s address and papers on the Hiester Homestead in Germany, Incidents and Reminiscences by Major S. E. Ancom, Dedication Address at Unveiling of the Conrad Weiser Memorial Tablet, and the Introduction of the Morse Telegraph into Reading.

The Presbyterian Historical Society.

This society aims “to collect and preserve the materials for and to promote the knowledge of the history of the Reformed churches of America of the Presbyterian Order.” As the close of the last year the society had 262 contributing members and 47 life members. Its headquarters are in the Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

The list of officers includes the following: President 2, Vice-Presidents, 8, Honorary Directors, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Honorary Librarian, Treasurer, Curator of Gallery and Museum, an Executive Council of 35, Solicitor and 8 Local Chairmen.

The society publishes a journal, bi-monthly, and is building up an interesting and valuable museum. It has an endowment fund of over $5,000, besides a building fund of $15,000, and reports cash balances in eight accounts amounting to over $2,600.

One of the most valuable contributions to its legitimate objects made by the society during 1907 was the completion of the Francis Makemie Memorial. The society found the private cemetery of this chief founder of organized Presbyterianism in America a scene of desolation in a remote spot on the “Old Virginia Shore.” The society transformed a scene of desolation into a beautiful tract of three acres, “Makemie Memorial Park,” cleared up, leveled, graded to be ornamented and sown with grass, having a monument seventeen feet high, the granite base surmounted by a granite statue of Francis Makemie.

The New England Historical Genealogical Society.

The New England Historical and Genealogical Register gives in its issue for April, 1908, No. 240, Vol. LXII, as a supplement, the proceedings at the annual meeting of this society, from which the following is gleaned:

The policy of the society from its very earliest days has been to gather a library of New England local history and genealogy, and to publish genealogical, historical, and biographical data. Throughout its later years it has pursued its dual policy with vigor, on the one hand concentrating its energies upon a genealogical library, a library especially complete in all that pertains to New England families, their origin, their annals while residents here, and their emigrations to other sections of the country, with their later history in their new homes; on the other hand, utilizing its forces and influences, both directly and indirectly, for the increase of publications of permanent value to the descendants of the settlers of New England.

The list of officers includes the following: President, six Vice-Presidents, Recording Sec-
XXXIX.

Martin Stupp and George Daniel Schneider.

In answer to Genealogical Notes and Queries, Question XXXV, I will state, that Martin Stupp, also spelled Stup, was an early settler from the Schoharie, N. Y., to the Tulpehocken. His will, which was probated March 18, 1755, was entered by Peter Stein and Samuel Weiser, on oath of Conrad Weiser, in Berks county court house. Among names of settlers in Tulpehocken who came from the Schoharie was that of Martin Stupp.

To my mind there is no doubt that George Daniel Schneider was also a Schoharie settler, before coming to Berks county.

Respectfully,

William J. Dietrich.

XL.

Kidzmiller.

On the old graveyard of the Trinity Reformed (Tulpehocken) church, at the line of Berks and Lebanon counties, is a gravestone (the oldest in the cemetery) on which appears the following inscription:

Her lieht den gestorben

Johannes Kidzmiller
ist geboren 1669

den 26 Febr. Storb

1745

XLI.

Birthplace of Peter Loucks?

Mr. H. W. Kriebel,
East Greenville, Pa.:  

Dear Sir—Can you direct me to some one of whom I might be able to get the information as to what town, or place, my great-grandfather came from. He sailed from Rotterdam and landed at New York, Sept. 20th, 1738. His name was Peter Loucks (or Laucks), and information will be thankfully received.

Yours truly,

Augustus Loucks,
43 N. Hartly St.,
York, Pa.
moved to Huntingdon county, in 1832, where he died in 1845.

Some of the information given above was obtained from a family Bible, still in possession of one branch of our family, and was written by Johannes Baer himself, sometime between 1792 and 1799. He died in the latter year. (The balance of the information has been obtained from the York county records.) He writes his name in his Bible “Baer,” but we find it written “Behr” in several of his deeds on record in York county. We find further that in a petition to the York county court, Mary “Bear” asked the court to appoint John Nichols guardian of some of her minor heirs, and from that time on we find it written “Bear” more frequently than any other way. At present, and I think for more than fifty years past, a majority of the descendants of Johannes Baer have written it “Bare.” In this connection, I will yet mention a Jacob Bear, who owned property in Newberry and Fairview townships, York county, who was contemporaneous with our Johannes Baer, and who we are inclined to think was his brother, but of this we are not certain. He had three sons—Emanuel, Jacob and Englehart, and five daughters—Susannah, married to Peter Schrieber; Elizabeth, wife of Christian Burger; Barbara, wife of Samuel Johnston; Catherine, wife of Jacob Wolf, and Anna, wife of Arnold Spink, of Wrightsville, York county, Pa.

Perhaps some of the readers of your journal may be able to give us some additional information tending to connect us with other families of the same name.

Reviews and Notes

BY PROF. E. S. GERHARD, TRENTON, N. J.

The Schwenckfeldian for May has an article entitled, “Christopher Kriebel, the Schwenckfelder Catechist,” by A. A. Seipt. Mr. Seipt is a native of Montgomery county, Pa. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania; a year ago he received his Ph.D. degree from the same institution. He is at present engaged in teaching in Delaware, Ohio.

Christopher Kriebel was born in Silesia in 1720, and came to America in 1734. He was one of the foremost Schwenckfelders of his day; he did much to organize the religious work among these people and to establish their Church.

The Atlantic Monthly for April contained a good, interesting story entitled, “The County Seat,” by Elsie Singmaster. The scene is laid in Millerstown (Macungie), Miss Singmaster’s native home, and Allentown, Pa. It narrates the experiences of the Kuhnses, a family consisting of husband, wife and two children, who decided to leave Millerstown; this place is too slow for them. So they give vent to their disgust and move to Allentown. But things are not in the county seat as they expected to find them. The story ends just as one thinks it will from the very beginning—they move back again to Millerstown.

This is one of the best short stories with the scene among the Pennsylvania-German people that has come to our notice for a long time. It is absolutely simple, and therein lies its art. The characters are few, and they are well delineated, especially Mrs. Kuhns, who may well be taken for a typical Pennsylvania-German housekeeper. On the whole, the story is a fitting rebuke to the workmanship and artistic temperament of those writers who say they cannot idealize the Pennsylvania-German people.


Prof. Lambert was born and raised in Northampton county, Pa. He is a graduate of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. He was for some years engaged in surveying; of late he has been connected with the German Department, Boys’ High School, Brooklyn, N. Y. He has also edited several German texts: Der Prozess (Benedix) Minna von Barnhelm (Lessing).

This book marks a new departure in the teaching of German. As a reader it is new in subject-matter. The author has avoided himself of the principle that the things and affairs of daily occurrence are the ones that interest pupils the most; and so the exercises found in it are made up entirely of the school-life and the home-life of the pupils. The book also embodies the universal idea that a language, to be of any practical use, must be made a living language; that is, it must become a part of the individual the two must grow up together. And these advantages can best be secured by practice in conversation. The book has a resourceful vocabulary. There are also some exercises to be re-translated into German. A series of questions accompanies each German exercise; these, of course, are only suggestive; it is not at all likely that any teacher will follow them in toto. But they form an excellent basis for conversational drill, which is the main purpose of the book.

The Life and Works of Christopher Dock. America’s Pioneer Writer on Education, with a translation of his works into the English language by Martin G. Brumbaugh, Ph.D., LL.D. Superintendent of Schools, Philadelphia; with an introd...
tion by Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, LL.D., ex-Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Cloth bound, gilt top and stamp; 272 pp. Price, $5.00 net. Only 1,000 copies have been printed. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London, 1908.

Christopher Dock, "the pious schoolmaster of the Skippack," came from Germany to Pennsylvania between the years 1710 and 1714. The supposition is that he came here to farm, but his pious spirit may have induced him to devote himself to the education of the children of his neighbors, and in this undertaking he was encouraged by Christopher Saur, the veteran publisher and printer. About 1718 he opened a school in Skippack, Montgomery county, Pa. This school was continued for ten years. It is needless to say that his compensation was less than meager. He next bought 100 acres of land from the Penns in Salford township, Montgomery county, where he spent the greater part of his life.

He next conducted a school in Beber's township (Skippack and Perkiomen), and here in 1750 he wrote his Schule-ordnung and also the several articles which Saur printed in his Geistliches Magazin. We also find that he taught school in Germantown for four summers. Here he happened to have among his pupils the only son of Christopher Saur, the printer.

Such in short is the meagre life-history of this pious, conscientious, and unobtrusive schoolmaster. His noblest traits were love and service. Like the Master himself, he meant to serve, not to be served; and he served for the love of service. It is evident that his controlling power was love, not force. He treated the children with love, and so they loved and feared him, and also loved one another.

Dock's method of teaching early attracted the attention of the elder Saur, who was greatly impressed by his son's superior teacher. So great was Dock's talent for organizing and conducting a school that was averse to this, but by using a little diplomacy he finally wrote what turned out to be his Schule-ordnung; it was completed in 1750, but it was not to be printed during the lifetime of the author. For a while the manuscript was forgotten and almost lost.

The Schule-ordnung may well be termed the first treatise on education written in America. It gives the finest account of a colonial school. It is simple and original. There are no vague, psychological discussions on the theory and practice of teaching; no impracticable, impossible, high-handed theories. The instruction of today is far remote from the simple but effective teaching of Dock, which made for a religious life, noble character and solid worth, essentials often badly lacking in modern education. The subjects were few and simple. No text-books are mentioned; in fact, the only book mentioned is the Bible. The pupils were instructed in the four R's, not three: reading, writing, arithmetic, and religion. The first three subjects have been neglected in the scuffle for so-called higher education, while the last named, to the detriment of the race, it seems, is no longer tolerated in the public schools.

Christopher Dock anticipated the present time by no less than one hundred years. He speaks of having "monitors" in his school, whose duty it was to note the order of the room while he himself attended to the individual instruction of the pupils. Is this much different from what is today called the Batavian system? It was his idea, and he also put it into practice, that the teacher should take the place of the parent; this is a very common idea of today. He was vastly more concerned about the welfare of the children who were brought under his care than thousands of parents are about their own offspring.

If conscientiousness ever distinguished a teacher, then Christopher Dock is that teacher. It was his custom to go down on his knees every evening after school and ask for guidance. It was in such an attitude that he was found one evening in autumn, 1771. He did not come back from school that evening: a search was made and he was found in his school-room on his knees, dead, with the roll of his pupils spread before him. Thus ended in prayer for his pupils a life singularly sweet and unselfishly given to the welfare of those whom he believed God had divinely appointed him to teach.

He also composed many hymns, some of which have considerable merit. He compiled rules of conduct for his pupils; many of these rules now seem almost laughable. These hymns and rules of conduct and other Schriften appear in Saur's Geistliches Magazin, to which Dock occasionally contributed.

The introduction by ex-Governor Pennypacker is rather short, but it is decidedly appropriate and suggestive. Mr. Pennypacker, by the way, made the first translation into English of the Schule-ordnung; and he was in all probability the first to bring to light many of the facts of Dock's life.

Dr. Brumbaugh has put under obligation everyone who may hereafter write about the history of education in this country: for we do not believe that any one can write on this subject in the future without reckoning with the "pious schoolmaster of the Skippack.

The book is a fine piece of press work; it reflects credit upon the publishers for the artistic make-up; and upon the author and editor and translator for the apt and appropriate arrangement and for the strict adherence to the truth of the original. Good, early English may occasionally have been sacrificed to preserve the quaintness of the original; but it is believed that most readers will look upon this as a charm and not a defect.

The book is also a fitting and noble memorial to the memory of America's pioneer writer on education: it bestows upon him the honor that has been due him for more than a hundred years.
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(See page 348)
A Journey over the Route Travelled by Rev. F. A. C. Muhlenberg in His Trips to Shamokin, 1777.

BY REV. J. W. EARLY, A.M., READING, PA.

Having secured a proper team, let us set out from the middle of the square, where the old court house stood, just beyond Conrad Weiser's store, where the Weiser tablet has been placed, at the intersection of Market and Callowhill streets, now Fifth and Penn. It will require but a short time to cross the Penn street bridge, having the P. R. R. depot to our right. This brings us to the newly incorporated borough of West Reading, which ought properly to be a part of the city itself. We now pass under the viaduct of the Belt Line. Beyond the abandoned toll-gate we enter the borough of Wyomissing, another suburb incorporated in recent years. We might almost fear that if Reading does not soon enlarge its boundaries, it will be invested by a cordon of small boroughs, so that when it becomes necessary it cannot expand.

Next we come to the bridge crossing the P. & R. R., and pass to the north of it. Then we drive along Penn avenue of Springmont, a suburb of a score or more houses, laid out some eight or ten years ago, too near the city to grow rapidly and too far from it to become a part of it in the immediate future.

We now enter the village of Sinking Spring, said to owe its name to the fact that a fine spring at the head of a branch.

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of the Cacoosing sinks into the ground, and soon again appears as a small, limpid rivulet and pursues its course with other branches to the Tulpehocken.

But we will have no time for historical research here. So we simply point out the old eight-cornered school house, with the graveyard alongside, marking the spot where the original Welsh settlers had attempted the establishment of a Baptist congregation. This is a town of 2,000 or 2,500 inhabitants, and is not incorporated. It is one of the oldest towns of the county. It has a number of churches, as well as a number of taverns to accommodate thirsty travellers, as well as some of the inhabitants.

**Wernersville**

Three miles further on we come to Wernersville, which has been built up entirely as the result of the construction of the Lebanon Valley Railroad. It has a Lutheran church and a Reformed Sunday-school chapel. The latter was erected mainly because the church (Hain's) is too far away for the children of the town to attend it. This village has stolen a march on its more populous neighbor to the east by securing a bank. It tried to gain another advantage by securing an incorporation as a borough. In that it failed. But that, too, will come in time.

**Robesonia**

Three miles further on, eleven miles beyond Reading, is Robesonia, another village owing its origin and growth to the Lebanon Valley Railroad. It has only two churches, both erected in recent years, within its borders—the Reformed and Evangelical. Nearly a mile to the north is the "Corner" or St. Daniel's church (Lutheran), the first church in this vicinity which grew out of the original Tulpehocken church. It was organized by Rev. J. W. Kurtz in 1750. The congregation also has a chapel in the town, in which English services are held. Still further to the left, beyond the railroad, is the furnace bearing the same name as the town. Somewhere in its vicinity, possibly between it and the Conrad Weiser homestead, is the ore mine bequeathed by Fr. Weiser to his sons Conrad, John and Peter. "3 acres in fee to hold in common containing an ore mine, a part of the tract of 150 acres of the plantation devised to Conrad, which 3 acres I direct my executors not to sell." Whether this ore mine was ever developed or whether it is still worked the writer has not learned. Apparently, it has been lost sight of.

**Conrad Weiser**

Nearly two miles further on, a short field's breadth to our left, about half a mile east of Womelsdorf, is the old Weiser plantation, on which was erected the house in which Conrad Weiser lived. He lies buried immediately west of the farm house in an old orchard, which has almost entirely disappeared, the old apple trees having nearly all been uprooted in the great storm which passed over that section in 1904. The house had also been unroofed, but was repaired again. Last fall, the old two-room stone building in which Weiser himself had lived was destroyed by fire. Now there is nothing left to mark his former home but the plain marble slab on his grave in the southwest corner of the orchard. Unfortunately, some one tried to restore the wife's tombstone, or rather the inscription on it, so as to make her appear younger than some of her own children. She was probably about 30 years older than the date of birth on the tombstone would indicate.

It was to this place that the Indians came to visit their White Brother. Although not so in name, this was really the capital of the Province of Pennsylvania for many years. Not only was its occupant the counsellor and adviser of the Proprietaries and the Governor, but it was also the place whence its Indian Policy emanated, and to which the Indian chiefs came to lodge their complaints. It was the place they always visited first even before calling on the authorities, to have their wrongs redressed. Here they were always courteously received and kindly treated. They felt that they would always find an advocate and a spokes-
man here. But in an evil hour, this hitherto firm friend of the Indians forgot that a man can not successfully act as the paid attorney or as the counsel of two opposing interests, and accepted a fee of 2,000 acres of the best land still belonging to the Indians, his former clients, to secure a treaty at Albany, by which this most fertile section of Pennsylvania, still belonging to the Indians, was ceded to the Proprietaries. From that day on, his great influence began to wane. In fact, he seems to have been hated by these ignorant people almost as intensely as he was loved by them before. They even assented to having a price set on his head; they endeavored to secure his person and sought to destroy members of the family.

We have not time to enter upon a discussion of the reasons why this man, who, almost up to the time of his death, occupied a position as prominent in the affairs of Pennsylvania, possibly even more prominent, than that of Benjamin Franklin, has not been brought forward and honored more among his people since that time. This one grave mistake would hardly account for the great difference. Franklin was not without faults equally grave. This alone could therefore not account for it. But the fact that for many years there was a tendency and a disposition to praise everything that came from New England, and to decry everything of German or native origin, might serve, in large part, to account for the difference. Franklin came from Boston, and Weiser was of the same blood as his German neighbors. But in addition to all these things, we apprehend very seriously that the efforts of writers to claim honors that did not really belong to the man, and where he did not really deserve them, had more to do with this than any one thing besides. For we happen to know that there is nothing which the native Pennsylvanian resents more readily and more vigorously than an effort to defray a man and to ascribe to him qualities and perfections which he cannot claim, and which he does not possess. Even New Englanders might demur if some one should insist that Daniel Webster be held up as an apostle of temperance, and that this be set forth as his great claim to pre-eminence. Can we therefore wonder that plain and simple Pennsylvanians merely shrug their shoulders and refuse to become enthusiastic over this gifted man, when writers and speakers insist that he shall be honored above all other things?

These statements are not meant so much as a criticism of Conrad Weiser. But they are intended as a protest against the mode of eulogizing men of that kind which is frequently adopted. This mode seems to be a sort of imitation of our professional funeral orators, who are not satisfied with the statement of facts. For generally they have none to state. It is only: "Now the good man is gone. The loving husband is no more," although his wife and children may have been in mortal terror of him when he came home drunk. Now we hold that it is not necessary to speak untruth when speaking of the dead. It is really the most uncharitable thing that can be done. Conrad Weiser might justly have prayed as it is said Frederick the Great did: "Lord, save me from my friends, with my enemies I can settle myself."

Womelsdorf

But we continue our journey. Unfortunately, the road leading from Weiser's residence through the northeast corner of Womelsdorf to the old Tulpehocken or Reed's church has been closed, or moved, in laying out the town. We therefore follow the turnpike to the middle of the borough, where we turn northward. At the next street we turn to the northwest, towards Rehersburg. To our right, on a commanding eminence, is Zion's church, not yet erected when F. A. C. Muhlenberg started on his trip. In the cemetery adjoining, a number of the Weisers lie buried. About half a mile northwest of the town we cross the Tulpehocken, leaving the old Tulpehocken church (Reed's), which had passed through its stormy period between thirty and forty years before his time, about a mile to our left. A little more than a mile further north, we find a handboard, telling us
that Charming Forge, one of the early iron works of the State, is located two miles further east—also on the banks of the Tulpehocken, a power house for the generation of electricity for Womelsdorf now occupying the site. Several miles further on we pass Host. Nearly a mile north of this point is the Host church, where Rev. Stoy, preacher and physician, a pioneer of the Reformed church, lies buried.

Without desiring to settle any vexed questions for our neighbors, we will state that a scrap of paper among the old documents of the Belleman's church says that after Rev. Stoy, then still in the active ministry, returned from Philadelphia, he settled at the original Reformed Tulpehocken church, and from there served this one (Belleman's). To us this would indicate that Rev. Stoy, as well as others, regarded the Host as the original Reformed church. All this might possibly indicate that after Rev. Peter Miller had been immersed, his adherents turned towards the Host, and the followers of Rev. Boehm, who were not on the best terms with them, went westward to Trinity, across the Lebanon county line. But, in all probability, these matters will always remain in doubt.

Rehrersburg

Travelling four miles farther, we reach Rehrersburg, laid out by Gottfried Rehrer. We shall not stop to speak of its quaintly named streets,—Gottfried, Jacobs, Magdalena, Rehrer, Maria, Brown, etc. This was Rev. Muhlenberg's first stopping place. It was then known as Atolheo. Rev. John Casper Stoever also calls it Adelhoch. He seems to have been of the impression that it was so called on account of its celebrated position.—Eagle's Heights or Eagle's Point. But the original church record clearly states that the church is located on the "Bieber Creek and Tolheo," possibly to distinguish it from that in Rockland on the Bieber creek, a branch of the Mamatawny. This stream enters the Little Swatara and flows "ad Tolheo."

After leaving this point and passing through Millersburg, not then in existence, we reach Fort Henry, five miles further on, also known as Busses' Fort and Fort Dietrich Six. At that time already it was in a very dilapidated condition. Rev. Muhlenberg's opinion seems to have been that these forts did very little for the real safety of the people. It is located to the right of the road.

The Blue Mountains

We have now reached the first mountain, or the first range of the Blue Mountains. At that time the road was still in very primitive condition, very little more than a bridle path. There was a climb of about two miles. But the beauty of the outlook from this lofty point, however, seems to have repaid the travellers for their toil in the steep ascent. He tells us they had a full view of Heidelberg, Tulpehocken and the Muchibach region. This includes all of Berks west of the Northkill and the Cacoosing, and even parts of Lebanon county. But this is not the only fine view overlooking the Lebanon Valley. To say nothing of the view from the tower on Mt. Pleasant, revealing the beauties of the Schuylkill Valley to the Port Clinton gap to the north and then of the Lebanon Valley for almost an equal distance to the west—that from the summit of the ridge at the St. Daniels, or that from the south side of the Gravel ridge north of Palmyra, taking in the Lebanon Valley from the vicinity of Schaefferstown to Hummelstown, and from the northern side, showing the Swatara Gap, the Indiantown Gap, the Manada Gap, with all the intervening territory, we find views which are hardly surpassed in beauty anywhere. Not in Pennsylvania certainly, unless it should be from the ridge south of Georgetown in Northumberland county, from which can be seen not only a large part of that county, but the Shamokin Ridge near Lewisburg, and parts of Lycoming, Union and Snyder. Possibly the view from the Munsey Hills, between Exchange and Montoursville, would be regarded as finer still, and that from the southern slopes of the Alleghenies between Tivoli,
passing by the other lake to Eaglesmere, might satisfy those who cannot afford to go to Switzerland, or to the west to gratify their desires for grand scenery.

The next eight or ten miles prove rather uneventful, as we simply pass the valley of Big Swatara, lying between the two mountains. It was here that Henry Hartman, as far as can be ascertained the first victim of the Indian butcheries within the limits of the present Schuylkill county, was found murdered on the 30th of October, 1755, just fifteen days after their first onslaught, at New Berlin, then also claimed to be in Berks, where Barbara and Regina Leininger were taken captives.

Pinegrove

We now reach Pinegrove, one of the first towns to spring into prominence through the coal trade. Its size hardly comports with its prominence, or enterprise. It is doubtful whether its population exceeds 1,500 or 2,000. Yet its main street is paved with vitrified brick, and its citizens are prominent in county affairs. The evidences of thrift and prosperity are found on all sides. It is but a short distance, between two and three miles, from this point to Cherryville, another little village along the route. Here the valley between the mountains generally is very narrow. Just north of this place is the Second Mountain, where the Swatara has cut a gap through the steep mountain. It was somewhere in this vicinity that Rev. Muhlenberg found the "Capes" which seemed so terrible to him—either here or at Jeff's Peak, a little further on at Lorberry Junction. Although the driving road and the railroad are almost parallel from Pinegrove to Tremont, passing through a mining section all the way, no breakers, shafts or slopes come into view by either route. The wells or springs so much admired are either enclosed in private grounds, or else have passed away.

Tremont

Tremont, the next town, seems more compactly built than Pinegrove. Judging from the number of churches it maintains, it should be fully as large, if not considerably larger. A somewhat remarkable fact is, that while Pinegrove, where you enter these mountains, is 580 feet above sea-level, Tremont, nine miles further north, is but 762.5, or 180.5 feet higher, while the highest point, Kieffers, is 1464 feet.

Leaving Tremont, we pass through Donaldson, another thriving village a short distance beyond, as well as the mining patches, West End and Good Spring, a station on that branch of the P. & R. railroad running to Brookside and Tower City.

Through the Rausch Gap, sometimes also called Bear Gap, we now descend into the Pine Creek and the Deep Creek Valleys, north of the Broad Mountain, and forming the eastern extension of the Lykens Valley. It was here, somewhere between Sacramento and the Klinger's Gap, that Rev. Muhlenberg and his companion, Conrad Weiser, Jr., spent the night and in the early morning set out to complete their journey. It was in this valley, now dotted with fertile fields and marked by every evidence of thrift and comfort, that they saw those majestic pine trees, which they thought might furnish masts for a navy. These have long since disappeared, but the banks of the creek are still covered with pines. It is altogether likely that the name of the stream is derived from this.

Klinger's Church

A few miles more brings us to Klinger's church, one of the oldest places of worship in this section, supposed to be among those organized by Rev. Enterline, contemporaneous with the Muhlenbergs.

The gap through the Mahontongo Mountain also bears the name Klinger's. At its northern entrance we find Klingerstown. Some forty years ago it was the rendezvous of a notorious gang, dreaded throughout all that section, until broken up by the strong arm of the law. Five miles to the left is Uniontown—the P. C. Pillow—located on a little semi-circular
knoll of arable land north of the mountain.

Travelling due north, several miles beyond Klingerstown, we cross the Jacob's Ridge (Jakob's Hoehi), on which the Jacob's Well, referred to by F. A. C. Muhlenberg, was located. As we descend, we pass through, or over "Huf-land," said to be so called because the road is shaped like the letter S, and there is the appearance of a returning or backing over the same route,—a sort of switch-back in the driving road.

A few miles further on, we reach the Schwartz's tavern and the Schwartz's farm, as well as the Schwartz's church. It was here they met Mr. Fisher, Senior. This was his tract. The part of the farm lying furthest northeast is where Jacob Fisher, Sr., then resided. In the orchard back of the barn his remains, as well as those of some of his descendants, rest. This is evidently the place where Rev. Muhlenberg, upon his return journey, stopped and baptized the two children.

The present farm-house is located from 300-500 yards north of the old Tulpehocken Road, and about the same distance from Schaeffer's, formerly Schwartz's tavern.

The Weiser Lands

The greater part of the land between this farm and the Susquehanna seems to have belonged to the "Weiser lands," mentioned in Muhlenberg's report of his second trip. These tracts must have been immense. Frederic Weiser, son of Conrad, in his will refers to a tract of 300 acres at Wecanesco creek, i. e., in the Lykens Valley, either near Elizabethville, or between it and Millersburg, Dauphin county, which he bought of Caspar Reed, and likewise to his "share of 1,200 acres around the big lick in Lancaster county, between McRees' place and Fisher's place," "which I hold in partnership with Wm. Scull and others." This last tract, as described, must have been between the western limit of the Fisher, afterwards the Schwartz's farm, somewhere near Smith's tavern, and Herndon. It would certainly be highly interesting to know where this "big lick" was,—whether it was along one of the springs or rivulets in the "Mush Valley," whether it was at "Bull Run," or whether it was along the rocky steeps on the north bank of the Mahanoy, some two-thirds mile east of Herndon. He (F. M.) also tells that he had "a share in land about four miles back of the Isle of Cuy." This must have been between Salem and Pawling's Station in Snyder county, west of the Susquehanna.

But let us resume the journey. Between two and three miles north-northwest from the Fisher's place, we come to Smith's tavern, now in the hands of other parties. About 300-400 yards to the east, on the "Scheube-cricks" road, leading directly east to Ashland, is St. Peter's church, also dating back to Enterline's period. Some hundreds of yards westward, on this same road, is the parsonage of the Mahanoy district. At the forks of the road, where we turn westward, is Tressler's store, at one time owned by Wm. Wiest, of Uniontown. Immediately north of the parsonage is the railroad station, Otto, and about half a mile north on the Old Tulpehocken road, which we have here, is Pumping Station on the oil lines. We are now only about four miles from the Susquehanna. It was therefore easy for our travellers to reach it in an hour. In a short time we reach the high rocky hills on the south side of the Mahanoy. The writer formerly thought it strange that nothing was said about crossing this stream, but a re-examination of Rev. F. A. C. Muhlenberg's statements has convinced him that in saying that they crossed the "Mahanoy Gebirge," these hills and not the "Line Mountain," which extends to the Susquehanna, about half a mile north of the mouth of the Mahanoy, are meant.

The Susquehanna

But keeping a due westerly course, we soon reach the Susquehanna, either by a rather steep descent to the village of Herndon, or by an easier road immediately north of it, and north of Ziegler's Island. Here, about half a mile above the piers
of the abandoned bridge and crossing of the railroad to Port Treverton, we can easily cross the Susquehanna in a rowboat, if we are afoot or in a flat if we choose to take our team along. This will bring us to the northern part of Port Treverton, where Caspar Reed’s hotel, at which our travelers stopped before going up to B. Weiser’s farm, was evidently located. As the Isle of Que is between one and two miles long, it is difficult to decide where we shall find this youngest son of the interpreter at home. But as Rev. F. A. C. Muhlenberg makes the distance from Caspar Reed’s, evidently the upper end of Port Treverton, six miles, and as the distance to Selinsgrove is seven miles, —as he only mentions the Middle Creek, we are inclined to think that it was near the southern end of the island, near the mouth of the present Middle Creek, just a little beyond “Burns,” on the opposite side of Penn’s Creek of the present day.

If time permitted, we would like to extend our trip to the northern end of the island where the Penn’s Creek formerly emptied into the Susquehanna, when the Maine Mill stood, thirty or forty years ago. There we would like to pass to the west shore of the present Penn’s Creek, to call on Mr. Howard Schnure, who now owns a part of the Weiser tract, and who has in his possession very interesting documents and relics, among others the warrant for the survey of the 2000 acres for Conrad Weiser, and 2000 for Richard Peters, for negotiating the treaty of Albany,—the stump of a tree which stood where the rescue party from Ft. Augusta was attacked, and which marked the line of the Albany purchase, which originally stood about one-fourth of a mile north of the present Lewisburg and Sunbury railroad. It would also be pleasant to stop at the First Evangelical Lutheran church, of which the writer himself was pastor several years, nearly forty years ago, and where Conrad Weiser, the son of Philip, and members of his family, as well as members of the Fisher family, lie buried.

It would also be pleasant to travel five miles further north and take a view of Fort Augusta, where the D. A. R. have set up a boulder with a tablet, and view the outlines of the fort, still distinctly visible, with its magazine in good state of preservation. It certainly is a matter of regret, that this boulder with tablet, was placed outside of the lines of the fort, which can still be traced. It would also be interesting to visit the Councilman of Sunbury and his good wife, at present the owners of the site, and view the relics, —among others the miniature fort, representing the original stockade very finely. It would also be pleasant to visit the cemetery, just back of the fort, where some of the prominent men of those days lie buried.

It would be equally pleasant to stop at the yard of B. Weiser and attend the services conducted by F. A. C. Muhlenberg under the shade of boughs and trees, while he preached and administered the communion to a large number, and baptized fifteen children placed in a row.

It will be unnecessary to come back over this route, for the points are the same.

We should like also to accompany Rev. F. A. C. Muhlenberg on his second trip to the same point from the 20th to the 25th of November of this same year, although we admit that this trip would hardly be as pleasant as the former. For he was overtaken by a snow storm. The first trip was considerably longer than the second, being extended from June 25 to July 2nd, a full week, of the same year, 1771.

A few things may be worthy of note: That apparently he did not call at Caspar Reed’s at all on his second trip: that the time spent at Selinsgrove, or rather on the Isle of Que, which may possibly have been the eastern part of the town, but more likely was near the mouth of Penn’s Creek, or rather Middle Creek, was very brief; that he was accompanied by his uncle, F. Weiser, who did not return with him: that on their trip northward they crossed both the Susquehanna and the Mahanoy, for he says their lives were in danger in crossing the "Machonay": that in all probability they crossed from the head of Line Mountain directly to the island, or, what is equally probable, that
they crossed at Fisher's Ferry and passed along the head of the mountain.

It is also doubtful whether he passed through Womelsdorff at all on his second trip. It is almost certain that he did not do so on his return: for he tells us he reached Schaefferstown at midnight, which he seems to have been anxious to reach. By travelling immediately south from Millersburg, in Berks, on his return from Alvira, Schaefferstown, Fisher's home at that time, he travelled fully fifty miles to reach Schaefferstown. To have gone via Womelsdorff would have made it about fifty-five miles, perhaps even more.

Edgar Fahs Smith, Vice Provost, University of Pennsylvania.

BY ALLEN J. SMITH

(See Frontispiece Portrait)

Note.—This article appeared in Old Penn Weekly Review, which reprinted it from this year's Dental Alumni Annual.

ORN in York, Pa., 1854; parents, Gibson Smith and Susan E. (Fahs) Smith; married, 1879. Margie A. Guel, of Gettysburg.

The writer of this sketch first had the honor of introduction to Edgar Fahs Smith in the early winter of 1863-64, when the Vice-Provost was a small boy of some nine years of age, and when the writer himself was of still more tender age, and of practically no experience of men and things of this world. The introduction was perforce a favorable one, and could not well be avoided on either side. It was followed by some years of more or less intimate association and collaboration, broken when the elder brother in 1872 went to college; and at least a one-sided feeling of regard and respect, verging upon worship, developed within the association, that of the urchin for his big brother, in spite of the fact that the younger's life was often jeopardized and painful bruises inflicted by accidental upsets from the old baby-coach when the Vice-Provost ran desperate foot-races with other boys and other coaches and at their infantile content. My own recollections of the period are not vivid, but I am informed that in a passive way I took part in some of the early chemical investigations of my brother, as when, one rainy morning long ago, he was "projikin' round" on the high chimney shelf in the old kitchen of our home and managed through fault of technique to upset a box of washing-blue upon my white head, and then attempted to wash it out, lest visible evidence of his adventures be borne to the central office. It would not wash out, and I remained for weeks a prominent figure in the local landscape from the efforts of the embryo chemist. Memory would not, however, attach much of discredit to the boy at that or later periods. In point of fact, he escaped most of the discords, and transferred them with his old school books, outgrown coats and bad habits, as occasional profanity and the use of tobacco, to his corporal's guard of a brother. To the latter he seemed always quite right and hopelessly unattainable in the next precision (not at all ladylike, however), with which he invariably carried out his performances. His shoes always shone; and he religiously spread a neat little white handkerchief upon the porch before trusting his immaculate trousers to its possibly dusty surface when he sat before the front door of evenings, as was the custom in the old time in those days. His books were well covered and, although in constant use, their pages were spotless; and the urchin brother, who was myself, was permitted to handle them only after a thorough preliminary washing of hands. He rarely urgently required a trouncing, but obtained it without difficulty when actually in need, and always accepted it with proper resignation in the spirit in which
it was administered and without very much distribution of woe. In other words, he was that sort of a good boy that is not so very good that he dies young, but decent, wholesome and just good enough to be worth while.

He would have been successful under any conditions—his natural bent toward reasonable precision and method guaranteed that; but the measure of his success he owes in particular to two persons—his mother and his old teacher, Dr. George W. Ruby, principal of the York County Academy for nearly a generation. Night by night, by the light of an old-fashioned fat lamp, his mother had the boy work out and recite to her all his lessons for the following day, and no half acquaintance with the tasks was acknowledged or allowed. The innate aim for thoroughness was formed into a reality at his mother's side, and what power of analysis and memory nature gave him was educated into a habit of easy practice. No teacher in any school with whom the writer has ever come into contact sufficiently to warrant an expression of opinion possessed as fully as Dr. Ruby that magnetic power of encouragement of his pupils which makes for success in the pedagogue; and this, added to a wide and masterful acquaintance and appreciation of the classics and of the principles of the sciences, made of the academy an ideal preparatory school. It was here that in association with a coterie of kindred spirits Dr. Smith established and for several years was in turn, or all at one time, editor, contributor, compositor, pressman and financial agent of a youthful publication known as Our Effort—a short-lived effort, dying promptly when the boys who built it up passed from the old school into college. Dr. Smith in this experience learned sufficiently the trade of printing to have been repeatedly accepted in holidays to do substitution and special work as compositor or proofreader in the office of one of the important publishing houses of the town; and his claim to be a type-theorist fits well the man who has sat in Franklin's old chair in the Philosophical Society, and worked as he has for the glorification of the university Franklin founded.

He left these influences in his eighteenth year to enter college, possessed of such intimate acquaintance with, and facility in, the classics as to be granted exemption from further studies in these branches in Pennsylvania College and sufficient collateral attainments to insure his immediate and unconditioned enrollment in the Junior Class, and with acquired habits of work and an ability to prosecute advanced studies, worth all of a collegiate course in themselves. With such preparation and from his own bent of mind he needed but little urging to undertake special work in the scientific branches, and soon found therein his proper field of study. Graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1874 at Gettysburg, he thereupon, upon the recommendation of the professor of chemistry at Gettysburg, Dr. Samuel P. Sadler, later of the University of Pennsylvania, went to Germany and spent two years in the laboratories of Wöhler and Huebner, graduating with the highest honors of his year and the degrees of M.A. and Ph.D. in 1876 from the University of Göttingen. In the fall of 1876 he became assistant in chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, under Dr. F. A. Genth, and continued in this position for five years, building up an asset of admiring friends among the students, which later largely determined his recall to the chair. In 1881 he became professor of natural and applied science in Muhlenberg College, in Allentown, resigning this position in 1883 to accept a similar chair in Wittenberg College, at Springfield, Ohio. In 1888 he left the latter institution to assume his present chair, at the time separate from the chairs of organic chemistry and of metallurgical chemistry, which have since been merged with it. The growth of the chemical teaching in the University, the building of the Harrison Laboratory, the endowment of the chair in perpetuity, Professor Smith's success in educating a long list of eminent practical chemists and teachers of chemistry, his accomplishment of notable analytical work, of advanced
work in pure inorganic chemistry (including here his contributions upon atomic weights and complex inorganic acids), his development of electro-chemical separations, are all well known and need not be detailed or particularly commented upon in this place. His work speaks for itself and is widely acknowledged and valued in the chemical world, and has brought to him a large return of well-deserved honors. In 1893 he was appointed one of the jury of awards in the Columbian Exposition in Chicago; in 1895 he was president of the American Chemical Society; in 1896, and in five years subsequently, he served by presidential appointment upon the National Assay Commission; in 1898 he was vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; in 1899 became a member of the National Academy of Sciences; in 1902 was made adviser in chemistry upon the board of the Carnegie Institution; in 1903 became president of the American Philosophical Society, and held this office until 1907, when he declined re-election; and his membership list included a long group of scientific associations abroad as well as in this country. In 1899 the honorary degree of Sc.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania; in 1904 the University of Wisconsin bestowed the degree of LL.D., the same honor being repeated in 1906 by the University of Pennsylvania and by Pennsylvania College.

It is to his work as Vice-Provost of the University, however, that Pennsylvania's gratitude and admiration most go out, both to the man and to the official. Called to this position in 1899, he entered upon this side of his life when the internal organization of the University was approaching the phase of consolidation and unification of the multiple schools of which it is made up. The general upbuilding of the material side of the institution and the establishment of its many important departments and schools had proceeded to a high degree under the energy and capable guidance of Provost Pepper and his devoted and self-sacrificing successor, Dr. Harrison; but internally the University was essentially a conglomerate. There has been no one man who has worked with equal single-minded purpose to this end of unification, or who has accomplished more for the establishment of a loyal Pennsylvania spirit, both among the faculty and in the general student body, than Dr. Smith. He has brought to this work an unselfish, self-sacrificing devotion; and, carrying with it all his heavy work as teacher, has, by his sympathetic consideration of men and purposes, his keen and correct appreciation of persons and policies, his efficiency in aid wherever assistance or guidance was needed, welded the student masses into a corporate unit with an unswerving loyalty to the whole institution, and has in nearly equal degree done the same service for the various faculties. His power of concentration, of rapid and effective accomplishment in the great number of details demanding his attention, the never-flagging energy of his efforts and his generous and lovable personality are the characteristics which have made this possible and made of him a marked man and an ideal to thousands of his colleagues and students. The man's work is unfinished and is going on. There is no dearth of men under his personal training, no want of proof of his continued scientific ability, and year by year the results of his work among the University populace for the glorification and strengthening of the school become more and more striking. He is distinctly "a man who does things"; and it is no simple wish but an earnest prayer that the end of his days, the close of his work, and the fullness of credit thereof, may be afar.

This is an estimate the writer is frank to acknowledge may bear the bias of a brother's pen; but such as it is, it is sincere—and, were it not for the kinship (which for the nonce is a misfortune), there would be no subtraction, but an easy temptation to add to and multiply these words.
German Surnames

BY LEONARD FELIX FULD, M.A., LL.M., COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK CITY.

Chapter VII.
Surnames of Locality.

Note.—Chapter VI of this series of papers appeared in The Pennsylvania-German for April, 1908.

The third division of the German family names consists of those which are derived from the name of the locality where its possessor lived. That noblemen early took the name of their estate or of the town in which they lived as a part of their personal names, we know from such literary characters as Heinrich Von Veldeke, Hartmann Von Au, and Walther Von Der Vogelweide. We know also from the history of German literature that the nobles were not the only persons to take such names, for Conrad who was only a "bürgerlicher Meister" was known as Conrad Von Würzburg. The family names derived from the place of origin may be divided into two classes, viz. — those that are the names of general localities and those that are the names of particular cities or towns. Examining first the former of these two classes, we shall take as our monument Schiller's Tell. In this poem Schiller has taken actual Swiss names found in Tschudi. Hence we know that such names as Hans Auf Der Mauer, Törg Im Hofe, and Burkhard Am Bühel, although they appear very strange to us were once actual family names. Similar family names are Von Der Au, Am Ende (one living at the extremity of a town), Aus Den Werd (from the island), Bein Born, Vor Der Baum, Achtern Boil (behind the hill), Unter Der Weiden, and Zum Steg. Later the preposition was generally dropped from these names except in the case of the names of persons of noble rank. There remained also a few names in which the preposition was joined to the substantive as, for example: Ambach, Immow, Zumbusch, Vormbaum and Aufenbergs.

In a few cases slight corruptions have occurred in this process of transformation as in Trenmöhllein from the High German zur Mühlen Austernmühle from Aus Der Mühlen, Austchmühle from Ab Thor. Only a very few names have retained the preposition unaffixed to the substantive. Of the names other than titles of nobility in Von which have retained an unaffixed preposition we may mention Aus'm Werth, Ten Brink (Low German for zum Hügel), zum Bild and zur Linde.

The second great class of family names expressing place of origin, which as we have stated above consists of the names of cities and towns, originated as early as the thirteenth century and as in the case of the names which we have just considered, these were also first used with the German preposition Von or the Latin De. Gradually however the prepositions fell into disuse. The class of family names derived from the names of cities and towns is the largest of which mention is made in this paper. It is so large that the limits of the present paper prevent us from doing more than making a few general remarks regarding it. This same class of names presents such great difficulties to the philologist that many have pondered long over the derivation and meaning of a family name and have at last found the solution of their problem in a geographical dictionary. Among the suffixes most frequently found in this class of names may be mentioned the following:—

Au as in Fürstenau.
Baum as in Beerbaum.
Burg as in Homburg.
Eck as in Viereck.
Hain as in Rosenhain.
Hausen as in Mollenhausen.
Hofen as in Aldenhoven.
Leben as in Alselben.
Stadt as in Karlstadt.
Stein as in Lauenstein.
Walde as in Schwaechenwalde.
Bach as in Blumenbach.
Berg as in Lichtenberg.
Dorf as in Holtzendorf.
Feld as in Bienenfeld.
Haus as in Brockhaus.
Heim as in Althiem.
Holz as in Buchenholz.
Rode as in Beuteroide, Almer and Beckerath.
Stedt as in Bodenstedt.
Dahl as in Küchendahl.
Beck (Low German) as in Mollenbeck.
Brück as in Delbrück.
Dorp (Low German) as in Oldendorf.
Hagen as in Hundeshagen.
Thal as in Friedenthal.
Husen as in Wachenhusen.
Horst as in Scharnhorst.
Hof as in Bierhof.
Wald as in Arnswald.
as well as the endings Born, Busch, Fels, Furth, Horn and Ingen.

Not only is our difficulty in explaining these family names which are the names of cities or towns due to the fact that their number is almost infinite, since there is hardly a town which has not given rise to one or more family names, but our difficulty in this matter is increased by the fact that a name may be said to be derived from the name of a place and may also be explained by its direct connotation. Thus the name Roth may have three possible meanings, viz: (a) It may belong to our first great class of names,—the old German names,—and be derived from the Old German name Hrodo. (b) It may belong to our second great class of names,—names expressing personal characteristics,—and thus mean a man having red hair. (c) It may belong to our third great class of names,—names derived from place of origin,—and thus originate from a town which bore this name. We must deal with a similar difficulty in the case of such names as Hahn, Baum, Habicht, Kranz, Nagel, Wohlgemuth, etc. But in the case of names ending in er, we can more easily recognize the fact that they belong to this class of names derived from the names of towns, for just as when a stranger came to a town he was at first called by the name of the town from which he came, as Johann von Berlin, so he was later called Johann Berliner. Of North German names belonging to this group we may mention the following:

Those in Auer as Kronauer.
Those in Berger as Frankenberger.
Those in Dorfer as Rudorfer.
Those in Hauser as Steinhauser.
Those in Höfer as Sandhöfer.
Those in Stüder as Hochstäder.
Those in Bacher as Speckbacher.
Those in Brücker as Haarbrücker.
Those in Ecker as Bernecker.
Those in Heimer as Sinsheimer.
Those in Inger as Ehinger.
Those in Steiner as Buchsteiner.
Those in Becher as Isselbecher.
Those in Burger as Hamburger.
Those in Egger as Buehegger.
Those in Hofer as Frauenhofer.
Those in Röder as Blumröder.
Those in Thaler as Rheinthaier.

Of South German names we may mention those ending in Hagener, Lebener, Seer, Walder, Kofler, Oder and Eder. But inasmuch as this class of family names was not of such frequent occurrence in South Germany as in North Germany, we do not meet with names compounded with these South-German suffixes so frequently.

To sum up, we have three ways of forming names derived from the names of cities and towns and these three methods are illustrated by the name of the printer of Basel, which was variously written as Von Amerbach, Amerbach and Amerbacher. This class of names is distinguished also by the fact that they are generally of three or four syllables, although a few names which are derived from monosyllabic names of towns contain but two syllables; such are Wiener, Ulmer and Lindner. Nor is it always possible to refer a family name of this class to the name of the town from which it is derived, for not only have many of the old towns which have given rise to family names died out, but in other cases the family names have changed so much from the names of the towns whence they are derived that it is
impossible to establish the connection between them to-day.

One separate class of names belonging to this general class of names derived from the names of towns is that formed by the titles of nobility. These titles are of two kinds,—those formed with the preposition von and the name of the town, as Hartmann von der Ouee and Freiherr von Attinghausen (in Tell), and those formed with the name of the town plus the suffix er, as Hartmann der Ouweer and Der Attinghäuser. Of these two kinds of titles of nobility, only those formed with the preposition von have survived, and this preposition von is now so generally recognized in Germany as a sign of nobility that it is now added to family names which are in no way connected with the names of towns. Hence we must bear in mind that such names as von Hermann, von Schmidt, von Schultz, etc., are from the philological point of view pure nonsense. The Austrians, on the other hand, have formed their titles of nobility in a more scientific manner. When they wish to raise to the peerage a man whose name was not derived from the name of a town, they first manufactured the name of a town from his name by the addition of a suffix. Thus to beknight Kuhn, they called him Herr Kuhn von Kuhnenfeld. Plank was called Herr Plank von Plankburg, and Braun, Herr Braun von Braunthal. It did not trouble these men in the least that there were no towns in existence bearing these names. The most logical way of expressing titles of nobility is probably that in which the title of nobility is formed in such a way that it expresses the reason why the man was beknighed. Examples of such names are the historical German names of Schubert, von dem Klueflede and Escher von der Linth. In England this manner of forming titles is combined with the original manner of forming titles, for although the titles given to noblemen are generally the names of places, yet they are the names of the places where they won their renown.

While some names such as Author are derived from the location of a man's house, we have a large number of names which are derived from the names of the houses themselves. It may seem strange to us today, when even many of our streets bear numbers instead of names and all of our houses bear numbers, that there could ever have been a time when houses bore names. Yet until the beginning of the eighteenth century such was the general custom in almost all countries of the world, and remnants of this custom are found in America today in the case of the country residences of millionaires and the large office buildings and apartment houses in the cities. Houses were generally given either the name of the town from which their possessors had emigrated to the town in which they now resided, or they were given the name of some animal, plant or tool in some way connected with the calling of the owner. Moreover, the name of the house was not written on the door, since most people at that time could not read, but was painted upon a sign, hung in front of the house. Thus we find houses having in front of them signs depicting a lily or a white dove. It is interesting to note how some of these houses derived their names. The house which was called Die Weisse Taube, for example, was so called because when its owner came to take possession of it he found a white dove perched upon the roof. Among the names of houses which we find in Germany are the following: zum Saphir, Lembchen (Länchen), von me Kranen (Vom Kranich), van me Hane, ad Stellam (Zum Stern), zor Tannen, zor Sonnen, zor Rosen, zum Haupt, zum Trackel (Zum Drachen).

Many German names have been derived from these names of houses. As may be seen from the above examples, these personal names consisted at first of two words,—the prepositions von or zu and a noun. Gradually, however, the preposition was dropped and the noun alone remained, excepting in the one name Molfenter, where a trace of the preposition still remains, since this name was derived from zum Olfenter (Kameel). To this class of names derived from the names of houses belongs also that large group of family names which
are the names of animals and flowers. The most common of these names are the following: Schaf, Ziege, Stier, Wolf, Fuchs, Hase, Hirsch, Reh, Rehbein, Rieffuss, Vogel, Brachtvogel, Schreitvogel, Adler, Geier, Falk, Hahn, Rose, Rosenblüt, Rosenstiel, Rosenstock, Rosenzweig. The most humorous examples which this class of names furnishes are Schlaraffie, Riedesel (Reitesel), Ringeltaube, Nachtigall, Brathseh, Backischt, Käseurm, Petersilie, Meerrettig, Voglbeer and Bohnebluest (Blüte). But we must remember that not all German names which are the names of animals and plants belong to this class. Many of those apparently belonging to this class are in reality derived from Old German names. Examples of such names are Strauss, Strudel, Hering from Hero, Regen from Regino, and Bock from Burkhardt. Similarly the names Bär, Ross and Schwän belong to the class of family names derived from Old German names.

The Mohr Family

BY RICHARD G. MOHR, MULBERRY, IND.

AMONG the many emigrants that left their homes in Southern Germany early in the eighteenth century were Herman Mohr and his wife Susanna. Tradition states that they came from Wurtemberg, and that Herman’s brother Jacob came from Manheim in Baden. This seeming discrepancy as to place probably arises from the fact that many of the early emigrants from Germany went to Manheim as their starting place for America. Tradition states also that three brothers came to America—Herman, Jacob (a baker) and a third whose name is unknown.

The date of migration of Herman Mohr is not definitely known, some placing it as early as 1727, others between 1740 and 1744. Johan Herman Mohr arrived in Philadelphia, Oct. 20, 1744, in the ship Phoenix, William Wilson, captain, from Rotterdam. Whether he was the Herman Mohr husband of Susanna has not been determined.

Herman Mohr lived for a while a short distance north of Philadelphia, Pa., after which he moved into what is now called Lehigh county, and settled on the land later called the Musselman farm, one-half mile north of Fogelsville, Pa.

In 1760 Herman Mohr bought from William Morh a tract of land consisting of 400 acres located near Fogelsville, Pa. On part of this tract are now located the cement mill and stone quarry. He lived on this homestead for 17 years, when he died in 1777 and was buried “within sight of his house.”

He had a large family. Nine sons reached the age of maturity, the names of whom, according to their births, are: Frederick, Jacob, John, Herman, Henry, Nicholas, Peter, William and Christopher. All these sons except Nicholas married, and lived in Lehigh county and became the heads of large families. The descendants of Herman Mohr are very numerous, numbering probably several thousand; most of whom live in Lehigh county, while some of them are scattered through different States.

The following is a brief sketch of the nine sons and their children:

1) Frederick Mohr (1745-1810), born at Skippack, was a soldier of the Revolutionary War. He lived and was buried near Friedensville, Pa. The names of his children are: Jacob, Frederick, Peter, John, Mrs. Barbara Kurtz, Mrs. Catharine Koch and Mrs. Leith. Among the numerous descendants of Frederick I now living are Mrs. Dr. W. B. Erdman, Macungie, Pa.; Titus L. Mohr, Centre Valley, and Thomas K. Mohr, Allentown, Pa., the last of whom, now 81 years old, is a well-preserved man and carried on
an extensive business prior to the panic of '73.

(2) **Jacob Mohr** (1746-1839), who lived near New Texas, Lehigh county, was married to Anna M. Stettler, with whom he lived in married life 55 years. They had 13 children, namely, Christopher, John, Jacob, Daniel, Herman, Polly, Mrs. Han Georg Blank, Mrs. Han Georg Andreas, Mrs. Mosser, Mrs. John Danner, Benjamin, and two others. Among the descendants are Rev. Wm. Mohr and Capt. Levi Smoyer, Atty. Mrs. John Danner (Susanna) became the oldest of all the Mohrs of whom we have record, reaching the age of 96. She was the grandmother of Dr. V. S. Wieand, present sheriff of Lehigh county, Pa.

(3) **John Mohr** lived near Fogelsville on the Willoughby Fogel farm, which his wife inherited (she being a Fogel). His children were Benjamin, John, Jacob, Henry, Daniel, David, Deborah and Mrs. Friedrich Walbert.

(4) **Henry Mohr** (1756-1843) lived near Fogelsville, and had ten children, namely, Solomon, Peter, William, Jacob, Henry, John, Jonathan, Mrs. Peter Buchman, Mrs. Adam Litzenberger and one more.

Among the numerous descendants of Henry Mohr I now living are Dr. Eugene Mohr, of Alburtis, Pa., and Wm. H. Mohr of Allentown, Pa.

(5) **Nicholas** was a teamster in the Continental Army. At the battle of Brandywine Creek, in 1777, many of the teamsters had to retreat by driving through the creek, whose swift current carried wagons and horses down stream. While Nicholas was in the act of cutting his harness to save his horses, he was drowned.

(6) **Peter Mohr** had one son named Gottlieb, who was raised by his uncle, Herman II. Squire Daniel Mohr, of the Flats, was one of his descendants. Frank Mohr, of Allentown, Pa., is a descendant.

(7) **William Mohr** located at Old Zionsville, Pa. His children were David, Henry, John, Andrew, Mrs. Reuben Smoyer, Mrs. Henry Stettler, Mrs. Christian Fisher, Mrs. Jacob Shimer and Mrs. John Walter, whose husband was the veteran school teacher of Lehigh and Berks counties, later of Mulberry, Ind., where he died.

(8) **Christopher Mohr** lived for some time near Old Zionsville, Pa., and was for many years a prominent "fore-singer" (precentor) of both Lutheran and Reformed denominations at that place. He moved later to Huntingdon county, Pa., where he died in 1827. His children are Jacob, John, Christopher, William, Margaret, Mrs. Val. Stonebraker, Mrs. Betsy Van Clew, Peter, Susanna, Mrs. Conrad Fleck and Abraham.

(9) **Herman Mohr II** (1754-1840) lived on the old homestead near Fogelsville, Pa. My father, Herman IV, described him as a very stout and broad-shouldered man, with the strength of a "modern Hercules." He was a noted singer. He had four children, namely Henry, Herman III, Mrs. Peter Zimmerman and Mrs. Isaac Haas. A grandson of Henry is Dr. E. O. M. Haberacker, of Altoona, Pa.

Herman Mohr III was born in 1786, and lived on the old homestead. In 1832 he fell from a house he was assisting in building, and broke his back, which caused his death after five months of severe suffering. He had fourteen children, of whom the youngest, Herman Mohr the fourth, is the father of the writer. He is now in his eightieth year, and lives with his son-in-law, John Gehman, in Pennsburg, Pa.
The Smith Family

Note.—The following interesting data appeared in The Christian Advocate, recently. The Germans have made their liberal contribution to this "mighty family." Penn. Archives, Second Series, Vol. XVII has indexed over two hundred references to Schmidts and over one hundred to Smiths. Gossip's Philadelphia Business Directory 1906 has over twelve columns of names of Smiths of whom many are undoubtedly of German ancestry. Pennsylvania had twenty-eight "Smiths" as State Legislators from 1870 to 1904 and from 1789 to 1904 sent eight Smiths to Washington as members of the House of Representatives. The reference to the change of names recalls the case of Mr. Feuerstein of Pennsylvania who became a "Flint" as he migrated Southward and a "Gun" as he later went west.

Eslie's Weekly of January 16 devotes several columns to "The Greatest Family on Earth," the sub-title being "Something About the Smiths." The writer says that for three centuries prior to Captain John Smith, of Virginia fame, the Smiths flourished in England. Forty years before this country was discovered many Smiths emigrated to France and Spain. The list of Smiths whose names are enshrined in the national biographies of America and England contains more than five hundred. The number of living Smiths of distinction is almost as large. The New York Telephone Directory contains the names of six hundred Smiths. If all the Smiths in the directories were put together "one would have a roster as long as that of the Grand Army of the Republic," of which John C. Smith, of Chicago, has been one of the department commanders. He goes on to quote them and says that while F. Hopkinson Smith is the many-est sided Smith, Joseph F. Smith, the President of the Mormon Church, is the most married Smith; and another Joseph Smith is the head of the Reorganized Mormon Church, who is only decently married. He specifies as great men in this country, not now living, S. F. Smith, author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"; three Generals Smith in our Union and Confederate armies; Gerrit Smith, the philanthropist, and his living grand-nephew, Gerrit Smith, a widely known musical composer and the founder of the Manuscript Society of Composers.

We can add a little to this: Professor Ernest Bradford Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania, just before he married had his name changed to Ernest Smith Bradford, thinking that there were too many people bearing the name of Smith. This reminds us of a circumstance. The Hon. Frederick Smyth, Governor of the State of New Hampshire and Mayor of Manchester; also occupying some office of honor under the United States government, was a self-made man. He changed his name from Smith to Smyth. A brother of his sold wood to a man, and on being asked (as he came from the same town which was honored in being the governor's birthplace) whether he was related to the mayor (as he then was) he said: "When Fred Smyth (pronouncing the 'y' long) and I were boys and had holes in the knees of our trousers and went to the country school, we were brothers; you can make what you please out of us now.

Many a change has been made. Mr. Durant, the founder of Wellesley College, was a Smith; and when we crossed the Atlantic and sat at the table with Lord Strathcona, the present High Commissioner for Canada, he was then known as Sir Donald A. Smith, principal founder of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and a noted philanthropist. He said that he had been in company with three men, all originally named Smith, and he was the only one who had retained the name. One of the other two, William Smith, was a member of the Legislature of California when it was a territory. He made up his mind to change his name from William Smith to Amor de Cosmos. When the bill was presented in the Legislature, which was for the most part drunk at the time (as it was near the adjournment), a wag
moved that his name be changed to Amor de Maginniss, and according to Sir Donald A. Smith, the report was that the only thing that prevented the motion, as amended, from carrying, was the casting vote of the Speaker, who was still in possession of his head. De Cosmos had some brains and rose to the position of Premier of British Columbia; afterward he sought to be a prominent factor in the government of Canada, but he encountered too much opposition from Sir John MacDonald, the unconquerable, after which he grew melancholy and believed people united to kill him; barricaded his house and sank into insanity—of which there was no doubt a germ in him or he would not have conceived such a name.

Nevertheless, Smith is as good a name as any other, and any good man can give it a distinguishing fame. Smith is as numerous in other languages as in our own. When surnames had to be taken they were taken from trades or colors and all things animate and inanimate; and as there were more smiths than any other sort of mechanics, that name appeared in all the local settlements.

The English “Who’s Who” for 1907 has no less than thirty-two columns of living Englishmen named Smith, Smyth, Smythe or Smijth. The American “Who’s Who” has forty-seven columns of biographies of persons bearing the name in its varied forms.

The Minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church show two hundred and fifty-five ministers by the name of Smith now living. The record made by Nathan Bangs, coming down to 1840, shows ninety-nine preachers named Smith who had entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country since its beginning.

Battalion Day

BY GEORGE MAYS, M.D., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

O clearly had the War of Independence demonstrated the efficiency of the citizen soldier that the young republic wisely concluded not to maintain a large standing army in time of peace, but in order that the government might more readily mobilize its forces without seriously antagonizing public sentiment. Congress passed certain laws requiring every able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, with the exception of those who held important positions under the general government and higher officials of the State, to do military duty at least once a year, or pay a fine of fifty cents. This insignificant task, however, was not imposed so much with the view of obtaining any proficiency in the manual of arms as to remind every able-bodied citizen of what the government might demand of him in the event of war; and, altho we know that the wisdom of the militia act was questioned by many at the time, there can be no doubt of the fact that it did have a tendency to keep alive and stimulate more or less the martial spirit of the people. Admitting also that its social feature more than the military display offered attractions which the people welcomed from year to year with considerable enthusiasm, nevertheless there was a “Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” about the muster which gave rise to patriotic discussion long after it was over, and in that way the military instinct was not permitted to slumber for a time at least.

The fact that the country was in the enjoyment of a peace that had every indication of being permanent, and that the sword had been turned into a plowshare and the spear into a pruning hook, did not lessen the importance of the injunction to be prepared for war, for the history of the world records no instance of a nation that succeeded in remaining at peace indefinitely with the rest of mankind, a fact which I regret to say asserted itself only
too forcibly at a later period of our own history.

Prof. Andrews, in his popular History of the United States, says, "At the North the muster or general training day was for secular entertainment the day of days, when the local regiment came out to perfect and reveal its skill in the manual and evolution of the line. Sideshow and a general good time constituted for the crowd its chief interest."

Granting that the muster accomplished very little in the way of preparing the citizen for war, and that a "general good time" was all the people looked forward to, the marching and countermarching of troops on feet, the graceful movements of the cavalry company with its gaudy uniforms and prancing steeds, the rattle of musketry, the music of fife and drum, and above all, the grand old flag floating at the head of the line, all had such an inspiring effect upon the spectators as well as the participants that no doubt many on that day resolved that let come what may they could be found ever ready to respond to the call to defend the stars and stripes under which and for which so many of their ancestors had fought, bled and died in the struggle for freedom.

The laws which governed this branch of the military service were passed as early as 1792, but differed very materially from the militia acts of England and Germany. It is supposed that the militia law of England extended as far back as the time of the Saxons, but not until the reign of Edward III did it become an important factor to the government, in helping to break up insurrections in the provinces and the levying of troops to repel invasion, or for the purpose of making conquests abroad. In Germany, where it is called the Landwehr, the militia system today is considered a most valuable adjunct to the regular army, and there have been times when it no doubt proved sufficiently powerful to save the nation from defeat. Of course the German system is much more elaborate and strict than probably that of any other country, and carries with it obligations, in the way of training and time of service, which in a government like ours could not be enforced. In Germany every man is subject to military duty after arriving at the age of twenty and no one can escape service who is physically able to carry arms, but in this country the law is no longer enforced, and during its operation very little responsibility was attached to it. The government itself failed to comply with the provisions of the law, which called for accoutrements and arms for all who were enrolled, otherwise no doubt greater interest and pride would have manifested themselves, for a soldier without regulation uniform and musket would naturally get tired and disgusted very soon in being obliged to do duty in the garb of a citizen, especially if his time of service lasted a number of years as is the case with the Landwehr of Germany.

However, in spite of the fact that the militia of this country had so little training and no regular equipment, there are numerous instances on record where they proved decidedly helpful to the state as well as to the general government. The "Whiskey Insurrection" of 1794 was quelled by the militia, and in the war of 1812, it is now conceded, they did much better than was formerly supposed, although it is alleged that state and national dispute at the time hindered their efficiency. But the greatest service the militia rendered was during the Civil War, in which they were really the mainstay of the government; in fact, the regular army constituted but a small portion of the fighting forces, and without the citizen soldier could never have proved successful. On every battle-field of that war the volunteer or citizen soldier left the impress of military achievement that astonished the world and forever silenced the critics who before that claimed that the professional soldier must always be considered the bulwark of the nation. It is probable, however, that the citizens of no other country could have accomplished what the militia of this government did during the Rebellion.

As already stated, the militia had no permanent or regular organization, and in most instances the officers in command knew very little about military tactics, which I have no doubt accounts for the burlesque descriptions and caricatures presented at battalion day. Few of the
men carried guns, the greater portion being armed with pistols that had sticks inserted into the barrel, while some had nothing but canes for the evolution. Being without arms and uniforms, the reader can easily imagine what a motley crowd the militia must have been, but it was the fault of the authorities who should have recognized the necessity of living up to the letter of the law. As it was, it could hardly help but make those dutiful citizens an object of unfavorable comment, but even that does not justify any one to ridicule their appearance, and hold them up to still greater contempt. One historian, in writing about battalion day, allowed his imagination to carry him far beyond the limit of truth, and represents the men as carrying rakes and pitchforks and dressed in all sorts of fantastical costumes, which all who saw any of the parades must know to be untrue, for the simple reason that the commanding officer would not have tolerated such foolish exhibitions, even if some did make the attempt. The officers as a rule took pride in the muster and tried to make the line look as respectable as possible. The writer alluded to illustrates his book with another scene which represents an elephant in the act of routing the men and scattering them in all directions, but who ever heard of elephants forming a part of the muster? The only elephants then in the country belonged to large shows which never exhibited in the smaller towns, at least not on battalion day. Besides, if I mistake not, the entire command was under the control of an officer sent either by the Governor or the United States army, whose duty it was to inspect the troops, and surely they would not have permitted such tomfoolery during parade. I had the good fortune to be present on several occasions, but never noticed anything wrong except the absence of uniforms and proper arms.

I have no doubt the forlorn appearance of the militia at first sight suggested very little hope or confidence, but a closer inspection soon revealed the fact that underneath the mask lay dormant a power that with proper development, could readily be converted into fighting material as brave and efficient as any professional soldier—material which could be relied upon whenever the nation's life was threatened. It was a common saying during the Civil War that the outfit of a rebel cavalryman consisted of a collar and pair of spurs, yet we all know how valiantly he fought to turn the tide of battle. My readers have also heard of the comparison of the militia to "Fallstaff's Recruits," but if any one were to offer such an insult to American citizenship in my hearing, I should quickly let him know that the thrashing which the Red Coats received during the Revolution would probably be a tame affair when compared with the defeat an English or any other army would suffer if ever another attempt was made to conquer the people of this country, and by just such raw material as the citizen soldier. I admit that American patriotism does sometimes indulge in extravagant dreams of military conquest, but nevertheless its latent power has long ago won the respect and admiration of the civilized world.

The evolutions of the day differed so little from what the reader has often witnessed that I shall not occupy space to present them in detail, but can not dismiss this part of my subject without some allusion to a few of the characters who occupied the most conspicuous place at the muster.

The color-bearer of the Schaeffertown Fencibles, a volunteer company which was looked upon in my boyhood days as one of the most popular organizations in the state, had lost his left arm in an explosion during a fourth of July celebration, but he had no difficulty in managing the flag, and his jealous care of Old Glory often attracted the attention of the spectators. In fact, he was initiated with the importance of his position that one could readily perceive as he marched at the head of the line that he considered himself entitled to as much honor as the hero of many battles, altho he had never smelt powder except on battalion day. He could neither write nor read, but would relate such horrible stories of war that his friends often wondered how he got possession of them. No doubt his memory retained what he had heard from others, and his imagina-
tion helped to paint the scenes of blood and carnage in still more vivid colors, for he had the reputation of being a most accomplished prevaricator, and delighted in creating false impressions. He was a born soldier, however, and if it had not been for the loss of an arm I have no doubt he would have been among the first to enlist during the late war, in spite of his age. He was decidedly aggressive and so exceedingly stubborn that he would very seldom yield to the opinion of his neighbors, a quality which is hardly commendable except in a soldier during battle where it would be apt to lead him to keep on fighting after everyone else had given up all hope of success. His soldierly bearing even when not on duty, and his deep interest in military matters plainly indicated that his proper sphere was the army instead of a carpenter shop.

The captain who commanded the militia in my time was probably a more unique character than the color-bearer, and always appeared on battalion day in a queer-looking uniform which seemed to have defied every rule and regulation of the army, and no doubt suggested much of the burlesque description I have alluded to. He was, however, very much flattered by the position, and certainly tried his best to infuse some life into the proceedings on muster day. Many amusing stories are in circulation concerning his official work, and it is said that on one occasion, as he was trying to execute the command to step three paces to the rear in his attic, he accidentally fell down stairs and almost broke his neck. His wife, hearing the fall, hastened to his relief, and wanted to know how the accident happened, when he replied, "Geh wek, du weesh en dreck we es im greek hehr geht." (Go away, you know nothing of the greek language.) At another time while looking down the line and seeing one of the men whose aldermanic proportions protruded some distance in advance of the rest, not being able to find any command in his military vocabulary to correct the error, he shook his head for a moment and called out at the top of his voice, "The man with the big base drum will step one pace to the rear." The order was instantly obeyed, but provoked so much laughter that one of the bystanders stepped forward and asked him to repeat the command, which of course could not be done but satisfied the captain that he was fully capable of meeting an emergency, and possessed one of the most important requisites in the qualifications of a military leader. Owing to the fact that the militia had no permanent organization, he held no commission from the state or general government, but nevertheless discharged the duties of his office faithfully and promptly.

No sooner had the parade been dismissed than citizen and soldiers flocked to the booths where refreshments of all kinds were served, after which the places of amusement absorbed the balance of the day. Lindsey, the renewed showman of the period, with his show attended the muster regularly, and, in the character of Woffelbach, managed to afford amusement after a fashion. A favorite performance was his representation of a scene from Mephistopheles where he drag Heinrich below, and just as the two disappear he invariably selected some acquaintance in the audience, and addressing him by name, hollered out, "Kunshk au bol" (Coming soon?) which caused the people to roar, but had a bad effect upon the victim of the joke, who we are told sometimes made an attempt to get square with the perpetrator after the show was over. His great specialty, however, was to spell stove-pipe with an elbow, and, oh, how he would sweat and twist himself to get around the elbow. I can still hear the stutterings and see the apparent struggles of the fellow as he went through the silly act. The man had no education, but no doubt possessed some ability as a comedian, and enjoyed considerable popularity among the rural people of Eastern Pennsylvania.

Battalion day is forgotten except by the older people who still love to revert to its primitive demonstrations amid the pomp and circumstance of modern military display, and to the men, who left the plow and workshop on that day to show their loyalty and willingness to serve the country in peace as well as in war, be all the honor and glory.
Sumneytown, Pa.

(Concluded from issue for February, 1908.)

BY REV. J. L. ROUSH, SUMNEYTOWN, PA.

Note.—For the material used in the preparation of this sketch I am indebted to Mr. Edwin M. Benner, of Sumneytown, whose courtesy and kindness I hereby most gratefully acknowledge.

Care of the Poor.

Prior to the year 1808, when the Montgomery County Almshouse was opened for the reception of paupers, it had been the custom in Marlborough township to provide for the support of the poor by means of a tax. Two persons were annually elected as overseers, who were required, at the expiration of their term of office, to make a report to the judges of the Philadelphia County Court, when the funds, remaining in their hands after settlement, were ordered to be paid to their successors.

It may be interesting to note that from 1749 to 1808, it was customary to sell the paupers at public sale, generally for one year, to the lowest bidder, the township paying for their support. The following is a copy of the record of the overseers for March 22, 1794.

"Die Condition, oder Kauff-Bedingungen des Sebastian Götz ist wie folgt, nämlich: Vors Erste soll derjenige so ihm kaufen beköstigen, wie es recht und billig ist, auch soll er ihm Weschen und Flickern, auch muss er ihm Kleiden wie es recht und billig ist, allein die Kleider muss das Taunship bezahlen und im fall er solle Krank und betlagerich werden so muss das Taunship dafür gut thun.

LUDWIG ACHER,
BALSER RIEL,
Overseers of the Poor.

Obgemeldeter Sebastian Götz ist heute als den 22 Mertz an Andreas Ried verkauft worden für die sum von £16, 4 Shilling."

The Sumneytown Bridge.

The old stone bridge which spans the Swamp Creek just below the village, along the Spring House and Sumneytown turnpike, was the first structure of its kind erected in the township and probably the first one in this part of the county. As the Swamp Creek often becomes a raging torrent and its bed is deep and dangerous, the peril frequently encountered by travelers and teamsters in crossing that stream induced the early settlers to apply to the court of Philadelphia county for aid in the erection of a bridge. The desired help was granted by the court, but before the work could be undertaken, the outbreak of the Revolution and the consequent call for troops and funds caused the project to be abandoned.

After the close of the war another effort was made to procure assistance, and on March 27, 1787 a petition, signed by many of the citizens of the upper part of the county, was presented to the Court of Quarter Sessions, at Norristown, with the request that $800 be appropriated by the county for the construction of the bridge. The petition was granted and the amount asked for appropriated with this provision, however, that the petitioners should obligate themselves for the completion of the bridge without any further cost to the county. In conformity to the action of the court, the county commissioners, Benjamin Markley and Henry Cooken, recommended that Messrs Daniel Hiester, Christian Scheid and Henry Schneider be appointed as managers to superintend the work. When the building operations were under way, it was discovered that the amount of labor and material needed in its construction was considerably in excess of the original estimate, while the sum of money secured through private subscriptions was much less than had been anticipated. Another appeal was then made to the county, but when the court refused to grant any further aid, the spaces between the pillars were covered with planks and the bridge was then made.
passable. In this condition it remained for forty-four years, or until 1833, when the county commissioners built the arches and completed the structure at an additional cost of $1275. The entire cost to the county, outside of private subscriptions, was $2257.

The Macoby Bridge, at Green Lane, was built in 1838, while that at Perkiomenville was erected in 1839. The former cost $3368, and the latter $11,291.

**Earliest Public Roads.**

When the first settlers arrived in this locality they made their way through the forests as best they might, with ax in hand cleaning roads for themselves. But with the increase in the population came also the need for greater public conveniences. To provide better facilities for travel and the transportation of goods, the inhabitants of this region came together and laid out the first public highway. It led from beyond New Goshenhoppen, through Sumneytown and North Wales to Philadelphia. It was known as the Maxatawny road, the greater part of which is now owned and kept in repair by the Greene Lane and Goshenhoppen, and the Spring House and Sumneytown turnpike companies. It was the custom then, as now, to lay out roads by order of the court, but the exact time when the road was granted is not known. It must, however, have been prior to the year 1735, at which time a second road, from Macungie to Sumneytown, afterward known as the Geryville turnpike, was opened.

This latter road was laid out, on Aug. 16, by Robert Thomas, John Roberts, Hugh Evans and Jon. Jonson, viewers, after application had been made, on the 25th of the preceding March, to the Governor of the State and the City Council of Philadelphia.

These roads were not only the earliest, but also the most important public highways in this section. They were used by the local industries to transport the powder to the coal mines, and the flour, oil and iron to the market. The farmers, also, around Maxatawny, Macungie, New Goshenhoppen and Hosensäck followed these roads in taking their farm products to Philadelphia, and in bringing on their return goods for the country merchants. Almost daily numbers of fine four and six horse teams might been seen passing through the village. Most of them used the old, cloth-covered Conestoga wagons, with a feeding trough attached to the rear end of the body, a tool box at the side, and sometimes a tar bucket swinging from the axle underneath. Some of the teamsters from the vicinity of Hosensäck attracted no little attention by the bells which swung in a frame fastened to the harness of their horses, and which kept up a constant tinkling as the team moved along. Each teamster was generally supplied with feed for his horses, provisions for himself and blanket for a bed. The last named, when not in use, was rolled up and fastened in the top of his wagon.

As Sumneytown was one of the intermediate points along the route, it became a favorite and noted stopping place for the night. When evening came and the teams arrived, the horses were stabled and fed, or if, as it sometimes happened, all the stable room was taken, the horses were tied to the feeding trough fastened on the wagon pole, and left there for the night, while their master betook himself to the bar-room, sat down on one of the benches at the long table, and with the contents of his knapsack spread before him, ate his supper. At such times the guests each received a gill of liquor measured for them by the landlord as the modern method of serving drinks was then not in vogue. As the evening wore on the teamsters unrolled their blankets, spread them on the bar-room floor, and made themselves comfortable for the night. When the tavern was crowded the rows of sleeping guests were often so dense, that only a narrow space was left between the lines of up-turned feet for late comers to pass through. The early morning hours, at such stopping places, witnessed a scene of unusual activity and commotion until, when men and horses were ready for the road, each teamster, with a loud cracking of his long snake-like whip, set out for his respective destination. With the decline of the local industries, and the advent of the railroads these teams, once the pride of the region, gradually disappeared from the roads.
An Early Railroad Survey.

That the construction of the Perkiomen Railroad had been contemplated, many years before the road was built, is evidenced by the fact that, as early as 1835, a corps of engineers had been engaged in surveying a line beginning at Norristown and extending along the Perkiomen to some point on the Lehigh river. The surveyors had made considerable progress when their work was suddenly terminated, owing, it was thought, to connection with the following event.

Near midnight, on December 18 of that year, five young men, assistant engineers, together with their driver, came to the Sumneytown Hotel, then kept by Mr. John Hartranft. Immediately after their arrival they began to quarrel with the proprietor about some difficulties which had arisen several weeks before, at which time they had been furnished with board and lodging. The party became abusive and finally made threats of violence, when one of the inmates of the house, believing Mr. Hartranft's life to be in danger, called in a neighbor, named Williams, to give aid in case of necessity. The ruffians then smashed a door and forced themselves into another apartment. In the hand-to-hand encounter which followed, through his efforts to prevent further violence, Mr. Williams received several knife thrusts in his abdomen, at the hands of one of his assailants. Mr. Hartranft quickly aroused the villagers, but when they came upon the scene the murderer and his companions had fled, and their victim lay weltering in his own blood. Several physicians were speedily summoned, but neither effort nor skill could avail to save the life of Mr. Williams, who died the next day.

The arrest and imprisonment, at Norristown, of the persons implicated in the murder soon followed, and their trial began on February 24, 1836. It continued until the evening of March 4, when the jury, after an absence of only a few minutes returned with a verdict of not guilty. The result of the trial was a surprise to the community and continued for a number of years to be the cause of much dissatisfaction.

With the acquittal of the young men, the survey of the railroad was abandoned, and some of the older people, who were acquainted with the circumstances believed that if the unfortunate event at the hotel had not occurred, the whistle of the locomotive, in the Perkiomen Valley, would have been heard at an earlier date.

The Underground Railroad

BY DR. I. H. BETZ, YORK, PA.

It was in York county, it is believed, where the term "underground railroad" originated. Slave-owners in the pursuit of fugitives found that when they reached the river the bondman disappeared as mysteriously as though "the ground had swallowed him up." In their perplexity, the pursuers exclaimed, "There must be an underground road somewhere." The expression struck the popular fancy, and was incorporated into the literature of the day.

In 1804 one of the first kidnapping cases recorded in the history of the movement took place at Columbia, when the mother of Stephen Smith, who later became a well known lumber merchant at Columbia, was sought to be forcibly taken from the house of General Boude to her mistress' home at Paxtang, near Harrisburg, Pa. It created great excitement.

As early as 1808 the Friends and Mennonites had sent a protest from Germantown to the yearly meeting, which has become historic. Some of the signers were Holland Dutch or Low Germans. The Friends in England, in 1727, declared that slavery was a practice "not to be commended nor allowed." In Pennsylvania they continued to take advanced ground until in 1776 they excluded slaveholders from membership in their society.

In 1786 a society existed in Philadelphia for succoring fugitives who reached
there, of which Isaac T. Hopper, then a young man, was the ruling spirit and its President. By a strange coincidence, Washington became the first sufferer of prominence at its hands. While he took his loss philosophically, yet he also signed the first Fugitive Slave Law in 1793. But the law was found inefficient.

Since the North Star was found immovable, it was hoped that the British Crown might be induced to declare Canada no longer a "Mecca of Freedom." But Britain stood firm in the maintenance of the principle declared by Lord Mansfield that "as soon as a slave set his foot on British soil he was free."

Turning to our own halls of Congress, efforts were made for a more stringent law, which failed until the second Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 was enacted. It went into force, of which the author was Senator John Mason of Virginia.

Meantime, the hégira towards the Promised Land of Freedom had increased to such an extent that it was estimated that between one and two hundred thousand fugitives had left slavery for freedom in a period of seventy-five years. During this period the work of aiding fugitives had become extended, organized and systematized.

At the beginning of the last century, Columbia, Pennsylvania, became an objective point in the work of the Underground Railroad.

To John Wright, a grandson of the original settler bearing that name belongs the credit of first establishing "stations" at distances of ten miles apart, in eastern Pennsylvania. The work of aiding fugitives was one attended with exhilaration and excitement, but it was also attended with danger to property and person. It required sagacity, quickness of perception and foresight. It required means, sympathy and benevolence without public applause or hope of reward.

Its abettors and workers were hated and despised by those whose loss was their gain. The North contained multitudes who regarded them with distrust and ill-concealed aversion. But they looked upon slavery as the sum of all villainies and the crime of all crimes. They believed in aiding rather than talk-
other places. Being law-abiding citizens according to the strict letter and intention, they could take no part in initiating measures to cause or carry out projects to aid fleeing fugitives in opposition thereto. They drew the line at visible distress and suffering. Others were guided by what they termed the “Higher Law.” If man-made laws or interpretations were in opposition thereto, so much the worse for them. It was doubtless for this reason that the Pennsylvania-German population was not near so fully represented in this work as that of the English and other nationalities. Still there were some very conspicuous workers among the Pennsylvanians-Germans, who were unwearied in their labors and sacrifices in the cause. Then there was a type of men and women who took their lives in their hands and “bearded the lion in his den.” Some of these people became martyrs by their devotion to humanity and liberty. Who has not heard of Captain Jonathan Walker, “the man with the branded hand”; of Captain Daniel Drayton and Rev. Charles T. Forrey, who perished in prison; of Calvin Fairbanks, who suffered over seventeen years in prison and received 35,000 stripes. The list is swelled by Alanson G. Work, Seth Concklin and Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy.

Of these who were unharmed and successful, there was the well known Josiah Henson, Dr. Alexander M. Ross, of Canada, who later became a man of international reputation with Harriet Tubman, who went to the South nineteen times, bringing away more than 200 bondmen, women and children. Her story reads like a romance.

Then there was the militant type, who believed that slavery should be attacked on its own ground by pen and sword or with “Beecher’s Bible” which was a euphonious term for Sharp’s rifle. There were men like the slave Nat Turner, Elijah P. Lovejoy and the hero of the plains of Kansas and of Harper’s Ferry. It was John Brown’s aim to make slavery doubly insecure and unprofitable, and thus lead to its eventual abolition. But every one worked as he or she was able, leaving the results to the approbation of a good conscience.

Many of the Friends of the southeastern counties of Pennsylvania were found in this army of liberation. Some men of color took a conspicuous part, notably among whom were James Forten, Robert Purvis and William Still, of Philadelphia; Stephen Smith and William Whipper, of Columbia, and William E. Goodridge, of York, and Ezekiel Baptiste, of the northern part of the county. The last four especially were men of wealth and business standing. William Wright and Joel Wierman and Amos Grist held the outposts in Adams county. The wife of Joel Wierman was a sister of Benjamin Sundy, the co-laborer with Garrison Goodridge, in York, harbored Osborn Perry Anderson, one of the fleeing men with John Brown at Harper’s Ferry. After a few weeks secretion in his prominent building in Centre Square, he sent him to William Still, at Philadelphia. Still had previously received Francis J. Merrian, who had taken the train at Scotland, Franklin county, Pa. Captain Cook, who belonged to the Owen Brown party, after sending Merrian by train, made their way, mostly by night, to northwestern Pennsylvania. Cook, however, was captured at Mont Alto and sent back to Carlisle and executed. The same fate befell Haslitt, who was overtaken and confined in Carlisle jail for ten days and then sent to Virginia. York county, being on the border was crossed by many fugitives. From York they were sent in various directions. Some were sent to Columbia and from thence to the well known Daniel Gibbons in Lancaster county. Others were sent to Middletown Ferry, in charge of “Black Isaac,” who saw his charges safely across the river. Others were sent to Wright and Wierman, in Adams county, who sent them across into the Cumberland Valley, where they came into charge of the Woods, Weakleys and John Harder, at Carlisle, who transported them safely across Harrisburg bridge. On the Wrightsville and Columbia sides of the river were the Mifflins and others. In the northern part of York county were the Lewises, the Garretsons and the Wickershams, all of whom were earnest and enthusiastic in the work. From here many fugitives
were sent across the South Mountain to Boiling Springs, in Cumberland county, to Daniel Kaufman, who was apprehended in the work, which cost him $5,000. The immediate trouble arose through a number of fugitives being found and apprehended on his premises. He hid many of the fugitives on Island Grove, a peculiar thicket on the Yellow Creek.

He died a few years ago at an advanced age. He was a Pennsylvanian-German, as his name indicates. Several tragic events occurred in York county and vicinity. The Christiana tragedy is well recalled. Goodridge's cars transported several of the chief participators to Philadelphia, from whence they were sent to Canada. The shooting of a negro in the northern part of York county in 1830, as he jumped from a third story window, is still recalled. The notorious Prigg case, in which the United States Supreme Court decided that State officers were freed from taking part in fugitive slave cases, occurred on York county soil in 1842. There is a wealth of material still preserved bearing upon this phase of our county's history.

But very little, if any, was handed down from records made at the time. More or less complete records have been made of Underground Railroad operators. That in Siebert's History embraces about 3,000 names, of which about one-half are credited to Ohio. Each county in 19 States has its names credited. However, many names are omitted, and some wrongly credited, to the writer's knowledge. The Susquehanna and the Ohio rivers particularly were the dividing lines between the two warring sections. The literature of that period is becoming scarce, and has largely passed into the hands of private collectors and large libraries for preservation.

The slavery question for the time overshadowed all other reforms, which got little hearing as long as this was in the foreground. It, however, was an educator to later reformers. Taken all in all, it was an episode in our history the like of which we will not witness again.

Extracts from the Justice Docket of Jno. Potts of Potts Town

BY REV. N. B. GRUBB, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Wm. Dewees, Quitance against

Samuel McCulloch
Jonathan Palmer
Richard Roberts
John or Jacob, who lives at Phineas Roberts.

Who stand convicted of the Breaking of Act of Assembly for casting and Drawing of Sein in the River Schuylkill Between Sun Set on Saturday & Sun rise on the following Monday. Penalty, £5 0 0. each man and costs of suit. Received the sum of £20. from P. Roberts & paid it to Lawrence Garret who acknowledges the Receipt of the same by his signing.

(Signed)

May 8th, 1771.

Judgment:
Witnesses:

John Zell
Lawrence Garret
Robert McFarlan
David Thomas.

Lawrence Garret,
Overseer of the Poor of Blockley Township.
Phineas Roberts paid the cash for the whole
Justice, 5 20
Costs .25

45 shillings
William Dewees, Quit.
against
Phineas Roberts

David Thomas, Quit.
against
Nathan Levering & Jacob Wyncoob
May 8th, 1771.

David Thomas, Quit.
against
Hugh Crawford & Lewis Smith

I do hereby acknowledge
to have received fines for
H. Crawford, N. Levering
& Lewis Smith in the above
suit.
(Signed)
Hugh Crawford,
Overseer of the Poor for
Roxbury Township.
May 8, 1771.

Order to Jno. Bell Overseer of the Highways of Plymouth Township to
Remove a fishing Dam in the River Schuylkill adjoining the said Township &
make Returns to next Court of Quarter Session, July 5, 1770.

Signed by

Wm. Dewees,
Jno. Potts.

Appeared the 1st, May 1771 David Jones & Jno. Williams & Qualified
to serve as Overseers of the Poor the Ensuing year to the best of their Skill and
Knowledge.

Benedict Millinger Bound to Isaac Sponn, Shoemaker, for the Term of Two
Years & Eleven Months to learn the art and Mystery of a Cordwainer to be found
in all necessaries & at the Expiration to receive a New Suit of apparel worth Ten
Pounds & a Hammer & Pincers & the said apprentice to pay for the care of his
Chute (Church) August 1st, 1773.

August 31st, 1771
Mary Meravind Daughter of Philip Meravind Bound apprentice before me
with the Covenant of her said father to serve Wm. Levering & his wife Margaret
for the Term of Thirteen Years & six Months, the said Master & Mistress to find
her Meat Drink Apparel Washing & within the Term to Learn her to Read in the
Bible & at the End to give her one New Suit of Cloathes & her Old ones.

August 31st, 1771

Philip Meravind son of Philip Meravind Bound apprentice before me to learn
the Trade of Wagoner with the Covenant of his said father to serve Wm. Levering
& his wife Margaret for the Term of Nine Years & four months the said
Master & Mistress to find him Meat Drink Washing and Lodging & to Learn

Samuel McCulloch & Jonathan Palmer say
that they obey the orders of Phineas Roberts who
gave them General orders to fish & that they fished
agreeable to his orders on the time prohibited by the
Act of Assembly.

Jacob Kirk saw Nathan Levering about break
of the day & Jacob Wyncoob in the fishing boat with
the Net in the Boat who told them they had caught
between 300 or 400 Shadd. Convicted and to pay
each Man £5. for fishing contrary to the law.

N. Levering paid the cost. Justice 6 shil.
Costs 6 shil.

Convicted of fishing contrary to Act of Assem-
ploy. To pay £5 Each and Costs of Suit. Nathan
Levering paid the fine to the Overseer of the Poor,
Lewis Smith paid the fine to the Overseer of the
Poor of Roxbury township. Hugh Crawford, one
of the Overseers of the Poor of Roxbury.

Cost, H. Crawford, Justice 6.0
Costs 5.8

Lewis Smith, Cost, Justice 6.0
Costs 6.0

12.0
him to read in the Bible & write & Cypher unto the Rule of Three & to give him at the End One New Suit of Cloathes besides the Old ones.

Jno. Johnson before me promises & Engages to give Mary Johnson no future Cause of harm or Complaint by any Violent & Ill Usage of any kind
May 11th, 1771.

(Signed) JNO. JOHNSON.

Complaint from H. Shingle of Petty Larceny in that a Lamb wandered of Deft who appears & Confesses the fact. Fred'k Antes and John Potts adjudge him to pay a fine of twenty shillings to the Governor, make amends to the Complainant & pay the cost of Prosecution. John Shellenberg, his Master performs the judgment June 19. 1772

Received twenty shillings from John Potts the fine above mentioned.
By me
(Signed) JOHN BROOKE,
Overseer of New Hanover Township.
Judgment against the Plaintiff. No cause of Action to pay cost.

JACOB GRUBB
agt
ELIZABETH MILLER
Oct. 27th, 1770

Com't 5s 5d
My cost 3 3
Evidence 2 0
Ditto 1 0

IIS 8d

Convicted of stealing a calk skin the property of Nick. Bunn Value 4 shilling for which he is adjudged to receive fifteen lashes on the Bare Back, make restitution to the party injured and pay cost of Prosecution, which sentence is complied with April 23rd. 1773 Before Sam'l Potts & Jno. Potts.

Philip Freet son of Philip Freet bound Apprentice to Jno. Crown for the Term of Seven years four months and three weeks. To be taught at school two months per annum until he shall receive six months schooling & also send to the Minister to be instructed in order to take the Sacrament. At the expiration of the Term to receive from said Master six pounds in Cash in lieu of his freedom suit of Cloth & one new pair of shoes & a good new pair of stockings, besides the old ones, or a good suite of apparel at the Option of the said Philip Freet & also a Grubbing Hoe an ax & a pair of Maul Rings & two Iron Wedges. May 12th, 1772

Committed for forging and Counterfeiting Seventy

THE KING
agt
WM. FLOOD

Patric Kelly & Thomas Colleen

Maryland Bills of Eight Dollars & passing & altering a counterfeited Maryland Bill of Eight Dollars, knowing the same to be Counterfeited.

Thomas Cullen & Conrad Shunk in £50, each to give Evidence.

Sebastian Keely in £50. to give Evidence

June 13th, 1773.

Exclusive of the above Bill mentioned a Bundle of Eight Dollar Bills containing sixty-nine in number was found on search in the Cloath of Thos. Colleen & a parcell of small money in Maryland & Pennsylvania Bills & a parcell of Dollars and small silver containing fifteen Dollars & twelve quarter parts of a Dollar & a small crooked piece of silver & an English Shilling of Charles II.

Note.—The Docket from which the above memoranda are taken is in possession of Rev. N. B. Grubb, Philadelphia, Pa.
An Immigrant's Letter, 1734

Note.—The original of the following letter, written by David Seibt, was in the possession of the late John F. Harrant, by whose direction a translation was made for the late A. H. Seibt, of which this is a copy.

Germantown, Dec. 20, 1734.

To my faithful brother
David Seibt:

Most worthy and dearly loved brother and sister—I, my wife and my children and other good friends send you kindly and heartfelt greetings, wishing you the grace and peace of God Almighty in spiritual and temporal things.

Dearly loved brother, it is but reasonable that I should write you a detailed account of the long and distant journey which we have (Thank God) safely ended and tell you how uneasy I was that this was not done upon the first opportunity. It happened through the neglect of a certain person who had promised me to notify me (as I was not in Philadelphia) when the mail would be gathered.

As an account of our journey from our company in general has been sent to our brethren remaining in Germany and our Fatherland Silesia (which if safely carried has no doubt reached you ere this) I will restrict myself to what concerns and befell me, my wife and children. You are already acquainted with all that transpired between home and our arrival upon the banks of the river Mense in Holland. Upon leaving Helfort, the last city in Holland, we encountered considerable though not unusually high winds. Though no danger was apprehended, the ship was mightily rocked by the waves, which produced the usual unpleasant sensations of seasickness, to which nearly all the passengers succumbed. I was not much affected, but mother (Judith) suffered pretty severely. Our oldest son Christopher was likewise but slightly affected, but the most complete victim was Casper our youngest son; for several days he was quite unable to sit up or to take any food. But he as well as the rest of us mended before reaching Plymouth, England, after a voyage of about six days. (Of the time, however, I am not quite sure, but the Account of Travel will show it.) Here a heavy toll is exacted so we were detained twelve days while the captain's cargo was inspected. Of our things nothing was examined but a chest. At 8 A. M., July 29, we left Plymouth, but owing to very little and that contrary wind we were unable to proceed more than a quarter or at most half an English mile when we again cast anchor and waited for a more favorable wind which sprang up in the evening and launched us in the great sea or ocean also called the world sea for it encircles the whole earth and is so deep it cannot be sounded with lead and line. Here we enjoyed five or six days of very fair wind, when again the wind rose and the passengers were prostrated, my wife and youngest son as usual being the severest sufferers. I and my oldest son Christopher were not sick in the least all of the ocean voyage, and the whole time enjoyed good appetites. When perhaps half way over Judith was taken ill and for fourteen days suffered alternate chill and fever with violent headache and heaviness in the limbs but was better before we reached land on Sept. 22 (new method). The first days after our arrival I enjoyed good health, but the next fourteen was confined to bed and suffered great heaviness in the limbs, but, thanks to God, am well again. The rest, however, have been very well since our arrival, except Judith, who was confined to bed for two days and suffered likewise with heaviness which with her, however, is a rather deeprooted complaint of old.

In the Fatherland we often heard and spoke of the ocean and its wild moods, in the Scriptures and other instructive books often read of it, until I imagined it very difficult if not impossible to cross it; no doubt if God chooses to punish danger accompanies the attempt but far removed from its shores one is apt to exaggerate its terrors. If fair winds pre-
dominated, which they do not, navigation would be very pleasant; yet for the most part it cannot be regarded agreeable, though its dangers be less than imagined, one unaccustomed to the water encounters many unpleasantnesses that make him long for the land.

We encountered many contrary winds, but only eight hours of veritable storm; the journal of the voyage will give the day. Though loss of life was not imminent, the necessity of tightly closing the ship caused great inconvenience to the many passengers and might have resulted in serious sickness if the good and merciful God had not stilled the wind and waves and brought us safely to our desired haven.

Now with reference to this country I must say that though much was said of its advantages in Germany and much written from here to there in praise of it, I find it to fall short of representation in many respects. It is true a good workman receives good wages, but on the other hand their number prevents their finding steady employment. Likewise the day laborer receives probably twice the wages received in Saxony or Silesia, but not the amount of work.

Bread, it is true, is not much dearer than in Saxony (much wheat bread, mostly hearth-baked, is used here), but most other edible grains bring double their price in Germany. Meat is not dear, and much is used; but all that serves for clothing is pretty high priced. He who comes to this country with some money, and devotes himself to amassing wealth may be successful. But to do so is contrary to the spirit of the Bible as well as our teachings which warn us against such things. We do not yet know if the spinning industry can be introduced and made self-supporting; the Scholtzes intended to make an effort to establish it. Spinning can be secured in the country, as the people here hire their flax spun as they do the tow in Germany. Farm land is not so easy to secure as one thought. There is plenty of it, to be sure, but money is needed for its purchase, as very little can be had cheap. Yet we will not suffer want, and with God’s help we will certainly be able to earn necessaries. Nor is building so easy as imagined. In Philadelphia a thousand dollars will not build much, but in the country would be more efficient; there they do not build large houses, but in Philadelphia everything is built a la mode and handsomely as also in Germantown, where I am living.

In what pertains to the clergy and the advancement of Christianity, I cannot give much praise to this land, for the kingdom of this world has here, too, its adherents, and the Prince of this world has full swing; and though there is apparent peace and liberty, it is not so easy as one would think to provide for true peace; so that a true Christian might be constrained to exclaim with our dear cousin Martin John, blessedly asleep in Jesus:

O world of thine I’m weary,
In thee no peace is found.
For which my soul doth thirst;
For it from thee I turn.
My soul with love doth burn,
For Christ the Prince of Peace.

Verily Christ’s words will be fulfilled that in these last days not much good will be found upon the earth. Lately we inquired of a man who was visiting us if the aurora was seen here. He answered no and wished me to describe it; upon our doing so, he assumed it a sign of the last days, and expressed the opinion that the end of the world was not far off, quoting as a convincing proof the fulfillment of Christ’s words, “Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo here is Christ, believe it not.” He seemed to be a quite logical and observant man, and went on to say that here in Philadelphia there are so many and various religions each claiming, Here is Christ, here is Christ, and that apparently all nations are inflamed with pride and godlessness and claiming all these things as indications of the end. Here in the city of Philadelphia, where I have been eight weeks, very luxurious living is indulged in, and the extravagance is not less than in Germany. In the country you may find some very clever people, particularly among the Mennonites and Anabaptists, nevertheless much heed is paid to style and many, especially the young people, are very light-minded.
Liberty of conscience is certainly allowed here, each may do or leave undone as he pleases. It is the chief virtue of this land, and on this score I do not repent my immigration (particularly as it was necessary), and hope and pray God to make it serve to the praise of his name and the eternal welfare of me and mine. But for this freedom, I think this country would not improve so rapidly, though it is greatly to be deplored that many misuse it by leading bad and unthankful lives. It is a great boon to those who employ it to the praise and in the love of God.

My dear brother, if indeed I cannot in temporal and spiritual things give this land the unqualified praise some have done, and though here, too, is found the corruption consequent upon the wretched fall of our first parent Adam, yet there are many who, realizing their own sinful nature, are not prepared to follow their own devices, but through the help and grace of God endeavor to resist the evil and avail themselves of Christ's merits for their own shortcomings. So if trouble or war should befall you, it would give me and mine much pleasure to have you come here.

I trust the dear and faithful God will care for us in body and soul. I would also like to have our sister Susan with us, if it should be her will to come. Reports have been circulated of great distress in Germany on account of the war, and I would like to have reliable news concerning the state of affairs. My dear mother-in-law did not complete the journey undertaken with us, but after an illness of five weeks, and having lost all consciousness for the last ten days, she breathed her last upon the banks of the Delaware. My heart-loved brother, how it pains me that we are so widely separated, your own heart will tell you, for I am persuaded that you feel as I do.

Though thousands of miles lie between us, my spirit often lingers with you: indeed, I may say not a day passes without thoughts of you. I beg you will always keep in remembrance me and mine, nor forget us in your prayers, and I will do the same for you. God strengthening me in my weakness with His help and grace.

Dear brother, it would give me much pleasure if the dear Lord were to allow us to meet again upon earth, but I would like to spare you the long and toilsome journey; still if you were to incur any opposition in religious or secular strife. I would much rather that you would come here, the dear Lord would lighten and make bearable all hardships, as He did for us. Dear brother, we cannot know that we will see each other again, even should you conclude at once to come, for life is uncertain and you have often thought you would not live long; as for myself, most of my years have passed, though I can and must add that I am now hearty and well (Thanks to God for his mercy), yet I perceive many symptoms which indicate that my life will not be long, therefore nothing is more necessary than to be daily prepared for death (for we have here no abiding city) and to pray that the Lord will transplant us into the land of the living where will be no alternation.

Now, dear brother, if you conclude to come you might buy some seeded bread; if you come down the Elbe, buy it at Magdeburg, where the best is to be had; that is likewise the best way to take, and then at Altoona you can have the bread sliced and baked the second time to take with you on shipboard. We cannot complain that the fare on board was short; on the contrary, those who had not great appetites had bread left, but it was unseeded, and would not suit every one, though not unpalatable.

But it is well to be prepared with some seeded bread (Zwie-back) out of which if needed you could make soup. Dried fruit, apples, plums or pears, are likewise useful. You should provide yourself with a little wine, and brandy. We got some in Holland, and found it very useful. You might buy it in Rotterdam; wine and brandy are cheaper there than in Haarlem. If you should come, bring with you an iron stove, too. They are dear here, are better than earthen ones that do not last so long, and are very high priced. I do not know where to tell you to buy it, but you can find out by inquiry; the people of the Palatinate gen-
erally bring them with them, and I think they buy them in Rotterdam or they bring them with them out of their own country—I cannot tell certainly. A whole stove (or oven) consists of five plates, which can be divided into two, if desired, and the cost lessened. You might also bring a kettle, copper is very dear here; if you buy it in Holland, you can care for it well enough on shipboard. On those large vessels much or little to load is of no consequence; a grubbing hoe, a rasp, one or two engraving tools and an auger like a ladder or scale auger, if they are not too cumbersome for you.

My dear brother, I hope you will get some idea from this letter what things are like here. I have inquired well into all I have written about, and hope nothing I have said is untrue. I commend you and Susanna to the protection and fatherly care of the Triune God, and with many heartfelt good wishes for you both, hope this may find you in life and well. Please greet our cousin George and give them our good wishes; the same to all our good friends, particularly to Abraham Wagner.

If you should have money you must bring no silver with you, for gold, copper and paper are used here. I should like to have our ———; bees are not dear here.

The ship passengers were very friendly toward us, and had great patience with us.

The most of the time it was a little warm, so that many of us were out on deck.

The sailors have no leisure; they are always at work.

"The Pennsylvania Dutch"

A Few Observations

BY FRANK R. DIFFENDERFER, LITT. D., LANCASTER, PA.

Note.—We reprinted in the issue of November, 1907, an article by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart on "The Pennsylvania-Dutch," which called forth responses that appeared in the issues for January and February, 1908. Frank R. Diffenderfer, Litt. D., read a paper before the Lancaster County Historical Society, February 7, 1908, from which we quote the following observations. The notes are numbered as in Mr. Diffenderfer's article. We indicate page and paragraph in article of November (1907) to which the notes apply.

INTRODUCTION. The following paper, written by Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History in Harvard University, author of a number of historical works, and editor of a recently completed series of historical volumes, has resulted in the publication of more criticisms and protests by various writers in Pennsylvania than any similar production of which we have any knowledge. There is no doubt Professor Hart meant to be fair to the people of whom he writes—he is himself a Pennsylvanian—but, as all his information, or misinformation, was derived at second hand, and is not the result of personal knowledge or experience except in so far as he was able to gather it during a ten days' visit to Lancaster county, it was hardly to be expected that he would be as correct in his statements and as reliable in his deductions as could be desired. The result has been that his article, while not without a certain value, is nevertheless regarded as too unfair to be allowed to pass unquestioned. Indeed, there is so much in it that requires notice that if all the objectionable points were carefully commented upon, another article of almost equal length would be required. As that is impossible, only some of the most important ones are noted.

1. (P. 539, Par. 2.) Professor Hart expresses surprise that the German immigrants and their descendants have not been absorbed by the other nationalities around them. Today fully 75 per cent. of the people of Lancaster county are German or of German descent. Is it a wonder that 25 per cent. of English and
Welsh and Irish have not absorbed them? The wonder rather is that a people so virile and "stout in children" have not absorbed the numerically inferior races around them. Nor is it correct to say the German element in the State has "received very few accessions from Germany since the American Revolution." It has received thousands.

2. (P. 539, Par. 3.) First and foremost, Pennsylvanians object to Professor Hart's persistence in calling those Pennsylvanians of German descent "Pennsylvania-Dutch." He explains why he does so, but the fact that they are not Dutch is admitted by himself, and yet throughout his paper he persists in this offense against taste and truth.

3. (P. 539, Par. 4.) Here again Prof. Hart has fallen into error. His attempt to divide the Pennsylvania-Germans into "six main varieties," according to their religious beliefs, is a mistake. They differ in their forms of belief, and in that only. They are one in point of nationality, and the dialects they speak is the same. But to say, as he does, the German Lutherans are one "variety" and the German Baptists another, is wholly wrong.

4. (P. 539, Par. 4.) Perhaps Prof. Hart deviates from the actual facts most widely in trying to tell what language or dialect the Pennsylvania-Germans speak. "A barbarous compound of German and English words in German idiom" is what he terms it. If his acquaintance with the Pfalzisch and South German dialects was more intimate, he would never have written those words. Here is an example from a South German poem, in which all the words are such as are daily used by the average Pennsylvania-German:

Wan die Beem un' Hecke
Gansvoll Vegge hucke.
Un' die Deckel schmecke
Aus der Hausen gucke.
Dan isch Frijohr worre.

But this branch of the subject is so clear as to require no further demonstration. The authorities are overwhelming.

5. (P. 540, Par. 5.) This is a mis-statement. There are not many Pennsyl-

vania-Germans who do not understand English. In Lancaster county nearly all of them take English newspapers, and read them, too. What he means when he says, "The Pennsylvania-Dutchmen"—we are certain he did not see one during his visit to Lancaster county—"does not favor too much education for young people," we do not know, but we do know that all their children go to English schools and many of them to Normal Schools, and themselves become teachers. He speaks about "Dutch" colleges. Well, we never heard of them, but we do know that Muhlenberg, Franklin and Marshall, Dickinson and Pennsylvania Colleges are very largely patronized by Pennsylvania-German students. That does not look as if the fathers were afraid "of too much education."

6. (P. 540, Par. 7.) A few amendments are made in the above paragraph—a few bouquets thrown to our "Pennsylvania-Dutchmen," but with a qualification. The barns are set above the farmhouses. Nine times out of ten the modern farmhouse is a stone or brick building, of ample proportions, comfortable and inviting, and often with hot and cold water, steam heat and other modern fancies. There is none better anywhere, and very few so good.

7. (P. 542, Par. 1.) It is true that the Mennonites refused to take up arms in the War of the Revolution, on principle, but it is incorrect to call them Tories. They were called "Non-Ass ociators," but they paid their war taxes like the rest, and there is only one instance in which trouble arose during that war in Lancaster county. As a fact, the German element in Pennsylvania was as loyal to the Patriot cause as any other nationality. The muster rolls of the nine regiments raised in Lancaster county during the Revolution show a very large proportion of German names. When, on May 25, 1776, Congress ordered the enlistment of an exclusively German regiment in Pennsylvania and Maryland, Pennsylvania's quota was filled by July 17, and an extra company thrown in, by way of good measure, we suppose.

8. (P. 542, par. 4.) Our author gets
his denominations mixed up in this paragraph. The Donegal and the Leacock churches are not Episcopal, but Presbyterian. The Scotch-Irish, who were a very prominent portion of the early settlers, were almost to a man Presbyterians.

9. (P. 542, par. 5.) Nowhere in his very readable article does Prof. Hart stray more widely from the actual facts than here. It is true that for fifty years after the settlement of the province, the Germans were not prominent in the affairs of Pennsylvania. There were very good reasons for it. In the first place, the Government was in English hands. The language was English. The business of the Courts and the Provincial Assembly was all English. They were handicapped by their language. But another factor was equally potent in keeping them out of politics and office. They were aliens, without the rights of citizenship. They dwelt in the Province, but it was by sufferance, and they were therefore excluded from taking a part in public affairs. As early as 1721 they asked for naturalization, but it was denied them. In 1724 permission was given to bring such a bill before the General Assembly. But it required that they should declare under oath, before a magistrate, the extent of the wealth and the nature of their religion. Governor Keith rejected it because its requirements were unjust, contrary to the rights guaranteed Englishmen under the English constitution, and he would not sign it. In 1729 it came up again, and a naturalization bill was passed on October 14, which received the assent of Governor Gordon in 1729-30. At once 105 were naturalized, and among them were eight of the signers to the petition for the erection of Lancaster county. To say that the Germans have not been leaders, we refer to the list of our Governors since the formation of our State government. Governors Snyder, Hiester, Shulze, Wolf, Ritner, Bigler, Shunk, Hartranft, Beaver, Stone and Pennypacker show that the Germans have given the Commonwealth twelve Governors since 1789. If space allowed, an equal record could be shown for them socially, in finance and as captains of industry.

Marriage Superstitions

BY MRS. H. H. FUNK.

Since time immemorial certain signs, omens and superstitions cling to the marriage ceremony. They are found among all nations and in all climates, many dating back to the time whence the memory of man runs not to the contrary. Even in our own day we have not lost sight of many of them, and where was there ever a bride who did not at least inwardly cherish every so considered happy omen? Few, indeed, are the couples who are dauntless enough to be joined on Friday, and all have the utmost respect for the old shoe. Was there ever a bride who did not rejoice when the wedding day dawned bright and clear, remembering the old adage,

"Blessed is the bride upon whom the sun doth shine,"

and all will agree that the wedding trousseau is not complete without

"Something borrowed, something blue,
Something old, something new,
And a piece of silver in one shoe";

and all are equally certain that

"To change the name and not the letter
Is a change for the worse and not the better."

It is strange how these superstitions are handed down from generation to generation, and how impotent reason and common sense are to do away with their hold upon the human mind. Say what we will, we are by nature, if not by education, more or less given to superstitious cautionness.

In the earliest times among the Jews the fourth day of the week was considered the unlucky day for maidens to wed, and the fifth for widows. The Romans also believed that certain days were unfavorable for the performance of the marriage rite. June was considered the most propitious month for marriage, while May was to be especially avoided, as it was supposed to be under the influence of spirits inimical to happy households. For

"Married in May, you'll rue the day."

This superstition prevailed for centuries in Italy, and also is even now prevalent in some parts of England. There was at one time a
MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS

prejudice in England against marrying on "Innocents' Day," the twenty-eighth day of December, said to commemorate Herod's massacre of the children. It has always been thought unlucky to marry in Lent, even among people outside of the Established Church. An old line runs,

"Marry in Lent, and you'll live to repent;"

another says:

"Who marries between ye sickle and ye scythe will never thrive."

As for days, it was at one time believed that all those who married on Tuesdays and Thursdays would be assured of happiness; but later on a well-known rhyme tells us:

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all:
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all."

Aside from the mere time for the ceremony, omens are almost numberless. During the Middle Ages it was considered ill-luck if the bridal-party, in going to the church, met a monk, a priest, a dog, a cat, a hare, a lizard or a serpent; while all would go well if a wolf, a spider or a toad were encountered. In England it is held to be unlucky for a bride to look in the glass after she is completely dressed, before she goes to the church; so a glove or some other article is put on after the last look has been taken in the mirror. This omen is well known in America. Among the Romans signs were looked for with great care, and no marriage was celebrated without an oracle being first consulted. And after the consultation every trivial occurrence was looked upon as an omen. Since then every country, every community almost, has had its own particular superstitions. For instance, it is considered the unhappiest of omens if a couple are disappointed in getting married on the day fixed. In another locality no bride nor groom goes to the altar without a pinch of salt in the pocket; while in still another it is considered the height of ill-luck for a person to go in at one door and out at the other before and after the ceremony, and among the various curious superstitions in other parts is one to the effect that a bride will be unhappy in her marriage if she does not weep on her wedding-day; still another, that the newly-wedded pair must be driven from the church by gray horses, to insure felicity.

To America many superstitions have been brought by immigrants. Among our German citizens there are many of these quaint customs and superstitions to be found attending the ceremony. It is curious to reflect that even while enlightened people discard all other superstitions, those relating to matrimony appear to hold full sway. While they may not be believed in, they are yet given much consideration.

An ancient rhyme runs as follows:

"Married in white, you have chosen all right.
Married in gray, you will go far away.
Married in black, you will wish yourself back.
Married in red, you had better be dead.
Married in blue, you will always be true.
Married in green, ashamed to be seen.
Married in pink, your spirit will sink.
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl.
Married in yellow, ashamed of the fellow.
Married in brown, you will live out of town."

Dialect Selections

POE'S RAVEN.

(A Pennsylvania-German Version.)

BY H. L. FISHER.

Der Krabb.

Es war mittenacht un schaurig,
Ich war slachrig, mud un traurig
Uewer fiel so alte Bucher
Foll so gans fergess'ne Lehr;
Un ich hab so halwer g'schummert—
Hot's uf emol so gebummert—
So wie's macht wans bissel dunner—
Das es rappelt an der Dheer;
"S isch en B'sucher," sag ich zu mer
Selwert, "Klopp an meiner Dheer—
Des, alle, isch's was ich hort."

Un so wie ich mich erinner
War's so a'fangs in em Winter,
Un en jede gluhend Zinder
Macht sei Geischtli u't'em Floor,
Un ich hab gewunsch't 's war morge,
Awwer do war nix zu borge

Aus de Büchern—nix als Sorge—
Sorge für die lieb Lenore—
Ach, das sie noch bei mir wär—
Engel hen sie g'nennt Lenore—
Do genennt, doch, nimmermehr.

Un ich war so halb im Zweifel—
Hinner'm Umhang huckt der Deufel,
Un es war mer anschterlich,
Schauderig un schrecklich weh,
Juscht as wan mit jedem Droppe
Blut mei Herz dihet schtarker kloppe—
Denk ich, "do will ener sehtoppe—
Uewer macht—feleicht ahi zwee—
Denk ich, alter, du magscht kloppe,
Oder magscht dei's Weges geh—
Juscht so isch's un garrnix meh."
Gleimol, aw'er, fass ich Herz—
Denk ich will des Ding ferkerze—
Sag ich, "alter," oder "alti,
Kann des kloppen net ferschteh;
Awer ich war schweer im Kop, un
Wie du so bissch kumme kloppen,
Hätt mer könne Hoor ausroppe.
Wan ich's so hit höante sch'topp—
Juscht des kloppen, un net meh:—
Dan mach ich die Dheer uf, weit—
Do war nix as Dunkelheit.

Dief in Dunkelheit geguckt,
Un ich hab gegalabt es schpookts;
Zweifelt haw ich, halb getraamt;
Wie ich nie net hab zufoor,
Nie so schtill as wie es jetz war,
Nie so dunkel as es jetz war,
Un des eenzig Wort das g'schwätzt war,
War 's gepsichpert Wort, "Lenore!"
Hab's gepischpert un net meh:
Un der Echo, leis "Lenore"—

Dan ware's wider schtill un schtumm,
Doch, so g'schwindt ich dreh mich um,
Haw ich's wider höere kloppen,
Bissel lauter as zufoor:
Sag ich zu mer selwert, "O,
Ebbes kloppen am Fenschter, do,
Awer, hält 'mol, bei Joe,
Ich geh dra' un füssder;
Braaf mei Herz, ich hab die Kunscht,
Deufelsdreck un Hexeschnier"—
'S war der Wind un gar nix sutsch!

Nägschtens, mach ich uf der Laade,
Bat's nix, that's doch a'h ke' Schade;
Un zum Fenschter nei gedapt
Kummt so 'n alter schwarzer Krabb!
Sagt ke' Wort—'mol'mol "wie geht's?"
Net wie macht's un net wie schteth's;
Gar net zaud'rig un net blöd.
Huckt sich owig mei Kammer-dheer—
Uf en Bield, dort in der Höh—
Juscht dort owig der Schtuwwe-dheer,
Huckt der Fogel, un net mer.

Doeh, so schterns carjose Sache
Hen mich halwer lache machte:
Huckt er dort as wie en Parre,
Owig meiner Schtuwwe-dheer:
Sag ich, "alter schwarzer, g'schorner,
In der alte zeit-geborners—
Was wees ich," feleicht ferlornen—
'S wunnert mich so artlig sehr,
Weer du bissch wu kummscht du heer,
Sag mer, sag mer, wie du heesscht:"—
Sagt der Fogel, "Nimmermehr."

G'hat hot in sein ganse Lewe—
So en Fogel—so en Ehr—
Fogel oder Dheer uf Bilder,
Owig seiner Schtuwwe Dheer,
Mit dem Naame, "Nimmermehr."—

Huckt er aw'er, dort allenig
Sagt mer aw'er, doch so wenig—
Juscht, e' Wort, as wan sei Seele
In den Wort ferborge weer!
Un er sagt: ke anner Wort—
Schuttum un schtimm—huckt er dort;
Sag ich, "Manche Freund sei fort,
Un sie kumme net mehr heer;
Un bis Morge gescht du a'n,
Wie die Hoffning un die Ehr."
Sagt der Fogel, "Nimmermehr."

Un ich hab mich frisch ferwonnert
Uewer so en dunkle Antwort:
"Ohne Zweifel was er predigt."
Sag ich, "isch sei ganse Lehr,
Die er fon sein Mecschtler g'lernt hot
Den, un Unglück, Fleicht, ferszorm hot—
Florn Frucht die er geernt hot,
Bis sei Kummerlacht so schweer war,
Un sei Trauerlied un Lehr war,
'S melanholisch, sehr un schweer,
"Nimmermehr! ach, nimmermehr!"

Denk ich, du wit mich betrüge
Mit so schwerse Fogselslug;
'S hot mich glachelt, un ich huck mich
Foar den Fogel an die Dheer;
Huck mich uf en Sammet kisse
Uf en Schtuul—so haw ich müsste—
Denk ich, doch, jetz will ich wusste
Meh fon der Fogels lehr—
Was der grimmig, schrecklich Fogel
Der mer prophezei doheer,
Meent mit seinem "Nimmermehr."

Wunner als, un roth beizeite,
Was des Ding mocht foar bedeute,
Weil sei helle, schwerse Aage
Hen meri Herz geruhrt so sehr;
Des; un meh, mocht ich doch wusste—
Schweigend huck ich uf mei Kisse—
Allunruhig war mei G'wisse,
Weil die Helling sehright, ung'fahr
Nimmer uwer die Begleeding
Wu, so wie ich ofters hor,
Sie geruht hot, nimmermehr.

Dan hots g'scheint als wan die Luft
Schweerer war un susz mit Duft;
Un ich hör gans leise trappe
Kumme uf'm Carpet, heer;
"Unglucks Mensch!" haw ich gekrische,
Faule Fisch sin do derwische!
Ruh, ach Ruh, "haw ich gekrisch,
Un fergess sie nimmermehr!
Drink, ach drink en—Fahneschwänzi,
Un fergess sie nimmermehr!

Krescht der Fogel, "NIMMERMEHR!"
Falsch Prophett, du, ohne Zweifel,
Unlückes Fogel, oder Deuell.
Mich zu kettzere un zu quäle—
Wu der Deuell kuumst du heer?
Warum duhscht du mich bestuche?
Was hoscht du bei mir zu suche?
Wit mich in die Helle terrfliche
Mit deim ewig "Nimmermehr!"
Sagt mir's, oder geh fon mir—
Hot's in—York—ken Hexeschmier?
Sagt der Fogel, "Nimmermeir!"

Falsch Prophett un alles böeses
Was du bissch—der Deuell wees es;
Bei des Himmelsblo, do owwe—
Allem gut un schlechts—ich schwear—
Weck mit all so Unglucks-mensehe—
Greisch ich—weck mit Forcht un Engsche, 
Ruh, ach Ruh! in den Nepenthe,
Un fergess die Trauter schwerer
Drink, ach drink, un Hahmeschwünzi
Un fergess sie immermeir
Greisch der Fogel, "Nimmermeir!"

Falsch Prophett, du, ohne Zweifel,
Unlückes Fogel, oder Deuell.
Mich zu kettzere un zu quäle—
Wu der Deuell kuumst du heer?
Warum duhscht du mich bestuche?
Was hoscht du bei mir zu suche?
Wit mich in die Helle terrfliche
Mit deim ewig "Nimmermehr!"
Sagt mir's, oder geh fon mir—
Hot's in—York—ken Hexeschmier?
Sagt der Fogel, "Nimmermeir!"

Jetzt, will ich der ebbes sange—
"Naus mit dir, du Unglucks, plange—
Mach dich wider z'ruck ins Wetter
Un des Hellehunde Heer.
Loss zuruck ken schwarze Feder
Lügscht as wie des Dummerwetter
Flieg zu deine falsche Gotter,
Fon dort owig meiner Dheer:
Nem dei Schmawwel aus mein Herz—
Schies dich mit mein alme Gieveh!
Sagt der Fogel, "Nimmermeir!"

Ob des nau schur so ghäppend is? Huh, 
war ich dann net selwer wie mer Lахkerls saga 
en Ewitness heh? Des Ding war so—
Darrich so'n "Act of Assembly" wie mer Lахkerls es heesen, is en Schtick vom ewera Deel von Iesdown County gschnitt warra, un aus sellem Schtick hen mer Kerls Peil County gemacht. Die Sach is so ghwind gansa, as mer herly Zeit hen ghat fo' uns reddy zu macha. Was ewa denno so die Hedkerls im County wara, wie ich un e Deel annera, sin denno grad nuf zum Governier mit sorose Petiche un hen uns ghwind appeinta lassa fo' County Offices. Ich war eener von da County Commisheners, der Daniel S. Blind war der Judge un der Philip Leichtkop un der Samuel K. Schwenker waren die sőschne Judges—ewa so Kerls as da Judge ufen ort wie seconda. 

Vom A Aagazeiga Selwer verzehlt.

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Vom A Aagazeiga Selwer verzehlt.
Am neegsht Marja is da Treiel aganga; die Court schtub war voll-gshoppit, wie juscht about 30 Leit nei gekennt hen, besides die Jury un die Court-haus officers. Der Judge hot die Mieten zu order rufa losse, vom Court oder un denno hen er un sei Seconds gewort bis der Sheriff der Frissel aus em Garret gholt hot, dennho der Judge gsat, da Sheriff set da Prisoner an da Bär Schtella, un do will ich iwer der Damm geh, wann sel Kameel net nut geht un en Judge ins Ohr pischbért er et en Bottel im Säck, ob er net en Frissel un Schmalt er darts gewa set for Zeit zu schpapa, es ger gewiss drei vertil Meil bis ans Werts haus. Well, da Judge hot sich die Leits gschleckt un hot em Sheriff gsat, wan er net so'n schterns guter Kerl wer, dann deeter ihm $10 feinda for content von da Court, er het net sel gemeent "vor da Bär Schtella" in da Lah, sel wer, en Prisoner vor da Judge bringa. Der Sheriff hot der Frissel gschwind uschteepp ma cha un da Judge hot ihm frgota et in zu difenda.

"Ich brauch kee Lahyer, secht der Frissel; "Selle kankösse doch kenne mer Schpapa." Da Judge: 

"Dis net notwenig. For was dann do dem County so Exschpens mache," secht da Frissel. 

"Well, awer die Lah dimands;" secht da Judge. 

"Ich will awer kenne," secht der Frissel, "ich Schmeiss mich in dera Kees uf die Ignorance von da Court." 

"Uf die was?" 

Griest da Judge un reisst sich die Brill iwer die Aaga for zu seena eb er ah recht ghert het.

Do bin ich aus da Jarybox gschtepppt un hab zum Judge gsat da Prissoner het kee Lerning un en kee Edicaachen un nix, un deet gewiss "In tellenge von da Court" meena, juscht er kennts net recht saga; un do greischt da Court creier himmich mer: "Silence in da Court hous!" wul ah juscht for zu brawia ober's a recht saga Kennt; awer's hot mich verzinnt un ich hob ihm gsat ob er net wiss a deet, wie ma zum a County Commissrieh schweta deet, dann is der wiedig warra un hot "Silence in the Court!" gegrisscha un hot gemeent, as wann in da Court schtub gegaßt warra misst wer er do for zu zutenda. "Wo sin die Zeiga?" frgat da Judge. 

"Mer breicha do kee Zeiga," secht der Frissel. 

"For was dann noch Zeiga-geld do weg-schmeisa?" 

"Well," secht der Judge, "wo is dann em Coroner sei Report?" Do bin ich ufschtepppt un hab gsat, "Judge ich hab die Jury un da Coroner naus genommen ans Dilfer's Kop, wo die dodd Liecht leid un mer hen die Conrissen von da Hands roundans begaukt. Seller nigger is dodd: er lied in da Schrass so bissel nard, nordosch mit em Kop, un sied da weischt mit da Bee; er lied mih uf ennera seit for da Schrass as uifd annera—erbaat 6 Fuss 6 Zoll eeweg, un 7 Fuss 6 Zoll da anner; er hot bloo Oweralls a, as mit da Bee in seiner Schtivel schtecka, en bloo wolla Hem un en schwarzen Rock un en Kap leid neiwig ihm, un sei Mual is halb uf." 

"Well, wo is er gejnured—ewa, Weegeduh?" 

"Well," sag ich, "mer hen net dra gedenk for zu gucka, awer er is schur genungッド; sei kenna mer schwera." 

Denno trogt da Judge da Frissel, "Du seechscht du heisscht seller Nigger dodd geschlag, as draus ans Diller's Kop uf da Schrass leid?" "Yes, sir; sel hav iich!" "For was hodt du ihn dodd geschlag?" "Well, ich will der Erscht sei as in unserem County ghenken warra is, un dann, ah for da County officers eebes zu dhh gewa, as en public schpitter Mann, un dann ah noch so as die Leit von mer schwetza—ich muss mer doch uf ee weg en Nama macha.

"Hot der Nigger dir eebes in da we geleg?" "Oh, nee, net juscht abardich—er hot juscht gemeent er kennt mich leddera, sel war all." "So, dann hen er glochta?" "Well, ich hab bissel, awer er net, ennyhau net genung for mich fecha zu maka. Er hot mer juscht die Chance gewa, for ihm eens nei zu halta; dennho hot er sich hielegt un hot sich, da kop uten Schtee geschlage un bissel geawelt un denn war er dodd, huh!" un da Frissel hot ganz ge-disgust ggelegt.

"Wie is der Schreit aganga?" "Well, mer hen nanner angejuck, er hot nix gsat, un ich hab nix gsat, juscht ggelegt hen mer, un so hot ee warts anner gewa—es was alles ganz friedlich bis die Fechterei vorbei war." "So gschtehts du's eis das du da Nigger dodd geschlaghos hodt?" "Ei, of-kors!" "Well, dann bisscht du mol schur gitly un kantsch's net heegela!" "Ich duh jo ah net!" "All reut! Nau gentleman of da Jury, secht denno da Judge zu uns, "do is da Bill Frissel as content er het du Nigger dodd geschlag, as ehr an's Dilfer's Kop uf da Schrass leia hen sehna, un accordin zu da Lah un da Evidence is sel Mard im heechschuta Grad, un mit aut Detaileekeschen oder eebes so, un er muss, of Kors ghenken werra, nau was sagen ihr, gitly oderr not gitly?" "Gilty!" hen mer all gsat. 

"Well, nau, Prisoner," secht der Judge zum Frissel, "Hoscht du eenig eebes zu saga for was du net ghenken werre setscht?" "No, sir; sell is ja grad was ich will!" 

Well dan, hot der Judge ihn ewa gsentenst
Dei un b

Ich gewahmer;

köscht eener wie zu derkonnvickt zwee wella Garret Sheriff misschoners gnierkt well, un es deet ihm jush recht geheens, wenn er net ghnkert werra deet, un der Judke is ah zu der Concluschen komma as er's net wert wern, un hot da Frissel in da neegehtha Court en Lefitem in da Tjalj gewa. Der Frissel hot dan deiwelisch gedobt wie er selli Sentenz ghert hot. Er wed satisfactschen hawa un er deets County for Damages reschacht un da Judge for false pertens packa un so on. Well, mer hen ihn gidschert so gut wie mer gekennt hen, un hen ihn ewa se: Essa hola lossa wie davor. Well, denno hen mer ihm agebbotta, er sed aus brecha un darrich geh. Sel hot er net gewollt. er wed net zu all dem Druw gel. sich henka zu lossa for nix.


"Was! un all den Druwel for nix hawa! No, sir; net beima Karb voll! Ich will mi Recht, sel is was ich will. Der Judge hot mer sei Wart gewa un according zu der Lah muss er's halta!"


"No, sir!"

"$20!"

"No, sir!"

"$30!"

"No, Sir! Du weescht velleicht net as ich dich tanga lossa kennt for mich do zu breita un zu corrupta we's in der Lah rech."

Wie der Frissel so geschwezet hot, bin ich grad nummer un hab die annera County Commissioners ghonter un hab ihnna gsa net merken do in en deiwelischer Druwel nei komma, un denno sin sie ah bang werra, un mer hen em Frissel $50 agetoppe un verschprocha ihm $2 die woch zu schicka wann er juseh darrich geh deet.

Well, noch vielen Schwezten un betella hot er gsa er wet uns desmol da Faver duhn un darrich geh, wann mer ihm $200 cash nummer gewa, un ihm $2 die woch, ennyhewe zwei Johr lang schicka, un dann noch verschproicha as wann mol eber ghnkert set werra in Country as mer ihm die erscht chance gewa deeten.

Mer hen ihm 6 Monat selli Penschen von $8 da Monat geschickt bis mer mol ee dag ghetren hen as er for Gellscheltla ghenten werr werra.

For was as mer net selwer en Galza gebaut hen? Huh, mer hen gar net dra genden.
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN is an illustrated monthly magazine devoted to the biography, history, genealogy, folklore, literature and general interests of German and Swiss settlers in Pennsylvania and other States, and of their descendants.

Price, per year, $1.50, in advance; single copies, 15 cents. Foreign postage, 25 cents a year extra. Club-rates furnished on application. Payments credited by mail.

Discontinuance.—The magazine will be sent until order to discontinue is received. This is done to accommodate the majority of subscribers, who do not wish to have their files broken.

NOTICE OF EXPIRATION of subscription is given by using red ink in addressing the wrapper of the magazine.

Contributions.—Carefully prepared articles bearing on our field are invited and should be accompanied with illustrations when possible. No attention will be given to unsigned articles, nor will we be responsible for the statements and opinions of contributors. Unavailable manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps are sent to prepay postage. Contributions intended for any particular number should be in the editor's hands by the twenty-fifth of the second preceding month.

Advertising rates will be furnished by the publisher upon request.

AN OMISSION.

We failed to note the authorship of In Der Ernt. July issue, page 327, which should have been credited to H. L. Fisher. The selection came to us as a newspaper clipping without name of author and was thus used. We regret the oversight.

THE BLUE SLIPS.

You will find an extra page in colored paper containing a few coupon offers. Will you not kindly detach these, hand them to friends, speak a good word for our work and thus help to enlarge the list of subscribers. The growth of the circulation must gauge our usefulness in the magazine field.

SUGGESTIONS WELcomed.

We are always thankful for communications. We would like to know what you enjoy most in the magazine and where, in your opinion, changes should be made.

TOMBSTONE INScriptions.

The proposition to print "Tombstone Inscriptions" in THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN to which we have referred before, has called forth considerable correspondence and opened a very large field—in its entirety too large for the magazine, even if devoted to the subject exclusively.

Should it become possible to undertake the proposed printing of inscriptions, it would be highly desirable in our opinion. To aim at least at the following:

1. To list all burying grounds in the older counties of Pennsylvania, classified by township—ownership, location and condition of each being noted.
2. To give, if recorded, the date of birth and of death and the age of the departed, supplemented by other noteworthy data given on the marker.
3. To supplement the data of the markers by relevant matter from church records, etc., and to note the lineal connection between the departed and prominent descendants.

The proposition appeals to us as meriting the hearty interest and endeavor of both publisher and subscribers of this magazine. Comparatively little is being done by County Historical Societies along this line. Individuals have by themselves toiled and gathered valuable data, but these are not in position to carry on concerted work, being unknown to one another, and having no convenient medium for periodic publication. We are vain enough to say that if due support is given by its patrons, THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN can be made quite serviceable in this direction.

A few suggestions may be in place. If the printing is undertaken it must be on a broader basis than a mere recording of inscriptions as found on markers. We can not undertake the printing of inscriptions and crowd the matter into the 48 pages issued monthly at present. The work done ought to be in such shape and make-up as to permit of its being bound in separate form. This can easily be ac-
Clippings from Current News

—According to William J. Campbell, the Betsy Ross story is a fake beyond question, and she did not design the American flag. The Betsy Ross house, 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, will therefore receive no special laurels during Founders' Week next October.

—Scranton's Memorial Day celebration this year was made a memorable one by the dedication and presentation to the city of the handsome Everhart museum of science and natural history—the gift of Dr. Isaiah F. Everhart. This gift, with its endowment of $101,000 and the collection it will contain, involves an expenditure on the part of the donor of a quarter of a million of dollars.

—The 223d anniversary of the old Pennypack meeting house, on Pennypack Creek, near Bustleton, Pa., was celebrated June 7 by upwards of 1,000 descendants of the founders of the church. It is the second oldest place of worship in the United States, having been founded in 1685 by seven Welsh Baptists, who fled to America to escape persecution.

Regular services were discontinued many years ago, quarterly meetings and later yearly meetings having been held since for the sake of historical interest. The descendants of the old members are scattered through various sections of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

—Prof. Brandt, of Berlin University, has issued a long statement maintaining his contention against numerous critics that the average educated American speaks English as correctly and as purely as the average educated Englishman, and attributes this fact to the bad educational system in England, which is devoted almost exclusively to the classical languages.

He points out that Cambridge University has no chair of modern English, and asserts that America is far and away ahead of England in the cultivation of English and all modern languages, instancing the study of English at Harvard and of German at Philadelphia.

—York, Pa., with a population of not more than 50,000, has a capital of more than $15,000,000 invested in more than 500 manufactories, and challenges any city of its size to show a variety of industries equally great.

—Andrew Carnegie, at the banquet given by German-American physicians in New York to Professor Koch, said he would gladly part with one of his millions if he could get at once full possession and use of the German language. Those who are born of German parents are often ashamed of their nationality, and make no effort to retain the use of the language of their fathers. The example of the Scotchman ought to inspire the German to hold fast to his mother tongue.

—Lutherans from every part of Pennsylvania and from other States, to the number of over 2,500 visited the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa., June 3, and took part in the dedication of the new Krauth Memorial Library erected at a cost of nearly $100,000 as a memorial to the late Charles Porterfield Krauth, professor of Systematic Theology in the seminary, and also for many years vice-provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

—September 23 is the 175th anniversary of the founding of Christ Lutheran church, York, Pa., which is the mother of all Lutheran churches west of the Susquehanna. A permanent organization has been effected among Lutheran pastors and Sunday school superintendents of York to perfect plans for the celebration of the event. According to the records, only four Lutherans had settled in the neighborhood prior to 1731. By 1733 there were 24 who were organized into a church by Rev. John Casper Stoever, September 23 of that year.

—Rev. Dr. J. D. Schindel, a Lutheran minister for 41 years, died June 27, in Allentown, Pa. His great-great-grandfather, John Peter Schindel, was a pioneer missionary in Northumberland, Union and Snyder counties from 1812 to 1833. His father, Rev. Jeremiah Schindel, served many congregations in Le-
high county. He was born January 11, 1841, graduated from Pennsylvania College, 1863; from Lutheran Seminary, Philadelphia, 1867, and ordained the same year. He served various congregations until Ascension Day this year. He filled various offices of trust and responsibility, and was beloved by all who knew him.

—Dr. Draper, State Superintendent of Public Education in New York, regrets to state that in the important matter of industrial education, the United States have to follow the lead of Germany. He mentions the fact that the labor unions in Germany are heartily in favor of those schools which are training artisan apprentices, whilst the more selfish policy of our labor unions is to reduce the number of apprentices. Dr. Draper thinks that the manner in which this thing is treated in Germany by the Kaiser's Government looks like 'true democracy.' The New York Superintendemt, in order to show what industrial training is doing for a nation which cannot boast of inexhaustible natural resources like those we have, says that Germany's exports in 1906 amounted to $1,079,520,000, whilst the trade value of manufactured articles exported from the United States in the same year was $886,023,000.

—It is pointed out in a French contemporary that it is exactly a hundred years since the first lithographic press was installed in France. The invention is ascribed to Alois Senefelder, German dramatist and author, of Munich, who in 1796 accidentally discovered that calcareous stones possess the property of retaining the impression made by thick ink and transmitting it to paper pressed on their surface. Senefelder, however, did not realize the importance of his discovery, and some years elapsed before the invention was put to practical use. It became partially known in England about 1801, but its general introduction is credited to Mr. Ackermann, of London, about 1817.

—At their General Conference held at Des Moines, Iowa, June 3-11, the German Baptist Brethren among other important business changed the name of the sect to "Church of the Brethren."

—With a formal artillery salute by the United States regulars and an effective ceremony by a color guard of the Sons of the Revolution, Bush-Brown's handsome equestrian statue of the famous Revolutionary hero, Anthony Wayne, was unveiled at Valley Forge Park, June 20. Miss Lydia Bush-Brown, the sculptor's granddaughter, pulled the string which unveiled the statue. The bronze statue is of heroic size, showing the soldier on horseback. The pedestal is of Missouri red granite, being among the first to be used for this purpose in the Eastern States. The Legislature in 1905 appropriated $30,000 for the purpose. This was later increased by $1,000 for expenses incident to the dedication. The members of the Statue Commission are Lieutenant-Colonel John P. Nicholson and Richard M. Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, and John Armstrong Herman, of Harrisburg. The granite base of the statue bears the following inscription:

"Lead me forward."

Wayne at Stony Point.
Chairman of the Chester County Committee, 1774.
Deputy to the Provincial Convention, 1774.
Member of the Assembly, 1774-1776.
Delegate to the Provincial Convention, 1777.
Member of the Committee of Safety, 1776-1777.
Member of the Council of Censors, 1778.
Member of the Pennsylvania Convention to Ratify the Constitution, 1787.

Born in Chester County, Pa., January 1, 1753.
Died at Presq' Isle, Pa., December 13, 1796.

ANTHONY WAYNE
Colonel Chester County Battalion of Minute Men,
July 21, 1775.
Colonel Fourth Pennsylvania Infantry Battalion,
January 1, 1776.
Brigadier General Continental Army, February 21,
1777, to November 3, 1783.
Brigadier General, September 50, 1783.

"Resigned unconditionally That the thanks of Congress be presented to Brigadier General Wayne for his brave, prudent and soldierly conduct in the spirited and well-conducted attack on Stony Point; that a gold medal emblematical of this action be struck and presented to Brigadier General Wayne."

Major General and Commander-in-Chief United
States Army, March 3, 1792, to December 15, 1796.

—Red Rose day was observed by the Zion Lutheran church of Manheim, Pa., June 14. This custom originated in 1772, when Baron Steigel presented to the church a site for a church building by a deed that exacted for the plot an annual rental of one red rose, payable in June on demand. A red rose was forwarded to the oldest direct heir of Baron Steigel living—Miss Mary Horning, living in Connecticut. The Tulpehocken Reformed church, near Myerstown, held similar services. The services were well attended, but there was no representative of the Wistar heirs present, and the Rev. Mr. Welker went to Philadelphia for the purpose of making payment to one of the heirs of a red rose for the ground rent, as provided in the original grant, and a white rose in payment of the annual rental of the new church pipe organ, presented by the Wistar heirs, as provided by a resolution adopted by the Tulpehocken congregation.

—The attempt to settle the First Defenders controversy by having Adjutant General Stewart compile an official history in favor of the Washington Artillers and National Light Infantry, Pottsville Ringgold Light Artillery, Reading; Allen Infantry, All Brown, and Logan Guards, Lewistown, mustered April 18, 1801, is proving a task of greater proportions than the Legislature contemplated when it passed the resolution of authority. The War Department at Washington has no records, and has never been able to gather any, and it falls upon General Stewart to secure the proof.
To this end he has been busily engaged in securing affidavits, tales and narratives of the survivors of the five organizations, a number of whom are still active in life and have lively recollections.

What organization really constituted the first defenders in the Civil War from the Keystone State is an involved issue. Worth Infantrymen and the York Rifles, both of York, lay claim to share the honor, because coincident with the mustering of the other commands these regiments accepted, and they proceeded to guard the Northern Central Railway, fully armed and equipped, while the rival companies are said to have gone to Washington unarmed and merely to camp. The York companies were awarded State medals on their published record of 1861, after the other commands had been similarly honored.

General Stewart expects to have the proof ready for publication before the next Legislature meets, and well verified.

—An event of great significance during commencement week at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., was the dedication of the new Academy building, on Wednesday, June 10, at 2 p.m. The principal address in connection with the exercises was delivered by Dr. J. D. Moffat, president of Washington and Jefferson College.

The building has just been completed at a cost of a little more than $100,000. It is probably the finest of its kind in the State, and will compare favorably with those of any school of its kind in the country. Its erection was made possible in part by a gift of $37,500 from Mr. Carnegie. It is substantially built of red brick, on colonial lines, and finished in hard wood throughout. It is about 215 feet long, running north and south, and has two wings, 40 by 75 feet, and a chapel built west from the center, seating over three hundred versary celebration, which is now attracting boys.

—The program of Philadelphia's great anniversary celebration which is now attracting attention in all parts of the country, will continue for one entire week, as follows:

  Sunday, October 4—Religious Day.
  Monday, October 5—Military Day. Parade of 25,000 troops.
  Tuesday, October 6—Parade of Police and Fire Departments of city and State. Assembly of clergy in Friends' Meeting House.
  Wednesday, October 7—All Day Industrial Parade.
  Thursday, October 8—Naval Day. Review of 13 United States and foreign war vessels.
  Friday, October 9—Historic Pageant.
  Saturday, October 10, Knights Templar Day.

President Roosevelt will be asked to take part in the celebration of "German Day" on October 6, when the corner-stone of a $50,000 monument to commemorate the settlement of Germantown will be laid in Vernon Park. Dr. Charles J. Hexamer, president of the National German-American Alliance, has appointed a committee to wait on the President and invite him here. The committee will be augmented by representatives of the Germantown Business Men's Association.

The celebration will be one of the largest demonstrations ever held in this city. Governors of several States and representatives of Emperor William, who has promised to send a German battleship here to represent his country, have been invited to take part in the exercises.

FOR THE JOKE BOOK.

A young farmer had been elected as deacon, and he knew it would be his duty to take up a collection in church. Being very bashful by nature, he thought he would have a little practice beforehand. He attached his hat to a pole and passed it around among his cattle in the stable. One of the cows, not understanding the deacon's purpose, became very much excited, but the deacon said: "Du brauchst net bos werre. Es is just wer will."

Pat and Hans frequently travelled from Newberry to Williamsport together on the same trolley car. Both were good-natured, fun-loving and popular, but the former gradually grew jealous of the latter because he was monopolizing the car talk and received more attention than he himself. Pat, therefore, determined to squeal Hans, laid his plans and bided his time. The opportune moment finally presented itself in a full after a hearty laugh, and Pat said: "Hans, they say a Dutchman is a hog turned inside out." Hans replied at once: "I never heer dat before, but I oiden heer dat a Irishman was a Nickaer turned inside out." The shrieks and roars that followed proved to Pat that he had missed the mark, and he got off at the next street crossing a defeated and crestfallen Irishman.

The following dialogue occurred some time ago in Center Market, Washington, D. C., where Mrs. M— and a lady friend—former residents of Pennsylvania—went to purchase a few eatables. Happening to spy a favorite dish known all over Pennsylvania-German—thought rarely seen in Washington—she asked the attendant at the stand:

"How much is the Pon-Haas?"

"What's that, madam?"

"How much is the Pon-Haas?"

"Excuse me, madam, but I do not understand what you mean."

"Pon-Haas! There it is," said Mrs. M—, pointing to it.

"Oh! that! We call that scrapple down here. Where are you from, lady?"

"Well, at home in Pennsylvania it was always called Pon-haas."

"I thought you came from either Pennsylvania or Maryland," laughingly answered the clerk. Several other men nearby who heard the conversation joined in the laugh also.

"The scrapple is twenty cents a pound, lady. How much will you have?"

"Not any, thank you," replied Mrs. M—, with a little show of indignation, as she hastily retreated without her Pon-Haas.
Chat with Correspondents

NOTE.—About the same time we received the following letter, a dialect contribution with phonetic spelling reached us, accompanied by the words: “All I ask is that you use my exact orthography, and do not destroy the spelling so as to suit everybody else.” We shall be pleased to hear from our readers on the subject. Shall we insist on uniformity of spelling conforming to German orthography?

Editor of The Pennsylvania-German,

Erie, Pa., June 15, 1908.

My parents spoke Pennsylvania-German only. In fact, I was privileged and spoke both High German and Pennsylvania-German most of my life. Besides, aside from practicing medicine, their study has been my principal diversion these twenty-five years. So much in explanation to your readers for the presumption of this brief article.

All other dialects of the German language are necessarily spelled according to its own peculiar orthography. So are the dialects of all other languages spelled, in conformity to their respective orthography: Why not the Pennsylvania-German? Because so many writers are only conversant with the English orthography? Yes, this is it.

You are inclined to the view that in a magazine like yours, each contributor should be allowed to use his own spelling, idioms, etc. Maybe he should, but I say he should not. Mixed as our Pennsylvania-German is, it nevertheless preserves, pure and undefiled, innumerable, genuine High German idioms, which writers familiar with English only, continually pervert. This should not be. Hence where, to say the least, the German spelling would improve the comprehension of the writer in depicting his individual idioms or that of some locality, I should think it was not only the editor’s prerogative, but his duty to make the change.

Nor are personal idioms of interest historically excepting to him who was acquainted personally with the character. One man’s freaks do not constitute a dialect, much less an idiom. Here the line should be drawn.

Provincialisms are at once interesting to all. They are inherent in all dialects, and their variations in different localities constitute the intrinsic interest in Pennsylvania-German. And let me remind your contributors that the great idioms of all languages are everywhere the same. Those in a position to know, must agree with me in saying that the idioms of Pennsylvania-German, as a dialect of High German, are no exception.

In our English orthography one never knows by the number and character of consonants, what, of the various vowel sounds, to give the vowel in a given syllable or word. In German, excepting a few monosyllables which every one who speaks it pronounces correctly, the vowels have a fixed and definite sound. Hence you cannot go so far wrong in its pronunciation. Few of the German vowels, most of the diphthongs and all of the modified vowels have no equivalent in English. Yet nearly all are peculiar to Pennsylvania-German, and to do them justice in English, is (express the expression) absurd and ridiculous.

I always admired Mr. Daniel Miller, publisher, Reading, Pa., for excluding from his beautiful collection and publication of a handsome volume most of what did not conform to the German orthography. Anyhow, in instances of doubt orthographically, my advice is to give the English, and not the German, the benefit of the doubt. Writers do themselves no honor by making Pennsylvania-German a worse mongrel than it is in reality. Instead, its dialect ought to be brought more to a recognized standard.

There are to-day upwards of one hundred million people speaking German, and none equally and justly as proud of their mother tongue. No sooner can a German read, when the study of dialects becomes a fascination; and instead of my remarks deterring your English contributors, I would remind them that over and above all the European dialects, our German in Pennsylvania is studied and enjoyed with most assiduity and avidity.

J. W. Seip, M.D.

Genealogical Queries

QUERY XLIII

Changing of Names.

A subscriber in Eustis, Florida, writes as follows:

During the past winter a resident of Philadelphia spent some months in our town; and during his stay, made the statement that Wm. Penn offered grants of land to our ancestors who changed their names, as for instance the “Yeagers” to “Hunter” also the “Zimmermans” to “Carpenter”, etc.; we all know many cases of this kind. My father was for many years in the Land Department of Penna.; I never heard him mention it. Is it a fact that Wm. Penn made such offer to our ancestors?

Eustis, Florida, Jan. 19, 1908.

We believe the “resident of Philadelphia” to be mistaken. If any reader can furnish data bearing on the question we shall be pleased to hear from him.
QUERY XLIV
The Fornwald Family.
S. E. Fornwald, Danville, Pa., writes as follows:
"I would like some data that would supply the connecting link between Jacob
Vornwald, who came to this country in 1750, Peter Fornwald born in or near
Reading, Pa., in 1771. I would also like to get some information as to the Melroy
family. My grandfather, Michael Fornwald, wet and married Jane Melroy in
Philadelphia, but we have been unable to find any information as to her family."

or near Reading, Pa., in 1771. I would also like to get some information as to
the Melroy family. My grandfather,
Michael Fornwald, met and married Jane
Melroy in Philadelphia but we have been
unable to find any information as to her
family."

QUERY XLV
Beitman Muster Roll
Can some reader of The Pennsylvania-German say where may be found the original
muster roll of Capt. Frederick Beitman's
Company of militia, referred to in Dodderer's
186?

Can some reader give a list of newspapers, if any, in the Middle or Southern States
that publish genealogical data?

Wm. W. Neifert.
Room 738, Conn. Mutual Bldg.,
Hartford, Conn.

QUERY XLVI
Frantz and Fricker Family
Can any one give me any information about
the Frantz family or the Fricker family?
Anthony Fricker, an innkeeper of Reading,
moved Margaret Weiser, a daughter of Conrad
Weiser. Their daughter Margaret, who
lived to be 104 years old, married John Frantz
(1781-1834), of Reading. Any information
concerning the early history of these families
will be greatly appreciated by

William G. Murdoch,
Attorney-at-Law,
Milton, Pa.

Pennsylvania Historical Societies

The Pennsylvania-German Society
has just issued Vol. XVII of its proceedings
and addresses, containing a report of the an-
nual meeting held at Allentown, November 2,
1906, and pipers on The Pennsylvania-Ger-
man in the Revolutionary War 1775-1783 and
The Gun Makers of Old Northampton. We
will review the volume in the next issue.

The Historical Society of Frankford
held its last stated meeting for the Spring,
May 26, 1908. This society has an active
membership and corps of officers and is doing
good work in collecting data relating to the
local history of the community. Vol. 1, No. 6,
of Papers Read before the Society a reprint
of 139 pages from The Frankford Gazette
contains interesting papers on A Sketch of
the Life of Wm. Welsh, A Sketch of the Life
of Mrs. William Welsh, Frankford's First
Schools and School Masters and The Public
Schools.

The Pennsylvania Federation of Historical
Societies.
* In a neat pamphlet of 32 pages S. P. Heil-
man, M.D., Secretary, has published the Acts
and Proceedings of the Third Annual Meet-

ing of Pennsylvania Federation of Historical
Societies, January 2, 1908. There are given
in order:
Officers 1908, Standing Committees, Societies
(consisting the federation), Proceedings of
the Third Annual Meeting, Statistics, Treas-
urer's Accounts, Reports of Committees.
The Secretary deserves special mention and
credit for the tabulated statistics of the mem-
bers for the year ending January 2, 1908.
This gives, with respect to each Society, of-
fers with their Addresses, Number of mem-
bers. Number of meetings, titles of publications.
The last named subdivision, a bibliographical
table of the Societies for 1907, containing over
150 titles, is a unique and very valuable
feature of the publication, and will make it sig-
nificant and invaluable historically, being the
first annual showing of the kind in the State
of Pennsylvania.
These societies report a membership of over
8,000. There ought to be five times as many
members all active, alert, giving some time,
labor and means to the preservation of the
historic data of the Old Keystone State. Re-
cording and making accessible the details of
our history will help to give Pennsylvania the
place it merits historically in the sisterhood of
States.
Bishop Joseph Long, the Peerless Preacher.

By R. Yeakel. Evangelical Publishing House, Cleveland, Ohio.

Joseph Long, the subject of this biographical sketch, was born in 1800, in Danville Co., Pa., near the Swatara river, and not far from Harrisburg. His grandfather emigrated from Germany in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and settled in the above-named vicinity. When Mr. Long was only five years old, his parents moved to Allegheny county, Pa., and settled near Pittsburg; and in 1817 they joined the great emigration movement for the West and settled in Ohio. In a great religious revival that passed over this community in the next few years, Joseph Long became a convert to the Evangelical faith. He was a faithful church worker; he was soon appointed exhorter, and later bishop.

The rest of the book is tedious and uninteresting reading. It is entirely devoid of anything like a literary style; a large part reads as though it had been taken directly from some chronicle or record of events. The third and last part contains extracts of sermons and addresses. The sermons of course read as all printed sermons do—that is, nobody reads them, because they lack vigor, vitality, and inspiration.

The book, however, has some interest from an historical view-point; it recounts the trials and troubles, the dangers and privations incident upon travel in that wild and uncivilized region of the '30's and '40's. “The course of Empire” has moved westward since those days.

Bishop Long was a self-made man; and undoubtedly he was a remarkable man and possessed considerable power as a minister. He suffered many privations and sacrificed much for the nobleness of the cause he served.

The Strenuous Career; or, Steps to Success.


A biographical account of Rev. Peters was given in the April issue of The Pennsylvania-German Magazine, 1908.

In writing this book Rev. Peters very likely wrote from personal experience; he himself began at the bottom of the ladder; consequently what he has to say may have a practical value. The book has been written by one who was in the "ruling line," not by the "literati" in the study.

Oddly enough, the book has been dedicated to the three Straus Brothers of New York City, one of whom is a member of the President's Cabinet. This shows the regard the Rev. Mr. Peters has for the Jew and his achievements, and his contempt for the injustice that has been heaped upon him, as shown in his book entitled, "Justice to the Jew."

There is decidedly more style to this book than there is to Rev. Peters' former book, "Justice to The Jew," which except for several pages, almost lacks the element style. The illustrations seem original; but they are not very well executed. They look rather unique for a book of this kind.

The books on success and self-help are numberless, and they nearly all read alike. But here is one that is not only different in title, but to some extent different from the rest in the nature of its contents. Chapters headed like the following show its practical helpfulness: The Age of The Trained Man; Country Boy vs. City Bred Men; Does a College Education Pay? Self-Supporting at College.


This book belongs to one of the series of Primers of Art issued by the above named publishers. It includes the Plair Glazed Pottery; Sgraffito, or Incised, Pottery; Slip-decorated, or Slip-painted. Pottery; and Modelled, or Moulded Pottery. It contains an historical sketch, review of process, and an accurate description of the various kinds of ware produced in the different counties.

It can readily be said that nearly all the pottery of this kind made in the United States was made by the Pennsylvania-Germans. When the Germans settled in Pennsylvania they brought the art of decorating pottery with them. Their potteries were erected almost entirely in the counties of Bucks and Montgomery. Among those who manufactured sgraffito pottery we find the names of Georg Hübener, whose pottery was somewhere in the upper part of Montgomery county; Andrew Headman, who had a small pottery in Bucks Co., and David Spinner one of the foremost potters of Bucks Co. The old pottery was situated on Willow Creek, Milford Township; and Johannes Nees (Nase) who had a pottery near Tylersport, Montgomery county. Among those who manufactured slip decorated pottery are found the names of Benjamin Bergey, Charles Headman, and John Lidy, who had a pottery at Souderton, Montgomery county.

This book is the first comprehensive and authoritative work on the subject. It contains a fine tribute to the decorative art of the Pennsylvania-Germans, who are here again the pioneers as they are in many other instances. The book is handsomely illustrated; it is itself a work of art. It is interesting, instructive reading, and contains all available information for those who are interested in this subject and wish to identify specimens.
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E. S. Gerhard, A. M., Trenton, N. J.
The Ancestral Home of the Pennsylvania Germans

BY PROF. J. F. L. RASCHEN, LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, EASTON, PA.

(Read before the Northampton Co. Historical Society, Easton, Pa., June 6th, 1908).

The long line of German immigrants in the colony of Pennsylvania begins with the advent of Daniel Francis Pastorius in August, 1683. As the agent of what may properly be called the first real estate company in this Commonwealth, the Frankford Company, this interesting and able man, together with the thirteen families from Crefeld and Kriegshemn, who came two months after his arrival, became the founder of the pioneer German community, Germantown. After the coming of these first colonists immigration from Germany for a considerable time was but small and sporadic, and the landing of forty German people in 1694 was considered an extraordinary event. These new-comers were a band of pietists under the direction of Johann Kelpius, who selected the banks of the beautiful Wissahickon as a site for their hermit colony.

Not until 1710 came the first large influx of Germans into Pennsylvania. These were several hundred of Mennonites from Switzerland, and they made their way into Lancaster county, which became their new home. But a year before the arrival of these Swiss about three thousand Palatines had landed in New York, having been directed there by the British Government.* These Palatines first settled along the Hudson in the vicinity of the present Saugerties, but soon became dissatisfied with their condition, and in 1712-13 began an exodus into the valleys of the Mohawk and the Schoharie. After ten years of residence there 33 families of these Palatines left their homesteads and under great hardships and many privations carved their way through the wilds of northern New York to reach the headwaters of the Susquehanna. Having come to this river they floated down-stream to the mouth of the Swatara Creek, then followed that stream and finally located in the district of the Tulpehocken, forming the nucleus of the German settlers in Berks county.

Six years prior to this settlement, in 1717, between six and seven thousand Palatines and Swiss who had landed in Philadelphia, excited considerable alarm among the English-speaking colonists, who feared the consequences of this foreign invasion. But when, contrary to their expectation, the foreigners did not continue to flock in in large numbers and their fear of being overrun proved groundless, their excitement subsided.

But this was only an intermission

*Out of a total of 18,000 that came to England to go to Pennsylvania, 8,500 were Palatines. Cp. Proceedings of Pennsylvania-German Society, Vol. VII, p. 411.
which resembled the calm that portends the storm. For by 1726 the migratory spirit was reviving in Germany and beginning with that year a host of Germans began to pour into the colony. Naturally the fear and the excitement of 1717 revived also, and the Provincial Council took steps for the preservation of the colony as a British province by requiring from every foreigner upon his arrival a declaration of his allegiance and submission to the king of Great Britain, and of his fidelity to the Proprietary of Pennsylvania. The same resolution furthermore provided that the masters of vessels importing foreigners should prepare and furnish to the authorities a list of passengers, their occupations, and places from which they came. By this measure there have been placed within reach of students of colonial history, and those of Pennsylvania-German history especially, documents of incalculable value for tracing processes in the history of colonization in this State.

German emigration, as has been shown, was not very numerous between the years 1683 and 1717. The total number of immigrants was probably not exceeding five hundred. Larger by far was the number of those who came between 1717 and 1727, a period not marked by a steady influx of great numbers. For this period 12,000 may be considered a conservative figure. Thus the total number of Germans who settled in Pennsylvania from 1683 until 1727, forty-four years, approaches 13,000. Allowing for the natural growth and increase of those who settled here, the figures of Professor Kuhns, who estimated that the total German population at the end of 1727 was 15,000 or at the most 20,000, appear correct.

Mention has been made that the bulk of newcomers were Palatines and Swiss. Now the lists of passengers furnished to the council from 1727 to 1734 classed all the immigrants as Palatines. After 1734 these lists no longer furnish information regarding the former place of residence of the immigrant. But the official records between 1734 and 1754 show that the immigrants had been for the greater part inhabitants of the Palatinate and of Switzerland. The provinces bordering on these lands, such as Alsace, Swabia, and Hesse and other German states, were represented, but in much smaller numbers. Thus in point of time and of numbers the Palatines may justly claim priority among their fellow-countrymen. The preponderance of their influence is furthermore established by the fact that their customs and manners, and above all, their native dialect, the chief element in the Pennsylvania-German vernacular, have prevailed over every other until the present.

Time will not permit a consideration of the ancestral home of any of the German peoples that flocked to this commonwealth, save that of the Palatines. Their priority has been fully established, and while the others truly merit our thoughtful regard, we shall only be able to take a little journey to the home of the Palatines on the Rhine.

By the name Palatinate we commonly understand the region on the left bank of the Rhine situate between Mayence and Spires. This, the Palatinate on the Rhine, or the Rheinpfalz, is distinguished from the Upper Palatinate in Southern Germany. During the various periods of German history the territorial extent of the two has frequently changed so that the name Palatinate does not always signify exactly the same territory. Referring particularly to the Rhenish Palatinate, it may suffice to know that the region designated by that name today is not as extensive as the Palatinate of the days of Pastorius. All these territorial changes to which the land in question has been subjected may be referred to one or more of the following causes: conquest by the enemy, the favoritism of Emperors or the extinction of the ruling line. Today the Palatinate is a Bavarian government district extending over about 2,288 square miles (5,028 sqkm), with a population of 730,000 inhabitants, 58 per cent of whom are Protestants. Since 1815 it has been incorporated in the kingdom of Bavaria, while in its palmy days its sovereign rulers, the Electors, decided the fate of Emperors and Empires.
During the reign of the Emperor Charlemagne the district of the present Palatinate was in the hands of feudal lords. Its inhabitants were the descendants of Franks and Alemanni, the name Palatinate being entirely unknown then. When the great empire, after the death of Lothair came to be parcelled out, Louis the German took the eastern section of the vast domain, including the territory along the right bank of the Rhine, and that portion on its left bank which is situated around Mayence, Worms and Spires. This strip was given him, it is said, on account of the wine, and approximately it is the same strip that bears the name Palatinate today. So from that day, in 870, when Germany launched out on her career as a nation these lands have formed a part of German soil.

When the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation was established, Otto I, the Great, created the offices of the palsgraves: the one in Franconian territory, the other in Saxon lands. Each of these tribes was subject to its own code of laws, and the palsgraves were appointed to administer justice according to the code in vogue in their territory. Duke Eberhard of Franconia was appointed to exercise this authority as palsgrave in the territory along the Rhine. Already at the coronation of this emperor in 936 the Franconian duke had been one of the six powerful vassals who were then constituted arch-officers of the empire, to act at and serve the emperor at every high function. But these real offices became titular and honorary through the Golden Bull of Charles IV. At the imperial diet at Metz, in 1356, this powerful monarch conferred upon the archdignitaries of the empire, since they had risen to such power and influence, the rights and privileges which they had usurped. At this time he also bestowed upon the palsgrave of the Rhine the dignity of the electoral office in the college of the dukes that elected or deposed the emperor. For having conferred this honor the emperor received a strip of land from the new Elector.

Originally the palsgraves resided at Aix-la-Chapelle, the capital of the empire. In 1155 the palsgrave Conrad of Hohenstaufen transferred his residence from the imperial city to the then insignificant castle Heidelberg. The town Heidelberg thereby rose to prominence and power, and by the founding of its university in 1386 grew to such fame that its name is known in every land.

Beginning with the days of Otto I, the land of the palsgraves on the Rhine, probably then already assuming the name Palatinate, continued not always under the sway of the descendants of its ruler. Frequently the favoritism of the emperor or the extinction of one line would bring the Palatinate under the rule of a new dynasty. This accounts for the fact that Hohenstaufen princes and Bavarian dukes alternated with princes from the Rhenish Palatinate in exercising the office of Elector.

An important epoch begins with 1414, when the sons of Ruprecht II founded the four lines: Kurpfalz, Sulzbach, Simmern, and Mösbach. They did not intend a division of the Palatinate, but rather aimed to keep it intact as an electorate. Therefore they agreed that in the event of the extinction of the first line the land should fall to second, and so on. This agreement was sanctioned by the Emperor Sigismund in 1414, and subsequently in 1434. Though apparently divided, the Palatinate was nevertheless one sovereignty.

As the Palatinate was one of the borderlands of the German empire, fair and fertile and prosperous, it began to disturb the peace of covetous French monarchs. And when this German land would remain German, their vindictive spirit would not down until by utter devastation the flourishing plain had been laid waste, and the pride of the people had been trodden under foot and ruined. The beginning of the terrible devastations falls in the time of the Thirty Years War. The events that led up to this are briefly as follows:

When the efforts of the Reformation, inaugurated by Martin Luther, were extended to the Palatinate they were not opposed or checked by its Roman Catholic ruler Louis V (1508-44). His son, Otto Henry (1545-1559), the art-loving prince
who added the beautiful Renaissance structure to the castle at Heidelberg, was a Lutheran and favored the Reformation. By introducing the ideas of Melanchthon in the University he made this the "Reper-
to-Carola," one of the foremost seats of the new humanistic studies in Germany. Also by his gifts of valuable manuscripts he enriched the town library.

And as easily as the doctrines of the Reformation seemed to take root there the tenets of the Reformed Church came to be accepted in the Palatinate. Frederick III, of the Simmern line, was greatly interested in the controversy of the two religious parties. Their discussions were carried on in Heidelberg during the years 1560 and 1561, and when they were over he, though he had previously signed the articles of the Augsburg Confession, embraced the doctrines of Calvinism. This resulted in the framing of the Heidelberg Catechism, the elaboration of which was entrusted to the eminent divinity scholars Boquinus, Olevianus, Ursinus and Tremellius. This great document was completed in 1563 and then offered for acceptance among the Palatines. By the Religious Peace of Augsburg in 1555, a cessation of hostilities between Catholics and Protestants was effected, but, strange to relate, by the adoption of the principle *cuius regio eius religio* (i. e., the religion of the ruler shall be that of the people), that assembly became responsible for the expatriation of thousands, the breaking up of families, and the destruction of flourishing lands.

Bearing in mind this maxim, *cuius regio eius religio*, we can readily understand why there have been so many religious disturbances in the Palatinate. Now Frederick III was favorable to the Reformed Church, he was tolerant and benevolent. During his reign refugees from Holland and from France, the Huguenots, were made welcome by him and given permission to settle in the Palatinate. They mainly located in Frankenthal near Mannheim. But the tolerant Frederick was succeeded by Louis VI, a Lutheran, who reintroduced the Lutheran doctrine and consequently discharged the Reformed clergy. He in turn was followed by a Calvinist, Johann Casimir, who, of course, restored the status quo. As he was the guardian of the son of Louis he had his ward carefully trained in the tenets of the Reformed Church. So when the latter as Frederick IV came to power he, naturally, upheld the religious views in which he had been reared. This same Elector, though an incapable drunkard, in 1615 became the head of the Evangelical Union, that militant force which represented Protestant Germany during the Thirty Years War.

The man who plunged the Palatinate, and incidentally all Germany, into the disaster of the great war, was Frederick V. In 1619 this unfortunate Elector Palatine accepted the crown of Bohemia, and foolishly engaged in war with the house of Austria at a time when he was impecunious and unable to carry on a long struggle against so strong a foe. Retribution came swiftly and terribly. He was deprived of his new crown, put to the ban, robbed of his lands, which became the object of spoliation of the hordes of Spaniards under Spinola. His poor subjects were forced into the acceptance of the Catholic faith or were killed.

Spinola had merely been the forerunner of Tilly and the Spaniard Cordova. They mercilessly ravaged the province from one end to the other. In 1622 Heidelberg was given over by Tilly for three days to be plundered. While the castle escaped almost without injury, the splendid library was despoiled and carried off to enrich the Vatican. This misery in the Palatinate did not end until the long war was brought to its close in 1648, for the Romanists who controlled the Palatinate ruled with a rod of iron.

Hardly had the land begun to recover from the atrocities and distress of the terrible war which had decimated its population, laid waste cities, prostrated agriculture and commerce, when the cry of war again rang out through the land. This time France was the aggressor. She had demanded that the Elector Palatine, Charles Ludwig, should ally himself with her against the Emperor. The German prince refused to stoop to such low pro-
cedure. The French king, Louis XIV, thereupon directed his general Turenne to ravage the Palatinate. This great general in 1674 seized Phillipsburg and then began that series of barbarities throughout the land that is among the most inhuman in the annals of history. The unfortunate and helpless Elector was watching the burning of towns from his castle, he sent a personal challenge to his great adversary, but it availed him little, the ruthless destruction went on till one of the fairest provinces of Germany was reduced to charred ruins and barren wastes. The ill treatment of the inhabitants answered to the spoiling of their lands. Turenne spent all July devastating all that part of the Palatinate which lies on the right bank of the Rhine; August he devoted to that on the left. And as if they wished to heap insult upon injury, the peace commissioners at Nymwegen exacted from the impoverished Elector the payment of 150,000 Gulden, and the surrender of some of his lands. It is no wonder that he died of grief (1680).

It was under his son and successor, Charles, that the first Palatines, from Kriegsheim near Worms, in 1683, set out for Pennsylvania.

When Charles died, in 1685, the succession fell to Philip William of the Neuburg line, who were Roman Catholics. At this juncture the French monarch Louis XIV, the disturber of the peace, believed the moment opportune for the acquisition of a fair province. He promptly denied the right of Philip William to the succession, and demanded the Palatinate "for his brother Philip, in the right of his wife, the sister of the deceased Elector." A storm of protest arose throughout Germany, and her princes formed the league of Augsburg for the defense of the claims of Philip William.

That same year the French king, incited by his mistress, Mme. de Maintenon revoked the edict of Nantes, and thereby caused the exodus of the hundred thousands of Huguenot artisans, scholars and clergy that were among the flower of the nation. In spite of interdict, they fled to Holland and England and the Palatinate. Against the latter the wrath of the king and of his mistress was incited because of the harboring of so many of his fugitive subjects. So another campaign of extermination was planned, and came to be executed in the year 1689. The order from the king's mistress was "to burn the Palatinate." and the French general Montclas carried out orders literally. From Cologne to Worms extended a line of smoking ruins, and men intent upon rescuing their little possession were put to the sword. This eclipsed the atrocities of Turenne's campaign in 1674. Like his unfortunate predecessor, the Elector stood on the walls of his castle in Mannheim. There he counted in one day 23 towns and villages in flames. Rape, murder, wanton destruction were wrought everywhere by these hyenas of war. No wonder that the league, seeing the pillage and havoc brought about by the French, at the diet of Ratisbon, in 1689, formally declared war against France and expelled every French agent from the country, and branded her the foe of all Christendom who was far worse than the Turk. This declaration provoked the fury and wrath of the French king, and breathing slaughter his bands in 1692 invaded the Palatinate again. This time they fiendishly destroyed and wrecked the castle at Heidelberg. None whose moral sense is not atrophied can look upon that work of wreckage at this castle without having his blood mount in his cheeks at the thought of the wanton destruction caused by a base fiend.

The war was drawn out until 1697, having for its scene the various parts of the Palatinate. But before it ended, a new Elector had come into power. This was John Williams, an ardent Romanist. By endeavoring to coerce his subjects into accepting Romanism, he added to the miseries incident to the depredations of war the sufferings of religious persecution. And these tribulations did not cease until, in 1705, Prussia and Brunswick called a halt. By an agreement reached then, the Protestants were declared eligible for public office; to the Reformed were given five-sevenths of all the church buildings, while to the Lutherans were
restored all those edifices which they had held since 1624.

Then came the war of the Spanish Succession, keeping all Europe astir, and the Palatinate again became the scene of conflict and war, and therefore of suffering. The French, in search of their foes, traversed the land, and where they went they ravaged it. In 1707 Marshal Villars led an army of French troops through the Palatinate with the intention of repeating the horrors of 1689. Charred ruins and impoverished subjects again were the result of the visitation of his inhuman soldiers.

In the midst of such trials, with what feelings did the Palatines look upon the past? Had not their sojourns in their ravaged land been full of anxiety and fears? Who will charge them with disloyalty when they resolutely set their faces towards the West, in the hope of finding a better land where reigned peace and quiet, and where there was liberty of conscience?

Only such potent reasons as were advanced by the emigrant Palatines in their addresses to the Queen of England in 1708 can explain the fact of their departure from their native land on the Rhine. And along this river, the largest and best navigable stream of Germany, had stood their native hearths. Here on this great highway of commerce their ancestors, ever since the crusades, had seen vessels freighted with the products of the south and the east destined for the great marts along this majestic river, Mayence and Cologne. Of all German cities these Rhenish towns were the first to rise to wealth and independence. And in them the merchants and craftsmen established themselves by virtue of their industry and thrift, so that there arose a new patriciate which began to displace the baronial or imperial governors of the cities. The air of independence which was perceptible in the cities seemed also to hover about the villages, some of which are situated in a district that has appropriately been called the garden of Germany. There on the strip between the Neckar and the Main, favored by a uniformly mild climate, the rich soil yields abundant harvests, and in consequence of this it has attracted a large population.

Here, too, the inhabitants were the first to construct their cities close to the Rhine, in view of its advantage to shipping interests up and downstream. So they reared Worms and Spires and the two Rhenish ports Mannheim and Ludwigshafen. Even the other towns, a little more inland, gained a great advantage over the towns and cities of other parts of Germany by their close proximity to the great coal districts on the River Ruhr, and because of the shipping facilities afforded by the Rhine.

The traveler on the Rhine today looks with pleasure upon the peaceful and prosperous land as it greets his eyes. As he turns his looks to the east he views the mountains and spurs of the Black Forest and of the Odenwald, while to the west he sees the Hardt and the hills of the Westrich. And in this varied region lie scattered the many prosperous towns and villages, like so many jewels, over which castles and ruins, old in song and story, seem to be keeping watch from their precipitous heights.

A study of the type and character of the Palatines develops the fact that they combine in themselves some of the characteristics of the Alemanni and the Franks. Their vernacular is partly Franconian, partly Alemannic, for like the former they say "er isz" and like the latter "du bischt." Still their disposition leans toward that of the Franks, who are gay, alert, quick and energetic. The things that have aided in making this characteristic are the lively traffic to which they have been accustomed, the mildness of the sky under which they live, also the use of the light country wine. Especially striking are their thrift and energy. Their fields yield harvests of grain and fruit, of tobacco and hops that are second to none in Germany; and the output of their factories in textiles, yarns, leather, chemicals and machinery is among the finest, as respects quality.

The energy of the Palatine is indomitable. When, scarcely ten years after the Thirty Years War, the fields throughout Germany lay waste and untilled, the Pala-
tine farmer was calmly reaping his harvest of grain. This spirit of enterprise and energy probably accounts for the Palatine's instinct for money-getting. It is a trait which one of their poets refers to in these words:

Mar is uff darre Welt—frailich aach Gott zu ehrn— Jo doch for sunscht nix do, als fur ze profedeern.

It has been observed that the inscriptions of the houses of the Palatines differ from those of other parts of Germany, in that the note of the religious is less expressed in them. This, a close observer remarks, is in full accord with their practical view of life, which, while not despising the future, rather clings to the realities at hand and leaves the things hoped-for and unreal to take care of themselves.

The arrangement of the houses in the Palatine villages displays a certain carelessness. Now one sees a clump of them arranged in straight order, city-fashion, then again in promiscuous style. In front of them they usually display the finest of potted flowers, so that a walk through the village streets resembles a walk through a flower garden. This may be said of even the smallest and poorest village in the Westrich district. One feature the Palatine of our day has not been willing to part with is the old-fashioned double housedown, with its upper and lower wings. Frequently leaning on the lower door, while the upper is swung back, he looks from his snug home out into the fields or the streets before him, and likes to chat from here with his neighbors as they pass by. This house, his castle, is also an index to his character. Spacious, with pointed gable, its bright and large windows afford an unobstructed view within; so is his nature, frank and open. And in this he differs greatly from his neighbors up the Rhine or in Swabia. Their character, shy, unobtrusive, reticent, is intimated by the arrangement and structure of their houses, which are less cheerful, darker, provided with small and narrow windows. In the vine-growing districts of the Palatinate the vines are often planted close to the house so as to form an arbor, and under this in the circle of the family or of friends they spend the delightful summer evenings.

Like in so many parts of Germany the peasants of the districts where the hubbub and influence of the city does not intrude, they here also wear a peculiar costume, especially on holidays and festive occasions. It is of interest to note that the color scheme frequently displayed is indicative of the denomination of the wearer. So the peasants of the Roman Catholic parts display more blue, green and red in their garb, while the Protestant communities show a preference for more sombre colors, chiefly black.

As is the energy of the Palatine so is his speech; if anything, he is ready at repartee. In this he distinguishes himself from the less talkative Swabian. One word with him begets another and he often thinks it's better to talk nonsense than not to talk at all. In passing a tavern one may frequently hear a noise that is akin to a brawl; entering, one would find a group of people assembled peacefully, though not calmly discussing their crop of tobacco or the weather. There is a spirit of joviality and playfulness that crops out now and then, that makes the Palatine youth attempt to show off as "Schlitzöhrig," i.e., to play the rogue, who by his cleverness has succeeded in giving the constable the slip but before doing so has been marked by a cut or slit in the ear. It is a spirit of rougishness that points to a happy disposition, one that is full of optimism.

Having come in contact with the teeming life of the Rhenish plain for these centuries, the Palatines have learned to value culture and education and today one finds among the lower classes of society an intelligence not ordinarily found among those of humble station. Here indeed do we find a people gifted with a vivid imagination as can be seen from the legends and stories which they have woven around the prominent cities and places or men in their midst. Who has not heard of the Nibelungenlied, that grandest of all German epics, the lofty song to fidelity and loyalty? Its scenes
have for a background, the old German town of Worms, and the lively imagination of the people has wove that beautiful garland of stories around the characters of Siegfried, Kriemhilde and Gunther and Hagen, which makes the poem one of the few great epics in the world's literature. Again, in the Palatine town of Kreuznach about 1510 lived, as the rector of the Gymnasium, the famed Doctor Johann Faustus. His mysterious travels, his boastful assertions and charlatan tricks gave rise to that flood of stories and legends which made the name of Faust the best known throughout the Middle Ages. And this was the character that furnished to the greatest poet of modern times, Goethe, the subject for his grandest and life-work, Faust.

A people with such an imagination cannot fail to be alive to those things that make for advancement and culture.

It is a Palatine city, Treves, that enjoys the distinction of being the oldest city on German soil, being founded as early as 56 B. C. In fact, the Rhinelands were the first into which the Romans carried their civilization when they came to Germany. This was important, for it meant the establishment of villas, amphitheatres, baths, palaces, viaducts, etc. The uncivilized Germans thus became acquainted with Roman art and decorations in an unexpected manner. And when, a few centuries after the Christian influence had swept aside the supremacy of Rome, his art began to take shape in those structures which form the nuclei of ancient cathedrals; in tombstones such as can be seen at Treves, and in monumental inscriptions in Cologne, most of this Roman-Christian art was destroyed during the time of the Great Migrations, and not until the time of Charlemagne was there an attempt to revive the arts. His plans to revive the ancient Roman Empire with all its splendor are responsible for the erection of magnificent palaces at Aix-la-Chapelle and Ingelheim, and of fine churches such as we see in Höchst.

No doubt these beginnings encouraged the Franconian tribes along the Rhine in the 10th century to develop their own ideas of art, and in doing so they were far in advance of the artists of Swabia and Saxony. With the fragments of Roman and Christian art before them there developed artisans with considerable manual skill, and the style of the structures which they reared for houses of worship followed that of the Roman basilica. But soon they developed the style of architecture known as Romanesque. Pillars and columns were connected by rounded arches, and the doors and windows were made to terminate in that manner. In order to form a harmonious connecting link between the column and the arch above it, they introduced the cubical capital. They showed individuality and good taste in using alternate courses of stone of different colors in their edifices, thereby breaking the monotony of the dark sandstone. And when, in the 11th century, the cities rose to wealth, they were enabled to extend their churches, and then began also the construction of vaulting in advance of all other parts of Germany.

The art of the gold and silversmiths began to come into use in the decoration of the churches almost simultaneously with that of the painters in enamel. But above all did their mural painters add to the embellishment of the interior by the works of their brush.

To what an extent structural art has been developed along the Rhine is seen in such edifices as the Cologne Cathedral, the Strasburg Minster, which are among the finest and largest edifices in the world; also in those smaller cathedrals which number among the best and grandest monuments of German Medieval Art to be seen in Speyer and Worms and Mayence. What mighty sermons in stone these must have been to the Palatines when they beheld these structures towering heavenward! The novelty of their style lies in the arched roofs, and among those of the middle Rhine, in the columns that serve as supports which are differently shaped than those which bear the arcades. The former are also placed more closely together.

When, in the 12th and 13th centuries, Cologne became the chief art center, its
influence began to extend to every Rhenish town and then developed that style which inappropriately has been named the traditional style, as if it had been the forerunner of the Gothic style. In reality, this style is "the final and most ornate manifestation of Romanesque architecture." Its embellishments are the result of consummate skill; its color effects are of the most pleasing character. To heighten the decorative effect, galleries were introduced immediately under the roof; and by placing a frieze of dark slabs, edged by a light color stone directly under this gallery the effect of light and shade was greatly heightened. Round and fanshaped windows, enclosed in a pointed arch; columns, of different color than the wall, portals decorated with several columns and the doorspace above filled with sculpture, all these are the distinguishing marks of the Romanesque style.

Nor were these Rhenish people as ready to take up the early Gothic style as it began to flourish in France. Not until the year 1250 do we find that this style gained acceptance in Germany. And it was the Rheinland again that began its development. In Cologne there arose the church of St. Gereon, in Treves the Church of Our Lady, in Strasburg St. Thomas'. But in accepting the new form the Germans were not mere copyists; they took the idea, but developed it independently of their models, and improved upon them. So we have in the facades and towers of the Cologne Strasbourg cathedrals an emanation of the German mind. One of the superb minor Gothic churches in the Palatinate is St. Catherine's, at Oppenheim. Partially destroyed in 1689, it has been recently restored.

When the Renaissance style came from France in the sixteenth century, it gained less ground in Germany than the Gothic. The cause for this seems to lie in the wars which swept over German territory, and in the rule of ecclesiastical princes. But here and there we find secular princes who built their castles in this style; "the most sumptuous" example of the German Renaissance being the castle at Heidelberg. Among others might be mentioned the porch of the Rathaus of Cologne.

As one views the churches along the Rhine it is noticeable that the prevailing style is the Romanesque: low walls, small windows, a square nave bay. To be sure, their square eastern termination, and their apses appear a little clumsy. But no greater pride attaches to these than to the magnificent Gothic edifices like the cathedrals of Strasburg and Cologne. They are thoroughly German, and the latter undeniably is the finest and most perfect example of Gothic architecture in existence, and is "the most magnificent and most stupendous edifice raised by the hand of man to the service of the Creator."

Our visit to the land of the Palatines has been made. Were they "hewers of wood, and carriers of water," as has been thoughtlessly said? In leaving behind them a land upon which was the smile of heaven, so that the fields in their season yielded their rich increase; where past generations through industrious activity had seen the rise of prosperity and advancement in their midst; where, like a beacon-light, stood the famous university, sending its light into every corner of the favored province; where every church edifice and castle throughout the land impressed upon the mind ideas of the lofty and of the beautiful, shall we say these Palatines were an ignorant class who would find the wilds of the American forests a delightful place for an abode? As we look at the land of their birth, and then rehearse the story of their struggles in this new, adopted country, the story of their success thrills us and fills us with awe and admiration. Truly, if ever we had a right to say that their immigration has been their and our gain, that time is now.
A

MONG the many trustworthy families who forsook their homes in scenic Switzerland in exchange for the possibilities of success in the new world was that of Caspar Glattfelder, a native of Glattfelden, located on the river Glatt, a tributary of the Rhine—from whence the name arises. He was a direct descendant in the sixth generation of Adam Glattfelder who was married to Verena Legi July 29, 1570, a record of which has been found at the church in Glattfelden by Emil Glattfelder, a native (now professor in a school in Zurich), and a descendant of the same family, a branch remaining in their original country and town for upwards of three hundred years.

Casper Glattfelder, the father of a very numerous family, a son of Felix, was baptized July 25, 1709, married to Elizabeth Laufer, April 3, 1731, and landed in Philadelphia at the age of 33 years, with his wife and two sons, Solomon and Johannes (John), and two daughters—Margareta and Anna. He qualified August 30, 1743. Following the general trend of many other Swiss immigrants who were at that time wending their way to the interior of Pennsylvania, Casper Glattfelder with his family pursued his westward journey.

Prospecting for a number of years for a satisfactory location, he reached a point about five miles southwest of York in Codorus (now Springfield) township, in Lancaster (now York) county. Here he selected 127 acres about the year 1750, which he improved, receiving a warranty deed from the governor of Pennsylvania twenty years later. These holdings were increased until his possessions consisted of about 200 acres, which remained in the family for 140 years. For twenty-five years it was owned by Casper himself. After his death his son Felix owned it for 40 years, during which time 241 acres more were added. After the death of Felix, his two sons, John and Philip, owned it twenty-nine years. It is supposed it was divided, Philip owning the original homestead. At the death of Philip, his widow retained it for 46 years, dying at the age of 86 years, after which P. H. Glattfelder, of Spring Forge, who was a grandson of Philip, had best interest of the original home for ten years. It is now owned by a Mr. Lentz. The entire property of 441 acres as owned by Felix, the son of Casper, is at present subdivided into 25 parcels.

Casper died some time in March, 1775, at the old homestead, thirty-two years after his arrival in this country. The appraisement of his earthly belongings, which was made by Barnhard Zeigler and Carl Diehl, April 8th, 1773, and which amounted to 297 £, 9 s. and 6 d., was recorded May 20, by Conrad Swartz and Felix Glattfelder, his executors.

To comprehend the undaunted, persistent perseverance of these early pioneers one needs to take into consideration the fact that the town of York was laid out 1741, and that by 1749 there were 6,000 people within the present area of York county, practically a forest, with Indian trails, instead of public roads, leading into the surrounding hills.

The country to be explored and selected for a home was a veritable wilderness, to subdue which required courage and endurance, a characteristic predominant in subsequent generations of this family. The land selected has since been invaded by the N. C. R. R. Co., whose tracks are laid within fifty feet of the present buildings,—a stone house built by a son of Casper, and the original Holstein barn built by Casper himself, and enlarged by later additions. The original house, which was log, with stone basement built over a fine spring of running water, stood several hundred feet to the rear of the present buildings in the gulch between the house and barn.
where traces of its foundation can still be found. Glatfelter station was a part of the original farm lying at the base of a fertile little valley, which bore much resemblance to the home county in Switzerland. It was here that four more sons were added to the family—Felix, Henry, Michael and John.

No records have been found to confirm the belief that daughters were born to them while in this country. The four last born sons fought for freedom in the Revolutionary War. The spirit of loyalty to home and country of subsequent generations of these liberty-loving people was again demonstrated by the many heroes who fought both in the War of 1812 as well as in the late Civil War.

It is generally conceded that all of the Glatfelters now traced to twenty-seven States of the Union, the District of Columbia and Mexico have their origin in Casper Glatfelter. A great deal of difficulty has been encountered in determining all the members who rightfully belong to this large family, inasmuch as the name has been perverted in some instances beyond recognition. The original name Glatfelter has been spelled Klottfelter, Clodfelter Clotfelter, Clotfelter, Glatfelter, Gladfelter and Glotfelter. The Glotfelts are the descendants of Solomon, the oldest son of Casper Glattfelder, who moved to Grantsville, Md., and in 1793 to Elk Lick (Salisbury), Somerset county, Pa., where he died in 1818, aged 81 years. He was the father of a large family all of whom spell their name Glottfely. Less than a year ago this branch was not considered a part of the original family, which then numbered over 1,000 families, or between 5,000 and 6,000 souls, all placed in their known position on the family tree. The writer had the pleasure of visiting some of these people, and among other papers found one over a hundred years old, an agreement between Solomon Glatfelter and his neighbor, in which he binds his son to his neighbor for a trifling consideration, until he is 21 years old. The instrument is drawn up in German, and apparently by one very illiterate, inasmuch as the orthography and composition are very faulty, the name itself being spelled Glotfely and again Clofely. The signature by Solomon is written Glatfeler, proving beyond a doubt that he knew his name and spelled it right. My supposition is that a nick-name was started that was never shaken off until the real name was forgotten and lost sight of.

In 1783 there were five taxable Glatfelters in York county, as follows, whose valuations were: John, 250 acres, $184; Michael, 132 acres, $120; Henry, 140
acres, £126; Felix, 200 acres £125; Casper, no acres, £20. Solomon, the oldest son, had then already moved into Maryland, and was not assessed in York county.

In 1800 the assessments were: John, 240 acres, $576; tax, $1.96. Michael, 132 acres, $237; tax, $1.06. Henry, 160 acres, $346; tax, $1.32. Felix, 200 acres, valued at $1,330; tax, $5.40; Casper, 140 acres, at $245; tax, $1.07.

In the year 1800 there were only five taxable Glatfelters in York county. In 1907 there were 235 in the county, representing influence and wealth, and filling every honorable vocation in the various walks of life.

It is more than probable that 10,000 souls can be traced to Casper Glattfelder through the development of eight generations, and as many more whose identities are lost in the female branch of the family. It is a problem whether any other family record can be produced in the United States so numerous from one parent as that of Casper Glattfelder.

The honor of collecting at this late day the record of Casper Glattfelder belongs to Jonathan Glattfelder, the father of Dr. N. M. Glattfelder, of Missouri, the family historian, who was born in 1803 in Springfield township, York county. His memory enabled him to relate the early history of his grandfather Casper to the doctor in 1859, thus forming a nucleus upon which all subsequent history has been worked out. Among the able assistants to the doctor were Granville Glattfelder, Luther Glattfelder, S. F. Glattfelder, and Rev. Adam Stump, of York county; Lewis K. Glattfelder, of Neiman, Pa.; James Gladfelter, of Mt. Joy, Pa., and Milton N. Gladfelter, of Elk Lick, Pa. To the writer it was left to trace the family to its origin in old Switzerland. He was ably assisted by Emil Glattfelder, a descendant of the family, now a teacher in Canton Zurich, and Rev. Edwin Yeagli, who was pastor for twenty-eight years in the same old church at Glattfelden, where these sacred family records are still intact, pointing to Adam Glattfelder's wedding in the year 1570. The church has been remodelled and a tower added to it. But the original walls are still intact that sheltered the forefathers in their worship while they lived and their family records while dead for centuries. Many incidents must be left untouched, for want of space, and many more facts will be developed in the progress of time.

Annual reunions are being held on the old Glattfelder farm, where thousands of members of this great family gather from all parts of the United States to learn more of the history and genealogy of the family.

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**SWISS AND HOLSTEIN BARNs.**

The reader will have noticed that the author of the above article speaks of a Holstein barn. In answer to an inquiry respecting the meaning of the term the author wrote:—"The Holstein barn is an architectural production of Northern Germany, constructed of wood and stone on the order of our so-called bank barns—except that the front roof was much longer than the rear. The name is significant of its construction (Holtz und Stein). The Swiss barn was built without a basement of stone, the wood starting on the ground and the building being smaller in its proportions." The author makes the terms Holstein barn and bank barn synonymous. We know that in some sections farmers call the bank barns, Swiss barns. We would be pleased to hear from our readers on the meaning of the term Swiss barn. As the term is used in your section is a Swiss barn a bank barn or not? Was is en Schietter Scheuer?—Editor.
Philip H. Glatfelter

BY REV. AMOS A. PARR, LOCK HAVEN, PA., HIS PASTOR FOR 15 YEARS,

JULY, 1890, TO JULY, 1905.

PHILIP H. GLATFELTER was born in Spring Garden township, York county, Pa., on the 29th day of August, 1837. He departed this life at his home in Spring Grove (Spring Forge P. O.), York county, Pa., at about 4 P. M., on the 11th day of July, 1907.

He was a son of Charles and Louisa (Fishel) Glatfelter, and was a descendant from Casper Glatfelter, who came from Glattfelden, Canton Zurich, Switzerland, in 1743, and settled in Springfield township, York county. His mother was of German descent.

At the time of his death he was "York county's foremost citizen, manufacturer, philanthropist, churchman and wealthiest resident." The world loves, honors and respects strong men, and Mr. Glatfelter was a strong man physically, morally, politically, financially and religiously. To his strength, industry, integrity, genius for work, strict adherence to duty and business, force of character and perseverance is due alone the fact that he rose from an humble beginning to the achievement of the splendid success that so abundantly crowned his noble life.

Early Life.

This was spent on his father's farm, a short distance south of York, within sight of the city. His early education was obtained by attending the yearly four months' term of public school in his native township. Evidently he made the best of those early years of training. Assisting in the cultivation of his father's farm he grew to manhood. He inherited a strong and vigorous constitution, and the years spent on the farm meant the further development of his physical powers. His home training was inducive to the habits of industry, perseverance and enterprise that characterized all of his life and work. The foundation principles for future greatness were well laid in this formative period of life.

At the age of 20 this ambitious, active, stirring young man left the farm and entered the employ of Loucks & Hoffman, Paper Mills, Maryland. Here he thoroughly learned the art of paper-making. Often he told the writer of the hard work he performed during the years when he was learning his trade and fully laying the foundation for his future success as a manufacturer. He was always ready to do extra work, and frequently undertook tasks that others refused or felt incompetent to perform. His tact, good judgment, willingness, activity and ability to do and see the right thing were the confidence of his employers, and his advancement was rapid. He became a master of his trade. He remained with this firm for about six years.

As a Manufacturer.

Here he was a prince. He occupied one of the first places not only in his native county and State, but in the entire country. His successful career as a manufacturer began in the year 1863, when he purchased the paper mill at Spring Grove, and all of its interests, for the sum of $14,000. The capacity of the mill at that time was about 1500 pounds per day. Improvement, enlargement, expansion became the watchword of Mr. Glatfelter from the very beginning of his assuming ownership. By 1868 the output was 4000 pounds daily. In 1874 new buildings were erected and new machinery installed at a cost of $200,000.00. In 1880-81 the business had grown to such proportions that the mill was again enlarged and the largest paper machine in the world from the year 1881 to 1887 was found in the mill of Mr. Glatfelter, erected by the Pusey & Jones Co., of Wilmington, Del.
It was about this time that Mr. Glatfelter thoroughly investigated the process of making paper from wood, and being firmly convinced that this would become the new process, the mill was changed to meet this demand, and so when the start of the enlarged plant was made in 1881, jack pine and poplar wood were used in the manufactured product.

It is related that when George W. Childs, proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger; in 1887, needed a sheet of paper ninety-four inches wide to accommodate the large printing-press that he had installed, the only place where he could get such a sheet was at the mill of Mr. Glatfelter, and for many years he furnished the paper for that and other leading dailies of the State. The making of paper for newspapers was discontinued in 1893, and book, lithograph and blank book paper was manufactured. Because of the high grade of this kind of paper, the mills at Spring Grove have become famous all over the United States. The mills were enlarged and improved from time to time until at the death of Mr. Glatfelter they covered five acres, and had a daily capacity of 90,000 pounds. In 1906 the business was incorporated under the name of P. H. Glatfelter Company, and capitalized at $1,000,000.00.

In 1891, Mr. Glatfelter became the president and principal owner of the York Manufacturing Company, at York, capitalized at $100,000.00. By the application of the same business energy, perseverance and honesty that characterized him in the manufacture of paper, this plant was increased and enlarged until at the death of his president and principal owner, the capital stock amounted to about $1,500,000.00, and employed at times more than 1,000 men, paying out yearly over a half-million dollars in wages. The output of the plant consists almost entirely of ice and refrigerating machinery, and is the largest manufacturing establishment of its kind in the world. Mr. Glatfelter was also the president of the Carroll Manufacturing Company, at Baltimore, and a director of the Hanover Wire Cloth Company. There were other interests that demanded his time and business ability. Mr. Glatfelter was fitted in every way to manage the large manufacturing establishments under his control. His splendid judgment, honest business principles, keen insight into conditions, and unswerving perseverance, not only fitted him to manage large interests, but also drew to him men of worth who honored, trusted and respected him. To the writer he said that until his business amounted to over a half-million dollars a year he bought all the material, sold all the product, superintended his mill and kept his own books. He was the very soul of honor in all his business affairs. Standing with him, near his mill, at one time he told the writer that if he knew there was one dishonest brick in it, he would pull down the entire establishment to get that brick out. He deserved to succeed, for he was worthy.

As a Citizen.

Spring Grove is a beautiful little town, clean and well kept. The town owes its establishment, growth, development, beauty and prosperity to Mr. Glatfelter. He was not only its foremost citizen, public-spirited and progressive, but one of the best of the county and State. He always took a deep interest in everything that promoted the welfare of the town, community and the country. He served as Chief Burgess, and for some years as a member of council, and progress characterized all that he did. Believing that temperance and sobriety help men morally, spiritually and financially, he erected, at his own expense, in Spring Grove, the Aldine hotel, at a cost, with its complete furnishings and up-to-date equipments, of about $35,000.00. Here ample provision was made for the entertainment of the public. This he did for the good of the town, and community, and the men he employed; and hence for more than 25 years there has been no open bar in Spring Grove. He was one of the organizers of the Spring Grove National Bank, and a director from its beginning to his death.

As a Philanthropist and Patron of Education.

Although Mr. Glatfelter's schooling was limited to the training he received
in the public schools of his native township, he was exceedingly well versed in matters politically, educationally, ecclesiastically, financially, etc. He was a careful reader. He had a good mind and a capacity to solve difficult questions that puzzled many others who had the advantage of him in schooling. He was a firm patron of education, and proved his interest by his gifts. In 1880, when his town erected a school-building at a cost of $1,200.00, he willingly furnished the half of the money from his own pocket. The large, handsome and commodious school building that now occupies such an eminent place overlooking the town was largely his gift to the people. It stands today as one of his monuments of love for education, and the uplifting of youth. In 1888 he was elected to membership in the Board of Trustees of Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, and served in that capacity until the time of his death. For six years he was the honored president of that body. His gifts made possible the college of today. He was her most liberal patron for many years. One of his last acts was a gift of $10,000.00 to her. He also served the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg as a director for many years, and took a deep interest in her advancement. He was one of the building committee under whose direction the commodious new building was erected. To this he was a most liberal contributor. He was also much interested in the education of young men, and there are perhaps a score of men today who owe their education to him. He believed in putting money in flesh and blood for higher development and achievement. He was also a liberal contributor to some of the educational and industrial institutions of the South for the betterment of the negro race. He manifested great interest in the Orphans' Home at Loysville, Pa., and by the gifts of large sums of money and tons of paper for the printing establishment there, proved and demonstrated his love for that cause. He was also a ready and willing contributor to all of the benevolent Boards of his own and other churches. He has more money invested in the Lutheran churches of his county than any other of her citizens. His gifts did not stop, however, with his own denomination. He could not be narrow in his philanthropic work, and hence any object of worth claimed his attention and generosity. It is more than fitting that at this place we incorporate the action taken by the Trustees of Pennsylvania College at their late meeting in June. The minute was prepared by Rev. C. M. Stock, D.D., of Hanover, Pa., one of the valued friends of Mr. Glatfelter, and a co-laborer with him in the affairs of the college.

"Although no building or professorship or even college prize bears his name, the memory of Philip H. Glatfelter is associated with this educational institution in a way most precious and unique. He was the large, constant, cheerful, modest giver of hard cash during so long a time that years before his death he easily stood in the very forefront of the financial benefactors of Pennsylvania College."

"His was a rare personality. He was the very embodiment of honor, and honest, open and fair dealing. Among his business associates he was universally recognized as a master. His ability in affairs was transcendent. His capacity for mental solution was wonderful. His success in his undertakings and projects was pre-eminent. His knowledge of men and motives was of the nature of accurate intuition. Ordinary mortals could only surmise as to the stature of this giant. But such as were admitted to his confidence and knew him well, crowned him in their judgment as one of the greatest of men. That this estimate is but sober truth is proven by the fact that those business interests which were more intimately the creations of his heart and brain and pursued with the manufacture of paper, the manufacture of ice machines, and the manufacture of wire cloth, stand today among the very first in this country and in the world."

"The hall-mark of true greatness is humility. Philip H. Glatfelter had that token. He who pronounced the unerring eulogium upon the character of John, saying, that among those born of women there had not arisen a greater, would teach men to the end of time that to be humble is to be exalted. No matter in what presence, our brother was swift to hear and slow to speak; but when moved to speech his words were pearls of wisdom."

"His religion was beautiful. Towards his Maker he had the heart of a little child. His unceasing and most liberal benefactions were for the sole purpose of honoring God."

"Philip H. Glatfelter was elected a member of this board of trustees at the regular annual meeting in 1888. He was elected president of the board June 12th, 1900, and served in that capacity most faithfully until the time of his resignation, September 17th, 1900. Dur-
ing all his active membership in this board he was most attentive to the discharge of every duty. He entered into eternal rest July 11th, 1907.

1. Resolved, That this board hereby records its appreciation of the great worth of this departed member.  
2. Resolved, That this minute be spread in full upon the records, and a copy thereof be sent to the family of the deceased.

As a Christian.

As his pastor and close friend for fifteen years, it gives us pleasure to bear testimony to his true worth as a Christian. He loved his God and his Saviour, and was anxious and willing to be led by the Holy Spirit into “all truth and righteousness.” He was an humble, modest, consecrated, devoted and faithful member of the Lutheran Church of the General Synod. For many years he was found regularly at three services of the church, on the Sabbath, and sometimes at the fourth. He took the most heartfelt interest in all things religious and spiritual. He loved his church and the whole Church of Christ, and her growth and prosperity were his delight. Many a time, as we talked with him of the things of the kingdom of Christ he revealed to us the depth and power of his faith in Him whom he had accepted as his personal Saviour. To know him was to respect his religion. His Christian life was one of inward depths rather than of outward demonstration. Many of his munificent benefactions were not known to his friends. When St. Paul’s Lutheran church, of which Mr. Glatfelter was a charter member, was erected in Spring Grove in 1879-80, at a cost of about $15,000.00, three-fourths of it was paid by himself and family. When the splendid parsonage was erected in 1892-93, about $7,500.00 of the cost of $8,000.00 was contributed by himself and son William. The massive and beautiful church that is being completed at this time was planned by him. When it is completed, at a cost that will exceed $50,000.00, it will stand as a monument and memorial of his whole-hearted love for Christ and His kingdom. His life is a splendid example, to others, of the power of the religion of Jesus Christ.

A Final Word.

In 1861 Mr. Glatfelter married Amanda E. Loucks, of West Manchester township, York county. His wife, with three daughters,—Mrs. C. E. Moul, Mel- lie I. and L. Romaine,—and one son,—William Lincoln,—survive him. The son and father were partners in business for more than a score of years. The son has succeeded to the management of the large business affairs in which they were mutually interested.

On the morning of the 15th of July, the body of Mr. Glatfelter was laid to rest in the cemetery at Spring Grove. A great multitude from all parts of the county and many from a distance had come to pay their last tribute of respect to one who was worthy. “Everything connected with the burial services,” said one who was present, “was in fine taste, most simple as had been the life of the man.” At the public services, held after the burial, Rev. J. A. Singmaster, D.D., President of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, made the address, most fittingly basing his remarks on II Samuel 3:38, “Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?” The speaker said that Mr. Glatfelter was great in Endowment, Achievement and Personal Character.

In the work accomplished, the good done and influence exerted, Mr. Glatfelter will live on to bless future generations. “Though dead he yet speaketh.” “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: Yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them.”
Country Funerals and Mortuary Customs of Long Ago.

BY DR. T. P. MEYER, LOCK HAVEN, PA.

ANY years have gone by since the days of my childhood, during which the years seemed so long, and passed so slowly, and I kept wishing that I was a man, as tall and strong as my father. Well, the years kept steadily on, coming and going, till I found myself as tall as my father, but never attained his Herculean strength. Each succeeding year seemed to pass more rapidly than its predecessor, and soon I began to look back to the "days of long ago"; many scenes and incidents come vividly to my mind, but none more strikingly than my father's cabinet and undertaking shop, wherein my brother Ed. (E. H. Meyer, Cedar Rapids, la.) and I inherited, or picked up, the trade of cabinet-making and coffin-making, and soon were (boy) undertakers and funeral directors.

For many years father was the only coffin-maker and undertaker for miles around; we always made the coffins as needed, and to measure.

Immediately following a death, mounted couriers were sent out to carry the sad news with the date of the funeral to friends far and near; and friends not so notified considered themselves slighted. Then four men of the neighborhood were selected as "grave diggers," who repaired to the "grave yard," dug the grave, attended the funeral as pall-bearers, and made the interment.

Notice of the death and age of the deceased was also at once sent to the bellman of the church, who would ring the church-bell for some time, and then after a pause, distinctly "toll" the number of years the deceased had lived.

A measure was taken for the coffin, a stick cut the length of the body, and brought to the shop; on the arrival of a measure, all other work was laid aside, and the coffin was made, working day and night, or on Sunday, as the individual cases required. The coffins in those days were all solid walnut or cherry, raised and hinged lid, polished wax finish, that shone like marble, a black paint band around the base outside: for a long time, no lining or upholstering, but later lined and upholstered in white or cream colored silk.

In those days a person could "afford to die," as coffins were charged for by the foot, ranging from one dollar to one dollar and a half per foot; a coffin for a grown person, six feet long, therefore cost from six to nine dollars, which included also the undertaking and funeral attendance. The same service would now run to fifty or sixty dollars. The superstitious people of the community insisted that our shop was haunted; they had seen flashes of light at the windows, late at night, and heard strange and terrible noises inside. A very neighborly feeling prevailed in those rural districts in those days; the people were very helpful during sickness in a family, and immediately following a death the neighbors would come "en masse" and offer their services free, to make "preparations for the funeral"; men and boys to rearrange the stables, improvise pole stalls in the barn floor and along the fences, so that many horses could be speedily fed: they would also kill the "fatted calf" and decapitate chickens by the score, improvise temporary tables, to seat a multitude, gather in the dishes of the neighborhood, and serve as hostlers and horse-feeders on the day of the funeral. The ladies would be busy as bees, baking bread, pies and cakes, stewing and roasting, and after the funeral cortège had left the home, usually on the third day of preparation for the great dinner, still greater activity was manifest, so that on the return of the funeral train, all the tables might be ready, with all the good things ready set.

There were no hearses in those days; the dead were carried to the "grave
yards" in the great "Pennsylvania wagons"; deep frame "English bed," capacity six tons, a canvas cover so high that a plug-hat man could walk upright in it, and drawn, on funeral occasions, by from two to five horses, usually four; the driver invariably sitting on the "nigh wheel," or "saddle horse," a "black snake" cart-whip in his right hand and hanging over his shoulder, driving with his left, with a single or "jerk line," as it was called; now and then calling loudly to his horses, by name, and fiercely cracking his "black snake" whip.

Bundles of straw were put in the wagon bed; the coffined dead was packed in the straw, on which also there would sit fifteen or twenty persons to take care of the "cadaver," as well as to be conveyed to the funeral.

The rigs of a funeral train consisted largely of "truck wagons," "Dearborn wagons," two horse wagons in various conditions of wear and dilapidation, with straw in the beds to sit on, or boards laid across the box for seats; all the wagons sitting full. Long trains of these heavy, lumbering, springless wagons, on the rough, stoned roads, made a loud, rumbling, dreadful noise never heard in these later years.

As the hour of a funeral drew nigh, the church bell man would watch for the coming of the funeral train, and on its approach toward the grave yard, would toll the bell till the funeral company reached the grave.

The great Pennsylvania wagon was met at the church yard gate by the grave diggers with the bier, a great oak frame, with four legs, large and strong enough to carry a ton.

The people riding with the dead in the great wagon, like escaping animals jumped out of the open end-gate; the dead was drawn out, placed on the bier, and carried to the grave by the grave diggers, and let down into the grave: one of the grave diggers crouched down, rolled forward, striking a hand on each side of the grave, deftly swung himself down into it; the rough-box lid boards, to lie Crosswise, numbered with large red chalk figures, were handed to him and placed; after which he was yanked out of the grave by his fellows, and the service went on; as the minister said, "earth to earth," a great shovelful of clods and stones thundered on the coffin case that made one shudder; "Dust to dust" came, and the awful rumble of clods and stones again shocked the nerves of friends and strangers. "Ashes to ashes,"—it was the same. The burial service ended, the four grave diggers flew into action, a real race in shovelling. The grave was soon filled and the people went into the church for the regular services, during which the men among the friends would sit with their hats on, a rude custom, now obsolete in that section. At the conclusion of the services, the minister, by request, invited the friends to "return with the family to the house of mourning for refreshments"; and great throngs would accept this invitation, some driving miles out of the way to be refreshed, at the expense of the stricken family.
Upon the return of the funeral train, the hostlers took charge of the teams, marked with chalk, in corresponding figures, horses and wagons as they belonged. The throng of people, with levity and jest, hurried forward and quickly surrounded the tables, and eating commenced, and continued till every hollow gormand of the community was filled up to the chin.

It often occurred to my bovish notion, and I have not changed my mind much since, that all the gormands and gulps of the community were banded and pledged not to miss an opportunity to be filled and “refreshed” at these funeral banquets.

Notes and Comments.

Undertaking in those days was simple; embalming and the ice box were unknown, and in consequence we had some very gruesome jobs to go through with, in the hot summer weather. During a hot season, Miss R——, a stout, very plump young lady of 24 or 25, died rather suddenly, and the “measure” for the coffin was brought to our shop, with a request that the coffin be made and delivered as soon as possible, body was already in bad shape. We went to work in earnest, and made great progress. Some hours later, a man rushed into the shop, with orders to hurry or we would have to make a larger coffin. We finished the coffin, and father hurried out with it; he soon returned, and reported the coffin hardly large enough. Very early next morning a messenger came in haste to ask father, the “ undertaker,” to hurry to the house, that the coffin was bursting. We got out the wagon, and father hurried over, and on reaching the place found the coffin bound with ropes from end to end. He tore off these ropes and “twist sticks,” but he evidently had some misgivings, for he immediately took the body on the wagon, and at a two-forty clip, drove to the graveyard, five miles away, and the body was buried at once, but the funeral services were held at the appointed time. I was about fifteen, while my brother Ed was five years younger, but we insisted on relieving father of work and trips in the undertaking line.

We finished a coffin for Mrs. G—— in the evening of a hot summer day, and father said, “This coffin should be taken out tonight and the body laid in, but I am tired.” I said, “Brother Ed and I will take it down, and do the work.” At the time there were a number of young people (boys and girls) in the shop, and some one suggested that all go to the wake, and carry the coffin with us, since it was only a mile away, if we took a straight cut through the woods. We started, taking the route through the woods, a lantern-bearer leading. We soon found that we had undertaken quite a job. We reached the house late in the night, about tired out. From this on, my brother and I were to go it alone. I took up one end of the coffin, and he the other; we were ushered into the room of the dead, and the door closed behind us. Here we found conditions absolutely new to us. The effluvium in that room was intolerable. I was determined to finish the work; we set the coffin close, and I removed the lid, then drew the cloth off of the face of the dead, and had a knock-out shock. The lady had died of cancer of the face, which was nearly all gone. Such a sight! I held my breath and turned away. I looked at my brother; he had both his hands over his mouth and nose, his shoulders were jumping up and down, and his eyes wildly blinking. I quickly dragged the coffin to a side, and we fled. On our return, father inquired: “What success?” I said: “Nothing to brag on; it was too much for us; I am of the opinion that you had better go down yourself early in the morning.”

Once, after a very hard day in the shop, we finished a coffin and a burial case, for a Mrs. G—— near Rebersburg, three miles away, late in the evening, and father remarked that the coffin should be taken down that night; but the weather was bad; a great blizzard had been raging all day; a foot of snow had fallen, and drifted terribly, so that the roads were scarcely passable.

I said that I and Brother Ed would take it down, and put the old gentleman in it. The night was not dark; a foot of unbroken snow lay on the ground. We
started out in a sleigh, the coffin lying crosswise in front of us, and sticking far out on each side.

We found the roads badly drifted, and we had not gone far, when the sleigh upset, and coffin and boys fell out; we thought this was very funny. We righted the sleigh, loaded up, and soon were on the move again. Then we got along fairly well, till we left the main road, turned into a narrow lane, which led to the house, half a mile distant, and was terribly drifted.

The sled went over again, and boys and coffin went into the fence corner. We righted the sleigh, put the coffin on lengthwise; I rode on the high side of the sled while my little brother drove, and we soon reached the barnyard of the place.

We took the coffin on our shoulders and waded through the unbroken snow to the back door of the house, where we saw a light: I rapped at the door, the upper half of which opened. (The door was a double board door, upper and lower halves swinging separately, like the old style, double horse-stable doors.) An old lady (the new widow), unkempt and negligent, with a tallow candle in one hand leaned out over the lower half door, and very gruffly demanded, what do you want? We told her, and she opened the lower door, and let us in, and led the way to the dead. We set the coffin down, and I removed the lid; reached over and drew the sheet off the dead man. When I did this, the bereaved and sorrowing widow rushed up to me, and shouted: "What are you about?" I told her we intended to lay the old gentleman in the box. "No you won't," she yelled; "you get out of this as quick as you can, or I will, etc. ! ! !" I looked at her, and plainly saw that she meant business. What else could we do but get out: for there were only two of us against this bereaved sorrowing, frizzle-headed, ferocious fighting little old lady, "a host in herself," the only person we saw in that Gott vergessena Blots. (God forsaken place.)

She said: "Tell John Meyer" (my father) "that he must not send boys to do the work that belongs to him."

We went home and reported (poor) progress to the senior undertaker, because "old Rosina" put us out before we got her husband "boxed."

No Quarantine.

In times of sickness among those rural people, it mattered not if the ailment was typhoid, spotted or scarlet fever, measles, croupes, or diphtheria, the neighbors would come and go during the day, and in the evening they would come in by reliefs to watch with the sick at night. It was a common occurrence that when school children were stricken with any of these highly contagious diseases, the teacher would go to the house of the sick pupils, watch with them all night, and go on with his school next day.

There was no segregation of the sick from the rest of the family; no quarantine of the house; no fumigating of the house following sickness or death in a family from any contagious disease.

It is a well known fact, that in the early history of the valley, in sporadic cases of smallpox, people went out and in; neighborhood calls were made, and parents took their children to the house so afflicted, so that they might take smallpox, and get through with it while young. And going still further, they would, with scab direct from the body of the smallpox patients, inoculate their children, and each other, with the true virus of this loathsome and dangerous disease.

Those were the days of "inoculation," in which the people then believed, and which was a custom of some merit; but it has been entirely superseded by the better general preventive—vaccination.

America, at the time of the coming of the whites, seems to have been the home of smallpox in epidemic form; whole tribes of the original inhabitants, the Indians, were entirely wiped out by this pest. This was notably the case with the once powerful "Mandan tribe."

When the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts, they found that a "pestilence" had destroyed the tribe of Indians which had lived around Narragansett Bay where the settlement was made. This "pestilence" was found to have been smallpox. Vaccination was then unknown, and smallpox, uncontrolled, swept
the country; and yet, our ancestors, at a much later day, seemed to invite the coming and spread of this loathsome and dangerous pest. To this day, with all the precautions of vaccination and segregation, Pennsylvania, with its 6,000 to 8,000 cases annually, is the hot-bed for smallpox in the United States, having more cases than any ten States of the country, perhaps more than all of them, and more than England, France and Germany put together. In these countries vaccination has been compulsory for years, and smallpox is almost unknown.

In the early days of the valley, no quarantine was observed during any sickness, and public funerals were held over several victims of yellow fever, among the Meyer relatives, which resulted, to some extent, in a spread of this dreadful malady, causing a number of deaths; but, fortunately, no epidemic resulted.

Considering the foregoing, it is a wonder that epidemic and depopulation did not result.

In those early days there was no regular physician, and the grandmothers did the doctoring; the garret of every house was well supplied with bundles of fresh dried herbs, which furnished tea for all ailments; the people were stronger then, and their average “tenure of life” was as high as it is now.

NOTE.—It would, perhaps, be well to say here, that the funeral and burial customs given in the foregoing article prevailed generally throughout Central Pennsylvania, from its first settlement for many years; and in rural districts to about 1850, when improvements were instituted; progress thenceforward was rapid, until first-class and up-to-date service was given.

The customs and incidents given in the foregoing are located in the eastern portion of Centre county.

The Pennsylvania-German in the Revolutionary War

BY H. M. M. RICHARDS, LEBANON, PA.

NOTE.—We give elsewhere a review of Richards’ The Pennsylvania-German in the Revolutionary War, 1773-1783. It has seemed to us desirable to make available to our readers the exact language of some of the claims made by the author, and therefore by permission reproduce the following paragraphs. We regret that we cannot give fuller extracts.

AD it not been for the brave stand which the Germans of Pennsylvania made against the onslaught of the savage during the French and Indian War, notwithstanding their own sad and terrible experience, there would have been no Revolutionary War and no resulting freedom. (Page 3.)

The German immigration to Pennsylvania was far in excess of that to any other colony. So great was their numerical strength that they became a controlling factor which was bound to guide all movements in any desired direction, when once called into play. It is said that the greatest mistake made by the English government was its refusal to allow representation and to give an authoritative standing to the German element of the Province. It is claimed that, had such been done, so great would have been their content with the existing condition of affairs that they would never have been tempted to ask for a larger freedom, and, with non-cooperation on their part, the consent of Pennsylvania could never have been secured to a separation from the mother country, and the Declaration of Independence would have become an impossibility. With the knowledge we possess of the German character this suggestion opens up a most attractive line of thought, but, fortunately, one of no practical value.

An interesting part of our subject rests in the fact that many of the German colonists of Pennsylvania had conscientious scruples against bearing arms. Their doctrine, like that of the English Quakers, was one of non-resistance. They fled from the persecutions of the
Fatherland that they might enjoy this very liberty in Pennsylvania. In spite of scoffing, fines, imprisonments and burdensome taxes, even here in their adopted country, they adhered to their doctrine of peace, to the extent even of soliciting the government to legally excuse them from bearing arms. Amongst those holding this belief, in especial, were the Moravians, Mennonites, Dunkers, Schwenkfelders, and others of like character. Even these never swerved from their duty and, in various ways which will appear later, proved their loyalty to the full measure of laying down their lives for their country in more than one instance.

In numbers, these non-resisting settlers formed no small proportion of the whole. If, then, the estimate which has been made, be correct that one-half of those from Pennsylvania, who served during the Revolution, had German blood in their veins, how much greater the honor to be accorded the Pennsylvania-German, who did bear arms, for his services at that time.

In the pages to follow it is proposed to show, in brief, that the Pennsylvania-Germans were the “First Defenders” of the Revolution, that without the Pennsylvania-Germans there would have been no Declaration of Independence; that, by his valor, the Pennsylvania-German saved the cause and its army from destruction at Long Island, that without him there would have been no means of holding the American army at Valley Forge nor of “bottling up” the British in Philadelphia, and that, finally, whenever and wherever called upon to do his duty he never failed to respond nobly. (Page 15.)

In despair of converting the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and of success in any other way, John Adams, on May 10, offered a resolution in Congress recommending that the colonies should establish a “government sufficient to the exigencies of affairs.” Because of objections raised to this wording, on May 15 Mr. Adams presented a preamble, which was really a substitute, to the effect that, “the respective Assemblies and Conventions of the United Colonies, where no government sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs has been hitherto established, to adopt such government as shall, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular, and America in general.”

This measure was the true Declaration of Independence, because that of July 4 followed as a mere form and matter of course. It was aimed against the Charter of Pennsylvania, which, from that hour, was doomed, together with the Assembly, not by its own act but by the greater force of Congress, which it was unable to resist. The passage of this resolution meant a popular convention, in which all classes should be represented, and a government in Pennsylvania, for the first time, “of the people, by the people and for the people.” In due time delegates, from all the counties, were selected to meet in conference in the city of Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 18th day of June. At this conference the Pennsylvania-German at last was given a voice in the governmental affairs. He held the balance of power. If his voice were uttered in favor of independence it would become a fact, if not, a failure. To his honor be it now said, however tardily, that every man recorded his vote for freedom, and it was the Pennsylvania-German who made the Declaration of Independence possible on July 4, 1776. (Page 42.)

It consisted, first, of an ash-colored hunting shirt of coarse linen or linsey-woolsey. Buck-skin, which was too hot for summer weather, was worn during the winter. The shirt had a double cape and was fringed along the edges and seams. Around the waist it was secured by a belt, usually of wampum, in which were thrust the ever useful tomahawk and skinning knife, commonly called “scraping-knife.” Some of the men wore buck-skin breeches, others preferred leggings of the same material, reaching above the knees, and an Indian breech-clout, thus leaving the thighs naked for better suppleness in running. Captain Morgan, himself, wore a breech-clout during the terrible mid-winter march through the Maine wilderness to Quebec, his bare thighs exposed to the elements and lacerated by thorns and bush. The head
dress was a soft round hat, often made of skins, with a feather in it. On the feet were worn buck-skin moccasins, ornamented with squaw-work in beads and stained porcupine quills. Shoulder belts supported the canteen, bullet-pouch and powder-horn. The only insignia to distinguish the officers were the crimson sashes worn by them over the shoulder and around the waist. Some of the latter preferred to carry rifles, like their men, doing away with the sword to which they were entitled. (Page 83.)

Today the interior of eastern Pennsylvania stands unequalled for its home-like beauty, its fertile and highly cultivated fields, its agricultural and mineral wealth, and for its multitudinous industries.

While not to the same extent, yet to the same degree, this truth held good during the Revolutionary War, and was fully appreciated by the commander-in-chief of the American army, and by the Congress of the United States.

It matters not how brave the soldiers of an army may be, nor how excellent the arms with which they carry on their warfare, if they be without food and munitions their efforts are of no avail. It was the great need of these which prolonged the War for Independence, the lack of them would have caused ignominious defeat.

There was but one colony of the thirteen which strove to cast off the yoke of Great Britain, that was so situated as to enable it to furnish, in sufficient quantity and variety, all the supplies needed by the troops, and that colony was Pennsylvania, and there was but one part of this colony from which these supplies could be adequately secured, and that was the part occupied by its Pennsylvania-German citizens.

Had they been even lukewarm in their patriotism, or had they utterly refused to part with their hard-earned possessions, as, with the example of others before their eyes, they might well have done, nothing but dire disaster would have been the result. The effort to attain independence would have been an utter and speedy failure.

Because the Pennsylvania-Germans did open wide their hearts, homes and hands, generally without reward or recompense, without thanks, without praise, without even a suitable acknowledgment of their deeds in the histories which their own descendants are taught in their own schools, we are what we are today, the greatest republic on the face of the earth, or in the history of the world.

The darkest days of the Revolution came in the years 1776, 1777, and 1778, with the defeat at Long Island, the capture of Fort Washington, the defeat of Brandywine, the capture of Philadelphia, and the miscarriage of all plans at Germantown. It was then that our noble fore-fathers, without food, and starving, without clothing, and freezing, still clung to the cause for which they were willing to lay down their lives: it was then that Washington, with the feeble remnant of his army, while chased about like the hunted hare, watched his opportunity to strike a feeble blow here and there; it was then that men were dying, by the score, on the bleak hills of Valley Forge, and it was during these dark days of these dark years that the American army found its refuge on the borders of the Pennsylvania-German counties of our state, from which it drew its supplies of all characters, and to which it sent its sick and wounded to be nursed back to life.

Not only were these supplies, which could have been obtained from no other source, given, at that time, cheerfully and unsparingly, but, at all times of the war, the same good work was kept up in the same manner, even though under different conditions.

The crucial, and most constantly active, period of the Revolution, was that from the winter of 1776 to the summer of 1778, when, in connection with the operations relating to the capture and evacuation of Philadelphia, the American army was tramping up and down the Schuylkill valley, or operating in its near vicinity.

Its camps were almost constantly on Pennsylvania-German farms, and when the troops disappeared from one camp to occupy another, with them disappeared
everything which represented months of weary toil on the part of the Pennsylvania-German owners, whether crops already harvested in the barns, or those still in the field, whether grain and vegetables for food, hay for forage, or straw for bedding. And this was not because soldiers, in all wars, are accustomed to prey upon the property of others, but because the soldiers of the Revolution, and the horses of the Revolution, were hungry men and hungry animals, without even, at times, the necessities of life.

Worse even than the pangs of hunger were the sufferings of half-naked and bare-footed men, when exposed to the pitiless cold, and it is not to be wondered at that, as her husband lost the fruits of his labor in the field, so was the Pennsylvania-German matron called upon to sacrifice the fruits of her labor at the loom, in the form of blankets and clothing.

The plague of locusts was but a trifle to the visitation of the American army. The former left something, but the latter nothing, and it was no small sacrifice which the Pennsylvania-Germans made when they thus sustained the soldiers of Washington’s army during the summer and fall of 1777.

This service, however, fell but to the few, and gave but a temporary relief to those in need. A systematic effort became necessary for continued sustenance. To that end committees were appointed, which were on continual duty during 1777 and part of 1778, some to collect blankets and clothing, others to gather forage, and others to procure food supplies. Almost literally from door to door went their emissaries throughout the German counties, accompanied by wagons into which the donations were loaded and, as filled, forwarded to the army.

Beyond these came the regular supplies for the troops, procured in the regular way—by purchase, even if paid for in a depreciated and almost worthless currency. Of these the flour came from the Pennsylvania-German mills, and the cannon, with their cannon-balls, largely from Pennsylvania-German foundries and furnaces.

As though all this were not sufficient, even the paper needed to make cartridges was furnished by the Pennsylvania-Germans, and it was no small sacrifice and loss to them, as well as ourselves at this day, when, for that purpose, the government seized the unbound leaves of the “Martyr Book”, published by the theosophic community at Ephrata, at that time the greatest work of its kind ever attempted on this continent, and carried them off in two wagons guarded by six soldiers.

The extent of these sacrifices on the part of the Pennsylvania-Germans, and the actual quantity of material thus supplied by them, will never be known, but we do know that, by them, the army was kept together, and the independence of our country assured. (Page 449.)

Without even considering the many records which have already been laid before the reader, the true patriotism of the Pennsylvania-Germans, and the depth of their loyalty to the cause of independence, would be sufficiently shown by the fact that, at the most trying period of a most trying conflict, when others were plotting, some even turning traitors, and many openly disloyal, so much so that the brave and true men, who held firmly to the cause, were almost driven to despair, it was to the Pennsylvania-Germans they turned their eyes, without a question as to their unswerving faithfulness, and it was to their-safe keeping they committed their own bodies, with the archives and property of the government. Not only were the Pennsylvania-German counties a place of refuge for the members of the Continental Congress, and other officials, when forced to flee from Philadelphia, but they were a veritable place of safe-keeping for the enemies of the country who had been made prisoners of war. There were no tories among the Pennsylvania-Germans, and the authorities knew it. (Page 486.)

So with our Pennsylvania-German ancestors. They were not perfect any more than was Washington. Indeed, among their number could doubtless have been found some who were far from being such. But, considering them as a whole, and overlooking the mere unimportant
frailties of weak human nature incident to all peoples, whatever their nationality, we feel justified in asking where, in the history of the Revolution, are found those who have done more for their country, who have given more to their country, and who have undergone greater sacrifices of all descriptions? And this was done quietly, unostentatiously, and often amidst much calumny and persecution. They were true American patriots and truly unselfish. They did not seek for the "high places," but were content to take a "lower room" and wait until the time should come when their worth might be recognized, and they would be summoned to "go up higher." That time has already come, and if, in this imperfect and incomplete narrative, the author has aided even to a small extent, in accomplishing this object, he will consider himself amply repaid for his labor. (Page 514.)

The Pennsylvania-German as Geologist and Paleontologist

BY PROF. H. W. SHIMER, BOSTON, MASS.

(Edited by Prof. D. H. Bergey, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.)

ONE of the hardest questions for the historian to solve is that of the various contributions which each of the elements of a nation has furnished towards the formation of its national character, life and literature. That question will be particularly pertinent when applied to the agglomerative race now forming on the American continents. In North America practically all the nations of the earth are represented, with, however, a vast preponderance of English, Germans, French, Scandinavians, Irish, Scotch, Hollanders, Italians and Spanish.

The full influence of any nation upon the new race-stock will be the sum total of its influence upon each of the beliefs, the arts, the sciences, the myriad and one directions along which thought and feeling travel. What makes the solution of the problem especially difficult is the intermarriage among the individual representatives of the different nations. It is comparatively easy to pick out a few prominent traits of some nation and trace them in a mixed descendant, as the vivacity due to the French mother, the patience and perseverance to the German father; but with the numberless less prominent traits which go to make up an individual's character, this is by no means simple. Nor is it a simple matter to know where in the ancestral tree to place the credit for success, for frequently success is due only to the union of two traits, neither of which alone could be successful. Thus success may follow the union of a perseverance so exaggerated as to give an inability to adapt one's self to new circumstances and a vivacity so accentuated as to produce a "rolling stone." So, when a person bearing an English or a German name has made a success in any line of work, it is not safe to give the credit for it to his English or German ancestry without first knowing what, if any, foreign elements have entered into his ancestral tree. It is necessary to know, also, the environment amid which both he and his ancestors lived; for we all know how great an influence association with others has upon each of us, and especially how great is the effect of an intellectual or non-intellectual atmosphere, a scientific or a non-scientific, an optimistic or a pessimistic. Success will usually be found to be due to a union of diverse elements, and not to an accentuation of any one.

The Pennsylvania-Germans are noted for their very strong family ties. This led them not only to settle in colonies, but to maintain that colonial life by the settlement of the rising generations near the older. The natural result was the retention of their original language, and this again was aided by the churches and schools which were established by them.
immediately upon settlement in any place. Since the majority, however, of the settlers of the American colonies spoke the English tongue, that naturally became the dominant language and literature. Each colony of Pennsylvania-Germans, being thus by the accident of speech and letters separated from its neighbors, developed those traits which it had brought over with it, and was but slightly affected until the last two or three generations by contact with the world outside its own. Now encouraged by leaders from among themselves, they are beginning to take a pride in speaking and writing pure English, in mingling with and learning from all others. Yet through this very act, they are taking a greater pride than ever in their Pennsylvania-German ancestry and in cultivating those traits which made them loved and successful,—respect for the rights of others, prompt payment of all obligations, very great patience and perseverance, with a genius for method and order, and an incomparable thrift.

Thus it was not strange that neither the virtues nor letters of these people were appreciated or even known by the surrounding people, speaking and reading with the English tongue, this result being due as much to the conservativism of the former as to the prejudice of the latter. Nothing is more natural than the distrust of those whose language and customs differ from one's own. Nor is it strange that through the intermarriage of the Pennsylvania-Germans only with their own people, there should have resulted an accentuation of certain traits, some to be lamented, others to be proud of; nor that the want of mingling with others of diverse views should have made them narrow. Though such conditions are to be deplored, they are yet largely responsible for certain traits which to the scientist especially are of great value. The Pennsylvania-German is very religious, and was noted for his literal interpretation of the Bible; it was his final court of appeal in all vexed questions, he continually searched it for truth, and was ruled by his interpretation of it. This trait of very deep and sincere personal honesty,—to do right because to him it is right and not because it is policy, makes him a thorocientist when his final court of appeals becomes truth in a concrete form.

The primary qualities which make the farm, both land and buildings, of the Pennsylvania-German easily distinguishable from that of his non-German neighbor, are the very qualities which will be of inestimable value to him as an investigating scientist. The intuitive genius for order which has a place for everything and always has everything in its place, the inexhaustible patience and perseverance, the stick-to-itiveness which doesn't know how to stop before the work undertaken is accomplished, are the qualities which will make the rising generations as successful in any new line of work as their parents were in the old.

Notwithstanding the very heavy handicap arising from a foreign tongue and a lack of broadening environment under which the Pennsylvania-German has labored, he has yet given to this country a very large number of scientists, including a goodly number of geologists and paleontologists. Through the gradual removal of this handicap and a consequent intermarriage with types of other races, we may look for an increasing number of eminent workers in this line. For here, as elsewhere, union means strength; new blood brings new qualities, a strength and an adaptability much needed. Yet the principal traits which will make the Pennsylvania-German successful in geology as they made his forefathers on the farm, are an unquenchable love for truth, and inexhaustible patience and perseverance, and an intuitive genius for method and order,—traits partly brought over with him and partly developed through his colonial life in this country.

The following list of Pennsylvania-German geologists and paleontologists who have become known through their writings as original workers, is without doubt very incomplete, and must be regarded as merely a preliminary list. It is, however, sufficient to show that the Pennsylvania-Germans have produced some very eminent men in these lines, and that they extend from very early times to the present. It shows, too, that as a rule the Pennsylvania-German enters life
late; he usually graduates from college and takes his higher degrees later than the average person. Yet this fact is not to be deplored, for he then has a depth of experience and a maturity of judgment which enables him to do careful and excellent work immediately upon entering his chosen field.

One of the earliest and best known workers in geology in this country was Timothy Conrad, born in Philadelphia in 1803. For a time he engaged in publishing and printing, but later turned to natural history studies and especially to paleontology. As one of the first workers in paleontology his name appears as the author of very many species of fossils. He is universally recognized as having been one of the greatest of American conchologists.

Samuel Steadman Haldeman was born in Locust Grove, Pennsylvania, August 12, 1812. In 1836 he was assistant to H. D. Rogers in the geological survey of New Jersey, and in 1837 on the Rogers survey of Pennsylvania he filled the position of astronomer. From 1851 to 1855 he was professor of natural history in the University of Pennsylvania. In 1869 he became professor of comparative philology in the same university, and this position he held till his death in 1880. Like many of the older workers in science, he was most broadly educated and extremely versatile. His works number some 30 in philology and 120 on various natural science subjects. A full and interesting biography has already appeared in The Pennsylvania-German for February, 1908, in the article on "The Pennsylvania-German as Biologist."

Rev. Thomas Conrad Porter was born January 22, 1822, at Alexandria, Huntingtown county, Pennsylvania. His mother, Maria Bucher, was a Pennsylvania-German. He was graduated from Lafayette College in 1840 with the degree of A.B., and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1844. After this he preached till 1849, when his interest in natural science led him to accept a professorship in Marshall College, then at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, where he still retained his position after its removal to Lancaster and its consolidation with Franklin College. In 1866 he became professor of biology and geology in Lafayette College. He received the degree of D.D. from Rutgers in 1865 and of LL.D. from Franklin and Marshall in 1880. He died April 27, 1901. Most of his original work was done in botany, though he may yet be ranked as a geologist.

One of the earlier geological workers was Dr. Joseph Leidy, world famous as a vertebrate paleontologist. He was born in Philadelphia, September 9, 1823, and died in Philadelphia August 30, 1891. He was educated as a physician, and after holding several positions in chemical and anatomical work became full professor of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania in 1853. In 1871 he was appointed professor of natural history in Swarthmore College. He was one of the first American scientific workers to take up the study of vertebrate fossils, and at various times he was prominently identified with the early Hayden and other western geological and geographical surveys. The vertebrate fossils collected by Kitchell's survey of New Jersey in 1854-1856 were placed in the hands of Leidy for identification, as were also many Cretaceous vertebrate remains from Kansas. To him was given the work of describing the vertebrate fossils collected in one of the explorations in the Bad Lands of Nebraska, and thus to him fell the honor of first describing the now well known Oreodon, an animal having much in common with both the present deer and pig.

Dr. J. S. Diller, born in Plainfield, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1850, received his B.S. from Harvard in 1870, and studied in Heidelberg from 1880 to 1883. Since that time he has been geologist on the United States Geological Survey. He has done extremely important work in general geology and in petrography, and has been the recipient of many scientific honors. He is associate editor of the American Journal of Science. His stratigraphic and petrographic work includes much on certain regions in California and elsewhere on the Pacific coast.

A. E. Lehman was born in Lebanon, Pennsylvania, May 23, 1851, and received
his education from public school and private instruction. From 1874 to 1886 he served as geological engineer and assistant geologist on the second survey of Pennsylvania under J. P. Lesley, and for seven years as assistant chief and later as chief engineer on various railroads. Since 1889 he has been consulting engineer in Philadelphia, and is a member of the board of civil service examiners and of the department of municipal engineering.

Professor W. H. Sherzer was born in Franklin, Ohio, September 6, 1860. He received in succession from Michigan University the degrees of B.S., 1889; M.S., 1890, and Ph.D., 1901, and studied in Berlin for one year. He became instructor in geology and paleontology at Michigan University in 1891, and professor of natural science in Michigan State Normal College in 1892, which position he holds at present. He has written much on glacial studies and on the geology of Michigan. His palaeontological work includes studies on fossil corals.

Dr. G. R. Wieland was born in Center county, Pennsylvania, in 1865. In 1893 he received the degree of B.S. from Pennsylvania State College, and in 1900 Ph.D. from Yale University. He has also carried on studies at Gottingen. Since 1898 he has been occupied in palaeontological research at the Yale University Museum, and has engaged in various explorations in the northwest for Yale University and for the American Museum of Natural History. He has contributed largely to geological journals, his more important work being in paleobotany and evolution, especially as it is applied to plants. His special subjects of research include living and fossil cycads, Cretaceous turtles and geological climate in its relation to the evolution of plants and animals.

John Eyerman, of Easton, Pennsylvania, was born in Easton, January 15, 1867. His life from 1884 to 1896 was spent in study at Lafayette College, Harvard and Princeton Universities successively. From 1887 to 1892 he was associated with Lafayette College as lecturer on determinative mineralogy. From 1888 to 1898 he was associate editor of The American Geologist, and now fills that position on the Journal of Analytical Chemistry. He is member or fellow of many American and English scientific societies, and his research has embraced many subjects in geology and paleontology. He has contributed much to the knowledge of the mineralogy of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Charles P. Berkey was born at Goshen, Indiana, March 25, 1867. He received the degree of B.S. from the University of Minnesota in 1892; M.S. in 1893, and Ph.D. in 1897. He was instructor in mineralogy in the same institution from 1893 to 1903, when he became instructor in geology at Columbia University, which position he holds at present. Since 1908 he has been an assistant on the state geological surveys of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and is also at present one of the geological experts on the New York City water board. He has published much on the origin of clays and on glacial deposits. One of his important contributions is the geology of the Tarrytown (New York) quadrangle.

George Steiger was born in Columbia, Pennsylvania, May 27, 1869. He received the degrees of B.S. and M.S. from Columbia University in 1890 and 1892. His work has lain along the chemical lines of geology, and especially has concerned the structure of certain silicates and their substitution products. Since 1892 he has been chemist on the United States Geological Survey.

Dr. Frederick Ehrenfeld was born in West Brownsville, Pennsylvania, January 8, 1872. He took his A.B. at Wittenburg in 1893 and Ph.D. at the University of Pennsylvania in 1898. He was for a time connected with the York Collegiate Institute of Pennsylvania, and is now instructor in geology and mineralogy at the University of Pennsylvania. His main work is in stratigraphic geology.

Oscar H. Hershey, of Berkeley, California, was born in Blue Rock, Pennsylvania, March 27, 1874. Since 1904 he has been engaged in examining mines in Nevada. Stratigraphic geology has been his principal subject of research, especial-
ly that of the Tertiary and Quaternary periods, including much glacial geology. He is a very prolific writer, and has published much on the Klamath region of California, the later geology of southern California, and the stratigraphy of the Ozark mountains and the Isthmus of Panama.

The Hassinger Church

BY A. K. GRIFT, MIDDLEBURG, PA.

The Formative Period.

ORTHUMBERLAND county was formed March 12, 1772, out of parts of Berks, Cumberland and Bedford counties. Union county was separated from Northumberland by act of March 22, 1813. Snyder county was formed out of the southern half of Union county by act of March 2, 1855.

Middleburg became the county seat, located in Franklin township. Two miles west from the county seat, and one mile north from Paxtonville, is located this old and interesting church property with its sacred burial grounds ("Gottes-Ocker") on high and dry ground. The scenery southward appears grand, overlooking part of the noted Middlecreek Valley; north and east of the church is a high limestone ridge called by the old settlers "The Church Hill" ("Kirche Berg"). Along this ridge east and west the original public road leading to Middleburg was located. This road was since vacated and a new road located a little farther south on more level ground, thus eliminating two steep hills.

Pioneers Buried in the Cemetery.

In the old cemetery attached to this church many thousands of the departed people of the valley and hundreds of our ancestors, the pioneers of this locality, are laid to rest. Among these are the following: Christopher Royer, who was born in the Rhine Palitz, South Germany, in 1748. He was the great-grandfather of Amelia Royer, wife of the writer; John Yost Kern, born at Freischbach, Germany, in 1746, he being the great-grandfather of the writer on the maternal side; John Adam Gift, great-grandfather of the writer, was born in Germany in 1750; Jacob Hassinger, born Aug. 10, 1762, died 1821; John Hassinger, born Nov. 14, 1764, died May 12, 1810; Abraham Hassinger, born in 1750. These are the progenitors of all the Hassingers in Pennsylvania, and the Western States.

Christ's church is familiarly known as Hassinger's church, named from these pioneers. Paul Bowersox came over from Germany in 1740. He is the ancestor of all the Bowersoxes. John Conrad Bubb (Bub, Bob) was born Feb. 5, 1749, died in February, 1809, being the ancestor of the Bubb branches in Pennsylvania and Western States. John Frederick Bolender, born March 17, 1761, died January 13, 1832, ancestor of all the Bolender families; Michael Swengel (Schwengel) was born July 13, 1744, died April 1, 1851, the ancestor of all the Swengels in this locality. John Jacob Steininger, born Feb. 15, 1776, died Oct. 13, 1847. He was the progenitor of the numerous Steininger families in Pennsylvania. Jacob Walter was born in Germany, January 15, 1729, and died Jan. 23, 1800. He is the pioneer of all the Walter branches in Pennsylvania. He took much interest in church matters. Rev. John Conrad Walter, a Lutheran minister, was born Nov. 30, 1775, in Germany, died August 10, 1819.

The Organization.

Previous to 1785 a band of earnest and devout Lutheran and German Reformed Christians assembled from time to time for worship. Their meetings were held mostly from house to house.

By the financial aid and other assistance rendered by the members of the two con-
gregations, there was erected a log building for a house of worship, where for a number of years services were held. This building, however, was never dedicated. Those who preached in this rude structure were Revs. Shellhart, Josansky and Espy of the Lutherans, and Revs. Rahausen, Hensel and Geistweit of the German Reformed. During the existence of this humble house of worship, the Indians, who were still numerous in these wilds, would occasionally prowl around in the neighborhood, so that the people in this sparsely settled valley were almost continually kept on their guard, for fear of an Indian surprise. When there were services in the little log church, the gun and hunting knife were indispensable articles to the male members, and were taken with them to the church; often the minister was armed.

Tradition says, and it is well verified, that on a Sunday, while the people were engaged in worship in the log church (and this time no guard was stationed at the door), a party of marauding Indians, on a murderous expedition, appeared. A few of the bolder ones creeping stealthily among the bushes made their way up to the church, and securely barri-
cading the door, piled up a heap of combustible material against the building, evidently with the intention of burning the church and destroying the occupants. Fortunately, however, before the torch was applied, it happened that Lese Reager, an old hunter and trapper, was on horseback hunting on the top of the ridge, north of the church. Seeing the Indians, but unperceived by them on account of the intervening timber and brush, he rode back and forth discharging his gun as fast as he could load, and at the top of his voice gave commands, as though he was in charge of a company of soldiers. This had the desired effect; the Indians quickly retreated towards the wilds of Shade Mountain on the south of the valley. Mr. Reager immediately unbarred the church door. The reader may imagine that the members looked upon Mr. Reager as their great hero and liberator.

A few years later, the Stuck family was murdered by the Indians about five miles east from the church.

The Second Church Building.

The old log church now becoming too small and uncomfortable to accommodate the increasing membership, in the year...
1791 preparations were made to build a new church, and between that year and 1798 the building was erected on a site a little to the southwest of the old log house. This was a large, two-story, square, double-hewed log structure, with a very high, oval board ceiling, inside painted light blue, finished inside with high galleries on the east, south and west sides. On the north side was a small ornate pulpit and a sounding board above perched on a high round post, with a flight of steep stairs for the preacher to ascend and descend. At the base of the pulpit to the southward, facing the audience, was a large square altar; toward the westward near the front of the stairs, within easy communication with the preacher in the pulpit, was a space surrounded by a nice railing with a door, and seat inside for the leader (vorsinger) of the congregational singing, and his assistants, if any were employed. This church had a seating capacity of five hundred people. In this same year, 1798, the church was dedicated as Christ’s church. Rev. Geistweitz, Reformed pastor, and Rev. Shultz, Lutheran, invited from abroad, conducted the services on this occasion.

About the year 1807, this building was weather-boarded and painted white.

The Pastors.

The regular pastors officiating in this church from time to time on the Lutheran side were: Revs. Enterline, Herbst, 1802-04; John Conrad Walter, 1805-10; J. P. Shindel, Sr., 1820. Supply: J. W. Smith, 1821-31; William German, 1831-38; J. P. Shindel, Jr., 1838-61; C. G. Erlenmeyer, 1864-71.


After the death of Rev. John Conrad Walter, Nov. 30, 1810, a faithful Lutheran minister, the congregation extended a cordial invitation to Father Rev. J. P. Shindel, Sr., to succeed their beloved pastor. He could not, however, leave his congregation at Sunbury, Pa., but promised to preached for them until they could get a regular pastor. This he did until Rev. J. W. Smith became their pastor, as stated above.

Rev. J. P. Shindel, Jr., took charge of this church in 1838, as already noted.

He states that, having commenced his labors among these people, he found them kind and affectionate, and that in the course of his ministrations he had the great satisfaction of receiving many members, instructing many catechumens, and baptizing many children. After Rev. Shindel, Jr., quit preaching in 1861, Rev. Dr. H. Zeigler and students of the Missionary Institute, now Susquehanna University at Selingsgrove, Penna., supplied the pulpit.

The Third Church.

In 1872, the old Lutheran members of the General Council and the German Reformed determined to build a new Reformed church. They tore down the old two-story gallery church, using much of the old material in the construction of the third church. Part of the money was secured by the sale of the tract of land, two miles west, as already noted. The new church was built on the same spot where the old church stood, on ground donated by deed by Joseph Simon and his wife, more fully stated above.

Corner-stone Laying and Dedication.

The corner-stone was laid with imposing ceremonies on Trinity Sunday, in May, 1872, when the following ministers were present: C. G. Erlenmeyer, Lutheran, and A. B. Casper, T. J. Seiple and L. C. Edmonds on the Reformed side.

On the second day of February, 1873, this church was dedicated and, like its predecessor, the church retained the original name as Christ’s Evangelical Lutheran and German Reformed Union church. The dedication sermon was preached by Rev. H. H. Bruning, a visiting Lutheran pastor from Selingsgrove; Revs. J. C. Bucher, D.D., of Lewisburg; L. C. Edmonds, of Beaver Springs, and
T. J. Seiple, the pastor in charge, all on the Reformed side, took part in the dedicatory services. In 1901 the outside of the building was painted white, the inside was also beautifully painted, papered and nicely decorated. The seats are well arranged. The interior arrangement throughout is churchly. It will seat about five hundred people. The regular pastors preaching in this church from time to time have been as follows:

Revs. D. M. Stetler, 1874-’87; O. E. Pflueger, 1887-'89; J. M. Wetzler, 1889-'94; O. S. Scheirer, 1894-’96; C. D. Zweier, 1897-1900; E. E. Seiger, 1900-'02; D. C. Kaufman, 1902-'07; and O. Reber, present pastor, all were Lutheran ministers.

Split in the Church.

In 1871-'72, the General Synod members of the Lutherans withdrew from the General Council Lutherans and erected their own church, leaving the latter in full possession of the old church property. The General Synod members at once selected a lot, a quarter of a mile west from the old church, containing one acre, which was donated by Mr. Allen Schoch for church and cemetery purposes, and for the exclusive use of the Evangelical Lutheran congregation.

The church was built under the supervision of a building committee consisting of Messrs. John S. Hassinger, Allen Schoch and Henry H. Shaeffer. The cornerstone was laid in May, 1871, on which occasion were present: Rev. Dr. Peter Born, of Selingsgrove, Pa., and Rev. S. P. Orwig, the pastor. In the fall of 1872 the church was finished and ready for dedication.

At the dedicatory services, the ministers present were: Revs. W. H. Gottev allt and S. P. Orwig, pastor. This church also adopted the old name, and was dedicated as Christ’s Evangelical Lutheran church. This place of worship is a neat brick structure, two stories high, thirty-eight by fifty feet, and will seat about three hundred and fifty people. The church cost about three thousand dollars. The following named ministers have been regular pastors of this congregation: Revs. Samuel P. Orwig, 1871-’73; G. Roth, 1874-’75; J. D. Kendall, 1875-’76; I. H. Irwine, 1877-’81; J. C. Brodifahrer, — Oct. 15, 1881; A. H. Spangler, 1882-’83; Samuel P. Orwig, 1884-’90; Dr. L. P. Neff, 1890-’94; D. E. McLain, 1895-1900; W. K. Diehl, 1901-’07; E. H. Leisenring, D.D., 1908—


Rev. John Conrad Walter was born in Germany, November 30, 1775, and when three years old came with his parents to this country and settled in Tulpehocken, near Womelsdorf. He learned the trade of shoemaking when a young man. While attending preaching under Rev. William Hendel, D.D., a Reformed minister at Womelsdorf, who, like his father, had a wonderful gift of prayer, being fluent, full of unction, and peculiarly impressive, he was so deeply impressed during one of his prayers, and drawn so near to the Saviour, that he afterwards had no peace of mind until he decided to devote himself to the work of the ministry. He afterwards called on Dr. Hendel, when passing through Womelsdorf, and gratefully informed him of the circumstances.

He at once placed himself under the instruction of a minister (Rev. Herbaugh), either at Lebanon or Reading. He took a thorough course of study in Theology during this time. He was an apt student in Didactic and Homiletic Theology, as was found in his manuscripts; Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew, were freely used. He prepared the brothers, John George and John William Heim, for the ministry, the latter being under his instruction for five years.

Rev. Walter was about 29 years of age when he completed his studies, and took charge in 1804 of Selingsgrove, Salem, Freeburg, Grubb’s, Liverpool, St. Michael’s in Poutz’s Valley, and in 1805 of Christ’s known as Hassinger’s church, and in 1807 of Adamsburg and Musser’s Valley churches, and in 1810 of the charge at Fremont.

About this time his parents moved from Tulpehocken to a point south of Freeburg, in what is known as Firestone Valley.

Rev. Walter was married to Miss Cath-
Rev. Walter was a Lutheran minister, a fluent and forceful orator. From 1805 to the time of his death he served the old two-story Gallery church at Hassinger's. He resided at Middleburg, Pa., where he died on Aug. 10, 1819, of intermittent fever; his age was 43 years, 8 months and 10 days. His remains rest in the old cemetery at Christ's Lutheran and Reformed Union church, commonly known as Hassinger's church. His grave is close to the church, and is marked by a fine high tombstone with proper inscriptions. His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. J. P. Shindel, Sr., of Sunbury, Pa. Text: Heb. 13:7. Rev. Walter's funeral was very largely attended. By actual count there were 1,500 people present from his eight congregations, and other friends. He had labored in the ministry only thirteen years, and was yet in the prime of life and in the midst of his usefulness, and was beloved by all who knew him, when the Lord took him home.

Rev. J. P. Shindel, Sr.

Rev. John Peter Shindel, Sr., was born in Lebanon, Pa., Oct. 3, 1787. He was a son of John Peter and Margaret (Menges) Shindel. Mrs. Shindel was a sister to Jacob Menges, who lived near Freeburg, Pa., where Robert Packnich afterwards lived. Jacob was the father of Washington Menges, of Freeburg, and the Hon. E. R. Menges, of Bristol, Indiana. Rev. Shindel studied theology with Rev. George Lochman, D.D., and was licensed to preach the Gospel, May 24, 1812, at the meeting of the Pennsylvania Synod at Carlisle, Pa., and was at once called to the Sunbury charge, which at that time embraced the territory from Lykens Valley to Shamokin and Catawissa, Pa., nearly fifty miles in extent. He at once moved to Sunbury and commenced his labors July 4, 1812. Thus while he was serving the congregations on the east side of the Susquehanna river, Rev. John Conrad Walter was serving those on the west side of that river. They at once became warm friends, and their friendship never abated while they lived.

In many of the churches in which Rev. Shindel commenced his labors, he continued to preach up to July 2, 1831, nearly 40 years.

After Rev. Walter's death, which occurred Aug. 10, 1819, the eight congregations which he had served so well urgently invited Rev. Shindel to become their pastor. Although he sympathized very much with these congregations, he could not accept this call, on account of his congregations across the river in Northumberland county, but consented to supply their pulpits with the help of his student, J. W. Smith. After Rev. Smith had finished his theological studies and was licensed to preach, he took charge of Rev. John Conrad Walter's congregations in 1821.

Rev. John Peter Shindel, Sr., was married to Miss Susan McCulloch. Eleven children were born to them:

1. Jeremiah, who was also a Lutheran preacher, and served churches in Columbia, and afterwards in Lehigh county, and died in Allentown, Pa., in 1870. He also served in the State Senate and was a Chaplain in the War of the Rebellion.


3. John Peter, Jr., was a Lutheran minister, and died in Middleburg in 1888.

4. Louisa was married to Gideon Leisenring. She died at Selinsgrove in 1853.

5. Susan was married to Samuel Gobin, and died in Sunbury in 1878.

6. Anna Maria married Benjamin Hendricks, and died in Sunbury in 1877.

7. Jacob G. L., a druggist in Selinsgrove, died there January 24, 1898. He was elected and served five years as Associate Judge of Snyder county.

8. Daniel W. was a physician in Sunbury, Pa., now deceased.

9. Isaac Newton, also a physician, died in Selinsgrove, Pa.

10. Martin Luther was first a lawyer and afterwards became a Lutheran preacher and had a charge in Danville, Pa., where he died.

11. Philip Melancthon died in Sunbury.

A granddaughter, Lizzie Hendricks, was married to Hon. Simon P. Wolverton, a prominent attorney of Sunbury, Pa.; and a grandson, Gen. J. P. Shindel Gobin, has become a prominent lawyer at Lebanon, Pa. He served with distinction in the War of the Rebellion and in the State Senate and later as Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania.

Rev. J. P. Shindel, Sr., died in Sunbury, Oct. 26, 1853, aged 66 years and 23 days.

His wife, Susan, died March 14, 1870, aged 81 years. Both are buried in the old cemetery at Sunbury, Pa. Rev. Shindel was a faithful and efficient minister for forty-one years. But he now rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. Peace to his ashes.

Rev. J. P. Shindel, Jr.

Rev. John Peter Shindel, Jr., was born in Lebanon, Pa., July 25, 1810. He was baptized by Rev. George Lochman, D.D., and was confirmed by his father at Sunbury, Pa.

His education, beyond a common school education, was principally received from his father, with a view of entering the holy ministry. He preached his first sermon on Nov. 11, 1832, at Little Mahany, and during the autumn and winter he preached for his father in his several charges.

He was married to Miss Sophia Young, of Sunbury, Pa., in September, 1833. In 1834 he accepted a call from Little Mahany, where he preached until 1838. During the same time he also preached for a small congregation at Hallow Run, or Conrad's school house. In June, 1835, he commenced preaching at Hessler's church at Kratzerville, and also collected a small congregation at Shamokin Dam, which he served in connection with Kratzerville. In 1838 he accepted a call from three congregations, viz.: Black Oak Ridge, Beaver Dam and Christ's, known as Hassinger's church, which formed a charge in connection with Hessler's church at Kratzerville.

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Synod, in Philadelphia, in 1838, he was licensed to preach, as he had previously only preached as a student of his father, and under his supervision. On August 30, 1838, he moved with his family to near Middleburg, Pa., where he resided for some time, when he moved into Middleburg, where he lived in his own home until his death. He was ordained at the meeting of Synod at Allentown, Pa., May 22, 1839, after which he added the congregation at Laurelton, Union county, and at Centerville, on October 28, 1839. He had now seven congregations in his charge. When St. Peter's church at Globe Mills was built, in 1840, he organized a congregation there and preached for them until 1853, during which time the congregation had grown to 175 members. After having been supplied by others for several years, he was recalled June 21, 1856, and continued to serve them until May, 1866, having thus served this congregation for 23 years. He also organized and served congregations at Samuel's church in Decatur township, Mifflin county. He also served the churches at Troxelville, Pa., and Beavertown. He labored in most of these congregations until December, 1868, when he retired from the active duties of the ministry, having preached 36 years. The summary of his ministerial labors in these congregations is as follows: Sermons preached, 2,650; lectures delivered, 1,031; baptisms, 3,229; funerals, 636; marriages, 1,044; communion services, 162; catechumens, 2,097; miles traveled in charges, 49,116; miles traveled to Synods, 2,688.
Naturalization Paper of Adam Miller

From William and Mary College Quarterly, Vol.IX, No. 2, October, 1900.

ELKTON, VA., Aug. 2, 1900.
To Editor, William and Mary College Quarterly Historical Magazine:

I inclose you a copy of the naturalization paper of Adam Miller. I have copied it exactly as to spelling, punctuation and capitalization.

This paper proves beyond doubt that Adam Miller was the first white man to build on this side of the Blue Ridge, as he came in 1726. The Hites came to Winchester in 1732; the Lewises settled near Staunton also in 1732; so Adam Miller was the first white settler in the valley on the Shenandoah, as this old naturalization paper proves; and the land on which he located is still in possession of his descendants.

Sincerely,

LIZZIE B. MILLER.

WILLIAM GOOCH ESQ. His Majesty's Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief of the Colony and Dominion of Virginia.

To all to whom these Presents Shall come Greeting.

whereas by one Act of Assembly made at the Capitol the 23d October in the year 1705 for the better Settling and peopling this His Majesty's Colony and Dominion it is Enacted that it shall and may be Lawful for the Governor and Commander in Chief of the Colony and Dominion for the time being by a public Instrument or Letters Patents under the broad Seal thereof, to Declare any Alien or Aliens Foreigner or Foreigners being already Settled or Inhabitants of this Colony or which shall hereafter come to Settle Plant or Reside therein upon His or theirs taking the oaths therein prescribed and subscribing the Test to be to all intents and purposes fully and completely naturalized and that all persons having Such public Instruments or Letters Patents shall by virtue of this Act have and Enjoy to them and their Heirs the same Immunities and Rights of and unto the Laws and Priviledges of this Colony and Dominion as fully and amply as any of His Majesty's Natural Born Subjects have and Enjoy within the same an as if the had been born within any of His Majesty's Realms and Dominions Provided that nothing therein contained Shall be construed to Enable or Give power or Priviledge to any Foreigner to Do or Execute any manner of thing which by any of the Acts made in England concerning His Majesty's Plantations he is Disabled to Do or Execute, and adam Miller born at Shresoin in Germany having Settled and Inhabited for fifteen years past on Shenandoa in this Colony and now made Application to me for the benefit of Naturalization and before me taken the oaths prescribed by Law and Subscribed the Test I Do hereby pursuant to the said authority Declare the said Adam Miller to be to all intents and purposes, fully and compleatly Naturalized and to have and Enjoy to him and his Heirs the same Immunities and Rights of and unto the Laws and Priviledges of this Colony and Dominion as fully and amply as any of His Majesty's Natural Born Subjects have and Enjoy within the same, and as if he had been born within any of His Majesty's Realms and Dominions according to the aforesaid act. saving always in such matters and things which by the Laws of England concerning the Plantation he is Disabled.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Colony at Williamsburg this 13th day of March 1741/2 in the 15th year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord King George the Second By the Grace of God King of Great Brittain &c.

WILLIAM GOOCH.
The Home

THE OLD CREPE SHAWL.
BY MRS. H. H. FUNK.

The mentioning of the crepe shawl to the dear old grandmother that has passed her four score years, makes her countenance shine and her memory recall many pleasing incidents connected with the wearing of this treasured article of clothing. Well does she remember her mother and grandmother wearing it and treasuring it to be finally bestowed on some favorite heir in whose home it may be carefully preserved in the bureau drawer as a cherished heirloom unless cut up and put to other purposes.

While this favorite shawl was worn chiefly by the wealthier housewives, in some instances those in less fortunate circumstances, by making sacrifices and stinting themselves in various ways, acquired the means to get the coveted wrap and getting it to be in style for the rest of their lives.

Each spring and fall for successive years found the wearer of the crepe shawl with the large scooped Leghorn bonnet known as the Poke bonnet, in style for all special occasions. After the season was over the shawl was carefully preserved and laid by. Little did our grandmothers think they were hoarding their shawls for the present generation, not only to be worn as a shawl but to be converted by graceful draperies into a fascinating opera cloak or a handsome evening wrap so arranged that the heirloom is left unharmed by vandals and scissors and the wearer can feel that she really has a handsome wrap without too much having been sacrificed. The most effective shawl was two yards square with a deep fringe six to twelve inches wide the more elaborate ones having artistic designs in embroidery either in border or corner sprays.

Amusing incidents have been related as to how some in limited circumstances came in possession of the coveted article. One old lady worked for seventy-five cents a week and by practising strict economy and self-denial finally saved enough to purchase a $20 shawl, negotiations being conducted through an uncle, a merchant, who brought it from "The Stadt" (meaning the city of Philadelphia) at wholesale figures.

In another instance a mother in ordinary circumstances could not get her husband to purchase the coveted article until he was anxious to sell a parcel of land and needed the signature of his companion to complete the deed. Fate whispered, "Now is your chance," and she declined to sign her name until her husband went and bought her a handsomely embroidered crepe shawl which became the envy of the whole community. Another mother stinted herself by saving what little was left from the butter and eggs she sold until she acquired enough to get the shawl which was also brought along by a friend from "The Stadt"—these articles not being for sale at the local markets of trade.

The crepe shawl was later followed by the silk, which was also a handsome wrap, and less costly, enabling each to become the possessor of one. It is a satisfaction to the few that still possess shawls to know they can again be made use of and prized as highly by the wearer as they were a generation ago.

THE OLD MERRY-GO-ROUND.
BY GEORGE MAYS, M.D.

But the chief attraction of the day was the Merry-go-round, or Flying Horse as it was known then, and I fancy I can yet hear the operator call out at short intervals, "Here is a merry coach for every pair." (Here is an empty coach for a pair.) I was too young to venture to ride around the circle, but kept my eyes and ears open, and often wondered why the couples in the coaches indulged in such strange antics as they were being whirled through space, but as I grew older and wiser, I soon learned the full significance of these demonstrations. It is alleged that the Merry-go-round really was responsible for more than one love entanglement on muster day, and, taking the excitement of the ride and susceptibility of youth into consideration, I am ready to endorse the report. The young people at that time had little opportunity to indulge in holiday amusement, and whenever they did meet, under such favorable auspices Dan Cupid had no difficulty in sealing the contract between some love-sick swain and his sweetheart. Modern society no doubt would condemn such short and impetuous courtships, but I am glad to say that the matrimonial contracts of that period very seldom ended in a divorce court as so many of them do nowadays, which ought to show that they were looked upon as sacred and binding until death stepped between.
THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

SCHNITTER MIT DER SENS.

FROM GERMAN MAGAZINE—AUTHOR NOT MENTIONED.

Es ist ein Schnitter, heiszt der Tod,
hat Gewalt vom groszen Gott,
heut wetzt er das Messer,
es schneidt schon viel besser,
bald wird er drein schneiden,
wer mussen nur leiden
Hut dich schönes Blumelein

Was heut noch grün und frisch da steht,
wird morgens weggenmacht;
die edel Narcissel,
die englische Schlüssel,
die schon Hyazinth,
die türkische Bind.
Hut dich schönes Blumelein.

DAR SCHNITTER UND DIE BLUMME.

TRANSLATION BY CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Es is 'n Schnitter—dar Tod heeszt aer—
Sei Sens hot 'n scharter Schnitt;
Die zeitig Frucht reift ar hi' un haer
Un die Blumme dekschwische mit.

"Soll ich nix scheenes hawwe?" saagt aer;
"Die zeitig Frucht—is sel all?
Dar Geruch van de Blumme liev' ich wol sehr,
Doch gew' ich sie widder bal."

Mit Dhrähne hot ar die Blumme aa'gschau;
Un gekusst ihre Blätter suss;
Er nemmt sie—'s waar ihm aa'vertraut
Bei'm Harr vum Paradies.

"Meim Harr sin die Blumme lieb un waerth,"
Saagt dar Schnitter, un schmunzel gaar;
"Sie sin ihm A'denke vun der Aerd
Wu aer et Kind mol waar.

"Ich blanz sie aus—un sie blihe fart
Im 'me Gaarte himmlisch schee,
Un die Heilige draage die Blumme dart
'F Kleeder weiss wie Schnee."

Un die Mutter gebt ihre Blumme,—dhur's wol
Mit Dhräne un mit Schmarz;
Awwer dass sie sie widder all seine soll
Des glaab: sie in ihrem Harz.

O, net mit Grobheit, net in Zarn
Is dar Schnitter zu uns kumme;
Ar is 'n Engel g'schickt vum Haarn,
Daer nemmt unser lieve Blumme.
Ihr hübsch Lavendal und Röslein,
ihr Pappeln groz und Klein,
ihr zarte Basiljen,
ihr krause Basiljen,
man wird euch bald holen,
Hüt dich schönes Blumelein.

Aus Seiden ist der Fingerhut,
aus Sammet das Wohlgemut,
noch ist er so blind,
immt was er nur findet,
kein Sammet, kein Seiden
mag ihn vermeiden.
Hüt dich schönes Blumelein.

So view Maszlieb und Rosmarin
schwelkt unter der Sichel hin,
Vergiszen mit
du muszt auch mit,

und du Tausendschön
man laszt dich nit stehn.
Hüt dich schönes Blumelein.

Er macht so gar kein Unterschied,
geht alles in einem Schnitt,
der stolze Rittersporn
und Blumen im Korn,
da liegens beisammen,
man weisz kaum den Namen,
Hüt dich schönes Blumelein.

Trutz, Tod! Komm her, ich forch: dich nit,
trutz! komm und tu ein Schnitt,
 Wenn er mich verletzet,
so werd ich versetzet,
ich will es erwarten
in himmlischen Garten,
Freu dich schönes Blumelein.

DER OLMECHTICH DAWLER.

BY SOLLY HULSBUCK.

De weld iss nimm we se wore
En hunert yohr tsurick,
'S wart olles heitsadawgs gadu
Bi law und 'rithmetick.
De leit sin hoch im geisht awfongs,
(Mer sawga ols "high kickers,")
Und dorch aweck in olle eck
Gaid olles now bi figgers.

5 dawler kusht en fish gart,
2  " " shnoor,
3  " " jug-ful bait,
5  " " foor:

15 dawler luntg net
Farn' fishing-trip. 'Sis nuch
15 dawler fine, und sell's

30 dawler im luch.

Mer, kon sich net enjoya mae,
Und larnt ken neiya trick.
Unless mer gait aweck fun hame.
Und weist si 'rithmetick.
Far'n grosser figger mocha now
(Des wissa narra aw),
Nemt's blendi geld far dorh de weld,
Sell iss awfongs we law.

10 dawler geb mer'im lawyer,
10 " nuch datsu,
20 " "mileage,"
10 " tseiga lu:

50 dawler far'n lawsuit,
Und derno nuch far gute glick,
50 dawler kusha,—sell's

100 dawler im gnick.

Der dawler iss olmechtich now.
Mer sailt's uf olle hond,
Ehr dreibt dale leit em divel tsu,
Und dale gons tu'm farshpond.
Far'n grosser figger mocha deh
Sin sair feel leit drut ous.
Im haikshta shyle, und oll de weil
Ken brode und male im hous.

60 dawler far glaider,
20 " far'n hoot,
20 " far shu und shtrimp—
100 dawler dood!
100 dawler dart derfun,
(Far ehr hut's uf barig's grick!),

000 is wos ehr wart iss uf em hoof
Bi law und 'rithmetick.

Am guten Alten
Im Treuen halten,
Am kräftgen Neuen
Sieh stärken und freuen,
Wird Niemand gereuen,
Das Meine mein, das Deine dein,

So sagt die Menge.
Das Meine mein, das Dein mein
So sagt der Böse.
Das Deine dein, das Meine dein,
So sagt der Gute.
DE COLLEGE BOOVA.

BY GOTTLIEB Boonastiel.

we mer ols in de shool gonga sin wores far-
shonna os mer net usht shool laerning greeked
hen; awer aw awenich farshond met ei-g'num-
ma. Es is nimmey so heizta-dawgs. Now, awer
arsht os de professor in unsera colleges wissa
welia is we wide os mer joompa con, we good
os mer boliia shipela con, un we long os mer
si hore woxa con lussa eb mer blind waerat.
De arsht lesson os mer derno greeked, is
laerna der "college yell" gevva, un es naizt os
mer wase doot der boo shtae met em mowl
uff we en omshel un greished we en Helenol,

"Zip! Bang! Boom!
Rall! Rah! Rah!
Hinkle Trae un Reeva Blud,
Grudda Hore un Dowva Millich.
Epsilorum Boo!"

un all so dihenkersa norrheita os nemond wase
wos es is, awver yader ebber farshaa od ter
boor shunt nei g'hshtar is far en farlompts kolb
fun sich maucha. De leit gokka tsu un sawgwa.
"De boova saya era wilder hoever," awver der
shool is de saya der hoever so deef os are
farfwelde in budda. Won se derno en holb
yohr fun hame sin he ols olaernt os so
rutsnawsa wissa kenna waega reshefctulla leit
insulta, un se maena es were shamrd far
awrmy u-shuldlie maid blackarde waega era
dressa, un leit b'hsima waega era doornit.
Se shmoka 0ll grosse pifa wile sell se
gooka maucht we toughs, un won se in de kars
cooma don muss yaders tswea sitz tsu sich
selver hovva won shunt meede olde wimer in
gong shita missa un bublin hava. Now,
sawg mere amohil, doona se de socha laerna
in era shool bicher.
Won se dcono, ware's
good doon shool bicher, don
ena, mia bicher kawfa os aw awenich ebbes
sawga we mer s'ch badrawga set in coomhany.
Es doot warlickich seema os der karl woo os
loudsh schwetza con, de skinkshik pife shmoka
un hout de lenghta hore is es mensht aw-g'nome
by eena, se explaina de socho mit em argument
os se mista exercise hovva. Farmoodlich.
Awver farwas saega se net huls un bowa
pusha fense. Awver sell ware gushoit, un
shoffa is gega de rule.
Awver des is net de rule by da boova arlae.
Gook amohil on unser maid. Yohra tzirkich
hen se ols laerna bocka un bigla, un shtricka
un weshaa. Now missa se heim-shitcha, em-
broidera, ruffia un hounsa maucha os em usht
net waren holdt awver sin en farlompte nuis-
sance. Won se hiren don missa se graawd en
mawd hovva—so gor tswea—aney far der arawet
do un de onner far shool. WOW. Pennsunnna State. Kon
der mon net en bank hout don muss are de naws
uff en shife-shiae hovva bis se tsu der con-
clusion coomed os se en mon g'hired hut os
se net enara con un derno gaads on de divorce
court un der deivel locht si feisht full we
en puddin os are hut.
Unner denna conditions daid ich sugges-
os oll de colleges en post-graduate course
uff graicha far de oshudnts farshond laerna
won se 'mohl olles wissa os se in da colleges
laerna kenna, un de idea hut sich suggest su-
tere der onner dawg we der Sammy Mulbar-
ger hame cooma is fun der college. Des
barshlyy 0fer fier yohr in de shool. Der
Mike, si pap, hut usht as suit glader h'got del
gons tzeit os der boo in der shool wore, un
pi mommy wore far dri yohr net weder fun
hame os ons Gretzinger's greitz-wake, wile se
es glader hut h'got far gae b'soocha. Der
Semmy is der noicht boo. Are wore os
aw-g'nammer younger mon, awver der college
hut si kup so full laerning gmacht ouk os
ken blolt mae wore far forshond un en yore.
ds are gadao hut wore se ewdwy retza wile er net
recht English schwetza con, un der mommy
sawga os are sich shemma daid si college chums
cooma lussa ena saena, wile die gons muck-
bershoft tsu doon ware. Are hut oll si mahl
fun SchewettIon greeked, tswea mle oll, wile
er g'sawd hut der Hawsa Barrick push-offi-
ware tsu "insignificant." Are hut de boova
nimmey'gakent os mit eme uff ga-woxa sin
un Soondawgs room gadjavede hummel
meshter soocho. In fact, are wore unick em
shodka baum gunheked en genser dawg un
noves g'lena, si finger-negel gabuted, si pife
g'shoked un si hore ous da awga gawished.
Si dawdy hut mich g'frogt far advise wos are
mit dem boo do set. Ich bi news os house-
eck un ene lang h'gooked unick em shodka
baum; derno bi ich tzirkich un hob eme daze
advise gevva: "Fong een un bi ene uff en
huvel-bonk os we en old moldder-schofe; dorno
greek en hecka-share un nem si belse fum
kop; schnide de longa negle fun sina finger un
mauch ene se fressa; shtrip en kelsh im ey-
ver si koup un a paww over-alls ivver si fees;
drae si g'sicht much en weleikhern feldt un
derno shett sizhchin ene mit der tawz-
gaisshel un greesh:

"Zip! Bang! Boom!
Rall! Rah! Rah!
Hinkle Trae un Reeva Blude,
Grudda Hore un Dowva Millich.
Epsilorum Boo!"

un won are sich net raikned don hock eme in
de flanks un ich insure dichi d'nullruss is
on end.
Der naizt mora ebi ich uff wore hoe ich hara
der oldt Mikes der "college yell" g'kappa. un
de fure is g'shtar much en welsh-karn feldt.
Ich hobe ene der naizt dawg g'frogt we's gonga
is un are hout g'sawd:
"Boonastiel, du bist en filossofer. De post-
graduate course hut my Saw oles g'larnde os
are fargessa hut in hier yohr, un safted mere en
knecht. Wes sawgsh? Mere shartsa en post-
graduate course om Barrick far uxa brechea?"
Clippings from Current News

—At the meeting of the National Educational Association in Cleveland Ohio, School Superintendents Schaeffer and Brumbaugh took a prominent part in the exercises.

—Former Attorney General W. U. Hensel, according to newspaper report, spent his vacation at home writing up the interesting things to be seen in a trolley ride through the eastern part of Lancaster county. He claims Lancaster county alone can furnish enough picturesque scenery and interesting pioneer history to supply a month of continuous reading. Our pages are open for contributions from his faultless pen.

—Heidelberg Castle in Germany, begun in the latter part of the thirteenth century, partially destroyed by Tilly in 1622, restored after peace of Westphalia, in 1648, sacked in 1674, 1688, and 1693, restored in 1718, struck by lightning and partially burned 1764, since which time it has been unoccupied—one of the most famous of Europe’s old ruins, is to be restored.

—Rev. Adam Stump, D.D., is chairman of a committee to publish a history of the Lutheran church in York county, Pa., in connection with the celebration of the 175th anniversary of the founding of Lutheranism west of the Susquehanna river.

—the city of Vienna has purchased the house in which Franz Schubert was born, and intends to preserve it in its present condition as long as possible. The price paid was $4,400.

—the house is one of the old fashioned one story type of buildings, which are fast disappearing from modern Vienna. The front is utterly devoid of any attractive feature, but there is a little court behind with wooden galleries and a garden, on the steep hillside.

—Edwin A. Abbey’s eight paintings in the State Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa., were placed in position in July. It is said that the king of England expressed disappointment that the pictures which were painted in England should be allowed to be taken away.

—Of the eight paintings four are lunettes, each forty feet across. In one of these, “Science Revealing the Treasures of the Earth,” the figure of Science is accompanied by Fortune and Abundance. She points with her spear to the depths below the earth, where men are seen climbing down into the treasure mine. The glow of sunset gives color to the scene. The “Spirit of Vulcan,” representing “the Genius of the Workers in Iron and Steel,” shows workmen toiling in the glare of a metal furnace, with the allegorical figure of Vulcan above. “The Spirit of Religious Liberty” is portrayed by three figures flying ahead of red sailing ships in a heaving blue sea. The fourth lunette, entitled “The Spirit of Light,” is typical of the petroleum industry of Pennsylvania. Numerous white forms stream up from the earth bearing lights in their outstretched hands. Brilliant coloring marks all the paintings.

—There are also four medallions between the lunettes. They are entitled “Religion,” “Law,” “Science” and “Art,” the idea in each being expressed by an appropriate figure.

—President George F. Baer, of the Reading Railway, and his wife have donated to Reading for park purposes a tract of 32 acres of woodland. The deed for the land was sent to Mayor Rick, with this note from Mr. Baer: “I am sending you herewith deed of Mrs. Baer and myself for a tract of land containing 32 acres and 41 perches, which we intend as a gift to the city for park purposes. Yours very truly.

GEORGE F. BAER.

Mayor Rick replied, thanking the donors and stating that he would have the deed referred
to Councils, to have the property accepted in formal manner. Through the effects of Mr. Baer the park system of Reading has become one of the finest in the country. He is president of the Park Board and takes a deep interest in everything pertaining to it.

—June 30, was Roebling Day in Trenton, N. J. There was dedicated a handsome memorial statue in honor of John A. Roebling, designer of the Brooklyn and other suspension bridges and founder of the great Roebling Company, of Trenton. The statue is a memorial from the citizens of Trenton and the children of the engineer. By order of the Mayor all the city offices were closed at noon, and much of the business of the city was suspended this afternoon. A feature of the occasion was a street parade by more than 6000 of the Roebling employees, both from the city and the new town of Roebling-on-the-Delaware.

More than two hundred of the best singers of the city, including the members of the United German Singing Societies, chanted choruses under the direction of Dr. Cary Hoffmann, and instrumental music was furnished by nine bands.

—August is the banner Family Reunion month in eastern Pennsylvania. The following list compiled by "Town and Country" appeared in a number of local papers:

August 1—Spare, Zieber's Park; Lambert, Rittersville, Lehigh county; Follweiler, Neffsville.

August 2—Krause, Sand Spring Park, Lehigh county.

August 6—Hall, Harper's, Northampton county; Hallman, Plymouth Park, Montgomery county.

August 8—Gehman, Zieber's Park; Wotrung, Sand Spring Park; Baer, Kutztown; Shimer, Oakland, Northampton county; Hockman, Bedminster, Bucks county; Lutz, Mountain, Berks county.

August 11—Shierer, Neffsville; Grim, Kutztown.

August 12—Bittner and Werley, Neffsville; Ritter, Dorney Park, Lehigh county; Wotrung, Sand Spring Park.

August 13—Peter, Neffsville, Saul, Temple, Berks county.

August 15—Knauss, Waldheim, Lehigh county; Rohrbach, Hancock, Berks county; Haas, Neffsville; Heimly, Kutztown; Gery, Siesholtzville, Berks county.

August 18—Trexlertown, Kutztown.


August 22—Hess, Dorney Park.

August 26—Harrold family, Cadwalader Park, Trenton.

August 27—Boyer, Black Bear Park; Berks county.

August 29—Bertolet, Ringing Rocks; Kriebel; Zieber's Park; McKinstry, Iyland. Bucks county: Michener-Worthington, Tohickon Park, Bucks county; Moyer, Perkasie; Heller, Island Park, Northampton county; Dietrich, Kutztown; Sensensing, Neffsville; Rentz-heimer, Hellertown; Furry, Carstonia Park, Reading.

—The Bavarian Volksfest-Verein, of Philadelphia, Pa., had its thirtieth annual outing the latter part of July. Many quaint customs of the fatherland were reviewed. Bavarian-American clad in the costumes of the peasants in the fields of the fatherland were present in great numbers. Some were clad in the peasant holiday garb ablaze with color, and yet others in the white, bespangled street clothes. The sound of the native music was in the air and those assembled enjoyed the outing as only a German people can.

—That the observance of Founders' Week in Philadelphia, Pa., will form the greatest municipal celebration that has ever been held in the United States, is the firm belief of its Executive Committee. The committee gives two reasons for its belief: first, Philadelphia is the only municipality to celebrate its two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary; second, by reason of its many notable and historic features.

For example, the committee points to the following historical events, whose celebration will so greatly enhance the week's program:

The rejection of the cargo of tea that was brought here from England on the ship Polly, which occurred some thirty days prior to the notable Boston Tea Party.

The introduction of steam as a motive power for boats, exhibited at Arch Street wharf, on the Delaware River, on August 22, 1787, twenty-one years before Robert Fulton launched his first boat on the waters of the Hudson River.

These facts, together with the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, the framing of the Constitution, the establishment of the first post office and the first United States Mint, the printing of the first English Bible with American imprints, the printing of the first book on education, the first paper mill in the United States, the first spinning jenny and the first carpet and oilcloth makers, have been incentives for the Executive Committee to prepare a program of religious, military, municipal, industrial, educational, naval and historic features.

—The Pennsylvania-Germans are very prominent at the meeting of the Pennsylvania Bar Association, at the Hotel Cape May, this week, says the Cape May Star, of June 27th. Among the "Dutchmen" none ranks higher than Hon. G. A. Endlich, of the Common Pleas bench, of Berks. Though one of the most youthful looking of the 40 odd judges who attended the meeting, he is old enough to have been upon the bench for nearly 30 years.

Aside from his local reputation in his county and State as a judge, he is always a prominent figure, by reason of his contributions to legal literature, which have made him universally known in all countries where the English system of jurisprudence prevails.

Judge Endlich is the author of "The Law of Admiralty of Defence in Pennsylvania,"
"The Law of the Rights and Liabilities of Married Women," "Endlich on the Construction of Statutes," and various other text books of law, besides being a prolific contributor to law periodicals.

His home district has been very loyal to him, and very appreciative of his services, as was shown by the fact that on the occasion of his last election he was the unanimous nominee of both the Democratic and Republican parties, and received the whole vote of his judicial district.

Apropos of Judge Endlich's legal fame, a member of the Bar Association, in extolling the wide influence of Pennsylvania jurisprudence, made mention of the fact that last year while on a trip abroad he had his local pride considerably swelled by hearing Judge Endlich's book on the "Construction of Statutes," quoted in the British House of Commons.—The Lutheran.

—The recent death of William D. Zehner, former superintendent of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, and for 36 years in that position, marked an epoch in anthracite coal mining, for he was considered by all who knew him the greatest operator of the anthracite region of his time.

If Mr. Zehner "made the company," he gave his life for its creation. He was 53 years in its employ, 36 as superintendent. He loved the company. He was a man of one idea, and he sacrificed everything for its realization. He never took a vacation, but was always on duty, even in the case of a mine fire, when he was found unconscious from the smoke.

—William Jacob Miller, of Philadelphia, Pa., died Wednesday, July 22, aged 75 years. Mr. Miller's death occurred at Columbia, Pa., at the residence of his son, Rev. Dr. Edgar Grims Miller, pastor of the first English Lutheran Church of that city. Mr. Miller had been in poor health for some years and was visiting Columbia to recuperate. Mr. Miller was well known as one of the firm of Beates & Miller, wholesale druggists at Third and Branch streets from 1854 to 1882, and later of 509 Market street, and was in business there until 1898, when he retired. He was a past master and for several years president of the Lutheran Publication Society. He was a trustee of the Pennsylvania Bible Society and of the Philadelphia Bible Society. He was a member of the Executive Committee of the Philadelphia City Missions, and his longest service as an officer was as a member of the Church Council of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church for nearly fifty years. He was for several terms president of the Philadelphia Drug Exchange.

Mr. Miller is survived by his widow, Mary Grims Miller, and two sons, Rev. Dr. Edgar Grims Miller, of Columbia, Pa., and Rev. William J. Miller, Jr., prominent in Christian Association work and now pastor of the Lutheran Mission in West Philadelphia; also two daughters, Mrs. Henry H. Saylor, of East Orange, N. J., and Mrs. Ada G. Delk, wife of the Rev. Dr. Edwin Heyl Delk, pastor of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR THE JOKE BOOK.

"Wie geht's?" said the polite German as he entered the restaurant. "Wheat cakes" yelled the Irish waiter. "Nein, Nein, Nein" said the former. "And bedad ye kin be thankful if ye git three," said the Irishman.

Sam was met by Jake in an alley returning home with a pair of shoes from the cobbler. Jake called the shoes Alleygaiters (Alligators). Sam enjoyed the joke. At the supper table Sam related the event and said Jake called my shoes "crocodiles." He laughed, his wife didn't and she could not see anything funny in the remark. Jake said he couldn't either.

Jake, the only living child of Mike and Rachel Gramley was a habitual grumbler, whose mother gave him needed instruction one morning as he was on the point of going to board with his city cousins. Old enough to profit by parental advice he decided to heed his mother's counsel, and stop his fault-finding. At the dinner table of his city hostess he tried to be nice, and said: "Mutter, du hosh en schöner, guter tisch. Dei booter isch auch goot was dafoon ist." The dark frown on her face showed him that he had made a mistake and he hastened to add: "So wie er is." He looked around for a new boarding place.—Flousaueber.

—The public may not know the good story, which has been a joy for many a long day among musicians, which tells how a celebrated conductor, admired and beloved by every one who knows him, accused his wife in broken English of conducting the reverse of admirable, to put it mildly. He was refusing an invitation to an afternoon party for her on the plea of her delicate health, but he evidently got a little mixed during his explanations, for he made the following astounding statement, which was news indeed to the world in general: "My wife lies in the afternoon. If she does not lie, then she swindles!"

N. B.—"Schwindeln" is the equivalent in German for "feeling giddy."

—An eastern woman whose husband's business obliged him to remove to Milwaukee soon showed herself an earnest member of a local German class. She had learned to read the language a little, but for a long time was unable to master the pronunciation.

One day the question was put to her, "Are you not glad you are able to learn German?" The query was, of course, in German, and the answer was, "Ja, gewiss" ("Yes, certainly").

When the easterner was called upon to answer she upset the class by doing so in this wise:

"Ya; gee whiz!"—Lippincott's.
Chat with Correspondents

"A SPICY POEM".

We heartily welcome U. B. S. as one of our new subscribers. We hope he may find some day to give us a "story" of the Pennsylvania-Germans whom he has met as he "traveled the west from one end to 'tether."

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, July 14, 1908.

H. W. Kriebel, Publisher,
East Greenville, Pa.,

Dear Sir—A notice in The Lehigh Register prompted me to send you twenty-five cents for four consecutive numbers of The Pennsylvania-German, and I now enclose $1.50 to renew my subscription for a magazine which I have learned to prize very highly. The April number alone is worth a year's subscription to me. The engravings and short biographical sketches of Allentown's mayors recalled the fact that one of them, Werner K. Ruhe, editor of The Allentown Democrat, wrote a rather spicy poem on the occasion of my marriage in Iowa, in April, 1874, a copy of which I will enclose. Another mayor, Col. S. D. Lehr, was captain of Co B, 170th Regiment, Pa. Infantry, of which I was the youngest member. I subsequently served nearly two years in the western army. In January, 1866, I returned to Allentown and became a student in the Allen-town Military and Collegiate Institute. My seat mate was a boy of fourteen, Revere F. Weidner, whose portrait and biography appeared in the April number. That God may continue to bless him in his laudable and successful endeavors to advance the cause of education and Christianity is the wish of his old schoolmate and seat mate, U. B. S.

What a glorious country the far west must be,
With its great rolling prairies so expansive and free;
Where cities spring up like grass from the ground,
Where health and prosperity always are found,
Where forests give way to the farmer's strong arm,
Where hundreds of acres make but a small farm.
To the millions of Europe 'tis a haven of rest,
The modern Eureka—that charming "out west."

And you've been there, Uriah, one trip after another,
You've traveled the west from one end to 'tether;
And you've looked at the country with critical eye.
To find the best place to locate, the best place to buy,

If in land or a wife you should wish to invest,
And in the latter we now know that your choice was "out west."
But it's rough on the girls of your own native State,
To go two thousand miles to secure you a mate.
Though that she was worth going for well do we know,
And our hope is that through life you'll both make things "go."
May your life be a pathway of sunshine and flowers,
May the years pass away in life's bright golden hours,
With health and prosperity may you be blest,
And never regret the union of hearts "out west."

A LARGER MAGAZINE WANTED.

Miss M—— writes as follows:

Tombstone records, original marriage records and birth records would be of great value to your magazine as well as to its readers. I think each number of the magazine is better, and I agree with the letter by Dr. H. H. Selzer, let us give the best there is to give when we speak or write of the early settlers of Pennsylvania. We know there must have been a great crudeness in pioneer life it cannot be otherwise—but do not accentuate it. I agree with every letter asking to enlarge and improve the historical value of the magazine—it is the only one of its kind and when we think that Pennsylvania people are in every state of the Union, in Honolulu and the Philippines (The "Dutchman" is ubiquitous—Ed.) let us give them the best from home—old home stories, church records, genealogical sketches, tombstone records, deeds, wills, birth and death records, etc.

To this letter we can only say that we are trying to do all we can to give our readers an entertaining, valuable, instructive magazine. We are not giving all that could and should be given, for the simple reason that we cannot. With more subscribers it will be our pleasure to enlarge the departments now running and to add new features. The question is up to the subscribers themselves. If each one were to secure but two new subscribers before New Year's we could have a larger magazine next year and the publisher would not have to worry so much about the paying of the printers bills. We hereby appoint our readers a committee of the whole to hustle for new subscribers. You who read this are one of the committee. What will you do towards making the larger magazine possible?
Pennsylvania Historical Societies

The Bradford County Historical Society


The reports show that regular monthly meetings are held by the society with an average attendance of fifty persons. Markers are being established throughout the county to designate points of historic interest. Over fifty essays have been submitted by pupils of Grammar and High School grade on township or county history in competition for prizes. Considerable additions have been made to the library and museum. The annual enables even a stranger to live over again some of the thrilling events in the history of the county.

We quote the following words from the first paper: “The first white man to visit what is now Bradford county, was Stephen Bruelé, a Frenchman, who was an explorer and interpreter for Samuel Champlain. The next year, 1666, he went down the Susquehanna to the sea, being the first white man ever to perform this journey, and is believed, was the first white man to set foot upon the soil of Pennsylvania.” The Secretary of the Society wrote under date of July 30 that this “assertion was criticised by some, but to present writing has not been successfully controverted.” If any reader can present data to disprove the claim made respecting Bruelé, we hope they may be forthcoming.

The Chester County Historical Society

and the Chester Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution on Tuesday July 14 dedicated a metal marker erected at Point Lookout, Valley Forge, where sentinels of the Continental Army stood guard during the winter of 1777-8 to protect wagon trains and a marker at the famous “Stargazers’ Stone,” set up by Mason and Dixon, the surveyors, and now on the farm of Henry E. Harlan, near Ebensburg.

The Star-Gazers’ Stone was erected in 1764 by Mason and Dixon in the process of locating the boundary line that bears their names, between Pennsylvania and Maryland. The agreement between the Penns and Lord Baltimore provided that this line should be fifteen miles south of the southernmost point of the City of Philadelphia (South street, then Cedar street). Having first determined the exact latitude of this latter point, they proceeded westward thirty-one miles and there set up this so-called Star-Gazers’ Stone in precisely the same latitude. From this stone they measured southward the required fifteen miles, which gave them the latitude of the boundary line.

After completing their survey of the boundary line, Mason and Dixon returned to the Star Gazers’ Stone and measured thence a degree of latitude southward. This is the only time, it is said, such a measure was ever actually run on the surface of the earth, all the other calculations of its length having been by a process of triangulation.

The Historical Society of Frankford


We quote the following from the first paper: “The schools of this period, and we must bear in mind that this was before the Revolution, were furnished with desks and benches made by the local carpenter. A high desk upon a raised platform for the master at one end of the room, and against the walls a continuous sloping shelf about three feet from the floor, long backless benches, upon which the children sat in front of it with a line of other smaller benches for the little children, all artfully carved with the jackknives of the scholars. The middle of the room would be an open space for the classes to stand when reciting. There would be a large deep fireplace to accommodate plenty of wood which was carried in by the scholars. John Trumbull, who attended a Colonial school just before the Revolution, describes the schoolmaster as follows: ‘He wore a three-cornered hat, his coat descended in long square skirts to the calves of his legs; he wore white silk stockings with low shoes with large buckles, and a gray wig falling in rolls over his shoulders. He wore tortoise shell spectacles and carried a gold headed cane.’
Genealogical Queries

ANSWER TO QUERY XLI

Peter Laux (Loucks, Laucks, Loux).

James B. Laux, of 221 West 135th street, New York City, is gathering family data. I think he mentions the place the Laux family came from.

The earliest date I know of in this country is Peter Laux, who had a warrant of land in Lancaster county, Pa., Nov. 3, 1738, of 150 acres. Can you tell me the names of his children, etc.?

Miss M. F. Mickley,
Mickley's R. F. D.,
Allentown, Pa.

QUERY XLII - BICKEL FAMILY

I desire to communicate with anybody named Bickel, Beckel or Böckel, or anyone descended from people of that name—with the object of forming a family genealogy. Any information on this subject will be thankfully received.

I am descended from Tobias Böckel who with his brother Frederick came to Pennsylvania in 1736. Their descendants are quite numerous. But my interest is not confined to these two immigrants alone.

Any information I have in my possession is available to people interested.

Paul J. Bickel,
Waynesboro, Pa.

Reviews and Notes

BY PROF. E. S. GERHARD, TRENTON, N. J.


Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

Prof. Kemmerer's father was a Pennsylvania-German, and was born at Fennersville, Pa., near the Delaware Water Gap. His grandfather and grandmother were among the first settlers in Slocum Hollow, which is now the city of Scranton, Pa. Prof. Kemmerer is a graduate of Wesleyan University, Connecticut; he was for several years the director of the currency of the Philippines, and is managing editor of The Economic Bulletin, published quarterly by the American Economic Association.

This treatise was submitted to the faculty of Cornell University for the Ph.D. degree. It is very likely one of the most scholarly and most analytical treatises ever made of monetary science, and especially of the quantity theory of money. Prof. Kemmerer was for several years director of the currency of the Philippine Islands; he thus had an opportunity to study the money question outside of the United States. The book is of importance to all who are interested in monetary science.


Prof. Oscar Kuhns was born in Columbia, Lancaster Co., Pa. He graduated from Wesleyan University in 1885, after which time he studied in several foreign universities. He is the author of a number of books, among which the most notable are "German and Swiss Settlements in Pennsylvania," and "Dante and the English Poets." He has also edited a number of texts in the Modern Language Series.

Nichola Boileau-Despreaux was born in Paris, 1636 and died there in 1711. He was a famous French critic and poet. Upon his works and especially upon his Art Poétique rest the theories of the Classical Literature of France. His influence upon the literature of France was as wholesome as it was immense.

The editor of the text was happy in his selections in choosing The Art of Poetry, Satires, Epistles, Various Poems, and The Heroes of Romance; though some might have selected the eighth Satire instead of the fifth. The text is well annotated, and with its critical introduction it makes a fine, scholarly text.


This volume in addition to the address of welcome and the responses, and an account of business routine contains and article by H. M. M. Richards, Secretary of the Society, on "The Pennsylvania-Germans in the Revolutionary War (1775-1785)"; and one by William Jacob Heller on "The Gunmakers of Old Northampton."

The article entitled "The Pennsylvania-Germans in the Revolutionary War" is for the most part interesting and instructive reading; whatever smacks of a compilation is due to the nature of the subject. The writer of this article has undoubtedly spent a great deal of painstaking effort to bring out his production; and his labors are surely well repaid.

It is not strange that in so large a piece of work with so many items and themes all in
one volume there should be some errors and
mistaken ideas. There is a “mix-up” in the
arrangement of the pages in the first-part of
the volume, and the cut found on page 32 is
reproduced on page 312. These are minor
matters, however, when compared with the
further statements that Christopher Schultz
was a Mennonite, and that he was a Justice
of the Peace in Berks county, Pa., from 1777-
1784. Let it be said once and for all that
Christopher Schultz was a Schwenkfelder and
not a Mennonite. He was the scholar and the
man of eminence among the Schwenkfelders of
the eighteenth century. And nothing has been
found in the records of Berks county to show
that he was ever a Justice of the Peace. (See
Vol. XIII, Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-
German Society, page 172.

On the whole it is an acceptable tribute to
the valor and patriotism of the Pennsylvania-
Germans during the Revolution; and not the
least significant part is the account of the
Non-Combatant Patriots, pages 339-359.

The Gunmakers of Old Northampton is a
readable enthusiastic paper. It gives an in-
teresting account of the work of the “artisans
of the backwoods” who supplied the weapons
of war in order to maintain their country’s in-
dependence.

The volume is a valuable contribution to his-
tory. There is a great deal of unwritten his-
tory, which is only too frequently of more im-
portance than the history that is written to
order. These two papers should be made
the compulsory reading of future historians.
The contents of this volume bring out still
more incidents, unrecorded and unpublished,
that show how the Pennsylvania-German in
his modest and unostentatious manner has
stood in the bulwark of his country’s liberties,
and has never yet for well nigh two hundred
years received the credit that is due him for
his achievements both in peace and war.

The Romance of the Reaper. By Herbert
N. Casson, author of The Romance of
Steel. Illustrated from photographs. 184 pp.
Price $1.10, postpaid. Doubleday, Page

It is doubtful whether there is another agri-
cultural machine that has such a romantic his-
tory behind it as the reaper. And the author,
true to his theme, has held on to its romantic
side. He says that he spent six months in
investigating the story of the origin and de-
velopment of the reaper; we are inclined to
believe that he could well have spent three
times the amount of time, and his book would
still be as romantic and interesting as it is.

Many episodes have been omitted, and
even these may have only a “ideal setting”
they would still add greatly to the interest of
the story. What has become of the old Buck-
eye, the old Empire, and the old Excelsior,
and the old Benjamin Yeakel, machines that
made the hillsides rattle with their noisy gear-

ing? The latter was an improvement on the
Hussey machine, was made in Lehigh county,
Pa., and was for many years the leading, if not
the only, machine in Eastern Pennsylvania.

And there is another machine that should
receive mention—it has been entirely omitted
in the narrative; it is quite likely that the
author has never heard of it—The Hubbard
Gleaner and Binder. It was invented by a man
by the name of Hubbard, and was manufac-
tured at Norristown, Pa., approximately be-
tween the years 1870-1890. This machine fol-
lowed the reaper, or rather the self-rake (not
dropper), and by means of sprocket wheels
picked up the sheaf and bound it with wire;
some bound with twine. It thus had a place
between the self-rake and the self-binder. It
was manufactured extensively for some years,
but with the perfection of the automatic har-
vester it was soon discarded. It might also be
of interest to know more about the cumber-
some harvester that bound the grain with
long rye straw. There was such a machine,
but we never saw it work in the field.

No claim can be instituted that the Pennsyl-
vania-German had any direct hand in the
invention of the reaper, but he is surely entitled
to more consideration and recognition in its
development than what is conceded to him.

In speaking of the progress and development
of the country during the 20’s, the author says
that the “telegraph was still a dream in the
brain of Morse” (1) There are facts to show
that the telegraph was an actuality even before
Morse ever dreamed of a telegraph. As early
as 1831 Prof. Henry, of Albany Academy, and
later of Princeton, with his intensity mag-
net and by stringing a mile and a half of wire
around his room at the Academy, operated
the armature of the first sounding telegraph of
any kind. And in Princeton he again stretched
his wire around his lecture room and from
there across the campus to his residence. But
the case cannot be argued any further here.
That Morse invented the telegraph is one of
the many “mock pearls” in history; that need
to be smashed; and this one can be smashed.

The author occasionally just misses being
extravagant in style as when he speaks of
“guillotining wheat,” and when he says that
“McCormick was the thin edge of the wedge
that split into fragments the agricultural ob-
stacles to social progress.” An excessive use of
such expressions becomes cloying. On the
other hand, we admire the way the author
gives a concrete value to his figures, as when
he says that the International Harvester Com-
pany, with its 25,000 employees and 42,000
salesmen, supports as many families as live in
Utah and Montana. The book is highly
interesting and instructive reading from end
to end; it is fascinating, written on a romantic
subject in a romantic style. We believe that
the author, by the expenditure of more time
and still more effort, could produce an ad-
miralable history of the reaper industry.
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Printed at the Pennsylvania-German Press, East Greenville, Pa., under the direction of the Board of Trustees of the Pennsylvania-German College.
According to Egle’s “Pennsylvania Genealogies,” “Balzer or Balthasar Orth, born May 5, 1703, emigrated from the Palatinate, Germany, to Lebanon township, Lancaster, now Lebanon county, Pa., about the year 1730. On the right bank of the Danube, about fifteen miles east of Vienna, is the village of Orth, containing about three thousand inhabitants. In the year 1770, Hartneid von Orth purchased the village and estate surrounding it, founded a church and erected a castle. It remained in the family for several successive generations, when the proprietor, about the close of the seventeenth century, sold out and removed to Moravia, one of the northern provinces of Austria. The family cannot be traced from Moravia to the Rhine.”

Three hundred acres of land were warranted to Balzer Orth in Lebanon township, Lebanon county, Pa., Nov. 25, 1735, where he resided many years. He died October 20, 1788, and lies buried in the Hebron church yard, near Lebanon, Pa.

A line of illustrious sons and daughters has sprung from this pioneer represented in the Orth, Gloninger, Krause, Riley, Witman, Albright and other families.

Among these was Godlove Steiner Orth (the subject of this sketch), a great-grandson of Balzer, who was born April 22, 1817, in Lebanon county, Pa., and died December 16, 1882, in Lafayette, Indiana. That he may be claimed in the great family of Pennsylvania-Germans is shown by the fact that when in his public life as Minister to Vienna, he, upon his first presentation to the Emperor, was able to carry on conversation in German. According to Egle, “After a short conversation the Emperor asked: ‘Tell me in what part of Germany were you born?’ Mr. Orth replied, ‘Not in Germany, but in Pennsylvania, in the United States.’ ‘But,’ said the Emperor, ‘you speak the pleasing accent of the Rhine.’” What was experienced by Mr. Orth has been the repeated experience of many others, Pennsylvanians by birth, in the home of their German fatherland.

Eulogists have pronounced Mr. Orth a man of great kindness of heart, a man of strong convictions, a good neighbor and an obliging friend; a loving, tender father; a true, affectionate husband, the soul of truth, a diplomat, a soldier and statesman; a cool, courageous, manly man, having the record of faithful public service, unmarried by a strain of dishonor, beneficial to his country, of high honor to himself, a safe counselor, a patriotic citizen, an able and faithful public servant.

These words are a full justification for printing this sketch. The following encomiums pronounced in the House of Representatives, January 31, 1883, are gleaned from “Memorial Addresses on the Life and Character of Godlove S. Orth, Published by Order of Congress.”
The readers of the magazine are under obligations to Mrs. Alice S. Seibert (widow of Rev. Dr. George C. Seibert), great-great-granddaughter of Balthazer Orth, for the loan of papers making the preparation of this paper possible.

Remarks by Mr. Browne, of Indiana.

Godlove S. Orth was born near Lebanon, in the State of Pennsylvania, April 22, 1817. He was a descendant from the Moravian family which emigrated from one of the Palatinates of the old German Empire to the colony of Pennsylvania about the year 1725, under the auspices of Count Zinzendorff, the celebrated missionary. His grandfather, Balthazer Orth, was an ardent patriot in the Revolution, acted as provost-marshal for his district, and drafted members of his own family for service in the colonial army. The Hessian prisoners captured at Trenton were, by the orders of Washington, put into his custody, and he imprisoned them in the old stone church of the Moravians, still standing at Lebanon. His ancestry lie in the adjacent church-yard, now awaiting some Old Mortality with his chisel to reproduce the epitaphs on their moss-covered tombstones.

Mr. Orth, after securing such an education as could be obtained in the common schools of his native State, took an irregular course of instruction at the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg. He located there, read law in the office of Hon. James Cooper, and was admitted to the bar in March, 1839. The great West was developing very rapidly at this time, and to an enterprising and ambitious young man it was an inviting field. He was attracted by the activities and opportunities of that growing section, and soon after his admission to the bar crossed the Alleghanies and found a home by the beautiful Wabash, at LaFayette, where he continued to reside until “the wheels of his weary life stood still.” Here he at once entered upon the practice of law, and, young as he was, by his learning and integrity soon won a lucrative business and a place in the front rank of the profession. He took an active part in the famous and exciting campaign of 1840, and secured at a bound a position of prominence in Indiana politics.

In 1843 the Whigs of Tippecanoe county nominated him as their candidate for the State Senate, and although the county was Democratic he was triumphantly elected. Though one of the youngest, he was one of the ablest of the Senate, and so well did he perform his part that before the close of the term he was chosen president of that body by a most complimentary vote. He thus became acting lieutenant-governor. He remained in the Senate from 1843 to 1850, and was, during a portion of this period, chairman of the committee on the judiciary, a position tendered him by a Democratic presiding officer as an evidence of the high estimate placed upon his integrity and learning by his political opponents. In 1848 he was a candidate for Presidential elector on the Taylor and Fillmore ticket, and took an active part in the memorable campaign of that year.

For ten years subsequent to the close of his service in the State Senate he devoted himself almost exclusively to his profession. He did not again appear in public life until the slave power revolted against national authority and proclaimed its purpose to forcibly destroy the Union. After several of the discontented States had mustered for battle, when either a compromise or peaceful separation of our seemed inevitable, the general assembly of Virginia invited all the States to a peace conference to meet at Washington on the 4th of February, 1861. The object of this meeting, as announced by Virginia, was to adjust, if possible, the pending struggle by an amendment of the Constitution, giving further security to the rights of the people of the slave-holding States. Indiana promptly responded, to this kindly invitation, and Mr. Orth was appointed by Governor Morton one of its five commissioners to this peace congress. His associates were Caleb B. Smith, Pleasant A. Hackleman, E. W. H. Ellis and Thomas C. Slaughter—names now canonized in the hearts of our people.

Mr. Orth was more a listener than a talker or an actor in that congress. He soon became convinced that an honorable
adjustment was hopeless; that the malcontents who inaugurated the rebellion would accept but separation on terms that would bind for all time the free States to the juggernaut of the slave-masters. To such conditions he knew his people would never submit. He believed, moreover, that the Constitution as it was, correctly interpreted and honestly enforced, gave ample protection to the institutions of the South. Although anti-slavery in his sympathies, and sternly opposed to what he believed to be the encroachments of slavery, he stood for the enforcement of law, and was one of those who, if the law demanded it, "would have given Shylock a verdict for the pound of flesh although he had to take it from his own bosom."

When the peace congress adjourned Mr. Orth was convinced that war could not long be averted, and upon his return home he addressed his people on the situation, forecasting with remarkable accuracy the future of the country. He pointed out to them the imminence of the danger confronting them, and exhorted them to meet it with a courage that neither sacrifice nor suffering could subdue or dishearten.

The war opened, and from its beginning he championed the cause of the nation with all the zeal and enthusiasm of his nature. In every phase of that fearful conflict—in victory, in defeat—he gave the Union his active support, and from the first gun at Charleston Harbor until the surrender at Appomattox he insisted that a vigorous and aggressive war policy was the price of peace and union.

Mr. Orth had but a brief experience in the military service. When, in the summer of 1882, Indiana was threatened with an invasion on its southern borders,
he responded to the call of the governor, and putting himself at the head of a company of his fellow-citizens, reported for duty. He was sent to the Ohio River and put in command of the ram Hornet. He continued on duty until the emergency that called him into service was over when he returned to his civil pursuits.

He was elected a Representative in Congress in October, 1862, and first took his seat here on the 4th of March following. He was returned by his district to the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, by the State at large to the Forty-third, and again by his district to the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses, having at the time of his death seen fourteen years of service as the trusted representative of a most intelligent constituency. No man could command unwaveringly without possessing real merit.

His services here began in the most eventful epoch in our history. The Republic was in the agonies of a most cruel civil war. Its expenses were enormous, and the generosity of its expenditure of money was only paralleled by the profligacy with which a heroic soldiery poured out their blood. Taxation seemed to have reached its uttermost limit, and yet our revenues fell far below the demands of the times.

The Treasury was empty, our finances in disorder, but the war went on, increasing in magnitude, and intensifying in bitterness, until the coolest and wisest dared not predict its duration, its results to our civilization or our democratic system of government. The friends of the Union were divided in their councils, and some began to lose hope of success. Gloom over-shadowed every household. There was sadness and sorrow about every hearth-stone. "Every shore had its tale of blood and its record of suffering."

The dead lay on every hillside and in every valley, by the waters of the Ohio and under the shade of the magnolia and the cedar of the South. The roar of hostile guns mingled with the moans of the dying and the agonizing sobs of bereaved sisters and mothers. It was under such sad surroundings Mr. Orth assumed the duties of Representative. That he conscientiously and fearlessly did the work assigned him is a part of the record of those troublous times.

After the war he had to grapple the new and perplexing questions of reconstruction, and here, too, he proved himself equal to each occasion, never forgetting the cause of freedom and ever having an eye to the glory of his country.

He served on several of the most important committees of the House, and among them the Committee on Freedmen, the Committee on Private Land Claims, the Committee on Ways and Means, the Committee on Reform in the Civil Service, and the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He brought to the discharge of his committee work an intelligent industry which won for him the respect and confidence of his associates and a position of influence in the House.

While on the Freedmen's Committee he matured and reported several measures for the protection of that large and friendless multitude which the war was daily transforming from chattels into men. As a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs he was, when that question was before the country, opposed to according belligerent rights to Cuba, and on behalf of a minority of the committee presented a report embodying his views, which was sustained by the House and indorsed by the country.

Mr. Orth advocated every advance movement of his party. He was in the fullest sympathy with the emancipation policy of Lincoln, and recorded his vote for the amendment abolishing slavery. He also zealously supported the Fourteenth Amendment, and followed these measures to their logical conclusion by aiding to put the ballot into the hands of the newly-made freeman. On the subject of human rights his views were radical. He hated oppression, and was intolerant of what he regarded caste legislation. He combated the anti-Chinese legislation of this Congress because he thought it an attack on liberty.

Upon the adjournment of the Forty-third Congress President Grant rendered him the position of United States Minister to Vienna, which he accepted. While
abroad he was chosen by the almost unanimous voice of the Republican party its candidate for governor of Indiana. He resigned his mission in compliance with the request of his friends, to make the race for that office. During the canvass he withdrew from the ticket because of local opposition to his candidacy which he was induced to believe would imperil the success of his party. His long term of service, his party prominence, his aggressive character, his uncompromising devotion to principle, and his firm adherence to his convictions made him a conspicuous mark for his enemies. Eminence in any walk of life and especially in politics, invites criticism and censure.

He lives to little purpose who is without foes. It is unfortunate that in our political warfare we are apt to justify the assassination of private character if it promotes partisan success. If party ends require it, we too often remorselessly murder a good man's name. But the fame of him of whom I speak is safe from defamation now. He is beyond the reach of reproach. After a third of a century of public life, after ample opportunities for amassing wealth, Mr. Orth died comparatively poor. If he had faults, venality was not one of them. His frugal, temperate and unostentatious habits, his disregard of wealth, vindicate his character from such an imputation and rebuke those who calumniated it.

It was my good fortune to know Mr. Orth somewhat intimately for a score of years. He was of a sunny nature, and had a cheerful word, a genial smile, and a hearty greeting for all. No man ever had friends more devoted and self-sacrificing than he. He had a personal magnetism which attracted men and held them. They stood by him in every vicissitude of his fortune. No assault upon his record or his honor weakened their faith or caused them to falter in their friendship. It was thought that at times he was unduly sensitive and too quick to suspect offense; but if this was a weakness it arose from "that chastity of honor that felt a stain as a wound." No life is wholly faultless; his had its frailties; but when the account of its deeds here is made up there will be found a large balance on the heavenward side. He was self-reliant, and prosecuted his work with an energy that deserved success if it did not always achieve it. As a thinker and a speaker he was aggressive but intolerant; urging his point with the zeal of an enthusiast, he freely accorded honesty of purpose and conviction to those who combated his opinions. His language was simple, his manner earnest, his illustrations well chosen. There was no attempt at display—no straining after effect. He sometimes festooned his thought with an apt quotation, and gave point to his logic by an appropriate anecdote. A man of convictions and integrity of purpose, before forming an opinion he examined the facts and only accepted conclusions after trying the foundations upon which they were made to rest.

Mr. Orth was in declining health for some time before his death. At the close of the last session of this Congress he visited Berkeley Springs, hoping by rest and recreation to regain his wasted strength and be ready for the labors of this session. He did not find the relief he sought, but returned home an invalid. Notwithstanding his feeble and broken condition, his party friends again tendered him the Congressional nomination. He accepted the race and attempted to make a canvass, but disease had so impaired his health that he was unable to address the people, and he did little more than appear at a few of the political meetings held in his district. I saw him for the last time at the close of the campaign. It was apparent then that the end was near; within a few months disease had made sad inroads upon the vigor of both his body and mind. He was making a manful struggle to rally his decaying energies, but the brightness of his life was fading away and the gloom of the evening fast gathering about him. Within a brief month, at his old home, with friends and family about him, death closed the scene, tender hands bore his remains to the churchyard and laid them forever away. He sleeps now all regardless of life's struggle or its storms.
While his countrymen linger around his grave their aspirations will ascend to Heaven that a kind Providence may grant our beloved country many more such men.

These are his words spoken at the bier of Thaddeus Stevens. I repeat them and here by his new-made grave express the hope that the future of our free and prosperous Republic may be blessed with many such men as Godlove S. Orth. Now—

Let us breathe a prayer above his sod And leave him to his rest—and God.

Remarks by Mr. Calkins, of Indiana.

Mr. Speaker: In the few remarks I am about to submit upon the life and character of my dead colleague I shall omit any extended reference to his public career, which has been so fitly epitomized by my colleague (Mr. Browne). At the time of his death there were few men better known in the State of Indiana than Mr. Orth. He began his public career quite young, and passed with amazing rapidity through many grades of political life. He never attained the full measure of his ambition; but his aspirations were not higher than his merit deserved. That he did not entirely succeed is not a fault for he was always willing to make personal sacrifices that the principles for which he struggled might obtain. He was personally popular, and held his friendships with a firm grasp. His public speeches were earnest and sincere and his manner unostentatious and attractive. His language was fluent and well chosen, and his zeal was fervid and impressive. He was bold in expression, plausible in public action, and pathetic in appeal. He never apologized for public action, nor took refuge in silence from public assault: He never placated an enemy at the expense of a friend, nor did he resort to doubtful expedients at the sacrifice of principle.

The basis of his political action was that of absolute justice, and his motto was "that it were better to fail in the right than to succeed in the wrong." Politically he was a thorough disciplinarian, and his remarkable success in that field was largely attributable to the solid phalanxes of his personal following.

He had enemies in his own party as all men of decided and large individuality must have, but he possessed the skill of maintaining them in line without driving them from the party of their choice.

He maintained his party leadership in his own Congressional district for a quarter of a century, and when he died was serving his seventh term in this House.

He did not escape harsh criticism; but he lived to place his triumphant vindication in the permanent records of his country which he served so long and faithfully.

As a citizen he had the respect of those who knew him best, without regard to party affiliations. As a neighbor he was obliging, and as a friend he was firm and true.

His rank as a lawyer when he left the bar to enter politics was fully up to the standard of the best lawyers of the state. He was generous and charitable, and gave for the love of giving and not for the love of praise. He was gentle in disposition, and anxious to add to the sum of human joy." He did good deeds from choice and not for personal advantage. He had a kind word for all, and was best pleased when making others happy. He had strong religious convictions, but they were not hampered by narrow constructions or uncharitable dogmatisms. The best trait of his character was found in his domestic relations: he was a loving husband and a kind, indulgent father.

His public career was remarkable, and fitly illustrates many of the rare qualities which he possessed. While in health he never was defeated for a popular office at the hands of the people. When first a State Senator he was one of its youngest members and was chosen presiding officer. In this field he first won his reputation as a skillful parliamentarian, and often on the floor proved himself a quick and ready debater.

He was appointed one of the peace commission in 1861. He performed the delicate and arduous duties of that place with signal ability. His heroic devotion to the doctrine of an inseparable union of promises, did much to secure the line
of policy which the Administration afterward adopted. He was in thorough sympathy with Governor Morton in the arming and equipping of troops, and supported the vigorous prosecution of the war for the suppression of the rebellion. He never doubted the righteousness of the Union cause, nor despaired of final victory for our arms. He was not disheartened at reverses, nor did he flag in his zeal for the Union in the darkest hour of the rebellion.

He gave to his country his services as a volunteer and risked his life for its preservation. His services in the House during the war were one continued line of devotion to his country, and all his public acts bespoke his sympathy and love for the volunteer soldier.

His long service in the House bears testimony to his ability as a statesman. He did not often speak in debate, but when he did he commanded attention from his fellow members. He distinguished himself while at the head of the Committee on Foreign Affairs; he familiarized himself with our foreign policy, and was the author of a bill to perfect our counsel and diplomatic system. He mastered the details of this department and was recognized authority on all questions affecting it. He was thoroughly American in sentiment, and was imbued with the idea of the equality of all civilized people before the law. He despised caste and took no pleasure in the shallow pretenses of foreign courts, and when he represented our country at the court at Vienna he was ambitious to represent the model Republic in the simplicity of pure democracy, without being offensive. All who knew him in that position will bear testimony to his signal triumph.

While at the head of the Committee on Foreign Affairs he became possessed of many of the secrets of the unwritten history of this country which happened during that time. His version of the acquisition of the Territory of Alaska by this country was new and interesting. I have no doubt that when the history of the lives of Mr. Seward and Mr. Sumner are rewritten in all their details the purchase of Alaska by this country will not be an uninteresting chapter, especially if the true reason is given as understood by Mr. Orth. I regret that the occasion did not arise while Mr. Orth was living which would have given him the opportunity to state his version of this matter.

Mr. Orth was my friend. I have known him from my childhood. From his lips I have received many words of encouragement. He was in full sympathy with the men who labor and toil. He began life himself in poverty, and knew what it was to succeed in spite of it. He appreciated the burdens which honest toil demands, and rejoiced at the success which triumphed over it. He was a lover of liberty, a friend of the oppressed, and an advocate of universal freedom.

His last sickness was painful; but he bore the tedious approach of death with patience and resignation. He looked death in the face without a shudder and calmly awaited its triumph. When the cold waters were gathering about him and the power of speech was fading away he clasped the hands of those dear to him and whispered, "Happy." Thus peacefully he passed away; and he is as far from us today as the patriarchs and those who "perished before the flood".

As one of the members of the committee of this House I attended his funeral at his home in LaFayette, Indiana. The day was inclement, but this did not deter a multitude of people from his own neighborhood as well as from all the principal points in his old Congressional district, and delegations from different parts of the State, from paying their last tribute of respect to his memory. All that is mortal of our dead colleague lies in the beautiful cemetery adjoining the city where he lived so long and whose people he loved so well. The verdure of spring will decorate his grave. Loving hands will strew flowers there. These will fade and wither but the monuments he has erected by his public acts will survive forever.
Remarks by Mr. Holman, of Indiana.

As a member of this House, Mr. Orth, while not active in the current business, was attentive, careful, and prudent, generally, and on party questions always, co-operating with the body of his political friends. While not at anytime the leader of his party in the House, he was at all times one of its representative men and influential in its councils. In debate his commanding and dignified presence, deep and pleasant voice, and earnestness of manner arrested attention. His style, if not brilliant or impassioned, was persuasive, earnest, and forcible. He was not the master of superior analytical power, but was clear and lucid in the statement and generalization of the matter of debate. His speeches were carefully prepared, logical in arrangement, and elevated in sentiment.

I think Mr. Orth was not a severe student. His was not the patient and self-denying industry that questions the ages for the secrets of the origin and institutions of government. He lived in the generation of which he was a part; he loved the society of men, studied the living age, and kept abreast with its current history, and was well informed on all questions of our domestic and foreign policy.

But the social qualities of Mr. Orth charmed me more than his talents and intellectual culture. Who that knew him and enjoyed his friendship will ever forget his clear, kindly eye, the cheerful and honest smile that lit up his strong German face, and his warm and manly greeting? In social intercourse Mr. Orth was amiable, confiding, and cordial. He felt no distrust and was incapable of deception. His temper was joyful, generous, and hopeful. In the society of his friends his spirits were buoyant, even at times overflowing with good humor and pleasantly, but never coarse or inconsiderate of the feelings of others, and his language as chaste as that of a refined woman. He was a man of kind and generous sympathies, gentle and considerate; while easily aroused by a sense of injustice and aggressive in defense, he was incapable of harboring a spirit of resentment or revenge. The very amiability of his disposition at times seemed to detract from the strength of his character and made him vacillate under the importunities of his friends.

Godlove S. Orth, after a service in public life, State and national, prolonged beyond the usual experience of our country, is dead; a voice that has so often filled this Chamber is forever silent; a heart that has throbbed with high ambition and generous emotions for so many years is forever still: a hand so warm and true in its grasp of friendship is dust and ashes. But he still lives; all of our friend that commanded our love or inspired our admiration lives in memory, survives in the realm of the infinite and immortal. I had known him more than thirty years, and had served with him many years in this Chamber, and with the record of his public services before me, differing as we had always on the leading measures of Government. I am rejoiced that I can say, in the severity of truth, "that record is one of faithful public service, unmarred by a stain of dishonor, beneficial to his country, of high honor to himself".
Old Germantown

The house in center, built by Pastorius, the founder, stood on Main, north of present High street. The house to the left, built 1748 by Daniel Pastorius, grandson of the founder, was known as Green Tree Inn. The house to the right, built in 1796 by Daniel Pastorius, great-grandson of the founder, was moved first to open High street, and later to its present situation on High street. In the center is the old town seal. On the right are the Holmes map and the William Penn and the old court seals. On the left are the first map of Germantown and the Pastorius and Germantown seal. The plate was engraved by Max Zeitler, Philadelphia, of whom souvenir cards may be ordered.

Note. It seems fitting while Philadelphia is celebrating Founders' Week to give in The Pennsylvania-German a few data relating to "Old Germantown," a historic place dear and holy to every loyal American of Teuton stock. We have therefore prepared the following lines made up almost exclusively of extracts from "The Guide Book to Historic Germantown," prepared by Charles F. Jenkins; "Watson's Annals;" "Old Historic Germantown," by Dr. Keyser, and "The Settlement of Germantown," by Hon. S. W. Pennypacker. We heartily recommend these books to all who desire to learn more of old Germantown. We hope in later issues to give fuller details of the history of this community, and to call attention to the important part played by the early German settler and his descendants in the development of Philadelphia.

The settlement of Germantown in 1683 was the initial step in the great movement of people from the regions bordering on the historic and beautiful Rhine, extending from its source in the mountains of Switzerland to its mouth in the lowlands of Holland, which has done so much to give Pennsylvania her rapid growth as a colony, her almost unexampled prosperity, and her foremost rank in the development of the institutions of the country.

Germantown was laid out, October 24, 1683, by Francis Daniel Pastorius, who had reached Philadelphia, August 16 preceding, and was followed October 6 by thirteen Crefelders with their families, constituting thirty-three persons.
Germantown covered originally 5,700 acres, distributed as follows: To Pasorius himself, 200 acres; to Jurian Hartsfelder, 150 acres; to Pastorius as agent for the Frankfort Company, 5,350 acres.

This land was distributed geographically (using present day terms) on both sides of Germantown Avenue extending from Stenton Avenue to Wissahickon Avenue, as follows: (1) Germantown (proper), 2,750 acres from Wayne Junction to Sedgwick Street. (2) Cresheim, 884 acres from Sedgwick Street to Mermaid Lane. (3) Somerhausen, 900 acres from Mermaid Avenue to Rex Avenue. (4) Crefeldt, 1,166 acres from Rex Avenue to North Western Avenue. The settlement around the Dunker Church was known for a time as Beggarstown.

The Charter of Germantown, in William Penn's own handwriting, issued in London, August 12, 1689, passed under the great seal of the province, and was recorded May 30, 1691. In the year 1707 the charter was lost for want of a due election, officers not having been found willing to serve. Germantown continued to manage its own affairs until 1854, when Philadelphia and its many suburbs were consolidated under one municipal government.

The main thoroughfare of Germantown, known variously as the Great Road, Germantown Road, or Germantown Avenue, is said to follow an old Indian trail, and was years ago called the worst road in the United States. Time was when at the breaking up of the winter, as well as at some other times, it was impassable for wheel carriages. On account of this, most of the marketing going through the place to Philadelphia was carried on horseback with side panniers and hampers, and the most of the horses were ridden by women. The horses would enter the mud to their knees at every step, and were not able to progress faster than two or three miles an hour. The avenue was piked in 1800-01, forming part of the Germantown and Perkiomen Turnpike with a toll-house at Rittenhouse Street.

The road has been of great importance from the beginning. It was one of the main highways connecting Philadelphia with the interior counties, along which inward and outward commerce was carried. Thousands of the immigrants into the province wended their weary ways along this highway to the untrodden, unexplored wilderness to found homes, and become nation builders. As early as 1748, a noted traveller stated that the inhabitants were so numerous that the street was always full.

In fancy we see companies of Indians trailing along, erecting their tents or huts in some favorite spot to make and sell baskets, ladles and fiddles. We see the longbearded, strange Ephrata brethren in single file, with staff in hand, coming and going, dusty, begrimed perchance. We see women carrying produce on their heads, men pushing wheelbarrows to market six miles away, husband and wife riding to church, funerals, and visits, both on one horse, the wife sitting on a pillow behind the man. We see the mighty men of the nation a century ago and more walking in the cool shade or being conveyed in stage coach or carriage of state. Then already more than 500 wagons were known to pass a certain point in one day. It has been estimated that at least 9,000 wagons were engaged in carrying trade between Philadelphia and the various counties, most of which must have passed along this road.

The houses at first were of but one story, so low that a man six feet high could readily touch the eaves of the roof. The gable ends were turned to the streets. The roofs were high and hipped, forming a low bed chamber. All the original houses had pent roofs or rainsheds projecting over the door and windows of the first floor. Most of the houses were built of stone, with log frames, the interstices being filled with wottles, river rushes and clay intermixed. They were at first plastered on the inside with clay and straw mixed, finished with a coat of lime plaster. The doors were divided in the middle to keep out stray animals, but with the upper portion open to admit air and light. On either side of the front door were little benches, the windows were small, usually swinging
on hinges. In early days the village was noted for the sombre coloring of the houses, the solidity and air of comfort surrounding them, the rows of trees along the streets, the orchards and spacious farm buildings in the rear. The appearance of the town was thoroughly German, and continued so through the period of the Revolution. Even the language of conversation among the inhabitants was mainly in German until even a later date.

Germans as a people are known for their thrift and industry. The settlers of Germantown were no exception to this rule. They were farmers, and early became manufacturers. In 1692 Richard Framme wrote:

"The Germantown of which I spoke before, Which is at least in length one mile or more, Where live High German people and Low Dutch, Whose trade in weaving cloth is much."

In 1760 Rev. Andrew Barnaby wrote:

"The Germantown thread stockings are in high estimation; and the year before last I have been credibly informed there were manufactured in that town alone above 60,000 dozen pairs."

Later, Watson wrote: "The earliest settlers used to make good linens and vend them in Philadelphia. They were distinguished even till modern times, for their fabric of Germantown stockings. The linen sellers and weavers used to stand with the goods, for sale on the edge of the pavement in Market street, on the North side, near to Second Street corner."

The first paper mill in the United States was erected 1660, on a branch of the Wissahickon, by a company of which William Rittenhouse was the most important member and the paper-maker. The building, with contents, was washed away during a freshet in 1700, and was replaced by a more substantial building in 1702, which in turn was followed by a third and later by a fourth, in 1780. Only a few foundation stones are left to mark the place where the mills stood. In 1710 a second paper mill was erected, known as the DeWees mill. Still later other parties erected mills situated also on the Wissahickon. The first grist mill about Germantown was erected by Richard Townsend, in 1683, on Mill creek, about a mile east of Market Square. Concerning this mill, Townsend said: "As soon as Germantown was laid out I settled my tract of land, which was about a mile from thence, where I set up a barn and a corn mill, which was very useful to the country around. But there being few horses, people generally brought their corn upon their backs many miles. I remember one had a bull so gentle that he used to bring the corn on his back."

Saw mills and tanneries were erected at a very early date, and Germantown became quite a noted market for hides, leather and shoes, the latter being shipped in large quantities to adjoining States. The fur hat business was also quite an extensive one as early as 1800.

In 1739 Christopher Sauer began to issue the first German newspaper in America. The first Bible in any European language printed in America was issued by Sauer in 1743. In 1770 he printed the first book in America on the subject of education. The first type cast in America was made also by the Sauers, about the year 1772.
One of the leading causes which led the first settlers of Germantown to come to America was religious persecution by the established Church. They were a peace-loving and industrious people, and it became a burning desire to make a home in a land where they could worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, and where they might be free from military despotism and at liberty to enjoy the fruits of their own industry. The religious life in Germantown evidently began with the first settlers when they met together to worship God in their rudely constructed homes. The first denomination in Germantown were the Mennonites. There is evidence that there was a building erected for public worship by these sturdy pioneers in Germantown as early as 1686. In one of his letters to Europe, Pastorius says: "Wir haben al- hier zu Germantown 1686 ein Kirchlein fur die Gemeinde gebaut." Of this the late Henry S. Dotterer wrote: "It was built for the Gemeinde (the community). Gemeinde, it is true is in America usually understood to mean a religious society or congregation, but in Germany the word means primarily a political district comprising in its limits a State Church. A Gemeinde there comprehends all the inhabitants of the district, irrespective of their church connections. The government of Germantown was set up, by special permission from Penn, upon the lines then and still in vogue in the villages of Germany. So it happened that Pastorius caused the erection of a Kirchlein fuer die Gemeinde—a small church, not for any particular denomination, there being no State Church in Pennsylvania, but for the use of the community in general." All the preaching was in German until 1860.

The Quakers were the first to erect a place of worship, a log meeting house in Germantown, probably prior to 1681. In 1705 a stone meeting house was erected, which stood until 1812, when a new one was built. The present meeting house was erected in 1871.

The Mennonites built a log meeting house in 1708, replaced by the present stone church in 1770.

The Lutherans held services as early as 1664, although not organized until 1739, and without a church edifice until 1737. In 1845 the German-speaking Lutherans built a church of their own. The present St. Michael's church was built 1896.

Followers of the Reformed Church were gathered for worship as early as 1710. They built a small stone church on Market Square in 1732. John Bechtel becoming pastor. The building was enlarged in 1762. In 1836 the congregation joined the Presbyterian Church.

The Dunker Church dates back to 1719. The Dunkers worshipped in private houses until 1732, when Christopher Saur erected a new house, the second story of which was so arranged that the partitions
could be swung open to make a large audience room. A stone meeting house was erected in 1770. This church has been remodeled and enlarged.

Methodism has been established in Germantown since 1773. Rev. Harry Boehm, a German, was preaching in Germantown in 1803, and induced the people to erect a church, himself giving his year's salary, $100.

In 1809 the Presbyterians organized and dedicated their first church building in 1812. There was preaching in Germantown by Protestant Episcopal clergymen as early as 1760, but no church building was erected until 1818.

There were Roman Catholics in Germantown as early as 1690, but they had no place of worship until 1851.

Germantown, beside being a place of great interest, was the scene of a battle during the Revolutionary war. After the Battle of Brandywine, in 1777, the British army occupied Philadelphia, the main body of the troops being located at Germantown. Washington, with the American troops, at the same time had retreated into Montgomery county. He resolved to strike a blow at the British; and moved his troops towards Germantown, October 3. On the evening of this day the march was taken up with the idea of attacking the British the following morning. The eventful day broke, the attack was made, and a battle raged until 10 o'clock. Through misunderstanding and an unusually heavy fog, the Americans were providentially repulsed, and they retreated. Had they won the day, they might have occupied Philadelphia, to be captured by Howe, resulting in the failure of the American Revolution. The Americans lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners, 1073, the British 521.

Germantown abounds in historic associations. We can but hint at the riches in store for the sightseer and student of history by giving a few of the many names of noted persons and places.

Stenton, erected by James Logan, Penn's able and faithful secretary. The house was occupied by Washington in 1777.

The Ottinger house, where Captain Douglas Ottinger, inventor of the Ottinger life car, was born, who equipped in 1849 eight life-saving stations on the New Jersey coast.

The Lower Germantown burial ground, where repose the remains of many of the early families of Germantown, and their descendants. Christian Frederick Post, the noted Moravian missionary, lies buried here.

The site of Thomas Kunder's home, a dyer by trade, the ancestor of the Con-
rad and Conard families and of Sir Samuel Cunard, the founder of the Cunard Steamship Line.

Philip R. Freas, the founder of the Germantown Telegraph.

Gilbert Stuart, a resident while he painted the famous portrait of Washington.

John Bringhurst, one of the first to engage in the building of the “Germantown” wagon.

Christopher Sauer’s home and printing establishment.

The Friends’ meeting house.

Louisa M. Alcott, who was born in Germantown, her father living here for a time, but moving away two years after the birth of his illustrious daughter.

The Market Square, now a park, originally an acre of ground reserved from the Frankfort Company’s land, around which had been clustered the market house, the Fellowship Fire Engine house, the prison, the stocks, the public scales, the Indians on their way to the city, the Paxtang boys, the monument erected in 1853 by Germantown to her soldiers in the Civil War.

Count Zinzendorf and the school for young women which he opened.

Market Square Presbyterian Church, originally built by the German Reformed Church in 1733.

Whitfield, who preached here in 1739.

The Germantown Academy, founded 1760.

Christopher Ludwig, the Baker General to the American Army.

Kelpius and Dr. Christopher Witt, the survivor of the Wissahickon hermits, a physician, botanist, scholar, musician, astronomer and lover of nature.

The Mennonite meeting house, erected 1770, of which William Rittenhouse, the original paper maker in the colonies, was the first pastor.

The Upper Burying Ground of Germantown, where are buried many of the early settlers of Germantown, and their descendants, the oldest grave in which being that of Cornelius Tyson, who died in 1716.

The Chew house, known as Clivenden, and with the grounds pointed out as the Battle Ground of Germantown.

The Michael Bilmyer house, occupied by this celebrated German printer, and where he carried on his trade.

The church of the Brethren or Dunkers, part of the building having been erected 1770.

St. Michael’s Lutheran church, organized 1737.

Lutheran Theological Seminary, Mt.
Airy, occupying the place of the summer residence of Chief Justice William Allen. The Wakefield Mills. The Old York Road. The De Benneville Cemetery. Thomas Godfrey, the inventor of the quadrant. The birthplace of David Rittenhouse, Pennsylvania's great astronomer. The Monastery, erected 1746 upon the site of a log cabin used as community house by German enthusiasts, and called the Kloster.

We can best close these lines by quoting the following paragraphs from the concluding chapter of Pennypacker's "Settlement of Germantown":

"There are many features about the settlement of Germantown which make it an event not only of local but of national and cosmopolitan importance. Regarded from the point of view of the introduction into America of the results of European learning and cultivation, it is believed that no other settlement on this side of the Atlantic, certainly neither Jamestown, Plymouth nor Philadelphia, had so large a proportion of men who had won distinction abroad in literature and polemics.

In Germantown were begun the weaving of linen and cloth, and the manufacture of paper. The great carpet and other woolen industries of the State, and the publishing houses and newspapers of the country may alike look back to the clover leaf of this ancient burgh, with its motto, "Vinum Linum et Textrinum," with something of the same feeling that inspired the crusader of the middle ages when he gazed upon the cross. At Germantown began the inflow into America of that potent race which, under the great Hermann in the battle in the Teutoberger wald, overthrew the power of Rome, which in the sixth century conquered and colonized England and now supplies her kings, which in the sixteenth century, under the lead of Luther, confronted the Pope, and which has done so much to enrich strengthen and liberalize the state of Pennsylvania and to establish those commonwealths in the west where in the future will rest the control of the nation.

The settlement of Germantown then has a higher import than that new homes were founded and that a new church. destined to fame, though it was built on the face of the earth. It has a wider significance even than that here was the
beginning of that immense immigration of Germans who have since flocked to these shores. Those burglars from the Rhine, better far than the pilgrims who landed at Plymouth, better even than the Quakers who established a city of brotherly love, stood for that spirit of universal toleration which found no abiding place save in America. Their feet were planted directly upon that path which leads from the darkness of the middle ages down to the light of the nineteenth century, from the oppressions of the past to the freedom of the present. Holding as they did opinions banned in Europe, and which only the fulness of time could justify, standing as they did on what was then the outer picket line of civilization, they best represented the meaning of the colonization of Pennsylvania and the principles lying at the foundation of her institutions and of those of the great nation of which she forms a part.”

Four Hundred Miles Overland for Salome Heckewelder.

BY WILLIAM H. RICE, D. D., GNADENHÜTTEN, OHIO.


A father’s (Owen Rice 2nd) Journal of his son’s (Joseph Rice) wedding Journey from Bethlehem, Northampton Co., Pa., to Gnadenhütten, Ohio, and how they brought home the bride. (Translated from the original German manuscript.)

We left Bethlehem Monday morning, September 12th, in the mail stage for Philadelphia, where we arrived in the evening. Wednesday, the 14th, we left in the mail stage for Pittsburg, with one through fellow passenger, Mr. Bell, a resident of Steubenville, Ohio and two passengers for Lancaster, which city we reached at 5 p.m. After taking in two more passengers at Lancaster, the stage drove 10 or 12 miles farther, and brought us to a stopping place, where we had very comfortable quarters for the night.

“Thursday, the 15th, we passed through Elizabethtown, Middletown and Harrisburg. Two passengers for Carlisle joined us at this point. We crossed the Susquehanna (a mile in breadth) in twenty minutes. After a ride over most excellent roads, which led through Carlisle and Shippensburg, we reached Chambersburg after night-fall.

“Before breakfast, Friday, the 16th, we started on our passage over the first mountain range. The road was very stony and rough, there was some rain and a dense fog. We breakfasted on the other side of the mountain. For the next sixteen miles our stage coach was drawn by six horses over rough and steep mountain roads; it was dark when we reached our quarters for the night.

“We started, at 3 o’clock, Saturday morning, the 17th, and after a six miles’ ride, crossing the Juniata river, we reached Bedford. Here we met Mr. and Mrs. Zachary Biggs, of Steubenville. They were on their wedding journey, having been married at the bride’s home, in Chester county. They were accompanied by the bride’s sister, Miss Wilson, who had been at the Lititz Boarding School, a pupil of Miss Polly Heckewelder, to whom she was greatly attached. The
three were to be our pleasant traveling companions for the rest of the journey to Steubenville. All this day our road lay across the Alleghenies. We often got down from the stage to foot it, at places where the road was very steep in ascent and descent. By 5 o'clock that evening we reached Somerset, where we rested over Sunday.

"Monday morning, the 19th, we had an early start, and by 5 o'clock in the afternoon we reached Greensburg. On the road to Greensburg we met our well-known friend and Bucks county neighbor, Henry Stauffer, who was in charge of four wagon loads of "store-goods," for Pittsburg merchants. Mr. Stauffer was greatly surprised on meeting, so unexpectedly, some of his Northampton county neighbors in these parts. I had a walk of several miles with him, in friendly conversation. We came across fine peaches and apples in all this neighborhood, in which many Germans have settled, many of whom have very fine farms.

"It was court week at Greensburg (the county seat of Westmoreland county) and this brought many people to town, as also an elephant, which had been brought into town for exhibition.

"We were very glad to meet our friend, Mr. Ross, of Pittsburg, who is a very good friend of the Rev. John Heckewelder.

"In spite of rain and rough roads, we reached Pittsburg by 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, September 20. Wearyed by our long stage traveling of 300 miles, we concluded that instead of going farther by stage, via Washington and Charleston, we would take passage on a riverboat on the Ohio to Steubenville, a ride of 75 miles. The captain of a keelboat and flatboat laden with merchandise for Kentucky agreed to take us for eight dollars. We paid in provisions for six persons, and left Pittsburg early Wednesday morning. The wind being against us, we only made 29 miles that day. We were put ashore for our night lodging at a miserable inn. Our sleeping apartments, on the second floor or loft, we reached by a ladder set up against the outside of the house. Mr. Bell and my son, Joseph, slept by the chimney fireplace downstairs.

"We made an early start, Thursday, September 22, and after nightfall reached the Ferry House Landing, about three-quarters of a mile from Steubenville. The boatmen helped us to unload our luggage, and after a ride of about a mile we reached very pleasant quarters at Steubenville.

"On Friday morning, after much inquiry and persuasion, my son, Joseph, with the aid of Mr. Bell, finally secured the services of a man with a team of two horses. We needed one more horse. Finally Joseph caught sight of a donkey at leisure in a door-yard. The use of this donkey was given him, on the sole condition that he return it in safety when done with it. Mr. Biggs going his security. Thus equipped, we left Steubenville at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon, and rode sixteen miles to New Salem, a village of eight log houses, where we stopped for our night's lodgings. Next morning early, we rode three miles for breakfast at the house of a nice German family who had a fine farm. The sky was overcast, and there was a dense fog; on the way we were overtaken by a fierce thunderstorm, from which we sought refuge in a small house by the roadside. At 1 o'clock on Saturday afternoon we reached our last stopping place before Urich's mill, some thirteen miles beyond. But as the weather was very threatening, we concluded to wait until morning.

"After a supper of corn, milk and potatoes, we were shown to very uncomfortable quarters for the night. The arrival of a family of emigrants, with a number of children, during the night, did not add much to our comfort.

"Sunday morning, September 25, we made our way through morasses and swollen creeks to Urich's Mill, which we reached by 10 o'clock. We at once crossed the Stillwater in a canoe, and had an excellent breakfast at the house of the Urich family. Young brother
Uhrich then rode with us, some six miles farther, to Gnadenhütten, where we arrived in the afternoon, about 1.30 o'clock, just as the people of the neighborhood were gathering for the German preaching service. We were welcomed with great cordiality and love by Brother and Sister Heckewelder, as also by Brother and Sister Mueller, of Beersheba.

"As the hour for the afternoon service was at hand, it was resolved that the betrothal of my son, Joseph, and Miss Anna Salome Heckewelder* should be at once consummated, so that the bans might be published at this last public Sunday service before the wedding, according to the laws of Ohio. This was all attended to within the space of half an hour after our arrival.

"Our driver and his team were sent back to Steubenville. On Monday, the 26th, Brother Heckewelder rode with us to Goshen, eight miles north of Gnadenhütten, on the Muskingum, where we paid a very delightful visit at the house of the venerable Brother David Zeisberger† and wife, and Brother and Sister Benjamin Mortimer. After a good dinner and "vesper," we returned to Gnadenhütten with a saddle-bag full of most excellent peaches. Joseph went with Thomas Heckewelder on a few miles' ride to New Philadelphia, which has been made the county seat of Tuscarawas county within a few years.

"On Tuesday, under escort of the Rev. G. G. Mueller, the pastor, we visited the English settlement Beersheba, on the other side of the river from Gnadenhütten. The English-speaking settlers are pleasantly fixed in cozy log houses, some of them two-stories, on well kept farms. Some of the settlers are very well-to-do.

"Wednesday, the 28th, was given up to a visit with Brother Heckewelder to the two farms of the Messrs. Colver. The land is very fertile and well wooded; among the trees are a number of sugar maples. They make more sugar than they need for their own use. With Brother Mueller I also called today on Mr. Itskins, who was formerly engaged as a successful merchant in Baltimore. He is a native of Germany, and takes a fancy to farming.

"Thursday, the 29th, was the wedding day of Joseph and Salome. Amongst the many guests from all that neighborhood were the Rev. Benjaminine Mortimer and the Rev. Abraham Luckenbach, from Goshen. The most of the numerous company of guests in attendance were entertained at the house of brother Heckewelder.

"After the wedding the newly-married couple accompanied Brother and Sister Mueller to Beersheba. The following day, Friday, the bride and bridegroom rode to Goshen, to say farewell to our Brother and Sister David Zeisberger and the other Goshen friends.

"The next day, Saturday, was likewise given up by the young couple to farewell calls at the houses of the many very good friends of Salome in and around Gnadenhütten.

"On Sunday, October 2d, we were invited to the celebration of the holy communion with the English congregation at Beersheba church, whither we rode under escort of Miss Susan Heckewelder.‡ Salome's youngest sister. It was an occasion of blessed refreshment to our hearts.

"The time for our start on our return to Bethlehem had been fixed for Monday, October 3d. But the copious rains and swollen creeks compelled a postponement

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*Ann Salome Heckewelder was the second daughter of the Rev. John Heckewelder. She was born at the Moravian Mission Station, New Gnadenhütten, near Fort Detroit, August 13, 1784. The site of New Gnadenhütten is included in the corporate limits of the health resort, Mt. Clemens, on the Huron River, Clinton county, Michigan.

†The venerable missionary, the Rev. David Zeisberger, departed this life about eight weeks after this visit, in the 88th year of his pilgrimage, November 17, 1808. The body lies buried in the old Goshen graveyard, amongst his Indian brethren, according to his dying request.

‡Susan Heckewelder, the third and youngest daughter of the Rev. John Heckewelder, subsequently married Christian Luckenbach, of Bethlehem, Pa. They are the parents of Henry B. J. Edward, Reuben O., Cecilia and Linda (Truex) Luckenbach, none of whom survive, and the grandparents of Francis E. and Maurice C. Luckenbach, of Bethlehem, Pa., and Mrs. Adelaide Luckenbach Haninann of Philadelphia; of the late Joseph H. Truex and Mrs. Louise Truex Myers, of Bethlehem; of the late Mrs. Hannah Luckenbach Taylor, of Morrisville, Pa.; of Mrs. Martha Luckenbach Lehfried, of Bethlehem, Pa., and of Mrs. Mary Luckenbach Kinsey, of Ephraim, Wisconsin.
until Friday, October 7th. After tenderest leave-taking, we started in a wagon drawn by two horses, a team hired for the occasion by Father Heckewelder, which was to carry us to Pittsburg for twenty dollars. Just before starting, I was greatly delighted to receive a letter from the dear folks at Bethlehem.

"We overnighted at Brother Uhric's house.

"On Saturday, October 8th, we left soon after 8 o'clock, in company with Brother Abraham Luckenbach, who was to be our traveling companion to Bethlehem. After going about a mile, our driver's team could not go any farther; but he was unwilling to give up. He worked his way during the next six hours about three miles farther, through morasses and thickets, through which it was necessary to cut a way. Joseph, Salome and myself footed it, going on ahead. We led one of the horses, whose place in the team had been taken by our Steubenville donkey. We waited several hours in a house along the roadside until the wagon caught up. At last it came, having had one upset; but the team could not go any farther.

"Joseph now started to ride back to Gnadenhütten for a fresh team. Salome and myself started back to Uhric's, some four miles off, afoot. Brother Luckenbach, who had been with the wagon in all its trouble, unhitched the donkey and rode back to Uhric's, without a saddle. We reached Uhric's in the evening, all tired out, having lost one entire day going four miles and return.

"Brother Uhric, who had been away from home on our two previous visits, arrived home just as we came, on his return from Charlestown. The driver and team which had brought him were now to come us in good stead.

"Joseph arrived early Saturday morning with a new driver and a fresh team from Gnadenhütten. We started immediately after breakfast, and by 1 o'clock that afternoon we reached our yesterday's stopping-place. There we found our wagon. The driver had spent the night in the woods. We took out our provisions and the fodder for the horses, and after refreshment of man and beast, we rode seventeen miles farther, in rain and fog, until we reached our former pleasant halting-place, the farm house of the German settlers who had entertained us over night September 24th on our way out. Salome prepared coffee for supper and for breakfast; our plentifully stocked lunch-basket supplied the rest.

"Early on October 10th we started out for a twenty miles' ride to Steubenville. The weather was fine, and we reached that pretty town about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. During our stay here we called on Mr. and Mrs. Biggs and Miss Wilson. We were delighted to meet Mr. Johnson and Mr. Jennings here; both of them are very good friends of Brother Heckewelder. At whose house in Gnadenhütten they have been frequent visitors, and they are well acquainted with Salome. Mrs. Jennings, whom we also met here, is a sister of Miss Wilson and Mrs. Biggs. We took tea with the family.

"Mr. Johnson took me to see the fine brick mansion, newly built, of Mr. Wales, about a quarter of a mile out of town. Mr. Ross, of Pittsburg, and Mr. Wales owned the plot on which Steubenville has been built, and laid out the town about eight years ago. Our faithful donkey friend was returned to its owner today. Brother Luckenbach started afoot for Pittsburg today. We left early next day, October 11th, crossing the Ohio within a mile from Steubenville, and made thirty miles that day.

"On this day's trip Salome, whose horse in crossing a creek had stopped to drink and had burst his saddle girth, slid off, saddle and all, into the water. But she was not at all hurt. There was a house near at hand, whose good people gave her an opportunity to put on dry clothing. She was soon ready to ride on, in the best of spirits.

"Our quarters that night were poor. After an early start Tuesday, October 12th, we overtook Brother Abraham Luckenbach. After a six miles' ride over a wretched road, we reached the Monongahela river, and about 10 o'clock that morning we were in Pittsburg.

"The rest of Tuesday, and all of Wednesday, the 13th, we spent in Pittsburg. It is a lively place. Extensive business
and manufacturing are carried on. We visited Mrs. Butler and her daughter, Mrs. Mason, who spent several years at the Bethlehem boarding school.

"We also called on Mr. Addison's family, and took tea at their house. She has a family of eight children. Two of her daughters have attended the Bethlehem boarding school. (Eliza, class of 1797; Ann, class of 1800.)

"Five o'clock Thursday morning, the 14th, we left Pittsburg in the mail coach, having Mrs. Park, a lady friend, as our fellow passenger, and we made Greensburg by 5 o'clock that evening. Friday the 15th, starting at 3 o'clock in the morning, we made 54 miles, and overnighted within sixteen miles of Bedford. Saturday, the 16th, we started at 3 o'clock a.m., with six horses to the coach, and made eighteen miles before breakfast. (Sunday, the 17th, was rest day.) On the 18th, we passed over the last one of the steep mountain roads. The ascent on the west side was four miles, and the descent on the east side three miles. Joseph and myself footed it across this mountain road. We reached the pretty town of Chambersburg by 5 o'clock Monday afternoon, about a fourteen hours' ride.

"Tuesday morning, at 2 o'clock, we left Chambersburg, and in the course of our day's trip of 84 miles we passed through Shippensburg, Carlisle, the Susquehanna river, Harrisburg, Middletown and Elizabeth, reaching Lancaster by 9 o'clock at night. We had had good roads and had changed horses seven times in a trip of nineteen hours.

"Brother Luckenbach,† who had ridden

my son's, Joseph's, horse all the way from Pittsburg, had reached Lancaster one day ahead of us.

"Brother Blickensderfer, of Lititz, having been apprised of our expected arrival at Lancaster Tuesday evening, came to Lancaster early Wednesday morning to meet us. He took us to Lititz. On the road between Lancaster and Lititz we met the carriage of Brother Loskier and Paulus en route for Yorktown.

"At Lititz we had a good time (thaten wir uns recht viel zu gut) amongst our relatives and friends.

Here the pen of the diarist ceases from further labors. In those days, amongst many of the Moravians of Eastern and Central Pennsylvania, to reach Lititz was like reaching Bethlehem; in either place was home. When the Rices got to Lititz they felt themselves at home.

Joseph Rice (the oldest son of the writer of this diary, Owen Rice, 2nd, Moravian merchant of Bethlehem, Pa.) was the grandson of the Rev. Owen Rice, of Haverford, West Wales, and Elizabeth, his wife, who came to Bethlehem in 1742, members of the "First Sea Congregation" of Moravian emigrants. Joseph Rice was within one week of his 23d birthday anniversary when, in 1808, he accompanied his father on this six weeks' trip to Gnadenhütten, Tuscarawas county, Ohio, to marry Ann Salome Heckewelder, the second daughter of the Moravian missionary, the Rev. John Heckewelder, the founder of Gnadenhütten as a church settlement of whites in 1798. Besides filling the church office of Rgent in charge of the Reservation of 12,000 acres of land in the Tuscarawas valley, he filled the responsible civic positions of Postmaster, Justice of the Peace, and Associate Justice of the County Court.

On his return to Bethlehem in 1810, Mr. Heckewelder built him a home on Cedar street. still standing, where he spent the last thirteen years of his life in literary labors and among the trees and flowers of his own planting, dying in the 80th year of his pilgrimage, January 31, 1823.

Rau are still living at a ripe old age, over 90 years old, in the home of their youth. Their only son, Eugene A. Rau, is his father's successor in the management of the famous Rau's Drug Store.

Sir Bishop George H. Loskier, author of the history of Moravian Indian Missions from 1740 to 1790.
eighty-five years ago. Next March 12th it will be 166 years that John Hecke-
welder, son of the Rev. David Hecke-
welder, of Bedford, England, formerly of Moravia, was born.

Owen Rice, 2nd, the writer of this diary, was, at the time, in charge of the Bethlehem Moravian Congregation's Mercantile establishment, in the building which then stood on the site where the Eagle Hotel now stands. He was an appointee of the church authorities, and himself ex-officio a member of the Committee of Overseers (Aufseher Co-
legium), who administered the municipa’ affairs of the town. His wife, Elizabeth Eyerle, of Nazareth, bore him five sons,—Joseph, Owen 3d, Jacob, John and William. Their oldest son, Joseph Rice, married Salome Heckewelder, as the above diary reveals. Their union was blessed with six children, of whom the oldest, a daughter, Mary Ann Rice Herman, died in the 90th year of her age, in 1900, a resident of the city of Philadelphia, having survived all her brothers and sisters. Their oldest son, James Alexander Rice, merchant, of Bethlehem, Pa., who died 1850, was the father of Rev. Wm. H. Rice, D.D., the pastor of the Gnaden-
hütten Moravian church since 1897, and of Joseph A. Rice, merchant, of Bethlehem, Pa.

The names of the sons and daughters of Joseph and Ann Salome (Hecke-
welder) Rice are: Mary Ann, who married John Herman, of Philadelphia, whose only surviving daughter is Miss Nellie Herman, of Bethlehem; Eliza, who married William Luckenbach, of Bethlehem. Their children are: Josephine, Owen A., Joseph R., William D., Mrs. Caroline L. Lehman, Mrs. Ellen L. Nagel, Mrs. Sophie L. Maxwell, Mrs. Frances L. Krause, Miss Ann Salome Luckenbach.


Owen Joseph Rice, who died, unmarried, in 1846.

German Surnames

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CHAPTER VIII.  
Foreign Influences.

Here remains for us to con-
sider in this the last chapter of our paper the foreign and extraneous elements in the German family names. These foreign elements consist of two kinds: The first class consists of the Jewish names and the second of the various changes which German names have undergone, because their possessors wished to translate them into a foreign tongue or imitate the spelling or pronunciation of a foreign language.

Considering first the Jewish family names we find that the Jews took family names later than any other people in Germany. Most of them indeed had no family names until they were compelled to take them by the Edict of 1812. Among the various classes of Jewish family names we may mention the following: (1) Biblical personal names used as family names, such as Moses, Jacob, Simon and Abraham. Sometimes with a dialectic variation as Heiman (for Heman) and sometimes with a patronymic variation, as Jacobs, Jacoby and Jacobson. (2) Personal names expressing noble personal characters, as Froehlich, Edel, Freundlich and Treu, together with names of animals which possess noble characters, such as Hirsch, Wolf and Adler. (3) Names derived from the
names of places, as Cassel and Falkenstei, together with the derivatives Friedländer, Wronker, Exiner and Mescritzer. Most of these Jewish family names which are derived from the names of places are derived from the names of places in the east of Germany, especially in Posen. (4) By far the most characteristic Jewish names are those names which have been selected by the Jews because they sounded well. Reference is here made to the numerous compounds of Gold and Silver, such as Golde, Goldmann, Goldenberg, Goldstein, Goldmark, and Silberstein, to the compounds of Löwen, Rosen and Lilien, such as Löwenberg, Löwenthal, Löwenstein, Rosendorf, Rosenthal, Rosenblatt and Lilienthal. It is almost needless to say that such names as V elichenfeld, Frauenfeld, Cohnfeld, Cohnheim, Aronbach and Lewenthal are for the most part not derived from the names of towns. There are no such towns in Germany and the Jews took these names simply because they sounded well. There are almost no Jewish names in Germany derived from the names of occupations (except the name Goldschmidt), hardly any old German names and almost no Christian names. Considering the Jewish names as a whole we find that although they are artificial they are extremely beautiful. To show how artificial these names are, we may mention that from the name Israeliten we get the names Israel and Litten (abbreviation Litt), that Kahn and Hahn are variations of the name Cohn (priest) and that in Austria the Jews when they could find no other names, even took such names as Pulzerbestandtheil and Kanalgeruch.

Considering next the changes in German names due to translations or to attempted translations into foreign tongues, we find that there are six foreign languages which have thus affected German names. These languages are the Latin, the French, the Italian, the Polish, the Magyar and the English. We shall consider their influence in this order. At the time of the Renaissance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it was the custom among scholars in their slavish imitation of the classical to go even so far as to translate their names into Latin and to a lesser extent into Greek. The case of Dr. Tweis Olearius mentioned in the banquet scene of the first act of Goethe's Götz von Berlichungen is an illustration in fiction of this custom. Thus the German Lutz was translated Lucius; Kurz, Curtius; Kopelin, Capito; Fischer, Piscator; Habermann, Avenarius; Holzmann, Xylander; and Hausschein, Oecolampadius. The Greek names since they had four, five or six syllables had a truly classical sound, but the Germans did not consider a trisyllabic Latin name as sufficiently classical in sound and so Piscator was changed to Piscatoriun and Sartor to Sartorius. Some of these attempted translations into Latin were exceedingly fantastic and comical; thus Mosmann, son of Schmidt, called himself Fabronius (Faber Aonius-Musen Schmid), Rosemann was translated Osiander, Schneessing, Chionusus; Eckhard, Eucharius; Kistemaker, Chelopoecus. Other Latin names manufactured at this time and which can no longer be translated into German or English are Chesnecophorus, Gueniazuus, Heineccius, and Cocceti (from German Koch). Later the descendants of some of these men retranslated their Latin names into German, as Pistorius to Becker, Episcopius to Bischof and Melissander to Bienemann. But most of these Latin names have remained to this day. Fortunately men today seldom translate their German names into Latin, yet even this still occurs sometimes among scholars. Thus in the nineteenth century Ohler was translated into Olarius, Sillig into Siligius, Wunderlich into Vunderlicheus; Poppo into Pompounius, and Mitscherlich into Mischereilix.

In modern days German names are translated into French, Italian, Polish, Magyar and English, but by using the word "translate" we do not always mean actual translation. Frequently there is no translation at all, but only imitation. Thus the German name Solger was translated into the French Saulier, the German Nagler into the French Naguiller, Witzel into Ficelle, Vogler into Fouclair and Dessauer into Dessoir. Frequently the
"translation" consists only of the addition of an accent or a change in spelling. Examples of such translations into French are Hoppe, Nägele, Schultze, Salinger and Lederer. While actresses generally translate their names into French, operatic singers generally translate theirs into Latin. Thus Stiegele becomes Stighelli, Cruvell becomes Cruevell, and Röder becomes Rodani. When German names are translated into the Polish the transformation is accomplished generally either by the addition of a suffix or by a mere change in spelling. Thus Feldmann is changed to Feldmanowski, Krauthofer to Krauthofski or Krautowski, Schumann to Szuman, Schreiber to Sratber and Schulz to Sule. These transformations are all the more remarkable because the Polish are despised in Germany. The change from the Polish to the Magyar is generally accomplished by a mere change in spelling, as Hunfalvy for Hundsderger, Toldy for Schedel, Szontagh for Sonntag. In America the change is accomplished by an actual translation as Smith for Schmidt, by a partial translation as Greenbaum for Grünbaum, or by a mere transformation as Rosecrans for Rosekrantz.

We cannot conclude our consideration of German family names without considering the large number of Slavonic, French and Italian names found in Germany. We shall therefore briefly consider how these foreign names came into Germany and also the underlying principles of the Slavonic, French and Italian family names. The Germans at the time of the Great Migrations moved to the west of Germany, and then the Slavs came in and occupied the east of Germany. Most Slavonic names are derived from the names of places, as Naugard from Novgorod (Neuenberg). Most of these Slavonic names derived from the names of places end, as do the names of the places from which they are derived, in the Suffix in (accented), as Cammin, Schwerin and Steigentin, in the suffix. Itz, as Bobitz, Devitz, and Nemitz, or in the suffix ow, as Flatow, Grabow, and Vangerow. Frequently the suffix ski (sky), meaning "the man from ——," is added to the name of the place, as Grabowski from Grabow, Kaminsky and Lassinsky. In addition to the family names derived from the names of places, the Slavs have also some family names derived from personal names. These names are of three classes: (1) those truly Slavonic as the large class of names ending in the suffix Slav (famous), as Micszisjla (famous for his sword). (2) those derived from Christian names, as Pawelek from Paulus, Piotr from Petrus. (3) names derived from the names of occupations, as Wotta (Schulze) and Pigorsch (Bäcker).

French names were introduced into Germany by the Protestants who were driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, and by the fugitives who came to Germany from France at the time of the French Revolution. Examples of French family names found in Germany are Savigny, Michelet, Carriere and Du Bois-Reymond. Some of these French names have become partially Germanized as Bottelet into Budlee, Genola into Schellack and Boudemont into Buttmann. Italian names were introduced into Germany by painters, sculptors, caterers, and the like, who crossed the Alps. Italian names are of three kinds, viz: (1) those ending in a, as Cotta, Salva, and Boncventura (Bonventura). (2) those ending in o, as Delmonico, and (3) those ending in i, a plural form, meaning "one of the —— family," as Bonfagni, Marseg, Sparagnapari, Bertinetti, Mazzetti, Martin, and Repetti. We have deemed it advisable to give this brief survey of foreign names found in Germany because of the fact that they are met with daily and thus form an integral part of the great mass of German family names.

We have now completed our examination of the German surnames. We have seen that their foundation consists of the Old German names expressive of noble qualities and characteristics, and that upon these names as a foundation have been added the Christian names and the family name of occupation, of personal characteristics and of place of origin. We have examined the comical nature of the
family names expressing personal characteristics, and we have noticed the tendency on the part of Germans in a foreign country to translate or transform their names into the language of that country, —a tendency which is the cause of much sadness and chagrin to the loyal German. We have traced the development of names from the personal names to the family names, and the subsequent development of the family names. The question now naturally arises: Will there be any further development in this branch of the language, or will the family names as they exist today continue to exist unchanged in the future. The answer to this question must be that the body of German family names will continue to change as long as the human race exists. There are three causes which tend to make changes in the realm of family names, viz.: (1) Families will die out, and with them their names will become extinct. (2) Names will continue to be changed through the influence of dialects, foreign languages and personal tastes; and (3) New family names will be formed. In Spain it is today the custom for each child to have as its surname a name which is a compound formed from the surname of its father and the surname of its mother. Thus, if Miss Smith marries Mr. Brown in Spain, the surname of their children will be Smith-Brown. A circumstance pointing to a more general adoption of this custom in the near future is the fact that among the richer classes in America today the mother's surname is now generally given to the child as a middle name. And with the advance of woman's rights which is bound to come during the present century, there is a strong probability that this Spanish custom will become more generally known and followed.

Pennsylvania Dutch or German?

PITTSBURG, PA., Aug. 31, 1908.
To the Editor of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN, East Greenville, Pa.: EAR SIR.—The recent paper by Professor Hart on the Pennsylvania-Dutch has cussion and some ire and impromptu considerable disdignation. We Pennsylvania-Dutch (I stick to the term despite Dr. Diffenderfer's objection) are, I greatly fear, over-sensitive and much lacking in a saving sense of humor. Now it would appear that most of us gladly accept all comments which set us forth in a favorable light and become indignant and wrathful when any adverse criticisms are made even when made in a kindly spirit by a friendly critic.

At the risk of appearing disloyal to my own people, I must say I protest against much that appears in your journal, on the ground that it fails in making a true estimate of our people, customs, worth, and of their aspirations, character and their influence. I would like to raise a warning note that we must be accurate, fair and careful before anything else. I fear THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN is too much an organ of a Pennsylvania-Dutch mutual admiration society. It appears to be true of all peoples of kindred stock who form associations or publish journals that they fall into the habit of greatly over-estimating themselves. Do we not often smile at the splendid list of virtues which the New Englander attributes to the people of his own blood? And have not the Virginians, in spite of their splendid historical record, over-lauded themselves? Societies of Scotchmen, Hibernians, Englishmen, etc., all appear to fall into the same habit. So it is healthful and very desirable for a people to have an estimate from one coming from outside: although such criticisms are apt to call forth a shower of counter-criticisms and sometimes of abuse, as in the case of those made by Professor Hart.

Leaving these general observations and coming to Professor Hart's article on the Pennsylvania-Dutch, which I read with the keenest pleasure as coming from a cultured, educated man, who wrote in a kindly, sympathetic way, apparently


Vestibulum ante ipsum primus in faucibus, nec malesuada ante, a faucibus nunc. Sed id tincidunt lectus. Sed et ex ut dui convallis blandit.


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without prejudice, and whose observations stand for what they are worth—those of an educated, cultured man giving his impressions of a country and people which he had obtained after a brief observation. And ever since Professor Hart has written, the critics have been on his trail, accepting all that he says in praise of the Pennsylvania-Dutch, and discarding all that is the reverse of this. Shall we warn future critics: “Come and sing our praises and recite our virtues, and we will not notice whether your opportunities for observation have been scant or ample. But remember! No adverse criticisms!”

I propose to make a few comments on some of the most temperate and courteous of these criticisms of Professor Hart’s article. I refer to those by Dr. Diffenderfer, published in the August number of your journal; and in doing so I will following the notation adopted by Dr. Diffenderfer in writing.

2. Why object to the term Pennsylvania-Dutch? True, it is inaccurate, and was a name at first given in derision; but it is a name which has become firmly established. By accepting it with a smile, we will soon convert it into a term which will be entirely free from reproach. This has happened to the word Quaker; at first given in reproach, it is now accepted by members of the Society of Friends everywhere, and carries with it no slur or reproach. The same is true of the word Mugwump; and other examples could be cited. So here a little sense of humor would save us from becoming too serious about a small matter. In my boyhood days, I did not like this term Pennsylvania-Dutch; but for many years I have always accepted the term, and often referred to myself as a Pennsylvania-Dutchman, and have even gone so far as to occasionally speak of my native place as being in the “pie belt” of Pennsylvania. It is beside the point to argue for the inaccuracy of the term. And if this were to be taken up, is it quite accurate to call the people of eastern Pennsylvania whose ancestors spoke German, Pennsylvania-German? My ancestors on my mother’s side spoke German, but came from Switzerland, and not Germany. My father’s ancestors came from Germany. Am I a Pennsylvania-German, or a Pennsylvania-Schweitzer, or am I a Pennsylvania-Schweitzer-German? No: I accept the common designation and call myself a Pennsylvania-Dutchman. To hear some of the arguments, one would think it was a disgrace to be Dutch. Granted the term Pennsylvania-Dutch to be inaccurate, were the Dutch not a splendid people? Is it such a very great disgrace, for those of German blood to be mistaken for Dutch? I recall a little story which illustrates the envy and rivalry existing between Norwegians and Swedes, and which makes my point clear. On a crowded street an impatiant driver bellowed out to a driver ahead of him, using a volley of oaths. “Get out of there, you Norwegian scoundrel!” The Swede, turning on his seat, quickly called out. “No, not Norwegian, Swede!” I for one cannot see that we are so much superior to the Dutch people that we are disgraced by being called Dutch. So, coming back to my original point, I hold that we have made too much fuss and been too serious over the term Pennsylvania-Dutch. Let us smilingly accept the term and be cheerful over it, and we will get on much better.

4. I asked a friend, a physician born in Switzerland, if he could read examples of Pennsylvania-Dutch dialect given in the August number. He made them out readily, and told me they differed very little from the German dialect to which he was accustomed in the old country, except that they contained a very considerable number of English words with slight German modification, and that with his knowledge of the dialect he quite agrees with Professor Hart in characterizing Pennsylvania-Dutch as a “barbarous compound of German and English words in German idiom.” So if Professor Hart is ignorant of the German dialect spoken by the Pennsylvania-Dutch, as Dr. Diffenderfer supposes, yet here we have at least one man who is thoroughly familiar with it, and who agrees with Professor Hart.

5. There may not now be many Penn-
sylvania-Dutch who do not understand English; but there are still a very large number who speak Pennsylvania-Dutch by preference and understand it better than they do English. And in my boyhood days, thirty years ago, there were a very large number who understood only Pennsylvania-Dutch.

The statement of Professor Hart that the Pennsylvania-Dutchman "does not favor much education for young people" is challenged. But is it not true, if we accept the ordinary definition of education and consider the observation in the light in which it was evidently made—as applied especially to these Pennsylvania-Dutch, who still employ the Pennsylvania-Dutch dialect in their ordinary conversation?

The English were leaders and the Germans were followers in the early days. Is it not a striking commentary of the force and virility of the English that they should have named Lancaster town and county and many of its streets and most of its townships and filled the offices and finally made their language that of our people when they were in such a small minority? A thorough Pennsylvania-Dutchman, I greatly honor and admire the English.

I shall not longer dwell upon the comments of Professor Diffenderfer. But lest I should be mistaken for an Ishmaelite, I will say that I speak with deep feeling when I express my conviction that we Pennsylvania-Dutch have very much to be proud of. Personally I shall be most happy if I can retain and my children retain those most sterling virtues which belong to the Pennsylvania-Dutch; and these virtues as I see them are: Industry, great industry, which appears to me as the cardinal virtue from which all others flow; strict honesty; fidelity to the marriage vow and family relation; great respect for the rights and feelings of others; and, finally, a deep, genuine and reverent religious spirit.

What are the things that, according to my conception, they lack, as compared to these? If the language of many today is a "barbarous compound of German and English," it is passing away now more rapidly than ever, and will probably be almost extinct in 100 years. Education, book-learning, etc., is of small account as compared to the real knowledge which enables the Pennsylvania-Dutch farmer to operate his farm well and get ahead each year; and while knowledge, love of books, architecture, music, etc., are ennobling, there can be no doubt that in many cases such culture is coupled with moral inferiority; or, to put it in another way, it is doubtful if they strengthen character. The Pennsylvania-Dutchman is sometimes narrow and often superstitious and sometimes penurious; but take all these things and weigh them in the balance with his virtues, and he must be accorded a very large balance on the right side. Moreover, he comes from a good race; he has good inheritance; he has a foundation stock which can be built upon at any time. He is like a rough gold nugget, which may remain idle for centuries, but which is capable of taking a polish at any time, and which was always gold, even before it was polished.

For example, America's greatest surgeon, Prof. Samuel Gross, raised on the farm, spoke Pennsylvania-Dutch as a boy, and only learned English when he was thirteen years old. Many other illustrations could be given if it were necessary. The Pennsylvania-Dutchman here differs from the negro, for example, who may require 25,000 years or more of evolution to come up to the present standard of the Pennsylvania-Dutch, whose stock is that of the best of the white races. The sterling virtues for which the Pennsylvania-Dutch stand seem to me to shine forth with great lustre in these days, when a craze for money and a love of luxury, etc., have demoralized the country so largely. All honor to the Pennsylvania-Dutchman; but let us estimate him fairly, and let us not be so thin-skinned as to raise such a fuss when a kindly and friendly critic comes in our midst and publishes some comments on us which are not complimentary; and let us cultivate a saving sense of humor. And let us invite Prof. Hart back again.

(DR.) THEODORE DILLER.
German Supplanters

BY P. H. BEAVER, MONTANDON, PA.

On the fifth of November, 1768, Thomas and Richard Penn, descendants of the original proprietor of the Province of Pennsylvania, purchased from the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix (now Rome, N. Y.) the remainder of the land of Buffalo Valley, Union county, Pa. As one of the incentives of this purchase, it may be stated that as early as the year 1764 the officers of the first and second battalions of the province who served under Colonel Bouquet, made an agreement with each other, in writing, at Bedford, Pa., "That they would apply to the Proprietaries of the Province for a tract of land sufficiently extensive and conveniently situated, whereon to erect a compact and defensible town; and also to accommodate us with a reasonable and commodious plantation; which lands and lots of ground, if obtained, we do agree shall be proportionately divided according to our several ranks and subscriptions," etc.


They appointed Colonel Francis, Capt. Irvine and others commissioners to act for all the officers. These commissioners made application to the proprietaries on the 30th of August, 1765, in which they proposed to embody themselves in a compact settlement, on some good land, at some distance from the inhabited part of the Province, where, by their industry, they might procure a comfortable subsistence for themselves, and by their arms, union and increase become a powerful barrier to the Province. They further represented that the land already purchased did not afford any situation convenient for their purpose; but the convergence of the two branches of the Susquehanna River at Sunbury did, and they therefore prayed the proprietaries to make the purchase aforesaid and make them a grant of forty thousand acres of arable land on the west branch of the Susquehanna River. Lieutenant Thomas Wiggins and Ensign J. Foster, who were absent from Bedford when the agreement was signed, were subsequently admitted into the officers."—Linn.

On the third of February, 1769, those commissioners, who managed this land grant for the officers of the first and second battalions of the military force of proprietaries met the Governor in his office and obtained an order allowing them to take up twenty-four thousand acres, to be divided among them in distinct surveys on the water of the west branch of the Susquehanna from the junction northward, each three hundred acres to be seated with a family within two years from the time of survey, paying £5 sterling per hundred, and one penny per acre, etc.

The names of the officers in whose favor the order of survey issued were Colonel Francis, Major DeHaas, Captains Irvine, Plunket, Hunter, Kern, Green, Hausegger, Sems, Hendricks, Brady, Piper and Bucher, Lieutenants Stewart, Wiggins, Hayes, Nic, Hunsicker, Oskey and McAllister, Ensigns Piper, McMeen, Morrow, Steine and Foster: and the order was signed by John Lukens, Surveyor General, and directed to William Scull and William Maclay.

By advertisement dated February 23.
the land office was open to receive applications for lands in the "New Purchase," on the third of April. "So long a day was fixed to give the back inhabitants time to repair to the office." Meanwhile, surveys were made on special orders for the proprietaries or their friends, says Mr. Linn.

On the 18th of February, 1769, William Maclay made his first survey in person on the west side of the West Branch River, and William Lukens made the surveys on the east side of the same river, from the present town of Northumberland north and eastward. Those "officer lines," established by those surveys for the Pennsylvania Proprietary Governors, have been for 140 years and still remain leading "landmarks" in this part of the State. It may be noted here that this surveyor, William Maclay, secured a section—a solid square section of 640 acres of the very choicest limestone land in the heart of Buffalo Valley, that remained in the family a long time. Was this William Maclay our first United States Senator? His brother, Hon. Samuel Maclay, owned the above described tract of land later, and lived on it to the time of his death, Oct. 5, 1811, and is buried on the place.

Samuel Maclay was our eighth United States Senator, and served from 1803 to 1808, besides filling other important State offices and trusts.

The 27,000 acres of Pennsylvania proprietary lands allotted to the "officers" operated as a great incentive to other settlers of the "lower counties" of the State of English, Irish and Scotch descent, and of Presbyterian affiliation and communion, who began to sell their holdings elsewhere and move into the new promised land on the West Branch River above Sunbury. As early as 1773 these pioneers began to organize Presbyterian churches in the rural districts.

On March 31, 1772, the new county of Northumberland was organized from parts of Lancaster, Cumberland, Berks, Bedford and Northampton. From this date the whole new settlement was within the new county, and which was then for some years, territorially, the largest in the province, with Fort Augusta, or Shamokin, renamed Sunbury, as the county seat. This was an important consummation, and it promoted the feeling of security in and among the inhabitants along the frontier settlements north and westward, having the seat of civic county authority so much nearer to the settlers. This section of the State was being rapidly settled through the influence of those officers of English descent by Irish and Scotch and Scotch-Irish church people from the time of the "officers" survey in 1769 to 1800, with varying ebbs and floods, until perhaps three-fourths of all the arable land was "possessed" or owned by the people of Scotch-Irish and English extraction, and their churches were the leading and the most populous ones in this section.

Gradually, however, the towns began to grow in size and importance, and other attractions and better schools were maintained there, and less manual labor was exacted in the town than on the farm. Presbyterian churches were also organized and built in the leading towns, and drives of six to fifteen miles to places of worship on Sunday morning became less attractive and more and more a weekly task, and expense from year to year. As a result the aged began to retire from the farm, and the young, too, from school to the professions, instead of back to the monotonous plow, axe, grubbing-hoe, manure fork, post digger, garden spade, early rising and late and long hours of honest, upright, hard manual labor. Then again, there were other people who heard of good land up here in the mountain section of the State who were not of English, Irish and Scotch descent, and who were also from the "lower counties," who came in to spy out the land on the upper reaches of the Susquehanna, and they had money in hand for a "snap" in land if they found it, and it is an incontrovertible fact that not a few but many of those who came up into these fertile interior valleys did find both land to suit them and owners willing to sell it to them, at much lower prices than were ruling in the older counties down the State, east and southward from
Northumberland county. This influx of settlers of German descent, for such it was, from the then older counties of the State has been in progress pretty steadily for perhaps seventy-five years, with the result that the sturdy, thrifty, laborious element of German ancestry has displaced the other element of the early days in the rural portion of this section of the State. The relations as to national descent has in the course of time on the farms been completely reversed, and the German has supplanted the English-Scotch-Irish element entirely as practical farmers.

These are some of the changes time evolved in church locations and shifting. The first churches were nearly all built in rural places, and were given the names of streams and valleys, and as towns were started and built up, the houses of worship were more and more built and rebuilt in the towns until now it is a rare sight to see a new church house erected in a country place with not even a small town or village around about it to justify the venture. The Presbyterian church is still vigorous in this section, but chiefly in the larger towns, and there is much more of German mixture in it than there was in the early days. In some localities it has absorbed largely of the Reformed church members, and in other places the reverse practice has obtained, but mainly from congregational dissensions and antagonisms of a personal nature.

Inter-marriage between descendants of different nationalities seems to have much influence toward the entire obliteration of national antagonisms, of which many have fallen under my personal observation. Denominational antagonisms are mollified in the same way in thousands of instances.

First Audience given by Congress to the French Minister to the United States

The treaty of alliance and commerce between France and the United States, signed February 6, 1778, was of prime importance to the cause of American liberty. The following lines give a vivid description of the ceremony observed at the first audience given to Monsieur Gerard, Minister Plenipotentiary from the French King to the United States by Congress. The lines are found in the London Annual Register of 1778, and have been furnished by J. Henri Wagner, of Washington, D. C. The words, while they instruct and entertain, will remind the reader of the invaluable service rendered by France, and may well be pondered in connection with the celebration carried on this month by the city in which the audience was given.

**Philadelphia, August 11 (1778).**

Last Thursday being the day appointed by Congress for the audience of Sieur Gerard, Minister Plenipotentiary from his most Christian Majesty, that Minister received audience accordingly. In pursuance of the ceremonial established by Congress, the Hon. Richard Henry Lee, Esq., one of the delegates from Virginia, and the Hon. Samuel Adams, Esq., one of the delegates from Massachusetts-bay, in a coach and six, provided by Congress, waited upon the Minister at his house. In a few minutes the Minister and the two delegates entered the coach. Mr. Lee placing himself at the Minister’s left hand, on the back seat, Mr. Adams occupying the front seat; the Minister’s chariot being behind, received his secretary. The carriages being arrived at the state house in this city, the two members of Congress, placing themselves at the Minister’s left hand, a little before one o’clock, introduced him to his chair in the Congress chamber: the President and Congress sitting;—the Minister being seated, he gave his credentials into the hands of his Secretary, who advanced and delivered them to the President. The Secretary of Congress then read and translated them: which being done, Mr. Lee
announced the Minister to the President and Congress; at this time the President, the Congress, and the Minister, rose together; he bowed to the President and the Congress; they bowed to him; whereupon the whole seated themselves. In a moment, the Minister rose and made a speech to Congress, they sitting. The speech being finished, the Minister sat down, and, giving a copy of his speech to his Secretary, he presented it to the President. The President and Congress then rose, and the President pronounced their answer to the speech, the Minister standing. The answer being ended, the whole were again seated, and, the President giving a copy of the answer to the Secretary of Congress, he presented it to the Minister. The President, the Congress, and Minister, then again rose together; the Minister bowed to the President, who returned the salute, and then to the Congress, who also bowed in return; and, the Minister having bowed to the President, and received his bow, he withdrew, and was attended home in the same manner in which he had been conducted to the audience.

Within the bar of the House, the Congress formed a semi-circle on each side of the President and the Minister: The President sitting at one extremity of the circle, at a table upon a platform, elevated two steps; the Minister sitting at the opposite extremity of the circle, in an arm chair, upon the same level with the Congress. The door of the Congress chamber being thrown open, below the bar, about 200 gentlemen were admitted to the audience, among whom were the Vice-president of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, the Supreme Executive Council, the Speaker, and members of the House of Assembly, several foreigners of distinction, and officers of the army.

The audience being over, the Congress and the Minister, at a proper hour, repaired to an entertainment given by Congress to the Minister; at which there were present, by invitation, several foreigners of distinction, and gentlemen of public character. The entertainment was conducted with a decorum suited to the occasion, and gave perfect satisfaction to the whole company.

In Congress, August 6, 1778.

According to order, the honourable the Sieur Gerard being introduced to an audience by the two members for that purpose appointed, and being seated in his chair, his Secretary delivered to the President a letter from his most Christian Majesty, which was read in the words following:

Very dear great friends and allies:

The treaties which we have signed with you, in consequence of the proposals of your Commissioners made to us in your behalf, are a certain assurance of our affection for the United States in general, and for each of them in particular, as well as of the interest we take, and constantly shall take, in their happiness and prosperity. It is to convince you more particularly of this, that we have nominated the Sieur Gerard, Secretary of our Council of State, to reside among you in the quality of our Minister Plenipotentiary: he is the better acquainted with our sentiments towards you, and the more capable of testifying the same to you, as he was entrusted on our part to negotiate with your commissioners, and signed with them the treaties which cement our union. We pray you to give full credit to all he shall communicate to you from us, more especially when he shall assure you of our affection and constant friendship for you. We pray God, very dear great friends and allies, to have you in his holy keeping.

Your good friend and ally,

(Signed) Louis.

Versailles, March 28, 1778.

(Undersigned) Gravier de Vergennes.

(Directed)

To our very dear great Friends, the President and Members of the General Congress of North America.

The Minister was then announced to the President and the House, whereupon he arose and addressed Congress in the speech, which, when he had finished, his Secretary delivered the same in writing to the President as follows:

Gentlemen:

The connexion formed by the King, my master, with the United States of America, is so agreeable to him, that he could no longer delay sending me to reside among you, for the purpose of cementing it. It will give his Majesty great satisfaction to learn, that the sentiments, which have shown forth on this occasion, justify that the confidence with which he hath been inspired, by the zeal and char-
acter of the Commissioners of the United States in France, the wisdom and fortitude which have directed the resolutions of Congress, and the courage and perseverance of the people they represent; a confidence which you know, gentlemen, has been the basis of that truly amicable and disinterested system, on which he hath treated with the United States.

It is not his Majesty's fault that the engagements he hath entered into did not establish your independence and repose, without the further effusion of blood, and without aggravating the calamities of mankind, whose happiness it is his highest ambition to promote, and secure. But, since the hostile measures and designs of the common enemy have given to engagements, purely eventual, an immediate, positive, permanent, and indissoluble force, it is the opinion of the King, my master, that the allies should turn their whole attention to fulfil those engagements in the manner most useful to the common cause, and best calculated to obtain that peace which is the object of the alliance.

It is upon this principle his Majesty hath hastened to send you a powerful assistance, which you owe only to his friendship, to the sincere regard he has for every thing which relates to advantage of the United States, and to his desire of contributing with efficacy to establish your repose and prosperity upon an honourable and solid foundation. And, further, it is his expectation that the principles, which may be adopted by the respective governments, will tend to strengthen those bonds of union, which have originated in the mutual interest of the two nations.

The principal object of my instructions is, to connect the interests of France with those of the United States. I flatter myself, gentlemen, that my past conduct in the affairs which concern them, hath already convinced you of the determination I feel to endeavor to obey my instructions in such manner as to deserve the confidence of Congress, the friendship of its members, and the esteem of the citizens of America.

To which the President was pleased to return the following answer:

Sir,—The treaties between his most Christian Majesty and the United States of America, so fully demonstrate his wisdom and magnanimity, as to command the reverence of all nations. The virtuous citizens of America in particular can never forget his beneficent at-
tention to their violated rights; nor cease to acknowledge the hand of a gracious Providence in raising them up so powerful and illustrious a friend. It is the hope and opinion of Congress, that the confidence his Majesty reposes in the firmness of these States will receive additional strength from every day's experience.

This assembly are convinced, Sir, that, had it rested solely with the most Christian King, not only the independence of these States would have been universally acknowledged, but their tranquility fully established. We lament that lust of domination, which gave birth to the present war, and hath prolonged and extended the miseries of mankind. We ardently wish to sheathe the sword, and spare the further effusion of blood; but we are determined, by every means in our power, to fulfil those eventual engagements which have acquired positive and permanent force from the hostile designs and measures of the common enemy.

Congress have reason to believe, that the assistance so wisely and generously sent, will bring Great Britain to a sense of justice and moderation, promote the common interests of France and America, and secure peace and tranquility on the most firm and honourable foundation. Neither can it be doubted, that those who administer the powers of government within the several States of this Union, will cement that connexion with the subjects of France, the beneficial effects of which have already been so sensibly felt.

Sir, from the experience we have had of your exertions to promote the true interests of our country, as well as your own, it is with the highest satisfaction Congress receive, as the first Minister from his most Christian Majesty, a gentleman, whose past conduct affords a happy presage that he will merit the confidence of this body, the friendship of its members, and the esteem of the citizens of America.

HENRY LAURENS, Pres.

In Congress, Aug. 6, 1778.

The Secretary of Congress then delivered to the Minister a copy of the foregoing reply, signed as above; whereupon the Minister withdrew, and was conducted home in the manner in which he was brought to the House.

Extract from the minutes.

CHARLES THOMSON, Sec'y.
The Home Department

Edited by Mrs. H. H. Funk, Springtown, Pa.

Note.—The Editor of the Home Department is anxious to know why it is that not more letters from readers giving their views on the various subjects properly coming under this department are received.

The long winter evenings will soon be with us when we have more spare moments to read than during the hot summer months, and we are preparing for better things than we have yet offered our readers.

You, dear reader, can do much to make this possible and at the same time help along this worthy magazine. Good, interesting letters are always welcomed, and this winter we hope to have a record breaker in this department; these we promise to cut, trim and fit according to the most approved style.

Let us hear from you, make requests, ask questions, anything to show your appreciation and interest. This department has a wide scope, and an exchange of ideas and information will awaken a greater interest all around and prove a source of information.

We believe our readers will enjoy reading and trying the following recipes.

—Editor, Home Department.

Some German Desserts

From The Woman's Home Companion.

The contrast between the German Süßspeisen (sweet food) and our own desserts is great. We are accustomed to many dainties of which the Germans have never heard, while, on the other hand, they have a large number of sweet dishes that are unknown to most American cooks, both professional and amateur. Nevertheless, Crisp Tart (Krachtorie), Parsons' Caps (Pfaffenkappen), German Sponge Cake (Sandtorte), as well as a number of other cakes and tarts, can be made in this country quite as easily as in their native land.

The Germans divide what we call desserts into four sections: that is, stewed fruits and compotes; all possible varieties of cold and hot puddings, creams and jellies; cakes, pastry and fancy tarts.

Fruit of every kind that grows in the country is both cheap and plentiful, and is usually of good quality. Almost all the ladies understand the art of preserving fruit in jars, bottles or cans for winter use, but they seldom make it into “jam.”

Thick Milk (Dicke Milch) is a famous Teutonic dish, very simple and inexpensive, which deserves to be specially mentioned. It is usually served in summer as a supper food. The following simple instructions show how this dish is prepared:

Place the milk while it is fresh in a very clean stone jar, and keep it in a cool cellar for three or four days. At the end of that period it will have become a solid mass. The cream should then be carefully removed from the top, and the set milk should be turned into a bowl. Powdered sugar and powdered cinna-

mon are mixed with grated cake crumbs, and are placed in the milk when it is ready for the table.

A kind of Souffle Omelet (Heiner Mehlspeise)—Three tablespoonfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, five yolks and three whites of eggs, one-fourth of a pint of cream, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, grated lemon rind, custard sauce. Work the sugar and butter to a cream; add the yolks of eggs, one at a time, and beat up vigorously until quite light and creamy. Add the cream, and about one teaspoonful of lemon rind. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and mix with the flour carefully into the above. Put the combination into a well-buttered flat, round cake tin, and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes. Turn out on a hot dish, dredge well with powdered sugar, pour around some hot custard, and serve hot.

Brown Bread Pudding (Schwarzbrot Auslauf)—Eight ounces of dry brown bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of pounded cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of shredded almonds, one cupful of fresh or preserved cherries, four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, one gill of cream, one lemon, four eggs. Butter a plain cake tin or pudding mold. Strew the shredded almonds in the bottom and sides of the mold. Place all the dry ingredients into a bowl, and add half the lemon rind, grated or finely chopped, also the juice of half a lemon. Separate the yolks of eggs from the whites, and stir the yolks into the above. Work
in the cream; mix thoroughly. Stone the cherries, cut up somewhat small, and add. Whisk the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, adding a pinch of salt before commencing to whisk. Mix these carefully with the mixture; put them in the mold, and bake in a moderately hot oven for about thirty-five or forty minutes. Turn out onto a hot dish, dredge over with a mixture of ground cinnamon and sugar, pour around it some cold fruit, and serve.

**Butter Cake (Butter Kuchen)**—One solid cupful of butter, two cupfuls of flour, four heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one egg, two yolks of eggs (as well as the whole egg), shredded almonds, granulated sugar, cinnamon. Work the butter and powdered sugar to a cream; beat up the yolks and whole egg; add to the ingredients already named. Work in the flour. Incorporate about one tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon to flavor the mixture. Butter and flour a number of small, square-shaped tartlet pans; fill them with the mixture, and stir over with shredded almonds and granulated sugar. Bake in an oven of moderate heat for about twenty minutes; take out, let cool a little, and turn out onto a sieve to become cold.

**Chocolate Drop Cakes (Chocoladenbrodchen)**—One-half cupful of grated chocolate, one-fourth of a tablespoonful of butter, one dessertspoonful of potato flour, two whites of eggs, water paper. Mix the chocolate with the flour, stir in the oil, beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and work carefully into the chocolate, etc. Put the wafer paper on a slightly greased baking sheet. Divide the mixture into little heaps, and place them about three-fourths of an inch apart on the paper. Dredge with sugar and bake in a slow oven for twelve minutes. Cut out the "drops," or cakes, with the wafer paper attached by means of a round paste cutter, and place them on a sieve to cool.

**Open Custard Tart (Osterladen)**—Ingredients for the crust are two cupfuls of flour, one small egg, a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of sugar. Ingredients for the custard are one cupful of cream, three heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, three eggs. Vanilla or cinnamon for flavoring.

Prepare the paste in the usual manner, and roll it out about one-fourth of an inch thick; line some greased cake or pastry rings, place on a greased baking tin with the paste, pinch the edges well and smooth the bottom and sides evenly, so as to hold the cream and to prevent blistering during baking. For the custard, beat up the eggs, add the sugar, mix well, and pour in the cream. Fill up the lined pastry rings with this preparation, and bake the tarts in a fairly quick oven.

Another way of making these tarts is to pick the bottom of the lined rings, fill them with rice or dried peas, and then bake them. When done, take out the contents, pour in the custard, prepared with hot cream, and bake again in a slow oven for fifteen minutes.

**Cream Pudding (Rahm Pudding)**—Work up three yolks of eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sour cream; add one rounded tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, a pinch of salt and one cupful of bread crumbs (soft and white) or cake crumbs. Beat up three whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and mix with the above. Fill a buttered pudding tin or bowl, cover with buttered paper, and steam or boil for forty-five minutes. Unmold and serve with wine sauce or hot custard or vanilla sauce.

**Cold Chocolate Pudding (Kalte Chocolade Speise)**—One-fourth of a cupful of grated chocolate, one-fourth of a pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three whole eggs, one yolk of egg in addition, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two rounded tablespoonfuls of butter, vanilla. Put the chocolate and flour into a small stew pan; mix in the milk, and work to a smooth paste; add the butter, and stir over the fire long enough to leave the sides and bottom of the pan quite clean, then add the sugar, and let the paste cool a little. Work in the yolks of eggs one at a time. Add enough vanilla essence to flavor. Whisk the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and mix carefully into the above preparation. Pour the whole into a pudding bowl or well-buttered mold, steam or boil for an hour and thirty minutes; unmold, and serve when cold. (If baked, this recipe makes a satisfactory chocolate cake.) As a pudding it may be served hot, if desired, with custard.
THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN

Literary Selections

JOY.
BY CHARLES K. MESCHTER, LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

The world of woe
Was long ago:
The good and gay
Are here today:
So live and love,
Heart fixed above.
The world is old,
The world is young,
And we are bold
And croon our song.

THE OLD WAY OF THRASHING.
BY H. L. FISHER, YORK, PA.

Mit Flegel hen m'r's Korn getrosche—
Mit Öhlehaust gebunne;
So oft a'ner drowe war
Am Owerden—so hooch, schiergar—
Wump! war dr' anner drunne,
Un fon'm alte Keschte-wald
Hot's als die Antwort s'rck geschallt.

Es war'n harte Aerwet g'wess,
Un wenig Loh f'r'sproche;
Doch, was die Kerls so eifrich schaffe!
Sie wisse das im Eisehaffe,
Die Damp'knöp eifrich koche;
O! was 'n g'sunter Abbedit,
Bringt harte Aerwet immer mit!

So hen m'r als es Korn getrosche—
D'r Wäze mit de Gaul;
M'r hen sie g'ritte—lang drufrum,
Herrje! was war m'r doch so dum!
So geht's net alleweil;
Die Dreschmaschine! sel macht wie's kummt,
Das Dresche nau gans annerscht brummt.

Wie's fertig war, war's Schtroh so schö
Un weech, du glaabscht m'r's net;
Un O! was leichtle, weche Schprau!
Du weeschto nix, ich sag dr's nau,
Es war ken besser Bett;
Eweck mit 'Mattress' un mit 'Schprings,'
Un all so deu'r hochmütig Dings.

D'r Bettschtrick war fon Hanf gemacht
Un dunnner hart gedreht;
M'r hen'n uf die Zappe g'hangt,
Un hen'n g'schtreck, du hatscht gedändkt
Es wär'n Geige-sait;
Un wan m'r hot so druf gedrummt
Dan hot's wie'n Bass-geig Sait gebummt.

Was hen m'r als so ruhich g'schoofo,
Uf selle alte Better,
Da wieschter, rauher war die Nacht,
Da besser hot's em schloose g'macht;
Do war's em net ums Wetter;
Wan der alt Schornsche nach dort war,
Dan war ken Druwel un ken G'sehr.

So did the threshers thresh the rye—
Thump, thump! thump! thump! the live-
long day;
And, still, I see the brawny wrist
And supple elbow's skillful twist,
In that expert, peculiar way,
That made the grain like spray ascend,
And then in rattling showers descend.

Thus, faithfully the threshers toiled
And hardly earned their meagre pay,
Which, with the potluck threshers got,
Was, at the most, a tithe of what
They threshed out on a winter-day;
Yet, what cared they for golden wealth,
With labor's joy and robust health?

So threshed they not the treasured wheat—
With eelskin-coupled hickory flail;
The patient horses tramped it out
While lazily they walked about,
All tied, and tethered nose to tail;
Nor could the drowsy rider keep,
In endless rounds, from going to sleep.

On such a bed of wheaten straw,
Or trodden chaff, as soft as down,
Weary of labors, hale with joys,
The farmers and the farmer's boys,
And buxom girls in woolen gowns,
Enjoyed an undisturbed repose,
Dreaming of sweethearts, or of beaus.

In bedsteads, humble, neat and plain,
Braced up with sturdy, hempen cords,
As tight as old Jo's fiddle-strings—
Without a mattress, slats, or springs.
We, romping, rustic, rural lords
Reclined and slept and dreamed and snored,
While wintry storms around us roared.

There, in those humble beds we slept,
Without a pain or earthly care;
Without a carpet on the floor;
With rusty horse-shoe o'er the door,—
A door supported by a chair—
We felt nor feared an earthly ill,
Nor witch, nor bogle, ghost nor de'il.
JUBILEE ODE.

The following poem was written and read at the last commencement at Wooster University, Ohio, by Dr. Harvey Carson Grumbine, Professor of English Literature in that institution. The writer, a Pennsylvania German among the Buckeyes, is a son of E. Grumbine, M.D., of Mt. Zion, Pa.

O year of joyous jubilee,
　Wooster is free!
From near and far
　And all the world around
To the utmost star
　Let the happy news resound—
　"Wooster is free!"

O let the tidings run
　Merrily 'round the world,
Swift as the fleeting sun,
　Bright on his shafts impearled—
　"Wooster is free!"
O tell it to her sons,
　Go, tell it to her daughters
Beyond the farthest waters,
　E’en where the Jordan runs!
In the distant palmy isles
　Within the tropic seas;
Beyond the Hebrides
　And Caucasus’ defiles;
In stupefied Cathay,
　In Hindustan and Ind;
In every heathen way
　Where lies the secret mind—
Break forth, O Golden Day,
　And say,
　"Wooster is free,
Ye shall be free,
And God shall reign to Eternity!"

His truth, like living light,
　Shall spread from pole to pole;
His choral anthems roll
　Beyond the bounds of sight.
Lo, Light and Love with Honor, Truth,
　These blessed four,
Children of immortal youth,
　Angelic spirits of the Lord,
　Shall multiply for evermore,
Singing their Maker’s word
　And calling forth to all the seas and lands,
　"In triumph, all ye people, clap your hands—
　Wooster is free!"

This anthem benedight
The organ of the soul
Swelling, roll on roll,
　Discourses in delight.
O listen with the inner ear
And hear!
O lift a loving eye and see
The vision of our Deity—
　It is our jubilee!
And offer up
　To Him our cup,
Filled full and over-brimming
　With joys the saints are hymning!

"Lo, Wooster is free!
Love and Honor, Light and Truth—
These four,
　As of yore,
Shall run from shore to shore,
　And gather in the youth
To nurture them for liberty—
　For Wooster is free!
　Henceforth
The sons and daughters of the North,
　The Golden West, the Homeland East,
Prisoners of hope released.
　Shall come in search
　Of Alma Mater—Mother Church—
　Shall go elate
The loyal children of the Church and State!
　For Wooster is free!"

O listen while again the choral throng
　Chant forth in numbers sanctified and strong:
　"Yea, Wooster is free!
Shod with fire, His flaming Word,
By love and duty spurred,
His holy messengers shall go
From tropic heat to polar snow
　To spread abroad the truth;
His valiant youth
　Shall walk with Science
　In meet reliance
Upon the dicta of His laws;
Patience with reverence shall pause
　To press from fact to primal cause
　And humbly walk with God
　Where thunderbolts obey His nod—
　Where stars of night
　Whisper the secrets of His might.
No sun shall dim
　Its light to those in search of Him;
　No planet roll
　In vain for them who read His scroll.
　The farthest bound
Of thought profound
　Shall flame across the glowing page
And thrill the bosom of the sage!
　Religion, Science, eye to eye,
　Shall read the riddles of the sky,
　And Art with hallowed feet explore
　The mysteries of earth’s darkest shore.
Dame Nature, veiled with beauty, shall reveal
The fount of wisdom and the joys that heal—
　"For Wooster is free!"
　So rise the strains of heavenly gratitude
To Him who is the Giver of all good;
　To God, the Father of all righteousness,
　And Christ, our Saviour, nailed upon the tree
　That we, defiled, might undeterred be
　And cured forever of our sins’ distress.
O join, ye people, all ye people join
　And chant a prayer unto our Lord divine—
　A prayer of praise and joyous jubilee
　To Him who gave that Wooster might be free!"
DE LEAB SCHWATAR.

BY REV. WM. GERHARUT, B.D.

We uft, yaw uft, denk Ich tsurick,
Un wend en saenschtsfuller blick
On dich, du woondershaena crick,—
Du leab Schwatar.

We uft hov Ich, in summertzeit,
En stund on deiner bank ferweilt
In stiller ruh un heiterkeit,—
Du leab Schwatar.

Besides bin Ich awe hin gagonga,
Um don un won dy fish tsu fonga
Dee in deim deeta wasser pronga,—
Du leab Schwatar.

Un won Ich ging my Porra's-pflichta
In londes g'maena tsu ferrichta,
So bin Ich uft iver deina bricka,—
Du leab Schwatar.

Un note won Ich tsurick gakaert,
Un plain dy rousend wosser g'haert,
So war Ich shure de haemt waert,—
Du leab Schwatar.

So war aes leider "long ago,"
Now is aes awver nimmy so,
Wo sinn sella guta tseita, wo?
Du leab Schwatar.

Now hner Ich net dy sanftes laucha,—
De moosec de dy wella maucha,—
De nimmer schlöfa—immer waucha,—
Du leab Schwatar.

So weit fon deer,—now olt un gro
Bin Ich, du crick, yetz nimmy so:
We Ich sell tseita war, ah! no,
Du leab Schwatar.

Du auwer bleibscht de saem shae crick;
Dy wosser lauft yo youscht so quick
Won Ich noch Lebanon gook zurück,
Du leab Schwatar.

Gern mecht Ich dich noch aemoe sae,
On deiner bank widder wondla gae,
We in fergongona zeita shae,—
Du leab Schwatar.

En aunera strom waerd Ich bald sae,
Iwer daen moos Ich gaewislich gae;
Hilf Gott bleib bei immer meh.
Good-by, du leab Schwatar.

MEI' ERST' BLUGGES.

BY J. W. SEIP, M.D., ERIE, PA.

Ich war erst zwölft Jahr, awer grosz un' stark
for mei' Aelt. Ich bin just kle 'uf die Weld
kumme, un' war zu spot gebore, sunst war Ich
großer un' älter gewest. Ich war g'rad' fünf
Jahr alt wie der Abe Lincoln g'schosse is'
wärre.

Mer hänns als 's Stückle vom Neuland
g'he'se'. 'S war just e'n klee Stück Grund—
was nei'-Stee un' Stumbe ware; so 'n grummer
Hals zwische zwe Wasserlöcher, net weit vom
Blo Berg. Gansz nau wo's leit. darf ich net
augewe; es dhiat zu berühmt wärre. Die Leut
ware noch im Standt un' dhiate's St. Jakob's
Feld he'se'. Die viele Stie die mir davon un'
die Wasserlöcher g'fahre hän, mache 's
schon merkwürdig genung. Fer die Stie all
runner nammé hätt's 'n Chinese Wall drum
 gemacht, un' war nix vom Feld uwerder ge-
blive wie 'n Loch.

Es hot meh Seite un' Ecke g'hatt, wie ich
später aus'g'fume hab, in der Millersville
Normal Schol, das wie im Brooks' geometry
agewe sin. Wie sell so sei hort komme wes
ich heut' noch nett. Mei' früherer Freund un',
Schulmeister, J. Fred. Bachman, von Daniels-
ville, der nau Landmeser un' Friedenschrieter
dör't is, kennt's gewisz ausrechle. Wer's wisse
will kann ihm jo schreiwe.

Die Geil ware grosz un' sin gansz langsam
'gange' wie Ochse. Sie hänns müsse'. Alle
zwanzig Schritt hot der Blugg e'n fester Stee
getroff; wann sie schnell 'gange' ware, stark
wie sie ware, hätte' sie alles verriss. Die
größte von de' lose Stee hän just der Blugg
raus'schmissé. Sell war nett so schlimm.
Awer wann ich gedenkt hab—wie schö' dass
nau die Stie uwer's Wemmrett rolle un' rable
dähde,—bumbs! Zur Abwechsel war's des'mol
net just e'n Stumbe oder e'n werzel, awer
e'n fester Stee unner 'em Grund. Sell war oft
schlimm fer much. Der Blugg hot mich oft
ung'schlage'. Bis owets ware mei' Ribbe ganz
blo. Sell war all nix; awer dann is' er alsen-
hol so fest ware dasz Ich i'n 'uf die Seit' drehe
hab' muss um 'n widdler los zu kriège.
Donit is' viel Zeit verlore 'gange', un' hot mich
alsenol e'n "Donnerwetter" sage mache.

Im Nochmidag is' e'n von unsre faule Noch-
bare üwer mei' Blugges gelodde'd komme un'
hot geméent er könnt de' ganze Dag dort blugg
un' bräucht ke'n so Worte brauche. 'Emol
rum hot ihm geda. Mit Stumbe un' Stee zu-
samme' (ich hab' es gezählt), hot 's die Geil
zwanzig mol g'sobt, un' allemol "I never saw
the like" g'sagt. Er war just so deutsch wie
ich au', un' ich hab' mich Mann genug g'nicht
ihm zu 'sage' dass er just English genug ge-
wiszt hät' dozumol um neunzeh' mol zu lüge'.

THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN
DE SCIENTISTS UN DE HEXADUCKTER.

BY T. H. HARTER, BELLEFONTE, PA.

*My Geleebde Freind*—Es muss em warick-lisch boll bong si far oui em house gae won mer laesed fun oil dos uns invercooma sull. Unser scientists sin boll inera gloss mit da Tseiner (Gypsies) un da hexaducker. Olles gied tsu greund won mer se haerd. Aner sawgt de weldt ware om uff-dricka un in a pawr yogh daida mere oil fardshta. En onera sawgt oil unser nochkimling daida farsowfa; dos es huls ware boll oil fun unsera barga ghocked un derno daids wasser drivva runner shreee un uns oil aweck schwemna we umensa innera wesh-schissel. En onerer sawg de hitz fun der soon daid olla dawg weniicher warra; unser cola un huls ware boll oil uff g'used un derno daida mere farfreena; un en onerer sawgt de weldt daid olla dawg nachauner on de soon cooma un anes fun denna dawg daida mere kups-fudderer ni folaa un oil furbrenn. Awwer des is net oil. Uff ollem ekk shiaad en porra un yader hut en agener glawva un sawgts uns won mer net tsu sinera karriek kara don daida mere oil farlorea gae. Won de socha oll so sin don sin mere gawiss g'shewishna en difel un en deeta sae, un de woommymy shirpinga kenna daida besser laera tsu schwimma.

Ich un de Polly hen unser mind umf g'mauched dos wos is, recht: un wos coomed, coomed anyhow. Dos de weldt is shortrick om besser wara, un ware recht laebed un recht denkt dare doot recht shatariva. Won Ich sawg dos de weldt om besser wara is don sawg Ich wos Ich broofa een.

Dorrich de ledit hoyet wore Ich a pawr dwwg drows by em oldita Sammy Sendapater uff sinera bowerei, un en dwwg hut sich ga-broofed tsu minera satisfaktion. Es lood is nucl oil dart, de fielder sin es-same, der ivk tooker baum shtaid nuch im eck fun shirefeld, awwer de schwartz biddle un de wasser shitz, woo ols unich em hoy-wishi g'shonna hut, is nimmy dart.

Un ware con mere sawga os es net besser is oony de buddle? Feel fun da olda siffer woo now uff en township sin odder sich dote g'suffa hen laerna "schmodda" in der hoyet un im arn-feldt. Se sawga mere der licker is nimmy so goot os are ols whore. Dos con oil so si. Ich hob ganunk gadrunka far wissa, un Ich hob noch der arsh; drappa tsu drinka os mer net schlecha gadorinka in der kup hut. Ich hob shunt uff gawoonered we's gooka dain won der Kitzeldarfer oil de siffer os are g'mauht hut in em showfenshter setza dair for si awwrett wisa, we en shoe-macher si shoe. Dart ware der Billy Bixler mitera naws we en rhode-reeb, der Mike Hetzel mit sime aenda bae—es onner hut are farlora we are g'suffa wore un is unich de train g'soffa. Der Sam Seeshuls woo in norra-house is; der Bill Boombernickel woo sich g'henken hut we are der pokar g'hot hut; un duzenet oner, un hinna on ena oil daid der Boostanstiel shae mit sina farissna glaeerd, un der pawr cewt haeva in sinera tziddicherica honde—olles os maue doh ih fun da tzwae boweria woo are farfurna hut. Hiet is ken buddle mae im feldt, ken drom mae on sex cent de g'wart; ken farsamling mae wooy yader ebben g'suffa is worra os shlooka hut kenna. Der "goot." drom is oll gadrunka. Are is fardt—awver es goot os are gadoo hut is trimlich oll im grawb, in der jail, uff en township odder im norra-house.

De weldt is besser un shortrick om besser wara. Der telephone mauched uns oll a grossa familja, un onshottz fum es-shponna un en holver dawg tohra far oui-inna wena en groopka ruchber's fraw is, lawfed ins eck, glingled an bell on sawg. "Hello, we is de Betz den morga?"

*Gottlieb Boonastiel*
THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN

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Clippings from Current News

—Renovo celebrated Old Home Week during the first days of September. Geo. L. Schrader, J. Howard Snyder, Jas. L. Everhart, and W. C. Noll, as chairman of various committees, helped to plan the demonstrations.

—Lack of patronage of the German theatre in Milwaukee is instanced by the New York World as proof of the Americanization of that city of strong Teutonic influences. The abandonment of the mother tongue was inevitable, though it has been longer delayed in Milwaukee than in St. Louis, Cincinnati and other cities of large German population.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, Brooklyn's oldest inhabitant, recently celebrated her 106th birthday anniversary. She was born in Lancaster, Pa., August 31, 1800, and when 12 years old moved with her parents to New York. Her husband has been dead for fifty years. Her descendants include two sons and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

—At her last birthday anniversary she was able to join in the festivities, but in the last few months she has become so feeble that she is permitted to see no outside of her family.

—Preparations are being made for a fitting celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the erection of the old Sun Hotel, of Bethlehem, Pa., and the event promises to be one of historic importance, with social features of a character that will bring together many of the best-known bonafide of the State. This hotel has undergone many changes since the first primitive building was constructed, but in those early days, like Robinson Crusoe,

It was monarch of all it surveyed.

For its right there was none to dispute.

—Dr. L. Ryder Evans, of Pottstown, Pa., delivered an address on "The Pennsylvania-Germans" before the alumni of the Penn Hall-Spring Mills Academy, Center county, Pa., in which he said among other things: "In this my native county, the prolific mother of governors, statesmen, jurists, physicians, ministers and educators, there rises before me in memory a long list of worthies who have left their impress indelibly upon the community in which they lived and wrought and taught." Our readers in Butler county will confer a great favor by sending us sketches of some of their prominent sons and historic communities. Let us hear from you.

—The centennial of the Lutheran church at Rehersburg, Berks county, Pa., was held Aug. 9th. This church was built in 1808. The first church had been built in 1757. In that year its records were commenced. We are told that the book was purchased 1757 by the deacons then in office, for the use of the "Evangelical Lutheran congregation on the Bieber creek ad Toloco." One year ago this congregation celebrated the sesqui-centennial of the erection of their first church. This is a rare thing in this country. And yet the congregation is undoubtedly somewhat older. Hall, Nachr. declare positively that Rev. J. N. Kurtz held services here regularly from 1730 on. Rev. John Casper Stoever's baptismal record shows that he performed from fifty to sixty baptisms before 1757 at Atolhoe, as he calls it.

—Among the papers found by the heirs of James Hardcastle, the aged Middletown recluse, hidden away in secluded corners of the old house, are documents showing Joseph Hardcastle, the paternal ancestor of the aged man, to have been a poet of considerable note.

In verses there were found many historical sketches of all portions of the county, and even many of his business letters were written in rhyme.

One poem, complete in about 30 stanzas, gives a detailed report of the drowning of Lydia Hollingsworth, in Darby Creek, near Darby, a matter of Delaware county history, and the terrible grief of her lover, David Lewis, who escaped from the flooded creek in watching the fate of the girl, whose long flowing hair caught in the limbs of a tree and held her until she was released by death. This accident occurred in a flood in 1798 and the poem bears the date of 1802.

—Francis B. Lee, a New Jersey historian, classified a storm coming the last week in
August as the historic 'sour pear rain.' He said that was the name of the storm in old colonial days, and that Jersey folk who made it a business of keeping weather records agreed that the storm comes each year with hardly an exception, and has done so since early colonial days. The 'sour pear rain' takes its name from the fact that it appears late in August, when the sour pears are ripe. In eastern Pennsylvania some predict rain during the week when the quince trees are in bloom. The Pennsylvania-German welcomes accounts of Weather Prognostications among Pennsylvania-Germans.

—Epler's church history in Berks county, Pa., dates back 180 years when the Reformed congregation organized in 1728, first worshipping in a log church until 1788, when a stone church was erected, which stood until 1831, when the present brick edifice was erected. The Lutheran history dates from 1825, when Rev. Mr. Engel was the first pastor. A Union Sunday-school was organized in 1875. An Old Home Day was celebrated by church and school August 8, attended by many former members.

—Governor Stuart uttered the following words in an address at Mt. Gretna, Pa. "Pennsylvania employs 33,000 teachers in her public schools. Her system of training teachers has attracted wide attention. Graduates of her schools are sought after and are to be found holding important positions in the schoolrooms of many States. For example, at a recent meeting of the State Teachers' Association of New Jersey, the president, the vice-president and the secretary were graduates from Pennsylvania public schools. At one of their associations some one objected to this influx from the Keystone State, whereupon a Pennsylvanian asked all present who were from Pennsylvania to rise. Only two remained seated. This shows how the work of Pennsylvania's schools is appreciated in other States.

Teachers, in their practice of their professions, may not receive as much financial return as merchants, or enjoy as much honor as Judges or Congressmen, but they have the consciousness that they inspired, if not all, of those who have attained eminence among their fellow-men. They shape the destinies of the nation by their moulding."

—Faithful students abound in all parts of the land, but it is doubtful if anywhere in this country or abroad there can be found a pupil with a record for school attendance equal to that of Miss Mary E. Refsnider, of Glenside, Pa. Miss Refsnider is probably the world's champion in that particular respect, as she went to school regularly for twelve years and never missed a single session. She belongs to a class of twenty-one, which graduated not long ago from the Cheltenham High School. In addition to the regular diploma which was furnished to all the members of the class, she received a certificate from the board of school directors setting forth the facts regarding her long and unbroken school attendance. This document showed that Miss Refsnider entered the primary grade on September 1st, 1890, and was present at both sessions of school every day until her graduation on June 19th last. Her extreme punctuality was only one of her good traits, for she is a young lady of excellent ability, who stood high in her class and who is expected to go forward and win fresh laurels in the educational race.—From a New York Paper.

—Emperor William of Germany has been credited with being perhaps the ablest and best informed royal personage in Europe. His intellectual capacity seems to have been transmitted to his fourth son, Prince August, who has just passed his examination and received the degree of doctor in the science of government at the University of Strasburg. The prince's papers were marked "very good," which was all the more to his credit because he had completed the three years' course of study in two years. This is said to be the first time that a member of the Hohenzollern family has taken the degree of doctor. The Emperor some years ago came near sending the prince to Harvard University for a course of study, but the plan fell through. Two years ago the prince was denied permission to marry his cousin, Princess Alexandra, of Schleswig-Holstein, because he had not finished his university studies. It is expected that his imperial father will now consent to the wedding.

—Ethan Allen Weaver, a historian of Germantown, has been endeavoring to trace the ancestry of John W. Kern, Democratic candidate for vice-president. Mr. Weaver writes as follows:

"In a recent letter Mr. Kern informs the writer that his paternal emigrant ancestor emigrated from Pennsylvania to Franklin county, Virginia, and mentions further that the names Adam, Nicholas and Jacob have always been well known and frequently used Christian names in his branch of the family.

"One Jacob Kern, of Northampton County, Pa., was an officer of provincial troops in the French and Indian trouble, and one of the numerous Nicholas Kerns, whom it takes a Philadelphia lawyer to analyze, into their proper family groups—was a prominent colonel of militia in the Revolutionary War. Another Jacob Kern, whom some of our elder citizens may remember, was colonel of State militia early in the nineteenth century, and a leader of the Democratic Party, in the 30's, and for some time lieutenant of the commonwealth. He resided at Bath, Pa."

—That worthy and useful organization, the Quill Club of New York, whose membership includes many prominent men, lately elected as its president the Rev. Dr. George U. Wennner, one of the best known leaders of the Lutheran Church in the United States. Dr. Wennner is the widely known and esteemed pastor of a congregation on the East Side.
which he himself began to collect while he was yet a theological student, and which he has been serving ever since his graduation from the theological seminary. Next October this church will celebrate its forty-fifth anniversary. Dr. Wenner's prominence in religious work is shown by the fact that he has been since 1904 president of the synod of New York and New Jersey, that he is vice-president of the New York Federation of Churches, and a member of the executive committees of the American Tract Society, the Evangelical Alliance, Lutheran Seamen's Commission, and National Federation of Churches. For twenty-five years he has been chairman of the liturgical committee of the general synod of the Lutheran Church. He is at present specially interested in advocating a system of week-day instruction in religion, and on this subject he is to submit a report to the Federal Council of the Churches of America, which meets in Philadelphia next December. It is sure to be listened to with respect and to bear good fruit, for the doctor is an earnest man and able persuader.—Leslie's Illustrated Weekly.

The old town of Rathenow, in the sandiest part of Brandenburg province, is furnishing eight million spectacle glasses and other optical articles to the world's trade. The citizen who started this industry in the town was Lutheran pastor, J. E. Duncker, who was forced by his small salary to do something besides preaching. This was a hundred years ago. The pastor's sons continued the business; today one-third of the inhabitants earn their bread in the optical workshops.

Consular Agent John B. Brewer, at Wiesbaden, describes the further activity of a German firm of chemists, which he says has accomplished a new invention for the small-grained iron ores; a new power gas from bituminous coal, and the distribution of heat throughout cities.

A German company, which originated a new hydrogen process especially adapted for military aeronautics, has discovered a series of other processes related to their new water-gas system that are likely to play an important part in great American industries. Their efforts were especially fruitful in the iron and steel industries.

Above all, it is claimed that they have succeeded in welding steel pipes of large dimensions, such as neither the Mannesmann nor any other existing works can produce by their methods; at least not at the same rate of economy and quality.

The welding is done at high speed, while labor and other costs are reduced to a minimum. The textile strength in the weld as compared with the strength of the plate is 90 to 95 per cent., which is rather remarkable. It is stated that the Japanese navy has adopted the new German system for the welding of their military masses on war ships, etc., and that, after the same system, a British welding company has been formed this spring at Glasgow.

Astonishing results have also been obtained by the firm in question in a peculiar iron-briquetting method especially adapted for the conversion of fine-grained, dust-like iron ores like those of the Masaba range. As is known, these ores can now be worked in the blast furnaces only by a very inconvenient, wasteful, and therefore expensive system. By the new German hydrogen gas process, however, they are converted into extremely hard and porous lumps, in which the contents of pure iron are not, as with other briquetting methods, diminished and deteriorated by admixtures, but rather increased and chemically improved.

The chemists are also the inventors of an apparatus for making an absolutely tar-free producer-gas, or, more correctly, a power gas from bituminous coal. Thereby they have solved another important technical problem in supplying a new fuel and thereby giving a new and many-sided use to the gas motor, especially in those large industries where heretofore it had been operated almost exclusively by the blast-furnace gases, anthracite proving too expensive.

It is understood that still another feature of their industrial program is the general economical distribution of heat throughout whole cities and districts from one central point.

James N. Ermentrout, President Judge of the Berks County Court, which is the Twenty-third Judicial District, and one of the best known jurists in Pennsylvania, died August 19 of a stroke of apoplexy. Judge Ermentrout was on the Berks bench for twenty-two years. He was born in Reading on October 25, 1846. His first position of importance was as professor of languages at the Tuscarora Academy, in Juniata County. Incidentally, he studied law, and when 21 years of age was admitted to the Berks bar.

In 1859 he formed a partnership with his brother, the late Congressman Daniel Ermentrout. He was elected Additional Law Judge of the Berks court for a term of two years on January 4, 1886, and upon the retirement of Judge Hagenman in 1899, deceased, became the President Judge.

He was renominated in 1895, and was re-elected over his Republican opponent by a plurality of 5006 votes out of 21,880 cast. He was again nominated in 1905, and after a spirited contest was again elected, his opponent being D. Nicholas Schaeffer.

In 1899 Judge Ermentrout's friends made a strong effort to nominate him for the Supreme bench. At the convention in Harrisburg Judge Mestreny secured the nomination. Judge Ermentrout being second highest of the ten candidates.

Judge Ermentrout took a deep interest in Democratic politics. He knew political conditions in every township and borough of the county, and in every ward in the city. He
had many friends among both parties. He was frequently called to preside over cases in other counties of the State, and was regarded as a competent and able judge. He leaves a brother, Dr. Samuel C. Ermentrout, and a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Bertolet.

Judge Ermentrout came of a family that has contributed in no small degree in the making of the history of Berks county, its members having occupied, with distinction, leading places in all the learned professions and skilled avocations. The Ermentrout line in this country extends back to the great-great-grandfather of the Judge, John Ermentrout, a resident of the Palatinate in Germany, who was one of that band of Palatinites, the story of whose sufferings and struggles forms one of the strangest and is one of the heroic and romantic episodes of the settlement of the new world.

—In the death of the Rev. George F. Gardner, of Allentown, Pa., which occurred on Monday night, August third, the Ministerium of Pennsylvania loses another of its faithful and honored veterans. Next to the late Rev. John Schmidt, of Reading, he was the oldest member of that body, having reached the age of eighty-one years and three months. He belongs to a class of pastors who do their work so quietly and modestly as to attract little attention while they live. It is only when they have passed away that what they were and what they did becomes generally known. Their monument is their work, quietly, modestly, faithfully done.

The deceased was an effective preacher, an earnest student, thoroughly grounded in the faith, and an almost ideal pastor, devoted to his people with self-sacrificing love. He moved among the humble and forsaken with a heart full of sympathy and became to them a veritable father. He was seldom heard on the floor of Synod, not because he lacked knowledge or interest or practical wisdom, but because he was modest and humble. His intense devotion to his people, combined with a broad human sympathy, made him known and recognized in Allentown, the scene of his pastoral labors for thirty years, as a man of God and a citizen to whom the whole community could lay claim.

"Father Gardner," as he was affectionately called, was led into the ministry through the kindly suggestion and solicitation of the late Dr. Krotel, whose organist he was in Salem Church, Lebanon, Pa., and under whom he was at least in part prepared. He was born in Wuertemberg, Germany, April 14, 1827, and came to this country in 1849. He at once studied English and soon acquired a speaking knowledge of it. He tutored for a while in a private family, and, as he was a musician of no mean ability, became organist in Salem Church, as noted above, until his ordination at Reading in 1853, the year in which the Ministerium again re-entered the General Synod. His first parish was at Manayunk, Phila., where he served three years. He became pastor in Trenton, N. J., in 1856, where he labored ten years. Because of a throat affection, he resigned and became the superintendent of the Orphans' Home at Germantown in 1873, where he remained five years. In 1877 he became pastor of St. Peter's Church, Allentown, where he did his most efficient work, until compelled by advancing years to relinquish active pastoral duties in 1905.—The Lutheran.

For the Joke Book.

—John S., aged 14, like all boys needed parental admonition. Being lectured one time on speaking hastily, he was told by his father, to think three times before he spoke. One winter's night his father was sitting with his back towards the stove which was red hot. His coat became ignited, and John seeing this and remembering the parental injunction to think three times before speaking said: "Dady, ich denk," a short pause, "Dady, ich denk." another short pause, "Dady, ich denk de ruck brennt." (Father, I think your coat burns.)

—Little Mary Fuzer is one of the most energetic pupils in the schools of M.—— Coming from a Slav home in a Pennsylvania-German community to an English school the difficulties that beset her path are equaled only by her eagerness.

Recently the teacher asked the class, "Children, what is hot," expecting to call out the expression, "The stove is hot."

"Au, Teacher, I know," said Mary. "It is too beeg a warm." —Hans, the ruralist, was in search of a horse, says an exchange:

"I have the very thing you want," said Lennox, the liveryman, "a thorough-going road horse. Five years old, sound as a quail, one hundred and seventy-five dollars, cash down. He goes ten miles without stopping."

"Not for me," he said, "not for me. I won't git you five cents for him. I lit eight miles out in de country, and I'd half to walk back two miles." —Danny G.— was a boy who liked to roam about the farm and hunt duck eggs along the stream and eggs that the hens laid in out-of-the-way places. As he found the eggs he would place them in his large straw hat which he carefully put on his head again, and trudge on to the house. Once when he came to the house after one of these jaunts his father not knowing his manner of carrying eggs and wishing to compliment his boy, in greeting him clapped his hands down on the boy's head in his rough way, and at once the eggs ran down over the boy's face and clothes. The mother seeing this and thinking he was hurt screamed, "Ei dawly! du hast'n im Harn ferschlagga." (Why, father, you have mashed his brain.)

—Jerry N.— did not like to acknowledge he was a "dutche," although it was written all over him,—consequently he spoke English only. On one occasion wishing to inform his friend that Loudermilk's farm adjoins his own, he
said “Och, yes, Loudermilch live next, his land and my land bumps togerder!”

—About forty years ago when railroad travel was still a novelty to many, a young minister and his bride passed through Reading, on their wedding trip. The train stopping at the outer station, a lady with a child in her arms and five others following her in “goose style” came into the same coach and were seated in the seats in front. Each of the six children had a pretzel, for which Reading was noted, one in each hand. All seemed rather impatient that when they were ready the train did not at once start. One of the children would repeatedly ask, “Gene mir net ball ab?” (Won’t we start soon?) Finally when the train did start, one of them asked, “Gene mer now?” (Are we going now) to which the mother replied, “Yer, now gene mer.” (Yes, now we are going.) The train was to attach another car from Allentown, and backed on another track to get it. At this backward movement of the train several of the children sang out, “Ei Mam, mer gene yo widder zurück, verwas gene mer dan zurück?” (Mother, we are going back; why do we go back?) The mother then replied, “Ei, sie hen eppes vergesse. Was, sie eppes vergessa gene si immer widder zurück es zu holle.” (They forgot something; whenever they forget anything they return to get it.) The young bride now a grandmother still laughs about this incident.

—“Was zeit is es, Annie?” fragt die Meeschersfrah. (What time is it, Annie, asked the landlady?) “Ich kann schur net saga,” sagt die Maad. “Die Uhr hot gstopt.” (I can not say, said the girl, the clock has stopped,) “Was, sie’ hot gstopt? Ich denk die muss bal emol gebutzt werra.” (What, it has stopped? I think it must be cleaned before long.) “Ach nee, ich hab die da Marga erscht gebucht. Ich hab sie fent Minnuta in Saawasser gsokt un no how ich sie all iwer geberscht.” (Oh, no, I cleaned it this morning I soaked it five minutes in soapy water and then scrubbed it all over.)

Chat with Correspondents

Note.—The following lines from a subscriber in Schuylkill county, Pa., are encouraging. The precept at the end is enforced by the example following the letter. We hope to receive other communications on the variations in the use and significance of words.

Mr. H. K. Kriebel,

Publisher, Pennsylvania-German:

Dear Sir—A Pennsylvania-German whose heart beats warm for his own people, and who is therefore interested in knowing more about their history and character, cannot but like the magazine Pennsylvania-German. I like it—the whole of it. I like best that part which does justice to the Pennsylvania-Germans in history, and thus takes a step on winning for our people their right place in history, which place has thus far not been accorded them, has not even been recognized by many of our own sons and daughters who yet lay claim with some degree of justice to a liberal education.

What each one of us, sons and daughters of Pennsylvania-German origin, subscribers to the Pennsylvania-German, should do, is to assist this excellent publication by sending in to its editor whatever matter of general interest may come our way. We bid you Godspeed.

Some Curious Local Use or Meaning of Pennsylvania-German Words.

1. A social evening gathering, called, where I was reared, “a party,” was called in Bucks county near Trumbauersville, where I resided a few years, “en crusht.” And people used the verb “crushte.”

2. In the same community, they called a “drive-way” into a field, closed by bars or rails, “en fahr”; while where I was reared we called it “en falter.”

3. Where I was reared, “nix-nutzig” meant mischievous. At Turbotville, Northumberland county, people used it in the sense “in poor health.” A person would say, “Ich bin recht nix-nutzig,” and mean by it, “I am in quite poor health.”

Note.—The following was received from a subscriber. We are glad to insert the same here, and hope other subscribers will remember us in like manner.

A few days ago we received a copy of the Montgomery Adler, published at Pottstown, Pa., bearing date of June 8, 1877, Vol. I. No. 21. A few extracts from its columns for the Pennsylvania-German may be of interest to its readers. We follow with market prices as they then existed in Pottstown and Philadelphia:

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Flax                      - .17
Sole Leather               - .30
Upper Leather              - .47
Coal                      - .25
Oats                      - .49
Corn                      - .50
Wheat                  - 1.05
Rye                      - .65
Salt                      - .60
Potatoes                  - .50
Clove Seed                - .25
Flax Seed                 - 1.25
Timothy Seed              - 3.57
Wheat Flour               - 5.55
Rye Flour                 - 3.50
Rye Whiskey              - .34
Apple Whiskey            - .33
Hickory Wood             - .33
Oak Wood                 - 3.50
Plaster Paris           - 2.50

The West—As It Was Not Long Ago and as It Now Is.

I have seen the time when no other means of transportation was seen on the Ohio river but the canoe.
I was present when the introduction of the keel boat was lauded a wonderful improvement.
I remember when the arrival of a barge in Pittsburg was considered a most remarkable incident.
I know when persons rode from Natches to Pittsburg in four months, and then boasted as though they had sailed around the world.

I know the time when no man would risk going on the Allegheny river in a boat.
I remember the time when persons who could boast having been in New Orleans were looked upon as a wonder.
I remember well when the banks of the Ohio river were a wilderness, and New Orleans was separated from the American World.
I have seen two large cities rise up in the West—one a mercantile and the other a manufacturing city.
I have lived to see a revolution in mechanism that made Pittsburg and New Orleans neighbors.
I remember the time when it was considered as great a risk to travel from Pittsburg to Cincinnati as it now is to East India. Today it is but a pleasure trip of a few days.
I have seen vessels of 300 tons going from New Orleans to Cincinnati in fifteen days, and I hope to see the time when the trip can be made in ten days.
All these things have I seen with mine own eyes, and my neighbors still consider me a young man.

Erfindung.

Mr. Thomas Wreit, of Cincinnati, invented a machine to cut lathe. The machine is run by steam, and cuts 3,000 feet half-inch regular thickness in one hour.

Pennsylvania Historical Societies

Mr. John H. Charles, a son of John and Elizabeth (Kauffman) Charles (descended from Heinrich Karl, a Swiss immigrant of 1734), was born in Lancaster county, Pa., 1826, lived in Ohio until 1850, when the gold fever tempted him to go West.
He arrived in Sioux City, Iowa, Dec. 1, 1856, the first plot of which was made in 1854, and died there Dec. 1, 1904. He got to the place where the population numbered but a few hundred, and saw it increase to 40,000. His reminiscences make very interesting reading.

The Lancaster County Historical Society has issued Vol. XII, No. 6, of "Papers Read," containing a sketch of "The Great Conestoga Road," prepared by H. Frank Eshleman, Esq. The paper traces the laying out and opening of the road from Philadelphia to Rock Hill on the Conestoga River, 1683 to 1734. The accompanying copyright map gives in compact form details of the various early roads in southeastern Pennsylvania between the Schuylkill and Susquehanna rivers. The society deserves great credit for the valuable historical work it is doing.

The Historical Society of Berks County.

The next meeting of the Historical Society of Berks county will be held in the rooms of the association in Reading, on Tuesday evening, September 8. During the recent years this association has manifested renewed life and energy. It is not, however, supported by the intelligent citizens of our county as it should be. As one of the older counties of the State, our county has a history which is replete with interesting incidents, many of which are not nearly so well known as they should be, while there are many things which await the labors of the devoted investigator to make their details and relations as clear as might be desired.

The membership of the Society is not nearly so large as the intelligence of the community and the importance of the work which the association has undertaken demands.
On more than one occasion we have remarked how that Pennsylvania has not received its meed of historic notice, and that this is largely due because we Pennsylvania-Germans have not concerned ourselves about our local history. The family reunions of which so many have been held in our beautiful park; indicate that many are beginning to concern themselves about these things. Now is the time to join the society and help the movement along.—Kutztown Patriot.

The Lehigh County Historial Society recently issued its first volume of proceedings, being a book of 252 pages, finely printed and well illustrated, which contains much matter of historical interest. Its contents show that Allentown and Lehigh county are interesting historically, and that concerted efforts are being made to preserve the facts of history in tangible, permanent form.

Included in the book are these papers:

"William Allen, the Founder of Allentown, and His Descendants," by Charles Rhoads Roberts, 23 pages.

"A Bit of Lehigh County History," by Alfred Berlin, six pages.


"A Few Notes of the Lenni Lenape or Delaware Tribe of Indians," by A. F. Berlin, eight pages.


"The Egypt Church," by Rev. Dr. Schindel, 19 pages.


"Revolutionary Patriots of Allentown and Vicinity," by C. R. Roberts, 8 pages.


The book contains all the proceedings from the inception of the society in January, 1904, up to the last meeting. A list of the active members is given and the charter is included. The book has been compiled by Chas. R. Roberts, the secretary.

The General Council Historical Society.

During the past forty years the General Council has been making history very rapidly. Those who have followed the various operations of this body will readily agree with this statement. Meanwhile, the entire Lutheran Church in this country has taken a very prominent place among the Protestant churches in America. In every sphere of activity there has been a remarkable progress in many portions of the Lutheran Church. All this belongs to our history. Who is making notes of this progress? Who is preserving the data necessary for a thorough and complete history of the Church in this county? Several brief historical works have been published but they are necessarily incomplete, because of the fact that they are brief. The time seems ripe for a more active prosecution of the work of gathering, preserving, and formulating the historical material of the past, some of which has been collected, but much of which is in danger of becoming lost. This is true of the history of the Church at large; but it is equally true of the General Council. The writer of these lines has recently been engaged in collecting the historical facts connected with the first forty years of the Council's existence, and has found much that is interesting and valuable, and much that should be carefully preserved in better shape than in loose copies of minutes of the proceedings of conventions. At one time an effort was made to organize a society within the Council for the purpose of preserving valuable documents and of keeping a record of the operations of the Council; but this project went only as far as the framing of a constitution, and there it ended.

At the fourth convention of the General Council, held at Lancaster, Ohio, in 1870, the President appointed a committee to prepare "a plan for the preservation of the documents of the General Council." In the eleventh session of that convention the committee, of which the Rev. Dr. Seiss was the chairman, reported a plan for the preservation of valuable papers and documents, and in connection with the plan proposed, that "a committee be appointed to digest a plan for the formation of a Historical Society in connection with the General Council, and to report said plan at the next meeting" of the body. The Rev. H. W. Roth was appointed the committee, and at the next convention he proposed the organization of a society and suggested the aim and sphere of activity of the proposed organization recommending the appointment of a committee to prepare a suitable constitution. At the Akron Convention, in 1872, the committee appointed at the previous convention, and consisting of Revs. H. W. Roth, W. A. Passavant, D.D., and H. E. Jacobs, reported a constitution for the proposed historical society, which was received and printed in the minutes, for action at the next meeting, when it was considered by sections, amended, adopted, and printed in the minutes of the convention, held at Erie, Pa., 1873. With this action ended the history of the Historical Society.

The organization was to be known as "The Historical Society of the General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in North America." Its object, as set forth in this document, was to be the following:

"It shall be the aim of this Society to awaken and encourage historical inquiry; to establish and maintain in the city of Philadel-
The Struggle for American Independence.


This narrative of the Revolution is written in accordance with an historical method introduced several years ago of writing history as related by contemporaries. The present age is trying to get at the heart of things, at their source, at the original. The author of this work has brought to light a great deal of documentary evidence which historians have heretofore ignored.

The writer must have spent some years in digging out old dusty records, letters and pamphlets; and he must have tried hard to make sense out of obscure documents; but he has produced a history that is exciting, interesting, and not infrequently exasperating; but it is doubtful whether it is exhaustive, convincing, or infallible. It is written in a clear, fluent style; it is entirely different from the usual narrative of the Revolution.

It may be that it is a rather "torified" view of the Revolution. After having read the history, one is led to believe that the Revolution was after all not the grand and glorious achievement it is usually pictured to have been; that the whole performance on the part of the Americans was unmanly, unpatriotic, and un-American—may one say disgusting? The cause has been belittled, at least the way it was maintained; the soldiers must have been marauders, and the fighting, a sort of guerilla warfare—to exploit England's system of colonial government?

True, the writer has given his sources page by page, and consequently his propositions are not so easily dismissed. But probably the sources cannot always be accepted as given. It is also noteworthy that some more available sources might have been consulted to advantage.

It is said that many of the Pennsylvania-Germans, who held the same religious beliefs as the Quakers, were neutrals; and furthermore, that a loyalist (tory) regiment was raised among the Pennsylvania-Germans, and that in Pennsylvania the patriots and the Tories are supposed to have been evenly balanced. The writer gives no source for the remark that many of the Pennsylvania-Germans were neutrals; and the remark that there was a Tory regiment raised among them is based on a statement in Sedman's "American Revolution." This writer, in speaking of the subduing of western Florida by American forces, says: "This irruption of the Americans, together with the hostile intentions of Spain, was the cause of a reinforcement being sent to Pensacola (by the British) . . . It consisted of a regiment of Germans, and the Maryland and Pennsylvania regiments of provincials." Rather venturesome to call these Germans Pennsylvania-Germans. It is to be noted also that Sedman was an Englishman who served under Howe, Clinton and Cornwallis. This fact does surely not strengthen the evidence.

On the other hand, there is enough evidence to show that the Pennsylvania-German of the Revolution deserves more credit for the part he took in his country's cause than to be called simply a neutral, and a loyalist. But these narrow limits will not admit of details, hardly
of general statements. It would be well for the reader to take up the 17th volume of the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society for an account of "The Pennsylvania-German in the Revolution," by H. M. M. Richards, Secretary of the Society. This is a worthy contribution to history, and goes far to correct the ignorance concerning the achievements of these people during the War for Independence. The reader will find there muster rolls and roster of the different companies and regiments in detail; a list of prisoners sent to Pennsylvania-German cities for safe-keeping; lists of the inmates of the hospitals; and lists of the things furnished by the different counties by family, store and mill.

The Pennsylvania-Germans were the first in the Revolution to respond to their country's call to arms. When Congress, on June 14, 1775, the brave and patriotic Pulaski's legion was recruited from among Pennsylvania-Germans. This was the legion that carried the memorable banner, renowned in story and in song, made by the Moravian Sisters at Bethlehem. Von Heer's light dragoons and Morgan's riflemen were Pennsylvania-Germans; and so was "Mollie Pitcher" (Maria Ludwig) from Carlisle, Pa. And noblest of all was the Pennsylvania-German regiment (not loyalists this time). And so one might continue.

A distinction should be made between neutrality and non-resistance. The non-combatant force of these people in the Revolution performed a work as noble as and as patriotic as those who stood in line of battle. And if they refused to bear arms because of religious principles (and they had none other), so much the greater the nobleness of their character; they assisted the cause by works and means as important as they were numerous. All the hospitals of any consequence were at Bethlehem, Easton, Allentown, Reading, Lancaster, Littitz, and Ephrata. It is not necessary to say that all these cities are Pennsylvania-German strongholds. "The whole story is one of self-denial and devotion in the interest of humanity." There is no grander tale of the war.

It dare be said that here among the simple folk was found the rear-guard of the Revolution. Not one of the colonies had been drained as heavily as Pennsylvania. Except when it fled to Princeton, Congress had its residence on Pennsylvania soil; it was here that the patriot army encamped almost constantly from 1776-1778. It was the seat of the military equipment of the entire country. Here was the mineral, and here were (and still are) five of the richest counties in the United States. And the officers of the war knew it.

Consequently here were the founders and furnaces that furnished the ammunition. Nearly all the cannon balls and camp kettles used by the American soldiers were cast at the Durham Iron Furnace, the second oldest in the State. The Great Chain, with its 250-pound links, that was stretched across the Hudson at West Point, was constructed here. Gen. Morgan, the hero of Cowpens, was born and raised within a stone's throw of the old furnace; and his father was a day laborer at the furnace. Here were the gunsmiths who made the deadly rifle which put fear into the breast of the redcoats. Here are the fertile fields, stretching from the sprawling waters of the sluggish Susquehanna to those of the noble Delaware, that yielded the grain. Here were the mills, the site of which could never be found in the world, that furnished the flour. And here were the German housewives who, with the ceaseless treadles of their spinning-wheels, furnished material to clothe the army. And all they have ever received were ravished crops and empty barns, wounded soldiers and British prisoners, worthless money and the ignominy of years. Is it for this that the Pennsylvania-German is called a neutral? Is it for this that he is called a loyalist—a Tory? History as it occurred is one thing, and the way it is recorded is something vastly different, and not infrequently very unjust.

It is not meant for one moment that "The Struggle for American Independence" should have been written to exploit the achievements of the Pennsylvania-Germans; but they are at least entitled to the gratitude and recognition which their labors merit, and which they have in this instance not received. "Because the Pennsylvania-Germans did open wide their hearts, homes and hands, generally without reward or recompense, without thanks, without praise, without even a suitable acknowledgment of their deeds in the histories which their own descendants are taught in their own schools, we are what we are today, the greatest republic on the face of the earth, or in the history of the world."

Mr. Fisher has written a illuminating narrative of the Revolution. It remains to be seen what effect it will have on the conventionally written school histories. It is written in a fascinating style, without spleen but also without sympathy. It is the work of an investigator whose business it is to deal with facts.
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THE CHURCH AT ELSOFF, GERMANY. (See page 497.)
Regulars and Militia

Note.—The following interesting article is taken from Fisher’s Olden Times.

These military terms were applied as sobriquets to the two classes of wagoners: to those who followed the business regularly and extensively, the term “Reg’lars” was applied in the spirit of respect and compliment. To the farmers, or common country teamsters who drove Conestogas, and whose trips were short, few, and occasional, the term “Militia” was applied derisively by the Regulars. A prosperous and successful, or rather lucky, regular (such as “old” Tine Elliot, of Franklin county), was usual the owner of several teams, one, the principal and finest of which he drove, himself, in the van of the procession, his hired drivers bringing up the rear. The difference between these two classes of teams and teamsters was very apparent. A “Reg’lar” never drove less than five horses, generally six, and, in case of emergency, seven. His harness (or gears) were not so heavy and clumsy as those of the “Militia.” Every horse had his housing of deer-skin or other suitable material trimmed with heavy red fringe; and the bridle head-stall with bunches of bright-colored ribbon. Bell-teams were comparatively common; each horse, except the saddle-horse, being furnished with a full set, trimmed with ribbons of various bright colors. The horses were placed in military order, “rank and size”; the heavier pair nearest the wheels; the next in size at the end of the tongue, and the lightest and gayest at the lead, or end of the (fifth) chain.

The wagons used by the “Reg’lars” were heavy, high-wheeled, broad-tread, furnished with the patent-locking machine, or brake, so many improved varieties of which are now in use. (The original patentee of which was John W. Davidson, of Brownsville, Fayette county, Pa., Dec. 31, 1828.) The bed, or body, of the wagon was long, rather deep, and somewhat galley-shaped; painted a deep blue, and furnished with sideboards of a bright red color. The “Reg’lar” carried neither fed nor “grub,” but depended on the jolly host of the old-time inn for both. He took great pride in his team, and much jealousy and rivalry prevailed among them as to the strength and beauty of their horses and the loads they could haul. Many beautiful teams there were. Sometimes a whole team of one color—iron or dapple grays, blacks or bays of fine blood and groom. Even the noble horses themselves seemed at times to manifest a certain instinctive consciousness of the pride taken in them by their owner or driver, and when he, proudly enthroned in the saddle, drew the long rein on his prancing leader, flourished his famous London whip, making the sharp snapping silk tingle in their ears, the faithful wagon-dog the while leaping and
yelping encouragement in advance, every horse sprang into the harness, stretching every trace to its utmost capacity, and moving the ponderous load steadily forward with an ease and grace that was simply grand and beautiful, when the train consisted, as it often did, of as many as a dozen teams, all thus moving onward in steady procession.

The wagon-beds, or bodies, were arched with six or eight stately bows, the middle or lowest being midway between the ends, and the rest rising gradually on either side to front and rear, so that the end ones were nearly of equal height; and over all these was stretched the great strong hempen cover, well corded down at the sides and ends. In the red side-boards, white covers and blue beds were proudly shown the tri-color of the National ensign. Not infrequently the loads were up to the bows, and as many as 60 to 80 hundred pounds, or 3 or 4 tons, were hauled at a load. By the annual report of President Roberts to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, just published, the total amount of tonnage carried in 1887 was over 106,000,000. On the main line and branches east of Pittsburgh the through and local freight was over 30,000,000 tons. At an average of three and one-half tons, this would make 8,571,425 old-time wagon-loads; and allowing six trips, or twelve loads, a year to a team, the number of such teams required to be continually going to carry this (30,000,000 tons of) freight would be 714,285; and allowing 60 feet space for each team, would make a caravan nearly 8,000 miles in length, and comprising at least 714,285 men and 3,511,000 horses; add to all these the increased amount of travel even by the stage-coach alone, and then imagine the scene! Even so early as 1836 there were four daily lines of stages running between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, yet (as we learn from The Ledger of March 25th of that year) there was so much travel between the two places that the names of passengers had to be booked from one to two weeks in advance to secure seats. But now, instead of four lines of stages, there are over two hundred arrivals and departures daily of immense trains of cars, many of them filled with passengers, at Broad Street Station; each train drawn by a single horse, under whose ponderous iron hoof the earth trembles, and whose shrill neighings rend the welkin and echo and re-echo among the hills, the mountains and the valleys of the land of Penn.

On the lines east of Pittsburg and Erie, alone, 54,733,027 passengers were carried in 1887; having no certain knowledge as to the number of stages that constituted a line, I can but guess at how many it would have required to carry 54,000,000 of passengers annually. Allowing, however, that a single coach made thirty trips a year, it would require 90,000 old-time coaches to do the work. Allowing one driver and four horses to each coach, it would require as many drivers as coaches, and 360,000 horses. Imagine either this state of things from day to day, or the many millions of people that were carried by rail to and from the National Centennial in a period of six months, making their trips to and from it the old-time way, and maintain our gravity if we can.

Even as it was half a century ago, the "immense" amount of wagon-hauling, stage, and other travel, driving, etc., on the then great turnpike roads, required and supported an equally immense system of inns or taverns, stores and shops along the routes, creating, altogether, an unbroken scene of animation, rude gaiety and prosperity, but with which the existing state of things along these once great thoroughfares is in sad and silent contrast: take, e. g. the section between Chambersburg and Pittsburg: St. Thomas, London, McConnellsburg, Bloody Run, The Crossings, Bedford, Raystown, Stuckey's (or the forks), Stoystown, Somerset, Greensburg, Ligonier, and other places that used to be full of life, stir and bustle; these gradually fell into comparative dullness, dilapidation and decay, as the great lines of railway and canals approached completion, grass and weeds grew in the turnpike ruts, and the merry old-time taverns became the dullest and gloomiest places in the land. In the great stone chimneys,
and the spacious hearths around which many a tale was told, song was sung, fiddle and dance were heard, echoed only the lonely chirp of the cricket. Between the towns and villages named were many wagon-taverns, where tables were set that would do honor to any age or country. The names of some of these I recall: Winter's, Bratton's, Brindie's, Vandersmith's, Scotts (in London), Schaeffer's, Mrs. Fasenacht's, Mrs. Gilchrist's, Stuck's, Stuckey's, Chenowith's, Sattler's, Hutchman's, and so on. There was one somewhere in the Glades, on the Allegheny Mountains (the region of the only perfect butter ever made), the name of which I have forgotten; but from the circumstance that the proprietor had some half-dozen light-haired daughters, it was known among the jolly wagoners as "the flax patch."

All wagoners, "Regulars" and "Militia," carried their beds with them. These consisted of rough mattresses, coarse blankets, coverlets or robes, but no pillows. At bed-time they were unrolled and spread, side by side, upon the bar-room floor; and if the occupant appreciated the luxury of a pillow, he readily found it on the back of an inverted chair placed under the head of his bed. Now, imagine him of the "Militia," the driver of his team of four, seeking repose on his home-spun, hastily improvised, but far more clean and comfortable bed, among half a dozen or more of the "Regulars." But the scene must be left to the imagination of those who are fortunate enough to enjoy the pleasures of memory. All that has been said of wagoning, driving and traveling on the various turnpikes between Chambersburg and Pittsburg is true of that part of the great National Turnpike between Cumberland and Wheeling. Mr. Day, in his Pennsylvania Historical Collections, remarks: "The travel and wagon transportation on the National Road gives great life and bustle to Uniontown. Scarcely an hour passes when a stage-coach may not be seen passing through the town. The property invested in these passenger lines is immense. Some idea may be formed of its importance that one proprietor, during the recent suspension of specie payments, is said to have kept in circulation and in good credit about $500,000 worth of shinplasters along the line of the road." I have a pleasant memory of passing through Uniontown-by stage, about the time of which Mr. Day wrote. The grand old tally-ho was crowded with passengers, and the moment it stopped in front of the hotel it was besieged by a swarm of juvenile venders of maple-sugar. The competition was ferocious. Each boy's sugar was the best and cheapest, but so far as I could judge, it was all one price and all one quality—all equally good and all equally cheap. Uniontown is in the midst of the maple-sugar camps.

One important feature of the times remains to be noticed—the great tide of foreign German immigration westward. Thousands and tens of thousands of families annually passed through from the eastern cities to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; the latter being then regarded as "the far West." In many instances one or more of these families were provided with a wagon which they brought with them from the Fatherland, and in which they transported their meagre household, bed, and other clothing and such members of their families as were unable to travel on foot. These wagons were small and light, constructed almost exclusively of wood, without paint, and drawn by one or two horses. An ordinary muslin cover stretched over a few rude bows afforded a slight protection from sun, wind and rain to those who were huddled together under it. The rest trudged alongside through dust or mud, many of them begging their way, whilst hundreds and thousands of Thalers were snugly stowed away in the little Kaffern (chest) on the wagons, or concealed on their persons. The great mass of them, however, took through passage, at least to Pittsburg, or Wheeling, on the great road-wagons of the "Regulars," sometimes to the exclusion of other loading, but frequently "topped out" the usual freight with bedding, women, and children, while those who were able, trudged
alongside or behind. And what a grotesque group of humanity was a wagon-load of German immigrants! The males in their short blue coats and pants, profusely trimmed with legendary gilt buttons; their clumsy, heavy-nailed boots and shoes, their little, flat, blue-cloth caps, and their enormous, long-stemmed gracefully curved pipes, always in their mouths and nearly always in a blast. The females in their short gowns, long, heavily-ribbed stockings, or (if in summer) bare limbs, heavy wooden shoes, and their little borderless but neatly quilted caps; these, with their children of various ages and sizes, sitting or rather hanging, with their lower limbs greatly exposed out over the sides of the wagons, to say nothing of the unmentionable scenes which sudden emergencies or pressing necessities frequently occasioned while the caravan was halting to rest and water in a town, a village or at an intermediate tavern. Yet, many of these German immigrants and hundreds of thousands are now among the worthiest and wealthiest citizens of our great and growing West.

It was in the mountainous parts of the state, e.g. between the Cumberland Valley and Greensburg which is traversed by five distinct mountain ranges, viz.: the Tuscaroras, Ray's Hill, Alleghenies, Laurel Hills, and Chestnut Ridge, where a long train of these wagons appeared, either from mountain height or distant vale, most picturesque and beautiful.

It used to be a common saying, though not strictly true, that taverns on these turnpikes were only "a stone's throw apart." Certain it is, however, they were in many localities within sight from each other, not including those in villages, few of which had less than two or three. A reference to the variety and peculiarity of their signs may amuse the younger, or refresh the older reader. Many of these signs were quite handsomely painted on disks, or fields, in size about four by five or six feet, suspended in frames, mounted on stout sign-posts, from twenty to twenty-five feet high. From the lower end of the main board, was suspended the (movable) "tail-board," bearing, usually in glaring gilt letters, the landlord's name. Occasionally there were to be seen the superadded words, "Stage Office" "Pasture for Drovers," or "Stabling for (100 or 150) Horses." Each landlord or proprietor had the disk or field of his sign embellished with a painted bust of his favorite hero. Among these, Washington, of course was chief, but Lafayette, Lee, Gates, Wayne and other Revolutionary generals, and Hancock, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Franklin, and other great statesmen, were, in this way, common enough. The war of 1812 had, however, brought to the front a new batch of celebrities worthy of all honor; chiefly among whom was Jackson, who was almost deified, especially by the Democrats, during and after his great success as a statesman. Nevertheless, the bold and commanding figures of Scott, Harrison, McDonough, and Perry graced many an old-time tavern-sign as it swayed and screeched in the wintry blasts that swept the hills, the mountains and the valleys of our grand old state. On not a few signs, as also on the sides of the great old tenplate stoves of the period, was to be seen the gallant ship Lawrence, encircled with the undying words of her brave commander, "Don't give up the ship!" Besides all these there were the sign of the Bear, the Bull's Head, the Eagle, the Swan, the Rising Sun, the Globe, the Blue Ball, the Barley-Sheaf, Cross-Keys, Plough, etc., a few of which still remind us of the days that were.
A Pennsylvania German Settlement in Indiana.

BY REV. D. B. SHUEY, SUGAR GROVE, OHIO.

MORE than sixty years ago several families emigrated from the Lehigh Valley into the new and densely wooded country in the western part of Clinton and the eastern part of Tippecanoe counties in the state of Indiana. Among these were the Millers and Lechlitners whose descendants still live in the same district and retain largely the same customs and language prevailing in Lehigh and Northampton counties in Pennsylvania.

These were followed by others and these again by others who mostly were of kin to each other. Hence this community is so thoroughly a Pennsylvania-German settlement at this time that it could well be taken for a part of Lehigh county. Hardly any of them have lost the use of the Pennsylvania German language though all of them use the English language fluently. One need not be surprised to find people meeting each other and addressing each other in the language of their Pennsylvania ancestors, nor when they go to the store to make purchases to use the same language which is so commonly used among them.

There are still a number living in this community who came in the early days when they emigrated the whole distance by team. It usually required some five or six weeks to make the trip from Allentown to this new settlement in Indiana. Now some of these same people make an excursion to their relatives in Lehigh county, visiting them leisurely and return to their western homes in the same time it formerly required to make a single trip.

More than fifty years ago Israel Smith, now residing in Mulberry, with a number of others, made this long and wearisome trip by the wagon route. He recounted
his experiences to the writer a few years ago, and it was certainly an interesting story. Of course there was a good public highway from Allentown to Harrisburg thence through the mountains to Pittsburg, but it was a monotonous way of travelling day after day, and often through long stretches of timberland, with limited accommodations for entertainment on the way. It is even difficult now for us to picture to ourselves such a trip.

The trip from Pittsburg to Indianapolis was also made on good roads, but from the latter place to their journey’s end it was mud, mud, mud, and the horses sometimes were unable to pull the load and the assistance of the other teams was required. One day the axe of their wagon broke down, and when they found a shop to have it repaired the wheelwright had the chillis and fever so bad that he could not work. The courage of Israel Smith failed not and he said to the owner of the shop “let me have a piece of timber and the use of your tools and I will try and make an axletree.” He succeeded, at least to the extent that the rest of the trip could be made with the wagon thus repaired.

When the journey was ended they found themselves in the timber so dense that there was not even room to put up a shanty without first felling some trees. They went courageously to work and felled the trees and as there was no sale for timber in those days the logs were rolled together on piles and burned. There was many a “jolly log rolling” in those days and property was destroyed that would now bring its thousands upon thousands of dollars.

The land is level and since the timber is cleared away, and in later years has been drained with tile, the country certainly look like a vast garden spot, and is now readily selling at prices ranging from one hundred and ten to one hundred and fifty-five dollars per acre for farms in the neighborhood of Mulberry.

One and one-half miles east of the west Clinton county line is a place where seven public roads from different directions meet. At this place was a blacksmith shop and a little grocery forty-five years ago. This seemed a good place for a town, and soon some houses were erected there. When the town was to be named, those residing there could not agree on a suitable name. Some one pointed out a large mulberry tree and suggested its name for the town, which met with favor, and ever since the place is called Mulberry. It has now about 1,000 inhabitants, and is one of the cleanest and most attractive places to be found anywhere. The town is not incorporated, but has cement sidewalks and sewer drainage throughout the whole town. The citizens have done this voluntarily, and thus beautify their homes.

Mulberry has three new brick church buildings—the Lutheran, Reformed and Methodist. The Lutheran was likely the first organization, one and a half miles north of Mulberry, now called Fair Haven. The Reformed worshipped with them until about 1859, when a Reformed congregation was organized, but both congregations used the same church building, which was located in Mulberry, until about twelve years ago, when the Lutherans sold out their interest in the property and erected a new church building, and a few years later the Reformed erected a modern church building with Sunday School and class rooms, and with cement floor basement under the whole building.

So thoroughly Pennsylvania-German have these two congregations been that not only can most of their members use that language, but the majority of their pastors have been from eastern Pennsylvania, and most of these from Lehigh county. During the last thirty years the Lutheran pastors have been Revs. M. J. Stirewalt, J. J. Knutz, George Harter, C. K. Drumheller, J. Wesner, A. J. Reichert and W. J. Seiberling, the present pastor. The pastors of the Reformed church have been Revs. S. Nevin L. Kessler, Madison C. Peters, W. H. Xanders, John Kessler, Paul I. Deppen, Maurice Sampson, D. B. Shuey and the present pastor is Rev. J. P. Bachman, who lately came from Allentown.

These Pennsylvania-German people occupy the eastern portion of Tippecanoe,
a large part of Clinton and the southern portion of Carroll counties, and they seem to be well satisfied to stay together. Dr. M. F. Koons and Dr. A. M. Yundt, both from Allentown, are partners in their practice of medicine. The Mulberry State Bank has D. H. Yundt, from Allentown, as its president, and his nephew, A. I. Yundt, is the cashier. Charles B. Fretz, from Allentown, is the township trustee, and has all the business of the township in his hands, employing the school teachers, paying their salaries, looking after the school and road interests in general. They have the concentrated system of schools, since they built their fine new brick high school building four years ago in Mulberry. A number of the country schools have been closed, and the children are hauled to the Mul-

![SCHOOL BUILDING, MULBERRY, INDIANA.](image)

berry schools at the expense of the district. Mulberry, not being incorporated, is a part of the township, and thus saves the town government expenses.

Mulberry has its own mutual telephone system for the town and the country around extending nearly ten miles in every direction. Phaon Steckel is President of the Company; A. M. Yundt, Vice-President; George Yundt, General Manager, and Levi Kratzer, operator of the switchboard, and all of these come from Lehigh county. One of the largest farmers' mutual fire insurance companies in the State has its office in Mulberry, and Francis H. Yundt, from Lehigh county, is its treasurer. Mulberry has a large steam flouring mill owned by a company, but its general manager is a son of a Pennsylvania-German, and the saw mill, where $75,000 is paid out annually, is owned by Chas. Ziegler, whose father and mother came from Lehigh county. Henry J. Butz, born in Lehigh county, is the treasurer of Carroll county, and is now serving his second term. Albert J. Bayne and Percy Ruch, the only lawyers Mulberry has, are sons of Pennsylvania-German parents.

The Reformed church has four congregations in this neighborhood, and the large majority of its members are either from Lehigh county or the children of Lehigh countians. They are so much in-
ter-married that the four congregations are really but one great "Freundschaft" (relationship). The Mulberry Reformed church has twenty-eight members by the name of Miller, and twenty-one by the name of Yundt. The St. Luke's congregation has twenty-three members by the name of Ruch.

It might interest the readers to have the names of some of the persons who came from eastern Pennsylvania and now have families in this Indiana settlement: Harrison Antrim, Alfred Burkhalter, Reuben Burkhalter, George Bucks, Eli Brandt, William Balser, Joseph Bolyard, Lewis Baer, Robert Clendenning, Thomas DeLong, Monroe Dieter, Ezra Frankinfeld, Charles B. Fretz, Jacob E. Foster, Solomon Fahringer, John Fenstermaker, Mrs. Tobias Gable, Mrs. B. F. House, Frank Hunsicker, Amandus Hall, Levi Kratzer, Wm. Kerschner, Mrs. Mary Kyger, Moses Leschtliner, and the large Miller family, R. G. Mohr, Lewis Moyer, J. H. Newhard, Edward Ohl, Ephraim Rothenberger, Daniel Ruch, Israel and Moses Smith, J. H. Steckel, Allen J. Troxel, Reuben Troxel, Joseph Weidner, Cornelius Walter, Tilghman Wenner, the Yundt family, and many others.

Canaling

BY DR. I. H. BETZ, YORK, PA.

HE settlement of the States west of the Alleghenies was made with great difficulty a little over one hundred years ago. The prospectors mostly went there on foot with their trusty rifles. The country was still inhabited by savages, who were hostile to the white man. The savages had their trails, which were followed by traders and others during the "pack horse" era. Ohio and Indiana were densely timbered, and the work of cleaning the land and erecting cabins was laborious.

In early periods the work of bringing supplies from the eastern States, with the difficult methods of communication, seemed impossible. No people ever made greater sacrifices or suffered more hardships in the earlier settlement of the country than did these people. If we examine the early county histories of these States, which contain the portraits of many of the old settlers, we are impressed with the traces of suffering stamped upon their countenances, which never became effaced, and which reminds one of those who peopled western Kansas some years ago. The pack-horse era was supplanted by the canal a number of years later. This was a slow method of travelling, not more than 30 miles being accomplished in a day and night on combination boats. What were known as packet boats made faster time. The history of early travel and navigation in our interior is full of interest, but we will merely give a brief outline of the route traveled over in this particular journey. As early as 1827, surveys were made for a line of transportation from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and also from various points to Lake Erie. A railroad was contemplated from Philadelphia to Columbia, and two years later, in 1829, surveys were made to extend this railroad to York. The railroad along the river bank from Columbia to Harrisburg was among the first built. Blocks of sandstone were first used for laying the rails upon, but were found to be too solid and unyielding, and were replaced by wooden ties. The writer's father furnished large numbers of these stone blocks. The Cumberland Valley Railroad was built a little later, and first had bar strip rails, spiked on wood sleepers. These sometimes "snaked" up and penetrated the floor of the car, proving fatal to passengers.

A railroad was surveyed to cross the Allegheny mountains from Hollidaysburg to Johnstown, a distance of 36 miles. The canal extended later continuously from
Columbia to Hollidaysburg, which is six miles from the present city of Altoona. This link of railroad was a portage by which the boats were loaded up and taken across the mountain, where the canal was again resumed at Johnstown, and the journey completed by canal to Pittsburgh. From thence the canal boats were towed by steamboats down the Ohio river to Beaver Falls, where the canal was resumed and the trip in this particular instance terminated at Massillon, Ohio.

From Columbia along the east bank of the Susquehanna the first division of the canal was known as the Susquehanna division, which terminated at the junction with the Juniata division, which extended, by way of Harrisburg, a distance of 46 miles. The Juniata division proceeded by way of Duncan's Island up the Valley of the Juniata by way of Newport, Mifflintown, Lewistown and Huntingdon to Hollidaysburg, a distance of 128 miles.

The Portage railroad across the Alleghanies was completed in 1834. Its highest point was 2,700 feet above sea level. The neighboring hills were only 200 feet higher than its highest point. The road had five inclined planes ascending from the east side and five descending on the west side. These planes were very steep, even more so than those of Pike's Peak. However, they were much shorter.

In 1835 the canal boats were so constructed that they could be taken in sections and hauled over the mountain on trucks without disturbing cargo or passengers. The rails were secured to stone sleepers 20 inches square, which were sunk in the ground. The trucks were run into a basin at Hollidaysburg, and the boats were floated upon them. They were then drawn up the planes by stationary engines. The time required to cross from one side to the other was about twenty-four hours, although at times the trip was made in twelve hours. Strong chains were used for traction. Sometimes fearful accidents happened, just as they did on the cable cars later at Kansas City and elsewhere. Express trains on the Pennsylvania railroad now run a closely parallel distance in a trifle of over an hour.

This Portage road was bought by the P. R. R. Co. in 1854, and discontinued in 1855. The road was massively constructed, as the remains of parts undisturbed show. Charles Dickens travelled on the old Pennsylvania Canal from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh, and gives a humorous account of the journey in his "American Notes" of 1842. "But such a journey must be personally experienced at first hand to be interesting.

The journey which we are now describing began at Columbia, on May 2nd, 1848, by taking the boat at sundown at Columbia. The boat was a combination freight and passenger craft. It was drawn by two mules, which were ridden by what was known on the towpath as the "canalboat boy." The towpath was an adjacent roadway travelled by the mules. These boys, being no longer under parental influence, were matchless in cursing and swearing. Like Huckleberry Finn, they "chawed terbacker" and laid themselves in the hot sun if opportunity offered. Then there was a captain, a steersman and a cook. The boats had large oars, which at times were used by the boatmen to aid the speed of the boat or to overcome difficulties. The locks along the canal were numerous. These were necessary to overcome the inequalities produced by the differences of level. Of course, to pass through them required some time. When two boats met, the right of way often led to disputes if it led to nothing worse. The trouble first began with the drivers, who cut lines, resulting in a free fight all around. In fact, it was believed that the canal and its surroundings contained a harder crowd than could be found elsewhere.

The first night on the "raging canal" was a novelty, and naturally not as much sleeping was done as later in the journey. The running too and fro over the upper surface of the boat by the men, the flashing of lanterns and the cries and answers by the lock-tenders, with the rushing of the waters and the ringing and swaying of the boat against the walls of the lock were suggestive of a new environment. Morning came and breakfast also. Afterwards the deck afforded fine views of the surrounding country. Between Middletown and Harrisburg we passed the place
at which, it is said, originated the much quoted phrase, "nigger in the wood-pile." Passing on, in the forenoon we came to the then small town of Harrisburg, which at the time contained between five and six thousand inhabitants. The slow progress of the boat afforded good opportunities for observation.

As we passed on, the scenery became wilder and grander. The damages done by the great flood of 1846, with its high waters, the marks of which were still visible, were an interesting sight for observation and comment. The flood had greatly injured the canal.

The people who lived along canals were often rough, rude and boisterous. This was the day of low prices and cheap living. Eggs were sold at 4 cents per dozen, butter at a fip (6½ cents) per pound; young spring chickens sold as low as a fip per head. When Charles Dickens made the trip on the packet boat, he left Harrisburg on Sunday afternoon, and reached Hollidaysburg on Wednesday evening, being about one-half the time consumed by section boats. Here it was generally necessary for the section boats to remain until their turn came to be taken over the Portage. In the journey we are describing, two days and one night were consumed in waiting for the turn. Near Hollidaysburg a great reservoir existed for feeding the canal. The reservoir at Johnstown was that which later destroyed the town, in 1889.

The journey from Harrisburg to Hollidaysburg afforded much opportunity for viewing the country, the people, the towns and the scenery. The latter was grand and rugged. Children are naturally democratic, and if opportunity offers will speedily become acquainted, without a thought being given to rank or station. So it was in this case. But the staid denizens of the east speedily found they were no match for the wild and woolly free spirits of the rude sons of the north and west. They therefore contented themselves with drinking in the mountain scenery that was a novelty to their view. The rate of travel did not average more than a mile an hour, and time would have hung heavy upon their hands except for this change of natural scenery, and its panoramic effects, which were never effaced. Modern travel in railway cars is too rapid to make the abiding impression that the old-time canal boat did.

During the trip one individual lost his life during the night by falling into a lock and drowning. It was generally thought that whiskey was responsible for this occurrence. Many boats were passed, as the canal then monopolized the bulk of the business, the railroad not yet being extended westward. The packet boats, which passed rapidly, as it seemed, had their decks occupied by a crowd who were hilarious and full of song and music. Many of them were foreigners, and sang, "The Deutsch Coomany ish de becht Coomany." It was estimated that in 1833 50,000 tons of freight and 20,000 passengers were passed over the canal and the Portage during that season alone. The canal boat of Jesse Chrisman was the first transported across the mountains on peculiar trucks. This was speedily made general.

The planes on the Portage averaged an elevation of as much as 7½ feet elevation to 100 feet. They were mostly a half-mile in length, and the rise ranged from 150 to 300 feet. The ascent from Hollidaysburg to the summit was a distance of 10½ miles, and the rise was 1398 feet. The descent from the summit to Johnstown, in a distance of 26½ miles, was 1171 ft., the highest point being 2700 feet above sea level. Columbia, at the canal, was 214 feet above sea level; therefore the rise from Columbia to Hollidaysburg was nearly 1200 ft., which had to be overcome by locks, probably more than 100 in number.

In crossing the Alleghenies the first part of the night was spent in the ascent; and descending to Johnstown consumed the after part of the night and the following forenoon. At Johnstown the canal was resumed. The work of arranging the boats to resume their journey by canal was interesting to witness.

Four cars, containing 7,000 pounds of freight each, had been drawn by the stationary engine and lowered. The chain seemed to be ever in motion, and seemed
in appearance much like a large country sausage, from the elevated point of view of the observer. Four of the same weight were let down on the opposite side on the second track at the same time. A tunnel of over nine hundred feet in length was passed through in the course of the road. A similar tunnel had been passed through in the course of the road. A similar tunnel had been passed through by the canal. The railway tunnel was 20 feet in width and 19 feet in height.

The next stop was at Pittsburg, which consumed a day and night before beginning the river journey. The wharf was a busy scene, with the numerous steamboats it being the stage of high water. A very fine military funeral concourse passed close by, which was that of several Mexican war heroes, who were killed in the numerous actions near the city of Mexico.

Beaver was forty miles below Pittsburg. The journey by canal boat on the river was a novelty, since the speed of the canal boat was rapid, compared with its usual movement. The wharf at Pittsburg was a busy place, and always crowded. Much poverty was witnessed. Many children as well as women came there to pick up on the wharves what was thrown out by the boat crews. Such poverty as that had never been witnessed by the well-fed people of Lancaster and other Pennsylvania counties.

At Beaver the canal was resumed, this time by the packet boat, and the more rapid passage was agreeable by previous contrast. The voyage through the level country of Ohio seemed more monotonous, although the constant change was agreeable. The boat passed through Akron, Canton, and the stop was made at Massillon, still about fifty miles from the destination. The journey was then made by teams, the first night being passed at Wooster.

The second evening landed the passengers at their destination, the journey covering a distance of 400 miles, and requiring from May 2nd to May 18th, a period of 16 days. Ten years later the return journey from Mansfield, Ohio, to Harrisburg, Pa., was made in 18 hours, and the time now made from New York, by way of Philadelphia, to Chicago has been placed on a 16-hour basis for more than double the distance.

Will and Inventory
of
Casper Glattfelder

Note.—The September issue of The Pennsylvania-German contained a sketch of the Glattfelder family, descendants of the immigrant Casper Glattfelder. Through the kindness of S. F. Glattfielder, of York, Pa., we are able to give herewith copies of the will of said Casper and of the inventory of his personal property. We believe our readers will be interested in the terms of the will and in the prices quoted in the inventory. We would be pleased to receive other old documents of similar nature for publication.

THE WILL
In the name of God. Amen.
Casper Glattfelder of Codorus Twp., in York Co., so is this my last will and testament—
1st My son Felix Glattfelter, shall have my plantation for three hundred pounds. Eighty pounds in hand and then one year free, afterwards yearly, every year fifteen pounds, until the plantation is paid.
2nd After my decease my wife shall be gently cared for, She shall have one cow, the best bed; (But Felix Glattfelder shall keep in fodder the cow as his own cattle). one iron pot, one copper kettle Her spinning wheel. two pewter dishes, one Bucking-tub, two buckets, one chest, six spoons, two plates, one lamp, 1 box iron—

3rd All spin stuff that is in the house be the same Spun, or not, Shall remain in the estate, and the charges of the weaving, shall be paid out of the estate.

4th After my decease my wife shall have her widow-seat, on the plantation as long as she lives, she shall be maintained out of the plantation.

5th She shall have eight bushels of wheat, two Bushels of rye and half Bushel of salt yearly, one pair of Shoes, one hundred weight of pork yearly, Five pounds of wool, one quarter of an acre of flax.

6th I bequeath unto Solomon my eldest son fifteen pounds, and ten pounds he did or receive of his master, which should belong to his father, because he had not his age, I therefore bequeath unto him, one english shilling for all his hereditary right and inheritance which he has to seek of us.

7th I bequeath to Anna my best daughter twenty pounds for her hereditary right and inheritance that she has nothing further to seek of my estate and no further portion of my others.

8th I bequeath unto Casper my youngest son, the large Bible, exclusive of his other share. And that they shall divide all the books with each other, and none can or shall be sold at the vendue.

9th Felix Glattfelder shall have the plantation forever, and all the right and title whatsoever unto the plantation belonging. This is my last will and testament. But if I should recover again I can do with the land as I please. I live or die. this is my last will and testament.

CASPER GLATTFELDER [SEAL]
Executors Conrad Swartz
Felix Glattfelder
Witnesses
Jacob Krout.
Johannes Hildebrand.
Henry Walter.

THE INVENTORY.

An inventory of all and singular the goods and chattles, Rights & Credits of Casper Glattfelder Late of York County Deceased set forth by the Hand of Conrad Swartz & Felix Glattfelder executors of the last will & testament of the deceased and approved the 8th day of April A. D. 1775, viz,

To the deceased wearing apparel $415.9
To a sword & a smith vise 0 7 6
To a coffee mill & scales 0 12 6
To sundries in a basket 0 8 0
To 4 augurs 1 drawing knife & chisle 0 6 0
To 1 chisle an addz & a hatchet 0 7 0
To 1 Hackle, an ax, 1 broad ax & sundries 0 10 6
To Saddler leather 0 5 6
To a hand saw and shoe leather 0 2 6
To a frame saw and a shovel 0 4 0
To 5 bell, 2 Pitch forks & 2 dung forks 0 8 0
To 4 Maul rings & 2 wedges 0 4 6
To 1 mans saddle & 1 Riding Cushion 0 11 0
To 1 Iron hook & a three fork 0 2 6
To 1 half bushel & 3 old scythe 0 4 6
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Value</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To 1 hundred weight Bacon</td>
<td>£13 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 5 potts of lard</td>
<td>£0 12 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 17 pewter plates &amp; 8 spoons</td>
<td>£0 15 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 2 pewter dishes &amp; platter</td>
<td>£0 6 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 2 pans Iron ladles &amp; a flesh fork</td>
<td>£0 7 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 iron pot &amp; 3 cedar pails</td>
<td>£0 6 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>To 15 bags</td>
<td>£1 3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 8 sickles &amp; sundries</td>
<td>£0 4 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 2 old pistols</td>
<td>£0 3 0</td>
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<td>To 1 spinning wheel &amp; 2 glass windows</td>
<td>£0 8 3</td>
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<tr>
<td>To a Table</td>
<td>£0 15 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Razor &amp; Box &amp; 1 candle stick</td>
<td>£0 3 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a wagon</td>
<td>£10 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 15 lbs of woolen yarn &amp; 5 lbs of heckled hemp</td>
<td>£1 15 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 log chain, 20 harrow teeth &amp; 1 tar box</td>
<td>£0 14 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 3 old plow Colters &amp; a basket with sundries</td>
<td>£0 8 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 4 collars &amp; geers</td>
<td>£2 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 grindstone, 1 cutting box &amp; knife</td>
<td>£0 19 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Bucking tub, 1 iron kettle &amp; 2 barrels</td>
<td>£0 12 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 2 Double barrel casks</td>
<td>£0 7 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 160 lbs of broken hemp</td>
<td>£2 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Sundry small articles</td>
<td>£0 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Fan (or windmill) &amp; 5 bridles</td>
<td>£2 14 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a black bull</td>
<td>£2 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Heiffer</td>
<td>£1 17 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 4 calves</td>
<td>£3 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 cow</td>
<td>£3 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Do</td>
<td>£3 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Do</td>
<td>£3 8 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Do</td>
<td>£3 2 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Do</td>
<td>£3 16 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Heiffer</td>
<td>£1 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Do</td>
<td>£1 12 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Do</td>
<td>£1 9 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Do</td>
<td>£1 6 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 14 sheep &amp; 8 Lambs</td>
<td>£5 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 mare</td>
<td>£15 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Bay horse</td>
<td>£13 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Do Light bay</td>
<td>£20 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Rone Mare</td>
<td>£22 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 mare colt</td>
<td>£10 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Gray mare &amp; colt</td>
<td>£20 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 2 Ploughs with the tallings</td>
<td>£1 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 3 Hemp brakes, &amp; 1½ Bu hemp seed</td>
<td>£0 16 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 3 Bushels of Buckwheat &amp; 3 pecks flax seed</td>
<td>£0 13 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Featherbed &amp; a bedstead</td>
<td>£1 5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Do</td>
<td>£1 17 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Blanket &amp; Do</td>
<td>£1 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Bushel &amp; ½ of salt</td>
<td>£0 6 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 10 head of swine</td>
<td>£2 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 90 Bushels of wheat</td>
<td>£22 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 6 Cow chains &amp; sundries</td>
<td>£1 6 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Bond Due by Valentine Lore</td>
<td>£8 14 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Do Do by Mathias Pope</td>
<td>£15 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Do Do by Francis Grove</td>
<td>£12 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To 1 Promisory note of Jacob Kraft</td>
<td>£6 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Book debt due by Peter Drexler</td>
<td>£5 11 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Do by Jacob Henry</td>
<td>£0 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Do by Jacob Krout</td>
<td>£0 5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Do by Henry Korfman</td>
<td>£6 14 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Do by Charles Diehl</td>
<td>£13 16 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Do by Henry Alt</td>
<td>£1 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To cash</td>
<td>£18 18 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total amount: £297 9 6

Barnhart Zeigler, Carl Diehl, Appraisers.
Conrad Swartz, Felix Glattfelter, Executors.

Sworn to May 20, 1775.
The Hiester Homestead in Germany

By Isaac Hiester, Esq., Reading, Pa.

Note.—This paper, read before the Historical Society of Berks County by request, and issued by the author in pamphlet form, is reprinted by permission. See frontispiece illustration.

In the early settlement of that part of Pennsylvania which is now included within the limits of Berks county a large portion of the population was drawn from those parts of Germany bordering on or near the river Rhine. A description of a neighborhood and homestead from which some of those persons emigrated therefore may be valuable because typical of others and thus having a personal interest for many of our people. Moreover, such a description may be useful in stimulating other persons to investigations like those which have proved so interesting in this case.

The Hiester family in America is descended from three brothers, John, the eldest, emigrated in 1732 and was followed in 1737 by Joseph and Daniel who sailed in that year in the ship St. Andrew from Rotterdam. The family records in Daniel Hiester’s prayer book describe the three brothers as sons of John and Catharine Hiester and their birthplace as the village (dorf) of Elssoff in the county (graafschaft) of Wittgenstein, in the province of Westphalia.

Westphalia is one of the western provinces of Prussia near to but not bordering on nor traversed by the Rhine and it is quite probable that the course of the emigrants was first to the Rhine and down that river to Rotterdam where they embarked for America. Wittgenstein is situated in the extreme southeastern corner of Westphalia adjoining the provinces of Hessen and Nassau and is on the high altitude of the slope of a picturesque chain of mountains called Rothaarrechtrohe which forms the watershed dividing the sources of the Lenne flowing westward into the Rhine from the sources of the Eder flowing eastward into the Weser. The ancient Schloss of Wittgenstein is in the southern part of the county in the suburbs of the town of Laasphe and was formerly the depository of the records of the county, but the town of Berleburg further to the north and the seat of the prince of Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berleburg now has the records relating to that portion of the county in which Elssoff is situated.

The railroad connecting Marburg with Kreuzthal near Siegen, on which only local trains and second, third, and fourth class cars are run, connects at Erndtebruck with a branch road terminating at Raumland. From this point the traveler completes his journey to Berleburg in a mail coach of the familiar bright yellow color of the Kaiserliche Post with a coachman in regulation uniform who wears a high feather in his hat and who announces his approach to the waiting villagers by blowing a curved brass horn.

Berleburg, the capital of this part of the county, is a town of about 2000 inhabitants situated in the picturesque valley of the Eder. The most important feature of the place is the Schloss of the prince of Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berleburg, built on high ground above the town. The Schloss was originally erected in 1585 as appears by the date on a stone bearing the family coat of arms placed over the entrance of the gateway of the outer walls and is imposing and extensive with numerous wings, towers and outbuildings. It contains a museum and a library of interesting and valuable manuscripts. It evidently has been frequently renovated and modernized and appears to be, as it doubtless is, the comfortable home of a cultivated and refined family whose presence in the Schloss is indicated in royal fashion by the floating of a flag over the central...
portion of the Schloss. The park immediately adjacent and belonging to the Schloss covers possibly thirty or forty acres and romantically descends to and crosses a little stream which feeds a lake within the grounds. The park is well wooded and tastefully embellished with shrubbery and flowers and is kept in excellent condition. It is open to the public during certain hours every day.

A drive of about twelve miles from Berleburg over the excellent roads of the German Empire through a well-cultivated and well-watered country takes the traveler first past extensive slate quarries, then through quaint little villages peopled by the peasants who toil in the fertile valley of the Eder, and after passing several toll gates finally climbs the mountains from the top of which Elsoff, a village of six hundred inhabitants, may be seen nestling in the heart of the surrounding hills. The view from the top of the ridge before descending the mountains to reach the village by a road which almost returns upon itself to make the descent discloses a collection of about a hundred houses closely grouped with the handsome school house on a high point on the further side of the village and the spire of the church gracefully rising in the background constituting a most attractive and beautiful picture.

The old church with the spire at one end and a recessed chancel at the other is supposed to date, at least in some of its parts, from about the year 1000. The form of the chancel clearly indicates that it existed in pre-Reformation times. In other respects the form and furnishings of the church are not different from those of our Reformed churches except for the presence of two candles on the altar. A stone in the middle of the aisle near the entrance to the sanctuary marks the grave of a former pastor of the church who died in 1669. The churchyard surrounding the church building is well filled with graves, most of them unmarked, and of the few stones, as far as observed, none record a death earlier than 1849. On one side of the churchyard is the recently constructed parsonage where Pastor Langhoff and his hospitable wife extended the writer a most warm welcome in a charming home replete with every evidence of comfort and refinement.

The most interesting feature in connection with the church, of course, was the official records of baptisms, marriages, and burials. These as well as the account books of the church have been preserved complete from 1649 and are in the possession of the pastor.

The early books, as might be expected, are well worn and the ink has turned brown and as the entries are in German script not always easily legible and are arranged in chronological order without any index their examination is not easy. It was, therefore, with much satisfaction that without a very long search the following record was found of the baptism of John the eldest brother, who was the father of Governor Joseph Hiestern:


—which translated is as follows:

Elsoff, the 8th of January, 1708, John Jost Hüster—Anna Katharine, married people, had a son baptized whose sponsors were John Closs, the mother's single brother, and Barbara, Jost Hüster's lawful daughter. The child was named John.

The entry is interesting as giving the maiden name of the ancestor's wife.

Later followed the record of the baptism of other children as follows, the last being the grandfather of the writer's grandfather:


Elloff ** * Mai ao. 1710 hat Johannes Hüster und Anna Katharina Elizabeth Eheleut ein Söhlein taufen lassen ** * Das Kind ist Johann Jost genannt worden.


Elsoff den 7. Februar ao. 1712 hat Jost Hüster Anna Katharina Eheleut einen Töchterlein taufen lassen ** * Das Kind ist Anna Katharina genannt worden.

Elsoff den 7. Januar ao. 1713 hat Johannes Hüster und Anna Katharina Eheleut einen

—which translated are as follows:

Elsoff, 12 May, 1769, John Hüst—Kathar ine, married people, had two children, twins, a young son and a young daughter. Baptized. The girl was named Anna Gertrude and the boy John Daniel.

Elsoff, ** May, 1710, John Hüst and Anna Katharine Elizabeth, married people, had a son baptized. The child was named John Jost.

Elsoff, 1 March, 1711, Jost Hüst—Katharine, married people, had a young son baptized. The child was named Matthew.

Elsoff, 7 February, 1712, Jost Hüst—Anna Katharine, married people, had a young daughter baptized. The child was named Anna Katharine.

Elsoff, 7 January, 1713, John Hüst and Anna Katharine, married people, had a young son baptized whose sponsor was John Daniel, the mother's single brother. The child was named John Daniel.

It will be observed that the original spelling of the name was Hüst—, the "u" having an umlaut. As the umlaut could not be preserved in English and "u" without the umlaut would be differently pronounced it seemed expedient to the early members of the family in America to change the spelling to the present form in order as nearly as possible to preserve the original pronunciation.

Elsoff appears to have had its beginning upon a highway which was laid out along the banks of a stream about eight or ten feet wide. This stream therefore now winds through the centre of the town and the road on its banks crossing from one side to the other is the main street. The streets, of varying widths and devious courses, average not more than twenty feet in width. They are usually paved with irregular stones, have no sidewalks, and are lined on either side by the houses, barns, yards, and outbuildings of the inhabitants who are chiefly occupied in tilling the neighboring fields. The houses are built by first erecting a framework of timbers a foot or two feet apart and filling in the spaces between them with bricks of various kinds so that the timbers are visible on the sides of the house. The furniture of the houses is of the plainest character and except a clock which is usually found in the living room there is little comfort or luxury. Along the cross timber over the doorway is generally an inscription often running across the entire front of the house and giving the date of the building, the name of the owner, and sometimes a text or pious and rever ential expression. On one of the houses the following inscription appears:


—which translated is as follows:

Built through the help of God by John Jacob Hüst and Christina, his wife, and also by John Jacob Kuhn and Dorotha, his wife. Erected 25 May, 1810.

The house is at present occupied by Jacob Hüst Vökel, a descendant of one of the builders, with his wife and family.

In another part of Elsoff standing about fifty feet back from the street is a house which forms with its barn and other buildings a court and which is said to have long been known as the Hüst homestead and to have been occupied by the family until 1834. The property now belongs to and is occupied by a man of the name of Althouse who married a woman named Marburger, whose mother was a Hüst. The barn by its date appears to have been built in 1718 and the present house in 1792 but neither bears the name of the builder. In the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Althouse, however, is an ancient Hüst family Bible. This book is an immense volume containing in German the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha and was printed in Frankfort in 1699. The family record was kept on the fly-leaves at the beginning of the volume. Most unfortunately the first of these fly-leaves containing the record has been completely torn out with the exception of a narrow margin ranging in width from a half inch to an inch along the length of the page. On the margin the last word or two of each line of the original writing can be seen and about half way down the page appears the word "America" which formed the ending of a line at that point. The second page of the record is intact and begins in 1785 with
the family record of John Jost Hüster and Christina, his wife. It may very probably be conjectured that this collection of buildings was the original homestead or "Stammhaus" as the Elsoff people call it and that the Bible contains the record kept by the father of the three brothers who emigrated to America and whose departure was noted on these pages.

The community dwelling in Elsoff is evidently a typical farming community of Germany composed of industrious, thrifty, and hardy people. Although there seem to be no wealthy persons among them, there are, as the pastor declares, no poor and some are reputed to have accumulated considerable property. Many of their names, such as Marburger, Althouse, Zacharias, Schaeffer, Gast, and others have a familiar sound to a resident of Berks county and the sign of Louis Kraemer looms up prominently over a place of business. Their German is full of expressions which suggest Pennsylvania German idioms. Taken all in all, the traveler who finds himself transported to a remote hamlet across the Atlantic whence his ancestors removed nearly two centuries ago has novel sensations as he walks among the mountains and along the streams and even in the very buildings where they lived and worked and wor-}

### David Schultz:

**An Old Time “Bush Lawyer”**

**Note.**—This paper was read by the publisher of the magazine before the Montgomery County Historical Society, at the meeting at Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg, October 24, 1908.

Among the old tombstones in the cemetery of the New Goshenhoppen Reformed Church near East Greenville, Pa., is one with the simple inscription in German:

DAVID SCHULTZ,  
died 1797  
Aged 79 years 7 months.

The date and age show that the person thus commemorated must have lived through eventful and stirring times—the periods of settlement and home building of this community, the French and Indian War, the Revolution, the Declaration of Independence, the Establishment of the United States, the Fries Rebellion, the
Whiskey Insurrection, truly the very moulding days and years of the world's grandest and most glorious Republic.

That his life was not uneventful, unimportant or insignificant may be inferred from the following words written by the late Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser a local historian and pastor of note of the community:

"We have abundant records to show that he had been the recognized scrivener, conveyancer, attorney and general business agent for the frontier settlers scattered over a wide district in Eastern Pennsylvania as far down as 1797."

It will be well for us the living to pause a moment and review the eventful days of his life.

David Schultz the subject of our sketch a son of George Schultz and Anna Huebner was born September 13, 1717 and spent the first few years of his life in Harpersdorf, Silesia, Germany, and thus in a Schwenkfelder community that had experienced trials and persecutions for many a decade and that at the very time of his birth heard the first distant rumblings of a storm that was destined in the near future to break with unwonted fury over their heads. For it had been decided by the powers ruling at the time to make Catholics of the few Schwenkfelders living in Harpersdorf and the surrounding community and investigations inspired by this decision were being held at the time.

Two years later two Jesuits missionaries arrived at Harpersdorf with full power to execute these plans. From 1719 to 1725 the Schwenkfelders submitted to a religious oppression that gradually grew worse but when the breaking point had been reached and they could endure no longer they began to flee by night, abandoning homes, kindred and all and taking naught with them but sorrow and poverty as one of their writers expressed himself. Thus it came to pass that the father of David Schultz migrated with his family from Silesia to Hennersdorf near Goerlitz, Saxony in 1726. The family subsequently moved to Herrnhut in 1730, to Berthelsdorf in 1731 and to Pennsylvania in 1733.

Of the incidents of the migration from Berthelsdorf to Philadelphia we may note the following, gleaned from an interesting account of the journey written in all probability by the subject of our sketch at the time a youth of less than 16 years, (Vide, Pa. Mag. of History and Biography, Vol. 3, No. 2): A party of 13 left Berthelsdorf, Sunday, April 19, 1733 at noon and took passage on the Elbe river at Pirna, April 21, passing Magdeburg April 29 and arriving at Hamburg, May 8. The following day they took ship for Amsterdam where they arrived a week later, May 16. Here the company of 13 grew to 19 who left on a small vessel for Rotterdam June 16 where they arrived at 2 P. M. the following day. June 24 the company set sail for Philadelphia on the brigantine called Pennsylvania Merchant, John Stedman, captain.

Space and time forbid our giving the details of the ocean voyage which is described at considerable length by our youthful chronicler.

We can merely glean the following:

The ship carried only 155 tons and had over 300 persons on board, causing much crowding. In spite of this however only 10 deaths occurred on the voyage according to the Schultz record. The day after embarking the ship did not make much progress as it was towed by sailors in the boat. July 13 Plymouth was reached where they stayed a week and the captain took in fresh water and provisions and settled the toll.

Thirteen vessels were seen after leaving Plymouth and before entering the Delaware river. Storms and calms, favorable and contrary winds interchanged. Once "a violent storm arose during the night: a bolt was wrenched off from one of the window shutters and a terrible quantity of water poured into the ship. In the morning the waves were fearful, like rocky cliffs and high mountains. The noise of their roaring was horrible. It was a spectacle awful to behold."

We may well believe that the "thanks and praise" in following words were sincere and heartfelt, written on September 28 after the company had been 95 days on the deep.

"In the afternoon we arrived safe and sound in Philadelphia. Thanks and praise to the Lord for this blessing! At 9 o'clock in the
morning, my brother George Scholtze came to us having journeyed twelve miles in a boat to meet our company. He brought us apples, and peaches, and wheaten bread and staid with us on the ship till we reached Philadelphia.

In the company of 19 to which our diarist refers there were the widow Anna Krause with two sons and three daughters, George Schultz, his wife and their son David, and John and Gottlob Klemm. Melchior, husband of Anna Krauss, died at Harlem, Holland, May 28. So much for the journey as described by young David Schultz.

Records show that a George Schultz paid August 20, 1735 in full for 150 acres of land "as on a branch of the Perkeam" 23£ 5s 0d and interest for 14 months 1£ 12s 3d and December 24 in full for 150 acres near "Cowissoppin" 23£ 5s 0d and interest for 17 months 1£ 18s 6d.

These two records warrant us in saying that about July 1, 1734 George Schultz, Sr. (in all probability the father of David) acquired 300 acres of land somewhere in the Goshenhoppen Valley. Seemingly he began to build a house at this time for we find that Georg Bönisch made the following entry in his diary, October 1734, shortly after the Schwenkfelders with whom he came to Pennsylvania had landed in Philadelphia:

"kam George Schultz zu mir und hielt an ob ich nicht koennte das neue Haus ummauern der keller anfang und den Schornstein hinaus fuchten. Da Ich den 25 October hinauff in Busch bin 30 Engelsche meilen von German-town allwo der Balzer Hoffman mein hand-langer war."

(George Schultz came to me and asked me to build foundations to his house, and make his cellar and chimney. October 25 I went up into the woods 30 miles from Germantown, where Balzer Hoffman was my assistant.—Translation by H. W. K.)

Melchior Kriebel wrote the following words to his friends in Germany, Nov. 1735: "Die gebraucher George, Melchior and Christoph Scholtze wohnen 3 meilen hoehler als der alte George Scholtz."

These notes enable one to locate the 300 acres as being in the Goshenhoppen Valley. The writer greatly regrets that it is impossible for him at this time to give fuller details respecting the location and final disposition of the 300 acres.

It is altogether likely that David spent the next few years with his father and there made preparations for his future life of usefulness. One is rather surprised to find that in 1736 when but a stripling of less than 10 years, David and his brother George "merchant" of the city of Philadelphia bought 260 acres of land for 70£ which they held until 1757 when they sold the tract to their brother Melchoir for 250£.

From a MS of about 80 pages in the handwriting of David Schultz, rescued from destruction in Boston, Mass. by the Hon. S. W. Pennypacker it is seen that during 1740 and 1741 he was copying writings of a religious and devotional nature, psalms, Christmas, morning and evening hymns, etc.

From the nature of the hymns copied one infers that he probably was not in full harmony with the views of Schwenkfelders on religious questions and doctrines. If his mother Anna Huebner was related to him he may believe that David was influenced by the views of Dr. Melchior Hübner, who lived in Frederick township from his migration in 1734 to his death in 1738 and who was known as a Restorationist, an admirer of the English visionary Jane Leade and an outspoken enemy of false spirituality. None of the family of his father seems to have connected himself by membership to the Schwenkfelders as a religious body.

How David Schultz prepared for and when he began to practice his life's work the writer is not prepared to say but according to Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser he was largely engaged in surveying and conveying as early as 1743 at the age of 25. In our day this might be regarded a late date to begin one's work, in his day with the meager advantages and appliances it must be regarded remarkable.

David Schultz married Anna Rosina, daughter of Abraham Beyer, October 20, 1745. That he prospered in his business may be inferred from the fact that in May 1749 he bought 180 acres 60 perches of land for 72£ 5s lying in Upper Hanover township and East Greenville, Pa. The price paid, $1.06 per acre, suggests unimproved land. If such an inference is war-
rant we may well believe that the summer of 1749 was spent in house building, garden making and breaking the virgin soil.

While he was serving his fellowmen far and near his wife doubtless had a general oversight of the work at home. In the performance of such duty it came to pass that June 13, 1750, while the husband was not at home, she had occasion in hay-making to ask a servant Hans Ulrich Seiler to be more attentive to his work. That night was her last. The servant crept stealthily into her bedroom while she slept, mortally wounded her by stabbing and fled. The morning light found her a corpse. The husband entered the following words of bitter grief in his Almanac Diary:

O Unglück und Jammer! Mein herzlich geliebte und getreue Frau Anna Rosina ist von unserm eigenen Serven Hans Ulrich Seiler, erbärmlich ermordet und erstochen worden in der Nacht gegen Morgen den 14 Juni—

Ach Gott!

Was fürer Elend und Hertzeleid

1st nun ueben mich kommen
was fuer Angst und Noth hat

mein betröffen. Ach erbarme sich ueben

unsere unsterbliche seelen.

(O misfortune and misery. My dearly beloved and faithful wife Anna Rosina was cruelly stabbed and murdered by our own servant.

Hans Ulrich Seiler towards morning of June 14.

O God

what distress and affliction has come over

me—what anguish and pain have

befallen me. O have mercy on our unlying souls.

—Translation by H. W. K.)

Hans Ulrich Seiler was a Redemptioner, a German immigrant whose ship passage had been paid by David Schultz’s father-in-law Abraham Beyer for whom he was to work a certain length of time to pay off the indebtedness. Being discontented and of a surly disposition the servant was taken into the family of the son-in-law in the hope that a change in his disposition might follow.

He was caught soon after the murder, imprisoned, tried, convicted and Nov. 14 following executed.

June 27, 1758 David Schultz was married to Elizabeth Lar, a union that was blessed with four daughters. Of these Magdalene was married to Samuel Lo- bach, founder of Lobachsville, Berks Co., Pa., Anna was married to Abraham Clemmer, Mary was married to Henry Keck of which union the Kecks living near East Greenville are descendants. Rosina was married to Jacob Hillegass (der Grosz) who was a merchant in Pensburg. Among his descendants are Irwin Drehs of Pensburg, the late Mrs. George Carl of Hoppenville, Mrs. Roberts of East Greenville, the Kehls of East Greenville and vicinity.

Respecting the family connections of David Schultz we may note in this connection the following: His father George was a brother of Melchior Schultz the father of the three brothers George, Melchior and Christopher, the last named being the Rev. Christopher Schultz, organizer of the Schwenkfelder church, minister and writer.

His brothers were Melchior, George and Christopher. Melchior was a merchant in Harlem, Holland and is probably the Melchoir Schultz mentioned in the Hallesche Nachrichten in connection with certain financial transactions. He arrived in Philadelphia June 28, 1735. He was married and had four children, Anna married to Adam Hillegass, David and two Catharines, the first of whom died in infancy, and the second was married to Andrew Maurer. He owned considerable land in Upper Hanover township west of Red Hill and probably lies buried on the Schultz plot now under cultivation near Dr. J. G. Mensch’s mill.

His brother George for a time a merchant in Philadelphia lived in Frederick county Maryland 1757, was married and left heirs. Christopher a twin brother of George was probably the Christopher of whom David gives the following data—

June 14, 1733 he went to Altoona, arriving there June 30. He reached Amsterdam July 18, found deBerty August 14 with whom he left Amsterdam for East India Oct. 16.

May 7, 1767 David Schultz sold 102 acres of his land to Philip Siesholtz keeping the eastern portion of 78 acres. This was retained by him to his death in 1797 and by the family until 1804 when it was sold to a son-in-law Henry Keck whose
grandson Henry Keck owns a portion today including the ground where the old log-house stood, torn down a few years ago.

A conception of the significance and value of the life of David Schultz may be formed by considering certain phases of his activity in fuller detail.

Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser after an examination of some of his work gave utterance to the following in 1883:

“He retained copies of all his wills, agreements, surveys, and official doings neatly and often ornamentally executed, by which it is easy to catch a good sight of farms and districts as well as of names and owners and families more than one hundred years ago. To any one with an antiquarian taste, these views are of immense satisfaction.

We can not lay over our hand, as yet, on what may be regarded as his earliest records; but in 1743 he is largely engaged in surveying and conveying. For weeks he seems to have been engaged in surveying lines, extending over what is now embraced by the counties of Northampton, Lehigh, Berks and Chester. Hardly a road laid out during a period of fifty years, in which our David Schultz had not been connected either as actual surveyor or scribe. We question whether a single farm could be named of which he had not been asked to frame a draft. Nor does there appear that a bond, agreement or any instrument was necessary to pass which the ubiquitous Squire had not been present to witness and which (his) hand had not drawn. And these were numerous.

The Utopian idea that our sires neither needed nor wanted binding instruments of writing is an airy fancy, as Squire Schultz could not have been kept so very busy for fifty years. He was the mediator between parties and the courts, the counsellor and adviser in all manner and disputes for miles around his centre. Not another personage proved himself more useful and efficient to the settlers at that day, saving their hundreds of dollars and as many miles of travel to Philadelphia. As he kept himself well booked in legal forms and in constant communication with a competent attorney, his directions and adjustments for the most part stood the test. In this way he came to be regarded as an authority far and near, against which it was not well to run. With all his engagements in secular affairs and matters of law he preserved his moral character and Christian principles unimpaired if we may judge of this matter from his literary remains.”

David Schultz kept an Almanac Diary or Journal respecting which, the late Henry S. Dotterer said by way of introduction to his publication of the Journal,

In the next number of The Perkiomen Region we shall commence the publication of a MS. of extraordinary historical interest. It relates especially to the early settlements at Goshenhoppen—Old and New, Falkner Swamp, Hereford, Hosensack, Great Swamp, Colebrookdale and Salidford; but in a wider sense it furnishes a great amount of authentic information regarding the Colonial period, its people and their interests. It is the Journal kept for a series of years by David Schultz, immigrant, colonist, surveyor, scrivener, law adviser, a resident of Upper Hanover township, in the Perkiomen Valley. In his journal three languages are employed—German, English and Latin.

These notes indicate a wide scope of interests on the part of the diarist. The details of farming operations are noted, his professional services in laying out roads, or townships or surveying farms, in settling disputes, in writing agreements, in clerking sales; he noted the happenings among his neighbors, friends and acquaintances, the political life and changes about him, the affairs and interesting data of foreign countries, the movements of heavenly bodies even.

Of these annual notes, those for the years 1733, 1750, 1754, 1756, 1757, 1759, 1768, 1769, 1774, 1780, have been brought to light. What has become of the others of which there must have been quite a number the writer has no knowledge.

In the French and Indian War which meant cruel death, horrible suffering, the wanton distribution of property to so many a brave settler on the frontier, neither he nor his nor any of his immediate friends were called upon in person to suffer, owing to geographical location, the frontiersmen serving as a buffer between revengeful Indians and the oldest settled portions. But he was not unmindful of his obligation in the premises. His home served as a depot of supplies in shot and powder. He helped to collect and forward food and raiment for the sufferers at Bethlehem. He joined his neighbors in equipping wagons to be used in hauling needed supplies to Bedford. He helped to raise troops, and served as a joint trustee with Jacob Levan in providing funds for the “Maxetawne and Allemangel Freyen Wacht” on duty from April 3 to May 11, 1756 at a total outlay of about $280. In a letter dated January 18, 1756, addressed to Robert Greenway he expressed himself in these words:
God knows what will become of the Province
if no stopp can be put to the incursions of these
cruel monsters until next spring and Summer
when the woods are green.

As the Country is so populous, numbers of
Troops and Volunteers may be raised to op-
oppose the Barbarians, without having the City
Mills necessary for our Assistance who probably
with the Lower Parts of the Province
may expect hot work enough from the Sea
Side if a war breaks out with the French.

Provision I think could likewise be had
enough in the Country as yet, without getting
any from Town—But the Assistance the Coun-
try People expects from their Capital is; Good
Orders from their magistrates, Arms, Ammu-
niition and Money, which last Commodity is in-
expressible scarce and without which no war
nor defence of a Country can be carried on
with effect.

Though we hope affairs may soon go better.
Since we hear that a good number of Com-
pañies are intended to be raised, each to con-
sist of fifty men and each man to have 45
shillings per month besides provision. Some of
them are already marched to the frontiers.
But as this will require a very large sum of
money to hold it out but one single year, yet
it will be better to spend triple so much as the
sum already granted for the Purpose Then
to permit those Beast-like Creatures to turn
the Province into its former State of Wilder-
ness—Since it will be easier to defend a Pro-
vince than to reconquer one after taken once
by the Enemy.

David Schultz’s will, drawn up by
himself 1794, will illustrate his literary
style and his careful and tender fore-
thought for his own household. We quote
in full:

*In the name of God. Amen.*

As I David Schultz Senior of Upper Han-
over Township in the County of Montgomery
and State of Pennsylvania yeoman, find my
self in an advanced age and in a weakly Condi-
tion of Health, but of Sound Mind and Mem-
ory Thanks be to God. So do I on this Thir-
dee Day of October in the year of our Lord
One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety
Four make publish and ordain this my Last
Will and Testament and first of all recommend
my Soul into the Hands of Almighty God that
gave it. And as to my worldly Estate, I here-
by dispose of the Same in the following Man-
er—That is to Say, Imprimis: I give and be-
queath to my beloved Wife Elisabeth, my Bed
with the Bedstead and Curtain and what be-
longs to it and Two Chests and the Drawers
and the Clock in the Store Room, and also
further the equal Third Part of all my Cattle,
Kitchen Furniture, Household Goods and of my
other personal Estate whatsoever except as
herewith mentioned. And it is my Will That
She Shall have her full Right of Dower for to
remain on the Premises of my Planta-
tion and to get and receive Yearly for her
Subsistence all such Articles as usual in Grain,
Pork, Beef and of the orchard and Garden
Products and one cow to be held for her and
to be provided with firewood and otherwise
by all means as far as to be Sufficient; and
necessary for her Support at her own Choice
and at the Discretion of impartial chosen Per-
sons. So as it will Suit and be deemed equit-
able to get and enjoy the same Yearly during
all her Life Time or Widowhood; wether my
Plantation be kept by any of my Children—or
be Sold to any Body else—and further it is my
will. That all such Articles of Household
Goods as my Two eldest Daughters, Magdal-
ena and Anna have got for their Marriage
Portion. That shall also be given to each of
my Two Youngest Daughters, Mary and
Rosina, at any time when they desire it. And
I further give and bequeath to my Two
Youngest Daughters as to Mary the Sum of
Fifteen Pounds and to Rosina the Sum of Ten
Pounds in hard Money of Pennsylvania for
having Stayed with us and worked Some
Years Longer Than any of my eldest Daugh-
ters have done to receive the same after the
Time when my personal Estate shall have been
sold—And relating such of my Books as my
Family will choose to Keep, I bequeath those
to my wife and four children in five equal
Shares to divide them at their own Discretion
who may sell the Remainder by Public or
Private Sale, and further it is my Will that
Such Articles as Grain, Pork and all other
sorts of Provisions and the fodder for the
Cattle nor the Linens, Flax and what may be
required for Cloathing Shall not be ap-
praised but kept by my Family for their com-
mon use. And as relating my Message
Plantation and Land Situated in Upper Han-
over Township aforesaid and containing
about Seventy Eight acres of land Being Part
of One Hundred and Eighty acres for
which I have got a deed. Dated on the Six-
teenth Day of May Anno One Thousand Seven
Hundred and forty nine in a weakly condi-
tion of Health, but of Sound Mind and Mem-
ory Thanks be to God. So do I on this Thir-
dee Day of October in the year of our Lord
One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety
Four make publish and ordain this my Last
Will and Testament and first of all recommend
my Soul into the Hands of Almighty God that
gave it. And as to my worldly Estate, I here-
by dispose of the Same in the following Man-
er—That is to Say, Imprimis: I give and be-
queath to my beloved Wife Elisabeth, my Bed
with the Bedstead and Curtain and what be-
longs to it and Two Chests and the Drawers
and the Clock in the Store Room, and also
further the equal Third Part of all my Cattle,
Kitchen Furniture, Household Goods and of my
other personal Estate whatsoever except as
herewith mentioned. And it is my Will That
She Shall have her full Right of Dower for to
remain on the Premises of my Planta-
Same Then it is my Will That all the Residue of my Personal Goods may be Sold by public Vendue. And then I hereby fully empower and authorise my hereunto named Executor or the Survivor of them to Sell my Said Plantation and Land with the Appurtenances thereunto belonging to any Body else in the best Manner and on Such Conditions as They can and for me and in my Name & Stead to Sign, Seal, Execute and deliver a Deed for the said Premises to the Buyer thereof. And if then my said Wife Elisabeth Should intend not to remain to live on the same, so not to reserve thereof any articles for her Yearly Subsistence as above recited. Then I hereby give and bequeath to my said Wife the Use and Interest of the equal Third Part of the Consideration for which my said real Estate Shall be sold, to receive the Same Yearly for her Support and her Subsistence during all her Life Time or Widowhood. But if she Should marry again. Then She is to receive only the equal half Part of the Said Interest during her Life Time and after Death the said principal Sum Shall fall back to all my children to be divided to them in equal shares. And it is also my will That the Sum of One Hundred Pounds be taken from the first Payment of the Said whole Consideration for the use of my wife and the Remainder from the next four Terms of Payments so as to be the equal Third Part of her use as aforesaid. And after all Costs and charges shall have been paid Then I give and bequeath the amount of all the Residue of my Estate to my hereunto named four Daughters—as to Magdalena the wife of Samuel Lobach. And to Anna the wife of Abraham Clemmer and to Mary and to Rosina Shultze—as to each of them the equal fourth part and Share thereof and each of them is to receive the equal fourth Part of any Sum of Money as the Same Shall be got in though not under fifteen Pounds at once as in Part of his due share to begin first from the oldest to the youngest except they agree about it otherwise among themselves. And further, if any of my, younger Daughters Should die unmarried or intestate Then it is my Will That such Child's Share of and on my Estate Shall be equally divided to my Wife and my Surviving Children in equal Shares. And I hereby nominate constitute and appoint my said Wife Elisabeth and my Son-in-law Samuel Lobach to be the Executors of this my Last Will and Testament and desire that all may be done held and performed according to the true Intent and meaning hereof. And I declare ratify and confirm this and no other to be my Last Will and Testament. In Witness whereof I the said David Shultze Senior have hereunto Set my Hand and Seal dated on the Day and Year as first above written To hold all the Said Legacies to my above named Heirs and Children and to their heirs and assigns for Ever

DAVID SCHULTZE SENIOR

[Seal]

Signed Sealed Published and delivered by the Said David Shultze Senior as his Last Will and Testament in the Presence of us the Subscribers

JOHN SCHLEIFFER
JOHN SCHELL.

The world today will not classify David Schultz as a great man, but if disinterested, sacrificial service of others, if ministering to the want of fellowmen, if sowing good which others reap has merit and deserves recognition, his name will be placed high in the list of worthies of his community and state.

A German Cradle Song

By REV. P. C. CROLL. B.D. LE BANON, PA.

It is Longfellow, who in his "The Birds of Killingworth" gives us this happy passage:

"Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The wakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

By a slight modification this beautiful sentiment may be adapted for our purpose, thus:

"Tis always evening somewhere, and within
The ensnapping continents, from shore to shore,
Mothers are somewhere singing evermore.

And it is the cradle-song they sing. What a lullaby chorus if all the crooning mothers that sing their slumber-songs could be heard simultaneously and in one place! What a Babel of tongues could thus be made to blend in one harmony of loveliest sentiment. This volume of sweet melody would all be attuned to the soporific cadence of the cradle's measured creak and timed by the baton of universal mother-love. What a circle of soothing slumber-poems is actually and daily, or rather nightly, encircling the very globe along the zone known as Hushaby Street.
Into this chorus every fond mother from the Lapland snows and Esquimaux isles of the north, where babes are wrapped in bear furs and seal skins, to the sunny south of the tropics, where negro mam- mies swing their dark and bare skinned piccaninnies in their wicker stringed bamboo hammocks to the tune of “Mammy’s Little Honey-boy,” pours in the vial of sweet and silvery song. As Hesperus pushes his car westward, latitudinally around the globe lighting the stars in the Heavens from the orient to the occident, there follows in his trail this earth-en- swathing chorus of mother-love and lullaby. From the Flowery Kingdom it leaps the Korean and the China Seas, through the Chinese and the Indian Empires, it re- sounds in the Moslem’s realm, and where once the holy angels of God hovered to welcome and hush the Babe of Bethlehem, the Gloria in Excelsis is re-echoed by ten thousand modern Madonnas, with their Syriac cradle-songs.

Then the song-cyclone leaps into the islands of the Mediterranean and, spreading north and south, sweeps both the continents of Europe and Africa. As the birds sing largely the same tune in every land, so the crooning mothers of all the multitudinous homes of these thickly settled countries sing the same sentiment whether the lullaby rhymes be in Turkish or Russian; Greek or Latin; German or Swiss; French or Spanish; Danish or Scandinavian; Dutch or Scotch; English, Irish or Welsh. It is everywhere a rockaby, hushaby coo-dle-doon air. Whatever the dialect or tongue, it is mother-love, dealt out in nightly doses of song melody to the tired kings and queens of the cradle. And this song current seems to have gained volume and force by its pas- sage across the Atlantic and ever sweeps this western hemisphere from end to end. The different nationalities that set- tled these western lands packed their native lullabys within their hearts, or their emigrant chests, when they sailed, and every folk has here perpetuated its songs in its mother tongue. The poetic flame has been fanned in this particular realm by a hundred gifted rhymsters and lauréates of the nursery so that to the original stock have been added the ef- fusions of J. G. Holland, Henry Van Dyke, Samuel F. Smith, Eugene Field, Whitcomb Riley, Lincoln Hulley, James T. White, William S. Lord, Sam-uel E. Mann, Frederick W. Pangborn, Celia Thaxter, Ella Higginson, E. Pauline Johnson, Endora S. Burnstead, Mrs. Mary W. Donnan and scores upon scores of others. It is a worthy body of litera- ture and an interesting study would it make to write upon in a separate treatise. But I am now writing for readers in whose veins courses Pennsylvania-Ger- man blood, and I want to present to them the lullaby song which their mothers used to sing when they lay helpless babes in her bosom. It may be quite a while ago. Many and eventful years, lying between this and that day, may have effaced the words and the tune from memory. So they are both to be here reproduced. The singer of that day may herself have been hushed to sleep on the restful bosom of our Common Mother. She may have been tucked in by a coverlet that changes from an emerald green in summer to a wooly, flaky, snowy white in winter. Oft she folded you, my gentle reader, to her breast and rocked and crooned the song here given, till your weary head nodded and your tired eye-lids closed and your little form hung limp in her loving arms. It was the softest, the sweetest and the safest couch you ever slept in. Oh! how often you have longed since to go back to that nook in Paradise and live over again the happy experience just for a single night. With Elizabeth Akers Allen you have doubtless frequently sighed and prayed:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight;
Make me a-child again, just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!"

Would you like to hear again the slum- ber song your mother sang? Then let me call upon the twin agents of your Memory and Imagination and let them
clear the palimpsest parchment of your soul of its later writings and there will appear the record of early days. There will be a nursery scene with a cradle and a trundle-bed in it. Twilight draws its curtain, woven of the roseate sunset and the shadowy night, and somewhere, caught within the folds and the drapery of this vesper robe there comes back to you your own dear mother, her face wreathed in the smile and peace of an angel. Then, when all voices have been hushed, there begins to echo again within your soul the notes of a sweet lullaby, in a voice so gentle, so mellow, so soft and tender that it makes you dream of heaven. And these are the words and this the tune your mother sang:

\[\text{WEIST DU WIE VIEL STERNEN STEHEN?}\]

Weiszt du, wie viel Sterne stehen,
An Den blauen Himmels-zelt?
Weiszt du, wie viel Wolken gehen,
Weit hin über alle Welt?
Gott der Herr hat sie gezählt,
Dazs ihm auch nicht eines fehlet,
An der ganzen groszen Zahl,
An der ganzen groszen Zahl.

Weiszt du, wie viel Mücklein spielen,
In der heissen Sonnengluth?
Wie viel Fischelein auch sich kühlen,
In der hellen Wasserfluth?
Gott der Herr rief sie mit Namen,
Dazs sie all in's Leben kamen,
Dazs sie nun so frohlich sind,
Dazs sie nun so frohlich sind.

Weiszt du, wie viel Menschen frühe Stehn aus ihrem Bette auf,
Dazs sie ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Fröhlich sind im Tageslauf?
Gott im Himmel hat an allen Seine Lust, sein Wohlgaffen,
Kennt auch dich und hat dich lieb,
Kennt auch dich und hat dich lieb.

\[\text{DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY STARS?}\]

Do you know how many stars
There are shining in the sky?
Do you know how many clouds
Ev'ry day go floating by?
God the Lord their number knoweth,
For each one His care He showeth,
Of the bright and boundless host,
Of the bright and boundless host.

Do you know how many birdies
In the sunshine sing all day?
Do you know how many fishes
In the sparkling water play?
God the Lord who dwells in heaven,
Name and life to each has given,
In His love they live and move,
In His love they live and move.

Do you know how many children
Go to little beds at night?
And without a care or sorrow
Wake again with morning light?
God in heav'n each name can tell,
Knows us too and loves us well.
He's our best and dearest Friend,
He's our best and dearest Friend.

\[\text{NOTE BY EDITOR.—We heartily thank Rev. Dr. Croll for singing this cradle-song over again for us. The music as printed above is a facsimile taken from Weber's Pennsylvania Choral Harmony, 1859 (Fifth Edition; With Additions and Improvements), a book of 400 pp., 7 by 12 inches. Grandfathers who heard pious mothers sing these trustful, peaceful lines see their grandchildren revel in our modern Sunday papers instead. What will the harvest be?}\]
A Glimpse of the Perkiomen Valley

BY REV. M. M. ANDERSON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Pennsylvania is the most resourceful State of the Union. If it is true that she has ills to be remedied, she has such a wealth of nature. In minerals almost inexhaustible, in farming lands rich in abundant harvests, and in natural scenery in which nature has lavished a wealthy hand. The foot-hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains are so conveniently near to the metropolis of the State that a ride of two hours on a Reading local will bring you to the cooling breezes of the hills and make one forget the suffocating heat of the city. The pure ozone from these heights fill the lungs and purify the blood, while an increased appetite has the tendency to make him a new creature. The writer is located on one of these hills, fifty miles from Philadelphia, overlooking the valleys of the Hosensack and Perkiomen creeks. Nature has, indeed, been generous to this part of God's world. Standing on this hill, high above Corning station, the prospect opens at your feet like a monstrous fan, but the encircling hills give you the impression of a huge wash-bowl. Should there be any danger of the water in the bowl spilling over, the fear is destroyed by another rim appearing higher up, and as you still lift the eye, there rises another rim farther in the distance. How far off, we cannot say. At sea it is said that the rim of the horizon on the watery waste is 20 miles away, so here the vision in almost any direction is lengthened to a compass of 20 or 30 miles. The village of Palm lies directly before you two miles
away, and while no one has told us of the origin of the name, yet it is not hard to see before you a large hand.

The wrist is at Palm, the thumb extends up the Hosensack creek, while the four fingers together form the Perkiomen Valley. The palmist in her art would have no difficulty in tracing the lines of character from this beautiful scene. Rows of beautiful trees which outline the ramifications of leading roads, the graceful curves of what appears, from this elevation, as a child’s toy railroad, lines of thrift in well cultivated farms, stretches of forest which have so far escaped the woodman’s axe, and the substantial buildings of the thrifty Germans, make a scene easily to be interpreted by the novice. Far up the opposite receding hill, the same kaleidoscopic effect in changing scenery is produced every day. No two days are alike. The different shades of green, the changing cornfields, the golden harvest fields whose waving grain, like the billows of the ocean, play games of tag before the summer breezes, while the brown furrows follow the feet of the sturdy plowman. It is this constant change and lack of monotony which make this part of the State to differ from city life and the works of man. Here the valley is a busy hive of sowing and reaping during the spring time, summer and autumn and with Nature’s help the fall and winter are made gorgeous by the magic fingers of nature.

A few congenial spirits have purchased a part of Corning heights from Mr. H. T. Schell, a good representative of the Pennsylvania-German stock. Here we have erected bungalows and hide away during July and August from the heat and worry of city life. With good air, water and food for the body and the aesthetic beauty for the soul, we ought to be thoroughly renewed for better work in the months to come. These things tone up the constitution. In securing title for this location, we dealt with the heirs of the original owners who took title from the government. Mr. Schell is the fifth generation from his ancestry who dealt with the colonial Government in settling this part of Pennsylvania by the Pennsylvania-Dutch. The seventh generation now resides upon the soil of his fathers.
such there is a spirit of contentedness and
thrift worthy of imitation. A little
repartee which took place between the
present owners and Mr. Schell proved
that the Pennsylvania-Dutchman is no
dullard. We said, “Mr. Schell, your
price is too high. The hills are poor for
farming purposes, having been impover-
ished to make a rich valley.” “Vell,” was
the reply; “I know dot. Shust look at der
view.” “Yes,” we replied, “but Mr.
Schell, that view is not yours; it is God’s,
and you have no right to sell what belongs
to God.” For a whole day this seemed to
stump the keen German, but at evening
time he had his answer. “You say dot
der view ist God’s. Vell, I know do, but
He gie it to me and I sell it to you.”
That answer closed the bargain. Very
few people in the city can believe that so
near to them there is such magnificent
scenery, or a people differing from them
so much in their customs, language and
laws. Yet they are kind to us and help
to make our lives happy and comfortable.

If “Aunt Jane of Kentucky” could
stand on this summit and survey this
patch work of scenery, and in her remi-
niscent mood rehearse the story of toil
and the story of the Teutonic blood which
settled these valleys and hills, we would
have a readable story interesting to all.
Nearly every German home in these val-
leys can bring forth the treasures of past
days in quaint articles of furniture or bits
of tradition which link us to the days of
long ago.

The green hills and dales of
Pennsylvania-Germany abound in myriad pictur-
esque views of wide ex-
tending mosaic landscapes or choicest closely confined
miniatures, rich in history
and the records and traditions of noble
deeds that quietly and unostentatiously
have helped to make up the sum of our
State and National greatness. Among
these the Perkiomen Valley nestling closely
to or straying away to a distance from
the stream that gives it its name is not
the least. The hundreds of summer va-
cation boarders that have come to love
its rusticity and make the valley echo by
their joyous and free good cheer bear
testimony to this.

In the views presented by Rev. Ande-
son, the one on page 508 shows the Mill-
hill gap through which the Perkiomen
slowly snakes its silvery shining way into
the Goshenhoppen Valley. On page 509
one faces the setting sun and looks over
the famous Butterthal (Butter Valley),
the Catholic settlement at Bally, to the hills
of lower Berks (Alt Barricks).

The writer makes a good guess at the
etymology of the name Palm. We un-
derstand the name was given by the late
Benjamin Gerhard, the village merchant
at one time, who tenderly nurtured and
cared for a palm tree nestling at the
foot of a wall.

We give these views by way of sug-
gestion, and hope our good friends the
subscribers will take the hint and let us
have glimpses of the charming scenery
of Picturesque Pennsylvania with which
they are familiar, the views accompanied
by choice and meaty bits of history, tra-
dition and anecdote illustrating the life
of the community. Let us hear from you.
Col. Washington A. Roebling

BY REV. P. C. CROLL, D.D., LEBANON, PA.

Note.—John A. Roebling, son of Polycarp, a humble contented shopkeeper, was born June, 1806, in Mulhausen, Germany, came to America in 1831, and helped to found the village of Germania, afterwards called Saxonburg, 25 miles from Pittsburg, Pa. Here, in 1840, he opened the first mill in America to make stranded wire rope, transferred to Trenton, N. J., in 1848 an industry that in 60 years has developed into the world's greatest single manufactory of wire and wire rope, operated by the John A. Roebling's Sons Company, covering at Trenton with its buildings, yards and tracks 35 acres, employing over 6,000 men, reaching its trade through half a score of branch offices, on the products of whose mills the sun never sets. What Trenton thought of John Augustus Roebling may be judged by the inscription on the monument to him dedicated June 30, 1908, in Trenton: "Designer of and Builder of Many Suspension Bridges, Founder of Trenton's Greatest Industry, an Energetic Worker, Inventor and Man of Affairs, Devoted to His County, in whose Progress He Had Unswerving Faith, A Patron of Art and Sciences, and Benefactor of Mankind."

The three sons, Charles G., Ferdinand W. and Col. Washington A., inherited many of the thrifty traits of their famed father. The last named, the subject of this sketch, is not actively identified with the business of the firm, on account of ill health contracted during the building of the Brooklyn bridge.—Publisher.

HAT man can never be without fame who has constructed one of the great wonders of the world, and he need not fear ever being forgotten—even tho he should have no monument to commemorate his life, other than the marvelous creation of his own hands and brain. This is emphatically true concerning the builder of the great Brooklyn Bridge, which is recognized to be the greatest engineering marvel of all the ages; all the greater because built in the most utilitarian age of the world and devoted to the utilitarian purposes of mankind, millions of whom annually make practical use of it. What was said of the great architect of St. Paul's Cathedral of London, might with equal fitness be said by the two cities of New York and Brooklyn, concerning Washington A. Roebling: "Would you see his monument, look around."

Altho it is but twenty-five years since the completion of that marvelous structure and the memorable opening of the bridge to the public, at which occasion the two great cities which it connects kept gala day, or gala week (ushered in by one of Brooklyn's famous "Children's holidays, and followed by the ceremonial transfer of the public structure by the special bridge-trustees to the official heads of the two now connected cities in the presence of the President of the United States and his cabinet, the Governor of the State and the officials of the two great cities, amid the playing of bands, song of children, flying of flags and gay festoons, the display of brilliant fireworks and dazzling electric lights at night and in the presence of such throngs of people as made it one of the most memorable of days this twin-metropolis had ever witnessed) the Bridge has already served to bring about a municipal union which at the time enlisted the chief attention of the legislature of the State and stirred with enthusiasm the citizens of the two cities under the watchword of a "greater New York." The use of the bridge these years has taken the poetic dream of Brooklyn's poet—Will Carleton—as expressed in his fine poem* on the occasion of the bridge's opening to public traffic, out of the plane of poetic fancy into the plane of practical realities. Of course, the man who fabricated the wedding ring and made the nuptials of those wooing cities possible was the eminent engineer, Col. Washington A. Roebling, who on the day the celebrated betrothal took place, was confined to his room from an attack of Caisson-fever, contracted in its construction.

High praise has been given to this mighty achievement and to the engineering skill of its builders. The Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, in his masterly oration on the

*The Marriage of the Continent King and the Island Queen.
day of its opening, said that it “stands before us as the sum and epitome of human knowledge: as the very heir of the ages; as the latest glory of centuries of patient observation, profound study, and accumulated skill, gained step by step in the never ending struggle of man to subdue the forces of nature to his control and use; the crowning glory of an age memorable for great industrial achievements, and which in no previous period of the world’s history could have been built.”

As may be imagined, The Pennsyl-
vania-German is proud to own the race kinship of a man, whose inventive and mechanical skill, whose genius and perseverance against all odds, and whose constant supervision, made this mightiest mechanical and engineering feat of the world a possibility. The claim of Mr. Roebling’s being a Pennsylvania-German is based, of course, upon his descent from German parentage and his birth within the limits of the Keystone State. Technically speaking, he may not belong to this class, who are generally distinguished in our day as the descendants of earlier German settlers in Pennsylvania, generally of the eastern part of the State, and who are today either using or are familiar with that peculiar dialect commonly known by the name of “Pennsylvania-Dutch.” As Mr. Roebling was born in the western part of the State, and his parents emigrated from the fatherland, but in this century we presume he knows but little of the language or those peculiar customs which distinguish the descendants of his ancestral countrymen, now occupying the rich estates of those early settlers of eastern Pennsylvania, but, notwithstanding the fact of his closer relationships to the fatherland and his greater isolation from the technical Pennsylvania-Dutchman, he is all the same a true specimen of the German-born Pennsylvanian, and hence this claim of racial brotherhood is correctly founded. We are, therefore, proud to include the sketch of so distinguished a career in this brilliant array of leading lights among a class still too little known and appreciated by the American public.

Washington Augustus Roebling was born in Saxonburg, Butler county, Pa., May 26, 1837. His father, Jno. A. Roebling, who was a native of Saxony, Germany, and a famous civil engineer, determined, on settling in this country, in 1831, to devote himself to agricultural pursuits and the building of a village for frontiersmen, and hence laid out and named the town in which his son was born. But soon the demands of the stirring life in the new world, in the form of gigantic internal improvements that called for the building of railroads, the opening of canals and other water ways, and the bridging of streams called forth this skillful genius from his rural haunts. Hence he soon is found in the forefront of all those great enterprises, which his adopted State has undertaken in the first half of the century, such as improvements in canal and slack water navigation, the surveying of lines of railroad, as for instance, of the Pennsylvania system from Harrisburg across the Allegheny mountains to Pittsburg, and the construction of bridges. This led him into the manufacture of iron and steel wire, needed in the construction of suspension bridges, which came to be his greatest and crowning lifework. He made the finest specimens of suspension-bridge wire ever produced in the United States, and in the year 1844-45 had charge of and successfully completed, despite the ridicule of the engineering profession, the wire-cable, wooden-truck suspension bridge across the Alleghany river at Pittsburg. He next built the suspension bridge over the Monongahela river at Pittsburg, which was followed by four similar structures on the line of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and then the marvelous suspension bridge across the Niagara, near the Falls. Upon the latter he was occupied from 1851 to ’55, it being the first bridge of its kind capable of bearing the weight of railroad trains, and long regarded the wonder of the world. Other bridges built by Mr. Roebling, Sr., were a second bridge spanning the Alleghany at Pittsburg, and one connecting Cincinnati, O., with Covington, Ky. His marvelous success in this department of the engi-
neering science led to his selection, in 1868, as chief engineer of the East River bridge, connecting New York and Brooklyn. He lived to complete his general plans, which were approved by the authorities, but he met with an accident that caused his death, ere the work was begun. His son, who had meanwhile, by technical training and personal assistance, become equally skilled in this branch of the science that made his father famous, was now providentially placed in a position to complete the great engineering feat and win for himself a reputation that seems impossible either to fade or to have elapsed. But we must briefly recount the incidents of his life previous to the undertaking of this crowning work.

The boyhood life of such a man as Washington A. Roebling can easily be imagined, when we remember the busy life of his father, whose library must have been strewn, during the tender and impressionable years of his son, with mechanical drafts and cuts and blueprints and literature all bearing on the great specialty of civil-engineering, and whose personal superintendence of much of the constructive work of his own brain-products gave the son the opportunity to gain that practical knowledge of the science, in which from early youth he was skilled, and which brought him his great fame. To this home-school, where a kindly father became the best of preceptors, was added the thorough training in the technique of the science, which can best be acquired at schools. Accordingly young Roebling took a course at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, N. Y., from which institution he graduated in 1857.

The young fledgling from this polytechnic school did not need to wait long to put his acquisitions into practical use, for his father was then in the construction of the Alleghany Suspension Bridge, in which undertaking the former furnished valuable assistance. Shortly after the completion of this task the Civil War broke out, and this opened up a new path to the young engineer.

The war record of Mr. Roebling is very creditable, and the years thus spent cannot have been much of an interruption to his more peacefully inclined pursuit. This record has been briefly summarized as follows: He enlisted as a private in the Sixth New York Artillery. He served with this battery for one year, and the remainder of the war he was employed on staff duty. He participated in the Patterson campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. He was at Ball's Bluff with Gen. Stone and on the lower Potomac with Gen. Hocker, fighting the Shipping Point batteries during the winter of 1861-'62. Gen. Hocker's command was then transferred to the Peninsula, and after the evacuation of Yorktown Col. Roebling was transferred to Gen. McDowell's staff, and built a suspension bridge across the Rappahannock for the use of the army. He took part in the pursuit of Gen. Stonewall Jackson thro the Valley, and went with the cavalry reconnaissance to Louise County, returning to Culpepper, which he found in the hands of the enemy. He was on Gen. Pope's staff at South Mountain and Antietam, thro the campaign which ended in the second battle of Bull Run. During this time he built a suspension bridge across the Shenandoah, at Harper's Ferry. He was on duty at General Headquarters during the battle of Chancellorsville. At this time he used to ascend every morning in balloons to reconnoiter the enemy. From a balloon he was the first to discover and announce that General Lee was moving off toward Pennsylvania, which march was halted at Gettysburg. He served on engineering duty in the second corps from Aug., 1863, to March, 1864, during which time he took part in the movement on Culpepper and Rapidan, the combat at Antietam, the skirmish at Bull Run and the battle of Keddy's Ford. He served on staff duty with the Fifth Corps from March, 1864, to Jan. 1, 1865. In the Richmond campaign he was at the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, White Oak Swamp, the assault on Petersburg, the Petersburg mine assault, Weldon Road, Peeble's Farm, Chapel House and Hatcher's Run. His last duty as a soldier was assisting in the destruction of
Weldon Road, December, 1864. Col. Roebling served with distinction and honor in the army of the Potomac, receiving three brevets for gallant conduct, and in January, 1865, he resigned his commission to assist his father in the completion of the Cincinnati and Covington Bridge.”

Now that he was free again to devote his entire time to the one special work of his chosen profession he became his father’s most reliable assistant. He at once took almost entire charge of the bridge work at Cincinnati, from the spinning of the first cable wire till the last piece of the superstructure was in position. And now the way was being opened for the great crowning work of his life. His father had already been engaged in preparing plans for the great East River Bridge, to the successful completion of which the brilliant names of father and son will be forever linked. The son to fit himself still further for the enormous undertaking, went to England, France and Germany to see and study up all that might be learned on the particular and essential subject of pneumatic foundations, before undertaking the critical task of sinking the foundations of the greatest bridge yet constructed, while the father was busy upon the plans. He remained in Europe a year, during which time he inspected all the important engineering works in progress there, and made a special study of the manufacture of steel at the great works of M. Krupp at Essen as well as the most important ones in England.

Now he felt himself equipped for the great undertaking, and accordingly removed to Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, where he might be personally near, and in constant sight of the work that came to occupy the next fourteen years of his life. But alas! before the first stroke of active constructive work was made his father had met with a sudden and painful accidental death, so that in July, 1869, he finds himself not only deprived of his riper experience and genius, but burdened with the three-fold task of the settlement of his father’s estate, the care of his wire manufacturing business, some years previously established in Trenton, N. J., and the sole management of the most gigantic engineering undertaking in all the world’s history, the plans of which had as yet been only more generally formed, but of which not a single detail had been considered. Yet he set himself confidently to work, personally giving every detail closest and most critical attention. Perhaps the task with which was connected most intense anxiety was the sinking of the caissons. While this tedious work was in progress, it is said that he never left Brooklyn even for an hour, visiting the work at all hours of the day and night. By his coolness, foresight and quick comprehension of the best way out of any unexpected difficulties, he several times averted a serious panic among the men when slight accidents and “blow outs” occurred. His excessive devotion to the work, joined with the fact that he spent more hours of the twenty-four in the compressed air of the caissons than any one else wore out his strength, and one afternoon in the spring of 1872, Col. Roebling was brought up out of the New York caisson nearly insensible, and all one night his death was hourly expected by the anxious friends who watched by his bedside. In a few days he rallied and was back on the work again. He was too weak, however, to labor as he had done before, and after the foundation of the New York pier was completed, in July, 1872, he spent two or three weeks at Saratoga and Richfield Springs. He returned to the scene of his labors somewhat better after this little rest but all summer and autumn he was obliged to stay at home for a few days at a time. In December he found himself too weak and ill to go down to the bridge anymore. Fearing that he might not live to finish the work himself, and knowing how incomplete the plans and instructions for the bridge still were, he spent the whole winter writing and drawing, and the papers written while he was too sick to leave his room, contain the most minute and exact directions for making the cables and the erection of all complicated parts which compose the superstructure. In the spring of 1873 the physicians attending upon him insisted that his one chance
of life was to get away from his work; so he went to Germany and spent six months at Weisbaden. Writing so much in his enfeebled condition had weakened his eyes. He was too weak to carry on a long conversation with his assistants, and probably no great project was ever conducted by a man who had to work under so many disadvantages. It could never have been accomplished but for the unselfish devotion of his assistant engineers. Each man had a certain department in charge, and they united with all their energies to have their work properly done according to Col. Roebling's plans and wishes, and not to carry out any pet theory of their own or for their self-gloration.

Altho greatly prostrated and so weakened as to confine him to his house, the gallant man clung to life and to his task with such heroic tenacity that for ten years previous to the completion of the bridge his house was made the office, where all the plans for the bridge were discussed and perfected, and from whence he observed its construction. He directed his work from his sick room from 1873 to the completion of the bridge in 1883. And even the plans underwent many important changes made by himself since he had become too feeble to direct the active operations in person. There is scarcely a feature in the whole work of the bridge that did not present new and untried problems. For instance, while sinking the New York caissons it was found, when deep enough to begin the foundation masonry, that below it was a bed of boiling quicksand with an irregular ledge of rock underneath of a depth varying from four to twenty feet. To have gone down to the rock and levelled off the whole foundation would have involved an expense of an additional half million and a probable sacrifice of hundreds of lives and another year of time. He therefore took the bold step of stopping within a few feet of the bed rock and leaving an intervening cushion of sand to distribute the pressure. The result has justified his view of the matter. Similar alternatives and newly contrived plans had constantly to be provided. All these new problems he soon solved, if not always with ease, yet always satisfactorily. Yet no one who has not studied the mechanism of the bridge in its minutiae can properly conceive of the many constantly recurring problems, occasioned by so many new features first introduced into the structure of this bridge, and because of its gigantic proportions, which all confronted this master builder, the solution of which, however, bears such glorious testimony to the greatness of his genius.

Since the completion of this bridge, Col. Roebling has devoted his time to directing his wire business at Trenton, N. J., where he now resides, and to the pursuit of his health. He has written and published, besides various pamphlets on professional subjects, a work on "Military Suspension Bridges." The personal characteristics of the man are given as follows:

"In personal appearance Col. Roebling is about five feet ten inches in height. He is a blonde of the German type; has large, expressive gray eyes, and his countenance does not to any great extent show the ravages of the caisson disease. While he is unpretentious in manner, his personality is marked by strong individuality and self-composure. The Colonel is a man of versatile attainments, being a good classical scholar, a fine linguist, an excellent musician and a mineralogist with hardly a superior in this country."
APPLEBUTTER BOILING.

BY THE EDITOR.

With the arrival of Fall, with it's sere and yellow leaf, when

"The frost is on the Punkin
And the corn is in the shock,"

comes the annual applebutter boiling—that article of diet so dear to the palate of every Pennsylvania-German—an article which they alone are capable to serve up to the "queen's taste," and with it are revived many pleasant memories of by-gone days, especially of the time when before the aid of modern machinery the process was far more laborious and lengthy.

With the introduction of modern power cider presses, apple paring machines and the like the time required for the production of this toothsome article has been materially shortened.

In the good old times one day was set aside for the gathering of the apples, the choicest sweet apples being reserved for the "schnitz." These were taken to the house, where the women folks set to work to prepare the "schnitz" during the afternoon or generally in the evening, the women of the neighborhood, by previous invitation, arrived to lend their aid in this laborious work, and have a jolly good time in general—the young folks in particular.

Early the following morning the men folks left for the local cider press, which had been arranged for previously. Here the apples were crushed to a pomace or pulp, between two large wooden rollers operated by a horse traveling in a circular path. The apple pulp was then carried to the press, where it was packed in tiers on a flat bed with rye straw—later followed by a slotted bin, and pressure applied by the aid of a large screw and weights. After the pressure had been applied for a length of time the pulp was taken out, repacked and again pressed so as to get out all of the juice. Cider making required practically a day, instead of a few hours as now. As soon as the cider reached the home the boiling process began. Huge copper kettles hanging over roaring fires were filled with the cider, kept at a boiling point, the scum removed as it formed, until the cider was boiled down to about half the quantity. After the cider had boiled for several hours, one of the kettles was prepared for the final boiling. This kettle was equipped with a stirring apparatus consisting of a revolving corn husk brush operated with a crank-movement by the aid of a long wooden handle.

To the cider in this kettle were added the apples by the bucketful, the boiling was then kept at low point, keeping the mass simmering until the apples were all added, and then boiled until smooth, this taking the greater part of a day and night, usually a time of festivity and mirth, all looking forward to the applebutter boiling as a jolly occasion instead of a task.

After the apples had all been put in, some added spices, including cinnamon, allspice, cloves or sassafras root, the boiling was continued sometimes for several hours, until after repeated tastings, it was found satisfactory to the taste, and did not "cry," the cider settling at the side of the dish, then it was considered ready to be dipped out into earthen crocks and carried on the attic where, the next morning, after it had cooled, it was covered with paper and there to remain until needed for the table.

Applebutter is still being boiled in some districts, although more modern methods are being employed, making the task far less laborious than in earlier times.

A subscriber from Nebraska writes as follows under date, October 9:

I am sending you three of my great-grandmother's recipes as samples. The supply is large, and you can have all you want. I find that most of her cooking was done before the fire and in the brick oven, and alas! there is no good substitute for the brick oven. The translations my grandmother made are very free, and are full of minute directions that I have eliminated in making copies for you. If you use these, I prefer not to have my name mentioned. I want to be of use to the magazine.

Thanks! We shall use what you sent in the December number, and hope to receive many others from you. We trust others will follow the example of our Nebraska sister.
Wherever it may be.
The skies are just the same,
The clouds float on the azure sea,
Like pinnacles of flame,
With eyes of burning gold
The stars look down on me.
And so God's wondrous love unfold,
Wherever it may be.

Bright o'er the eastern hills
The sun, as wont of yore.
Breaks forth in glorious pomp and thrills
The waking world once more.
The eye that speaks to eye.
The love that smiles on me.
Is like the raindrops from the sky,
Wherever it may be.

The heart that throbs with pain,
The tears that pearl and fall,
From one mysterious fountain drain
Their sorrow, love and all.

O heart! now loving, true,
Now like the Upas-tree,
Thou art the same, as skies are blue,
Wherever it may be.

The babe that lies enshrined
Upon its mother's breast,
The gaffer with his years inclined
Low sinking into rest.
One common tale unfold
Of ruthless destiny,
And so life's varied tale is told
Wherever it may be.

Wherever it may be,
The wide world o'er and o'er,
There's One who loves and cares for me,
And so I ask no more.
Whatever else betide,
To Him alone I flee.
None else so dear to me beside,
Wherever it may be.

MEI DROM.

BY C. C. MORE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Ich kenn en Platz, der's weit, weit fort,
Der Weg dort hie is lang un schwer,
Es scheht en Schloss im Newel dort,—
En Scheinten bi un lewe leer:
Dort hausst en Geischt, en gleener Gnom,
Er macht wie mer's verdient en Drom
Ja, grob wie mer's verdient, en Drom!

Du nehmst ihm juscht dei winsche hie,
Dei Sorge un dei Hoffnung ah.
Er schpitnt en Goldgeweb um sie
Mit all dei schüller Sehnsucht dra.
Er kennt dei Herz, er sehnt es jo,
Un macht dir ah den Drom denoh.
Ja, wie es is, den Drom denoh.

Ich bin mol an dem Schloss vorbei,
Im Herz es scheheast Bild von der Welt,
Un bin zu dem Drommacher ne,
Un hab en Drom dazu beschteilt.
Der Drom—is alles schunsch vorbei,
Is nau immer un ewig mei,
Ja, immer bleibt der Drom nau mei.

Wie Gott sel Drombild hot gemacht
Hot Wahrheit, Sanftmut, Lieb und Rei
Er sich aus seiner Bruscht gebracht,
Un hot es in sel weese nei.
Vom allerbesch von Sich un Dehl—
Es schehenscht vom Himmel in ihr Aag.
Es bescht vom Himmel in die Seel.

In Seiner weisheit hot der Herr.
Sel weese gschickt in unsere Welt.
In Seiner Absicht hot ah Er
Es mir an meine Seite gschellt.
Doch hot Er's bald genommne noh,
Un ich bin so verlosse do.
Ja, verlore un verlosse do.

Doch is mir ah als gor so weh,
Un will des Herz mir breche schier.
Wann ich dann juscht sel Bild aseh
Lebt die Hoffning widder ut in mir.
Es is mei Lewe, Licht un Schtab,
Die eenzigast Zuflucht as ich hab
Der eenzigast Drocht as ich noch hab.

Los mir dei Drom, ich brauch ihn doch.
Fog anner hot er jo kee wert,
Er's juscht for mich, ich will ihn noch.
Mir is er alles ut der Erd.
Leg der Drom zu mir in's Grab.
Er is ja alles was ich hab,
Gewiss, er's alles was ich hab.
KRIEGS LIED.

AUFGESETZT VON SAMUEL SCHEDEL IM JAHR 1814.

The following lines, furnished by a Dauphin County subscriber, portray the feelings, real or imagined, of a soldier about to leave home for a possible field of battle during the Second War with Great Britain. We should be pleased to know something about the author of the lines, and hope we may receive information from our subscribers. Who was Samuel Schedel?

—Editor.

Jetzo musz ich weg von euch, 
Und musz ab maschiren; 
Musch werden den Soldaten gleich! 
Muss ieren exerciren. 
Ich musz fort nach Canada; 
Es ist gut dass mir keineFra' 
Und kein Kind nach weinet, 
Weil es schmerzlich scheinet.

Vater, Mutter, insgesammt, 
Bruder und ihr Schwestern, 
Kommt und reicht mir eure Hand 
Nach ein Mal zum letzten, 
Und ihr Schwager kommt herbei, 
Freunde und auch Ihr, Geschwey; 
Wenn ihr mich wolt sehen 
Nach den Grenzen gehen.

Wehmuthsvoll werdet ihr alle blicken 
Nach mir, und empfunden Schmerz; 
Wenn ich denk' an euch zurucken, 
So will Schmelzen mir mein Herz, 
Wenn ich auf der Wache steh' 
Und kein Mensch mehr um mich seh' 
Bei kalten Regensturmen, 
Gott, du dich erbarmen.

Hitz' und Kalt' musz ich ausstehen, 
Und kann oft nicht schlafen, 
Wenn ich ja von fernen hör' 
Die Kanonen krachen; 
Weis nicht welchen Augenblick 
Mich eine Kugel von Geschick.

* * * * * 
O, mein Gott, so steh mir bei. 
Mache mich von Sünden frei! 
Wenn ich dann musz sterben, 
Meine Seele nicht verderben.

Herr lasz deine Engelein 
Ueber mich ja wachen! 
Wenn ich bei der finstern Nacht 
Auf der Erd musz schlafen. 
Ach Herr schlag eine Wagenburg, 
Um mich her dass nicht dadurch 
Unser Feind kann dringen, 
Um mich zu verschlingen.

Wenn sich ja gleich Seel' und Herz, 
Von einander scheiden, 
Ware es doch kein solcher Schmerz 
Segen das zu heissen. 
Als wenn Eltern und ihr Kind 
Die ja stets beisammen sind, 
Sollen und müszen scheiden, 
Und zum Krieg bereiten.

Eltern denket auch an mich! 
Wenn ich euch thu' schreiben 
Ihr sollt mir ja ewiglich 
Im Gedächtniss bleiben. 
Habe ich euch was Leids gethan 
Halt ich um Verzeihung an, 
Denn es kann geschehen 
Daz Ihr mich nicht mehr sehen.

Gute Nacht will ich euch geben: 
Gute Nacht für das letzte Mal, 
Gute Nacht für dieses Leben! 
Gute Nacht ihr Freunde all! 
Gute Nacht für diese Zeit 
Als in jene Ewigkeit, 
Hoffe ich wird es geschehen 
Daz wir einander wieder sehen.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY PIES.

BY REV. WILLIAM BARNES LOWER.

You may talk about the cookies, 
That your mother used to make, 
Of the doughnuts and the dumplings 
And the good old ginger cake, 
But you'll smile a little broader 
And you'll wink the other eye, 
When you've had about a quarter 
Of Montgomery County Pie.

You may talk and get expansive 
On the things your dear wife cooks, 
How she carries all the recipes 
In her head and not in books,

But your fond ejaculations 
Will be found somewhat awry, 
Unless she's used to making 
Old Montgomery County Pie.

Some may want the fancy dishes— 
Ices, cream-puffs and eclairs, 
Or delight in sumptuous dinners, 
With their sumptuous bill-of-fares, 
But give me a country table 
For variety and size, 
In good old Montgomery County, 
With its big old-fashioned Pies.
Chapter I.

De nocht wore shtill. Tswae yunga leit, en bu und emaiddel, der Yuckel und de Betz, hen fonna uf en gate g'funna im dreebsawl. Der moon wore hoch im himmel we en groser galer karpsa kustard, und der hund wore in si' mesht. Im house wora de olda leit shun lung in der ruh. Es wore ken sound fun ken'ra ord egcept olle gabut en dull, deef gabuller we der shol funera dynamite oxbloshun wun der olt mon g'shnarixt hut.

"Yah, mi leeva Betz," sawgt der Yuckel, mit era botch in sinera botch und era kup uf si'm hartz, "Ich mus gae." Ehr hut de saima warm shun tswonsich mohl dafor g'sawt g'hot, ovver des wore en farawel meeting, und si fees in eig'shlofa eb ehr g'shaitt iss warra. "Now mus Ich gae," hut ehr g'sawt, "ovver Ich maie mi hartz fershpringt. Wun Ich denk, doh sin mer now:

Tswae grout-kep uf em saima shtuck,
Tswae mice im mush-male sock,
Tswae bull-frock uf em saima bluck,
Tswae gens in ainera flock.

Doh sin mer bi'nonner, es mawg si far's lesth mohl. Morya mus Ich farta mi waig mocha in der weld und mi glick broveya. Doh derhame kon mer net ganunk fardeena far der price funera umberrill ufaiga far en raheicher dawg. Ich gae en monich mile aweek, mi leeva Betz, ovver Ich denk immer tsurick on de guda tseita das m g'hot hen mit 'nonner. Wun Ich gude ous mech und war reich, coom Ich un de olt hamet doh und dress dich en reicht. Derno bisht du shultz mit di'm leevr oldar Yuckel, und mer bowa und grose, bocka-shhtanich house mit glaider und wossar klasses dr'in, und doona ni das bills bitsawla far unser blaseer. Und now mus Ich b'gleidiich gae. Geb mer yush nech amohl en buss—***—so! Farawell!" Ehr iss farta. De Betz iss in's house und gabritt das de draina drip-drop, drip-drop dorrich der shprow-sock garunna sin und oll de wunza farsuffa.

Chapter II.

Der Yuckel hut arweit g'funna un maie blotz net und hunnert mile aweek und iss fleisch draw. Der lu wore net grose um shhtairt, ovver ehr hut datsu g'shtucka, und es wore net lung bis ehr maie grickt hut, und'derno 'ols maie, und olle mohl das se si lu ga-rais'd hen, hut ehr der Betz g'shrivva waiga sellem bocka-shhtanich house. De leit hen ene ga-glicha wile ehr g'seen'd hut sheffich si, und un der saima tsait gude-gookich. Der blotz hut eme g'folla, und der besser das ehr bakond iss warra, der maie maid hut ehr g'funna das eme aw g'folla hen, bis de Betz endlich sheer gons jergessa wore. Si airtsba brief hen als aw-g'fonga: "Mi leeva, seeza Betz!" ovver sex moonet dernoch wore's, "Mi leever freindt!" und now hut ehr ni-g'shtairt mit plain "Miss Betz." Es weist justat we g'shwint das mer si beshta freind fastest wun olles gude galt. Ehr iss un korda parttiey gonga, in de opery heiser, hut fina glaider gawora und wore in so holb-gaboka 'society,' und de Betz wore derhame im dreebsawl.

Doh hut ehr onnena maid nimme noch shtpringa kenna, und aw bechudes kenne maie dreek. Derno hut ehr widder un de Betz gadenkt. Es iss kurius, ovver es nenn farcoomen und grose um-glick udder un harter shtrofe far daie leit tsu sich selver bringa und widder guder farshntond in se du. So hen se der Yuckel uf en stretcher und home g'shickt.

Chapter III.

De Betz wore um depot drei shund eb de drain cooma iss. De guda engel wotscha immer ous far em wun mer's gor net egshpect. We se der Yuckel obgalawda hen iss es olt leeb ous-gabrucha we fire inera pulfer-meel, und es airts hilf das ehr grickt hut wore en warmer, londer buss fun der Betz das em de awra tsg'-shlogg ha. Si puls iss grawd besser warra, ehr hut awfonga shnowfa we en heever gout pore minuta, und derno hut ehr gibrillt we de Betz hut um farawel. Awga wosser frisht em immer uf we de Summer showers de blooma doona. Es iss en guda sign, wun mer letz gadu hut und kon's ob-wasa mit druerich aowa wosser. In sex wucha wore der Yuckel un der gricka, und in tswae moonet hut ehr der Betz widder dricka kenna das s garex tet. Es iss olles shae ivver g'shevet warra, und far de shtory kartz mocha,—se hen de huchtsich b'shelt far Thanksgiving. Es wore en shlickicher dawg. Se hen de fet gons g'shlocht und en grose tseit g'hot. De Betz wore donkawar das der Yuckel es bae und der awrm farbrucha grickt hut, und der Yuckel wore donkawar das es so narnisha weib's-leit gebt das maie mon olles fargessa kenna. Ich hob shun gadenkt, bis neksht Thanksgiving dawg kent de Betz donkawar si wun ehr yushh si fardhenkerter hols farbrucha het.
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN is an illustrated monthly magazine devoted to the biography, history, genealogy, folklore, literature and general interests of German and Swiss settlers in Pennsylvania and other States, and of their descendants.

Price, per year, $1.50. In advance; single copies, 15 cents. Foreign postage, 25 cents a year extra. Club-rates furnished on application. Payments credited by mail.

Discontinuance.—The magazine will be sent until order to discontinue is received. This is done to accommodate the majority of subscribers, who do not wish to have their files broken.

Notice of Expiration of subscription is given by using red ink in addressing the wrapper of the magazine.

Contributions.—Carefully prepared articles bearing on our field are invited and should be accompanied with illustrations when possible. No attention will be given to unsigned articles, nor will we be responsible for the statements and opinions of contributors. Unavailable manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps are sent to pay postage. Contributions intended for any particular number should be in the editor’s hands by the twenty-fifth of the second preceding month.

Advertising Rates will be furnished by the publisher upon request.

A Few Suggestions.

The gradual drawing to a close of the current calendar year suggests the propriety of stating a few things editorially bearing on the publication of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN the coming year.

We may say in a word that the precedent set by the work of the past three years will be our general guide the coming year. This renders unnecessary the making of advance announcements in detail of what we expect to offer in the line of reading matter. We may say, however, that we are in position to give a more valuable and more interesting magazine than before.

The New Department.

The proposed printing of tombstone inscriptions or mortuary records opens a new field that will make the magazine increasingly valuable. While the proposition to print is a tentative one, the publisher sincerely hopes the subscription list will warrant the undertaking of the publication. This will be but one of a number of forward steps that are contemplated. If this scheme meets due encouragement, we hope to take up baptismal and marriage records the same way. What some subscribers think of our plans is shown by the following:

Tombstone inscriptions from the older cemeteries are of invaluable use to genealogical research, and any person who places such data in type where it becomes accessible in the larger libraries does a public good and assists posterity.

In reply to your favor will say that in my opinion it would be an exceedingly difficult task to obtain old tombstone inscriptions accurately at this late day. In many of the old cemeteries where I have been the inscriptions prior to 1800 are next to impossible of being deciphered.

If the records could be accurately obtained, it would be a most interesting and valuable addition to local history.

I note with interest your proposition to commence the publishing of tombstone inscriptions, and hope that they will prove an interesting feature of your magazine for the ensuing months. The oldest cemeteries here have been abandoned and dismantled by the simple expedient of laying the tombstones flat and covering them with earth, so that I am afraid there will not be much to offer, but I will look around and may possibly be able to contribute something. With best wishes for a long and prosperous life for your paper, believe me.

I think your decision to add tombstone inscriptions as a regular feature of the magazine is a very commendable procedure. I also think it an excellent idea to add eight pages to the paper and devote the additional pages to genealogical information. THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN should become the medium of communication, the storehouse of information and the preserver of data for genealogists of German descent.

Of course, I have not had any idea of compensation for the writing of an article for a magazine devoted to such subjects as those fostered by your publications. Local and special history is not written for pay, but from the love of the subject. Witness the enclosed circular relating to a work in which many are interested, and for the preparation and publication of which I have spent much money, but half of which, if so much, can I expect to recover for my pocket. I shall be well content at that, for without such aid the work would not have been accomplished.
Editorial Assistance.

We feel happy and honored to be able to announce that we will have the following valuable editorial assistance the coming year:

Rev. J. A. Scheffer, A.M., of Allentown, Pa., who has had more than ten years' experience in publishing and editing papers, will assist in editing and proofreading.

Prof. E. S. Gerhard, of Trenton, N. J., who has shown his ability as a reviewer, will conduct Reviews and Notes.

Mrs. H. H. Funk, of Springtown, Pa., will conduct the Home Department, and is planning a series of illustrated papers on early home life.

Prof. Leonard Felix Fuld, M.A., LL.M., of Columbia University, who has shown his skill and knowledge by writing the valuable series of papers on German surnames for the magazine, has consented to give through the pages of the magazine, on receipt of 25 cents through us, the history and signification of any surname requested.

The inimitable "Gottlieb Boonastiel" will discuss topics of current interest in his unique dialect.

Remittance Requested.

Our method of addressing magazines, sending out expiration notices and acknowledgments of receipt of money will be changed beginning with the issue for January, 1909, after which date of expiration of subscription will be noted in connection with the name of the address. Those whose subscriptions are or will be due shortly will find this paragraph marked with a blue pencil. They can save us time, labor, money and confer a great favor by sending in their remittances at their early convenience, and at least by Dec. 20, when we expect to have our mailing list put in type for use in mailing the January issue.

A Request.

Esteemed Reader:—Will you not for the sake of the cause this magazine stands for, consider yourself a committee of one to get new subscribers? The subscription offers we make are liberal, and will give you a good commission. We know well that the magazine is not ideal; we know equally well that with more financial means at our disposal we can make it larger and better. Men properly spend thousands to rear stately shafts as memorials. Is not a periodical publication worthy of consideration as a monument, and therefore worthy of liberal and hearty support? Men spend freely to enjoy rich banquets and the accompanying eloquent flow of soul. Why not regard the Pennsylvania-German as a banquet board where men and women the year through may enjoy free speech, free flow of soul? Invite your friends to join our company and enjoy the good things with us.

A New Name?

Shall we give the magazine a new name? If so, what shall it be? The term, "The Pennsylvania-German" is for some reasons objectionable. A respected Ohio subscriber has suggested, "The Pennsylvania-German Magazine," If a change is made, the new name should be short, suggestive, distinctive. Who has suggestions to offer?

Clippings from Current News

—After six years' delay it is now hoped soon to erect a tablet over the spot where the Indian chief Tammany is supposed to be buried. The tablet was provided in 1902 by the Historical Society of Bucks county, but the man who owned the ground where the grave is situated refused to permit its erection unless the society bought the land immediately surrounding the grave. As the society had no money for the purpose, it abandoned the project. Recently the site of the grave was sold, and the new owner is expected to consent to the erection of the memorial.

The supposed grave of Tammany is a few miles northeast of Doylestown, the county seat of Bucks county. It is close to a spring on the banks of the Neshaminy creek in New Britain township.

Without a doubt a famous Indian was buried there about the middle of the eighteenth century. Whether or not he was the sachem known as Tammany may never be positively decided.

—The world-famous collection of butterflies and moths, comprising between 75,000 and 100,000 specimens of the late Herman Streecker, of Reading, Pa., has been sold by his widow, Mrs. Eveline E. Streecker, to the Field Museum of Natural History, of Chicago, for $20,000.
It is one of the greatest collections in America. — The Schwenkfelder Church celebrated their Memorial Day services, September 24 (observed each year since 1734) in the Kraussdale Church, near East Greenville, Pa. The speakers were Rev. E. E. S. Johnson, Assistant Editor of the Corpus Schwenkfieldianorum, Rev. H. K. Heebner, Rev. R. J. Gottschall, Rev. Dr. E. F. Krauss, of Chicago; Dr. E. C. Richardson, Librarian of Princeton University; Ex-Governor Pennybacker and the pastor, Rev. Dr. O. S. Kriebel. A unique feature of the services is the lunch of bread, butter and apple butter served at the noonday recess, following an old custom.

—Col. T. C. Zimmerman, editor of The Reading Times since 1869, retired from active journalism Sept. 12, 1908, when the control of the Times passed to the management of Messrs. Henry W. Shoemaker and G. Scott Smith, previously proprietors of the Daily Record of Bradford, Pa. The following words are taken from "A History of the Newspapers of Reading": "As to the personnel of the Times, Thomas C. Zimmerman has been its editor since 1869, and both by reason of his editorial and literary work has become the most widely known among the newspaper workers of the city, having a justly earned reputation throughout the State and far beyond the State as a finished and graceful writer and as the possessor of a high order of poetic talent, both by reason of his original productions and through his translations from the German, which have earned for him just praise from the best literary critics."

—The Reformed churches in Germany are gathering funds towards the John Calvin monument at Geneva, to be unveiled on July 10th, 1909, the four hundredth birthday of the reformed reformer, and also for the creation of a "Calvin Fund" for the encouragement of the study of Calvin and Calvinism in Germany. The reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe is the honorary president of the Calvin Committee.

—Prof. Daniel D. Luckenbill, formerly of Souderton, Pa., now an instructor in the Chicago University, sailed on the North German Lloyd steamship Princess Irene for Naples, Italy. From Naples the journey will be continued to Jerusalem by the way of Constantino- nople, Alexandria and Joppa.

Mr. Luckenbill has been appointed Assistant Director of the American School of Classical Languages at Jerusalem, to assist Dr. Harper, also a University of Chicago instructor. One American university takes charge of this school each year and appoints men out of its faculty to take charge of it. Mr. Luckenbill's knowledge of the Semitic language secured him this position. This classical school was founded by American schools for the purpose of coming into closer contact with the people whose ancestors used these languages and have handed down not only the languages, but many facts and traditions which are of great value to those interested in the ancient languages, and which cannot be obtained except by residence among the people. Frequent tours into the hill countries about Jerusalem will be made, and many photographs of the places visited will be taken. The party will be absent about nine months.

—Grand Army men dedicated a Soldiers' Memorial Hall costing over $7,000, raised by popular subscriptions and entertainments, Sept. 10, at Middleburg, Snyder county, Pa.

The list of speakers included Congressman Benjamin K. Focht, of Lewisburg; Charles A. Suydam, of Phila lephi; Major General J. P. S. Gobin, of Lebanon, and the Rev. Dr. E. H. Leisenring, of Middleburg.

The hall is twenty-two by thirty feet in dimensions, and twenty feet in height. It is built of granite and brick, and contains one room. The inside is lined with white marble. Six memorial windows add to the beauty of this structure, which faces to the north. Those to the east show a stack of muskets, representing the infantry; a portrait of Abraham Lincoln and field-pieces for the cavalry. The western series include a sabre and carbine, symbolic of the cavalry; a profile of former Governor Andrew Gregg Curtin and an anchor suggestive of the navy. The Pennsylvania coat-of-arms is in the transom over the massive oak doors.

On the white marble tablets covering the interior will be carved the 1,000 names of all the Snyder county soldiers who enlisted in the Civil and Spanish-American Wars; also the names of all who lived on what is now Snyder county soil and served in the Revolution, the War of 1812 and the Mexican War.

Arrangements will be made to preserve the records and belongings of the five Grand Army posts in Snyder county, when the members shall have passed away.

—All of the Lutheran churches of York, Pa., held a week's celebration in commemoration of the 175th anniversary of Lutheranism west of the Susquehanna River. The Lutheran ministers preached to their congregations telling of the founding of the Church and of its growth to the present time.

The records show that Lutheranism in York dates back to September 21, 1733. An old hogs-kin covered book now in the possession of Rev. G. W. Enders, pastor of the Christ Lutheran church, known as 'the Mother Church of Lutheranism," gives something of the organization of the first Lutheran congregation.

The first pastor of the congregation was a young theological student, who came from Germany, Rev. Johann Kasper Stoever. He founded some thirty or forty churches. Since that time eleven ministers have served Christ Lutheran congregation.

Two hundred Lutheran churches have been born out of this old Mother Church. There are twelve flourishing churches in York and about sixty-five in the county. The total value of these is estimated to be worth $1,250,000.
Many churches in Maryland and Cumberland county trace their origin to Christ Lutheran. About 100 ministers, it is said, have gone out of the old bee hive church.


The first minister of the congregation was Rev. Schaeffer, but of him all record is lost. The first church record was made by Rev. Jacob Friederich Schertlein, pastor from 1758 to 1760. The next nine years are blank as to the pastor's name. Rev. Jacob Van Buskirk was pastor from 1769 to 1793 and again from 1797 to 1800. Rev. F. G. Ellisson filling in the intervening four years. Rev. I. P. F. Krauss served from 1800 to 1803. In the next five years Revs. Ferdinand Geissenhain, Heinrich Heyer, Jacob Roller and Frederick Platt filled the pulpit. Thereafter, in order, came the following: 1805-1817, Rev. H. Heimly; 1817-1819, Rev. Henry G. Stecker; 1819, Rev. W. F. Menden; 1819-1848, Rev. Benjamin German; 1848-1851, Rev. William German; 1851, Rev. A. L. Dechant (Reformed), as supply; 1852-1857, Rev. Jacob Vogelbach; 1857, Rev. William Rath to his death, July 2, 1889. His son, Rev. Myron O. Rath, was his assistant from 1877 to 1889, and succeeded to the pastorate until 1894. Then came Rev. I. B. Ritter until 1907, when Rev. D. C. Kaufman, the present pastor, was called from Beaverstown.

A feature that distinguished the celebration was the hospitality displayed by the people of the congregation in providing dinner and supper of an unusually bountiful character for every one who attended the services. A table at which a hundred persons could stand had been erected under the trees at the side of the church, and on this were placed the best things from the larders of the Pennsylvania-German housewives. Among the good things were: Fried chicken; cold beef, cold veal, ham, bologna, smoked sausage, potato salad, potato chips, sweet potatoes, pickled tongue, pickled beets, pickled beans, pickled cabbage, cow-chow, tomatoes, celery, pies, cakes, doughnuts, cheese and various kinds of fruit and jelly.

The 100th anniversary of the organization of the Longswamp Reformed Church, Berks county, was celebrated September 27, with three special services, under the direction of the pastor, the Rev. William L. Mockstrotch.

A remarkable feature in the history of this congregation is that members of four succeeding generations of the Helffrich family held the pastorate for more than a century. The Rev. John H. Helffrich was pastor from 1775 until 1780, and again from 1791 until his death in 1810. His son, the Rev. John Helffrich, then served from 1816 until 1852. Then came the Rev. Dr. William A. Helffrich and the Rev. Nevin Helffrich. The latter died in 1907.

In Germany, Switzerland and German Austria, they have found a method of abating the tramp nuisance which is diametrically opposed to the American practice. A recent bulletin of the Department of Commerce and Labor touches upon this experiment.

The idea, which Prussia purposes to put into effect throughout the entire kingdom, is that of a temporary home for workingmen without pauperism or the odium of pauperism attaching to it. Hitherto these home shelters have been maintained chiefly by trades unions, religious societies and private philanthropists. They give a workingman lodging at a very low cost, or in exchange for labor. The development of this idea which has been undertaken by the authorities is a system of relief stations scattered over the country in such manner as to be in walking distance of one another. The length of time that a man, who is tramping in search of work, may stay in each one is strictly limited. At the same place is maintained a bulletin of information as to the direction in which employment is likeliest to be found. The plan is said to have obviated the tramping evil almost entirely.

—The shoemaker, William Voight, who in a second-hand captain's uniform led away a dozen or so soldiers, captured the townhouse of Koepenick near Berlin, possessed himself of its funds and put the officials under arrest—this astonishing adventurer has been pardoned from the prison at Tegel. He had served twenty months of his four years' sentence, and had behaved himself in jail, so that the Kaiser, who had been greatly amused by his performance, granted him pardon on his sole request. Moreover, it is said by a Berlin correspondent of the London Morning Post, the mails bring him letters, the express also is burdened with communications, and there are numerous telegrams, mostly in congratulation, but many from music hall managers, who want him for vaudeville—which is as great a craze in Germany as it is in America, it would seem. And beyond that, Voight need never cobble a shoe again, for a woman recently died, bequeathing him too marks (about $24) monthly for life. He will buy a farm with a large sum of money contributed from all parts of Germany after his arrest, and immediately placed to his account in a bank.

The people who contributed "from all parts of Germany" to make Voight comfortable for life, and the "lady," as she is called, who left him a legacy for the same purpose, were animated, one may suppose, by the constantly growing feeling against militarism in its obnoxious daily manifestations. That the matter amused the Kaiser, and that he treated it with much wisdom, as a superlative joke, is not inconsistent with this view. He does well not to make a martyr of this very calculating traitor. The cobbler Voight is a personage of the twentieth century.

—Chancellor Bülow gave a most unusual
attention to a single magazine article when, in an interview recently, he declared that the anonymous article in the English Quarterly Review on the German invasion of England was preposterous and that Germany would declare for peace and the regulation of armaments—after the German navy was completed—in 1913.

But the Quarterly article deserved all the attention the German premier gave it. Plainly written by an expert, some expert familiar with the military and diplomatic situation, and acquainted with the secret international agreements of the day, this article summed the reasons which have created a German war scare in England.

Germany, this article held, is now dominant in Europe. Its population is one-half larger than that of any other country but Russia, and its war resources on land proportionally stronger. As for Russia, it will have no army or navy for twenty years. On land, having this superiority, Germany intends to gather in all the German half of Austria and to control the lesser lands and peoples—Hungary, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria and Greece, to the Aegean. It will annex or control Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, and bring the three Scandinavian countries within its influence. Its relations with Turkey and Morocco give it friends and influence in the Moslem world.

This dominance in Europe can only be won after a blow is struck at England and the German fleet will have three years have enough Dreadnoughts to risk battle with the English fleet in the North Sea whenever England is engaged elsewhere and English naval strength divided. The fleet pushed aside for three days, and 100,000 men could be landed in England, training for this sea movement being yearly practiced in German coast maneuvers, from which foreigners are jealously excluded.

—Rev. Philip Pfattenacher, one of the foremost men in the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, died suddenly at his home in Easton, Pa., recently, aged 72 years. He was born on the 18th of September, was married on the same date, and died the same date. Two sons—Ernest, of Philadelphia, and Carl, a professor at Lafayette College—are ministers. The only daughter is married to Rev. Wm. Stahl, a minister located at New German-town, N. Y. Rev. Mr. Pfattenacher had been pastor of the German Lutheran congregation at Easton since 1860. His widow is the sister of the Rev. Adolph Späth, president of Mt. Airy Seminary.

—Rev. Dr. S. H. Hoover, one of the most prominent ministers in the Philadelphia Methodist Episcopal Conference, died early in September in Philadelphia, Pa. For more than forty years Dr. Hoover has been a conspicuous figure in the Methodist church in and around Philadelphia. He was born in Washington, and after a course of study at Dickinson College, in Carlisle, Pa., he entered the Theological College at Concord, N. H. After graduation he was appointed professor of Latin and Greek in Fort Edward Institute, N. Y., where he became affiliated with the Troy Conference. Soon after this he was transferred to the Philadelphia Conference.

—Rev. J. F. Yerger, born in Montgomery county, Pa., April 27, 1836, died in Polk county, Iowa, Sept., 1908. The East Pennsylvania Conference of the Evangelical Association licensed him as a preacher in 1864. Since 1866 he has been a member of the Iowa Conference, where he served without interruption forty-four years, his last sermon having been delivered but six hours before his death. The privations and sacrifices of his early ministry were in keeping with pioneer times, when nothing was thought too great or too severe to do and endure for the Lord. One of his first years he lived in a garret with his family, traveled a circuit of ninety miles, and received $90 as salary. On another occasion he forded a river swollen to the width of nearly one mile, and many places four feet deep, having his family with him in the buggy, and many other lesser hardships marked his pathway.

FOR THE JOKK BOOK.

—A German professor, retiring for the night at a hotel, instructed the bell-boy to call him at a certain hour. In some way, the clothing of the professor, while being brushed, got mixed with the uniform of a young lieutenant, who occupied the room adjoining his. The professor in due time donned the soldier's uniform and started on his day's journey. After a while he examined his clothing, a puzzled look crept over his face, and he said to a friend, "That stupid bell-boy seems to have waked up the lieutenant instead of me."

—Rev. Z. went to B—— to officiate at a funeral. A boy who was sent to the station to convey him to the house of mourning failed to recognize him, and was on the point of going away when the minister introduced himself to him. The boy said, "Bist du en Pfarrer? Wann ich draus gewest waer Pfarrer zu schwies hatt ich dich verd——sei net gedruffa." (Are you a minister. Had I been out gunning for ministers, I would not have hit you.)

—Rev.____, asking a boy the way to Heltlertown, received the reply: "Are you a minister that tries to show people the way to heaven, and does not know the way to Heltlertown?"

—A Pennsylvania-German, on hearing that he had been elected township supervisor, became so elated that he exclaimed: "Hurrah for Chackson! Dere's no telling where dis d——ing vill schtop. I'll be pound it'll be no rest now, till de make me Gofemer!"

—Rev. W——, on hearing boys on the street swear, reprimanded them. Young America took offense at the reproof and replied: "Minister. I have heard you swear also." The minister was puzzled at this unexpected answer, and asked when and where he had been swearing. The boy in the street said, "In church, in the pulpit, you said sacrament."
Genealogical Notes and Queries

QUERY XLVIII.

WOMELSDORFF FAMILY.

P. E. Womelsdorf, Philiburg, Pa., desires information about the Womelsdorfs and Nunnemachers who settled in Berks County prior to 1764, and were by marriage connected with Conrad Weiser's family.

SENSEMAN FAMILY TREE.

At the annual reunion of the Senseman family, held at New Kingstoun, Cumberland county, Pa., in August, one of the attractions was a family tree three and one-half by seven feet, drawn by C. M. Senseman, of New York, showing 1,300 descendants of John Senseman (1734-1817) and his wife, Justina Kimmel (1760-1843).

GLATFELTERS IN THE WAR.

Glatfelters who served their country in the Civil War form an interesting chapter of the history of the Glatfelter family. Granville Glatfelter, of York, Pa., and Dr. Noah Glatfelter, of St. Louis, have devoted considerable time to the compilation of a Glatfelter roster. As far as known, the Glatfelters who responded to the call to duty in defense of the flag were as follows:

ALBERT GLATFELTER, served in Co. E, 36th Illinois infantry; now resides at Marysville, Mo.

DAVID GLATFELTER, served in Co. K, 86th Illinois infantry; died in hospital; widow lives at Emporia, Kan.

GEORGE GLATFELTER, served in 36th Iowa infantry from 1862 to 1865; is living.

DAVID GLATFELTER, served in 6th Iowa infantry; was killed at Missionary Ridge, Tenn., 1863; was three years in war.

WILLIAM K. GLATFELTER, served in 8th Iowa infantry; died in hospital at Springfield, Mo., in 1862. (The last three named were brothers.)

WILLIAM GLATFELTER, Clinton county, Pa.; enlisted in 1861; was killed in battle of the Wilderness in 1864.

AMOS D. GLATFELTER, served in 11th Pennsylvania cavalry from March 11, 1864, to Aug. 13, 1865; died in 1868.

JOSEPH A. GLATFELTER, Loganville, Pa., served in Co. D, 87th Pennsylvania infantry, 1861 to 1864.

JOHN E. GLATFELTER, served in Co. C, 16th Pennsylvania infantry, 1862 to 1863.

DAVID B. GLATFELTER, sergeant, Co. D, 166th Pennsylvania infantry, 1862 to 1863.

JESSE GLATFELTER, corporal, Co. D, 166th Pennsylvania infantry; re-enlisted and served as a regular in the company of Captain McGowan, of Maryland.

SOLOMON GLATFELTER, private in Co. D, 166th Pennsylvania infantry, 1862 to 1863.

WILLIAM M. GLATFELTER, private in Co. D, 166th Pennsylvania infantry, 1862 to 1863.

WILLIAM GLATFELTER, private in Co. C, 166th Pennsylvania infantry, 1862 to 1863.

JOHN GLATFELTER, private in Co. D, 160th Pennsylvania infantry, 1862 to 1863.

LEO GLATFELTER, served in Co. G, 103d Pennsylvania volunteer infantry; enlisted April 4, 1863.

SAMUEL GLATFELTER, enlisted July, 1864, in Co. D, 195th Pennsylvania volunteer infantry; re-enlisted April 3, 1865, in Co. A, 77th P. V. I.

JACOB GLATFELTER, enlisted in 1864 in 3d Pennsylvania cavalry; 60th Pennsylvania volunteers for one year.

GEORGE GLATFELTER, enlisted in 1864 in 3d Pennsylvania cavalry; 60th Pennsylvania volunteers for one year.

JOHN K. GLATFELTER, enlisted February, 1864, in Co. E, 7th Pennsylvania cavalry; 80th P. V. for three years.

CHARLES GLATFELTER, enlisted in Co. K, 200th P. V. I, in 1864, for one year.

JOHN E. GLATFELTER, served in Co. E, 11th Pennsylvania cavalry.

NOAH M. GLATFELTER, M.D., enlisted in 2d Pennsylvania militia, 1862; also served as assistant surgeon in U. S. volunteers from 1864 to 1867.

UBRANUS GLOTFELTY, served in 7th Pennsylvania reserves, 39th Pennsylvania volunteers; was killed in battle of Gains' Mills, June 27, 1862.

JACKSON BOYER, served in 24th Iowa infantry; died in service, 1863.

LEVI BUPP, died in service while a prisoner.

JOHN STROMAN, served in Civil War.

ISAAC STROMAN (brother of John), served in Civil War.

JONATHAN M. GLATFELTER, enlisted in August, 1864, in Co. H, 200th Pennsylvania volunteers; served 11 months; was wounded in the storming of Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.

J. H. AILSMAN, husband of Harriet A. Glatfelter, served in 9th Maryland infantry; died in Libby prison.

HARMON GRIFFITH, served in Civil War.

WILLIAM GLOTFELTER, Dayton, Ohio, 12th Ohio infantry; promoted to captain; was wounded in battle of Antietam; later re-enlisted for three years; was elected sheriff of Green county, Ohio; died of wound received in war.

FRANKLIN GLOTFELTER, served in Civil War; no record.

NELSON GLOTFELTER, enlisted Aug. 14, 1863, on board the gunboat Benton; mustered out Nov. 14, 1864.

JACOB GLOTFELTY, served in 3d Iowa cavalry from Feb. 20, 1864, to Aug. 25, 1865.

STUTESMAN FAMILY.

John Jacob Stutesman was one of the 53 "Palatinate" who with their families came to America in the ship "Adventurer." Captain John Davies, from Rotterdam via Plymouth, England.

He took the oath of allegiance to England at Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 2, 1727. This oath
was required of all males "foreigners," over age
or married men, and was obligatory. As no
other Stutesman or Stutsman appears on any
of the lists, it is quite certain that there were
no grown sons in this family at that time.
It is presumed that he was the father of
Abram Stutesman, born in Durkheim, on the
Rhine, Germany, who with his wife, Mary —
(also born in Durkheim), settled together with
other Dunkards (known as Palatinites) from
Pennsylvania, in and near Hagerstown, Maryland,
shortly before 1719, and where their three
sons (Jacob, Abraham and David) were born.
David Stutesman, born about 1720, was twice
married: First wife (name wanted) left him
seven children, viz—Jacob, Nicholas, Susan,
Hannah, Elizabeth, David and Catherine. His
second wife, Anne Nesbitt (father born in Ire-
land, but mother was born in Pennsylvania),
bore him ten children, viz—Jacob, Fanny,
Nathaniel (b. Hagerstown, Feb. 11, 1785),
Jonathan, Mary Ann, Daniel, Abraham, Anna,
Samuel and Sally (Sarah).
The Stutesmans were Dunkers or German
Baptists; they left Durkheim on account of re-
ligious principles, and came to America to en-
joy freedom of religious thought. Their re-
ligion kept them from taking part in the Revo-
olutionary War. Slavery was the most difficult
question that met them in Maryland; because
of it, they removed to Brownsville, Pa., from
whence, between 1803 and 1808, they moved to
Dayton, Ohio, and its vicinity. The old grave-
yard at Brookville, Ohio, contains many
gravestones all spelled as Stutesman.

Pennsylvania Historical Societies

Presbyterian Historical Society.
The Journal of this Society for September,
1908, contains articles on "The Centenary of
the Town Steeple of Frederick, Maryland," by
Rev. E. R. Eschbach, D.D., a sketch of James
Duncan Ferguson (1837-1906), and the third
part of a paper on "The Presbyterian Church
of Monmouth County."

Lebanon County Historical Society.
Rev. Dr. P. C. Croll read a paper before
the Society, February 21st, 1908, on "Lebanon
County Imprints and Bibliography," since pub-
lished as Vol. IV, No. 6, a copy of which is
before us. The author gives the following:
1 List of Lebanoniana.
2 Places of German Printing Arranged in
   the Order of First Issues (Seiden-
   stecher).
3 Analysis or Very Brief Description of the
   Different Works Locally Issued.
4 Partial List of Books and Periodicals
   Published by the Report Publishing Co.,
   of Lebanon; Rev. G. Holzapfel, of Cle-
   ona; Isaac Iba, of Schaefferstown.
5 Bibliography of Lebanon County—
   a Newspapers of Lebanon County.
   b Maps, Charts and Atlases.
   c Annuals.
   d Publications of the Lebanon County
   Historical Society.
   e The So-called "Paper Books."
   f Publications in Book and Pamphlet
   Form Pertaining to Lebanon County.
We quote the following from the pen of the
author:
Lebanon County has never been without
this powerful enlightening agency (the
printing press). Years before the settle-
ments on the Quitnapahilla, the Swatara,
the Tulpehocken and the Mill creeks were
elevated into a separate county, the print-

weather-boarded, but the northern side is still in its original state. The first and second floors are now divided into four rooms each, while the attic is all in one. In the centre of the building stand two immense chimneys, and on their fireplaces the cooking was done for some 50 scholars, who 150 years ago received their instructions here. In this primitive building, 31 by 41 feet, church services were held for many years, and a school conducted.

At the request of the society, Mr. Daniel Miller, of Reading, Pa., prepared a historic sketch of the early Moravian settlements in Berks county, which was read on this occasion, and which we will print in The Pennsylvania-German.

Reviews and Notes

BY PROF. E. S. GERHARD, TRENTON, N. J.


This is an admirable handbook for Bible students and teachers. It contains a review of the most important chronological data of the Bible, a genealogy of the patriarchs before and after the Deluge, with the significance of their names. It also contains the great covenants of the Bible.


George Schock (pseudonym) is of Pennsylvania-German parentage, and was born in Centreville, Berks county, Pa. He is a writer of short stories, and is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines.

"Strayed Souls" is just what its title indicates—the strayed souls of Christian Ruth and Bellamira, two wanderers, lovers. The "strayness" of the story is finely maintained, and nowhere better than at the end in the mysterious disappearance of both.

The story is written in an ornate style, with the scene laid in the Pennsylvania-German country.


This is a collection of some of the most beautiful and most stirring words and passages of the thirty-six inspired writers. These passages of the Bible are taken out of their natural setting and are arranged so as to form complete literary selections with appropriate titles. The literary beauty of the Bible could not be better enhanced than by this simple arrangement and selection. School children frequently commit so-called "memory gems" that are undesirable, if not disgusting, because of their insipid vaporings of sentimentality; they furnish a sorrowful contrast to these powerful passages of Scripture, which would be just as easy to learn, and which would afford the young people far more strength and grace.

The book affords magnificent selections for reading and speaking. Here is poetry, here is oratory, that challenges the poetry and the oratory found in any secular literature. It is hoped that it will do a great deal to further the literary study of the Bible, if nothing more. It is also believed that it is worthy of a more substantial binding, and that it would be welcomed in it.


This book is what its title indicates—a guide for youth setting out for the better life and the better country. It puts him on his guard against the perils that may beset him, and it instructs him how to overcome them. It is the Christian's way Heavenward and not alone the Moralist's.


This is a timely piece of work; it forms a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject that is at present uppermost in matters educational.

It states some facts and pedagogical principles that are worth reiterating. There is a tendency prevalent to ignore the work of the Holy Spirit and to act as though the problem of religious nurture were entirely in man's hands. It is a mistake to keep from children the greater literature with the idea that they cannot fully comprehend it. They will grow into its significance. When there is a high degree of interest awakened by external devices we may suspect the teaching to be dead and formal.

The book consists of a series of articles prepared for presentation at conventions and for publication; but there is a continuity of thought and purpose running through the entire book that justifies the title. It shows a knowledge of the growth and mental development of the child from a sound psychological and pedagogical viewpoint; and also a knowledge of the literature on this ever-important subject of child growth.

A biographical account of Prof. Knortz and his work appeared in *The Pennsylvania-German* for May, 1908.

Hermann Sudermann is a German dramatic poet, born in East Prussia in 1857. He is a disciple of Ibsen, the late Norwegian dramatist, whose influence on literature has not been considered altogether the best and the most wholesome. Among Sudermann’s best known plays are Die Ehre (”Honor”), Sodom’s Ende (“Sodom’s Downfall”). These are social satires, and in picturing this phase of life is found the dramatist’s strongest power. Still other plays of his are: Es Lebe des Lebens (“The Joy of Life”), Johannis (”John the Baptist”).

Prof. Knortz’s lecture is one of the most scholarly and most analytically extended discourses of Sudermann’s art and work given in this country. He brings out the poet’s failings and limitations—reveals a little too much in the social mire, and he is a poet of limited range of power—he does not attempt weighty, important problems. He no less discusses his merits and abilities manifest in his admirable technique and in his powerful conception of mankind in its more sombre aspect.


By far the most of these poems were previously published in the local papers of Lititz and Lancaster.

The authoress is a native of Lititz, Pa. As we understand, these poems have been written under very trying circumstances; but very likely they were just the kind that often arouse the poetic strain. She wrote them while taking care of an aged and helpless mother. She is conscious of their imperfections, and by this acknowledgment she does disarm the critics, for in such an instance it is rather cruel to criticize, unless favorably.

There is something poetic about the whole book, even in the very title—”A Quiver of Arrows,” which was beautifully suggested by Longfellow’s poem. The subjects cover a wide field, probably a little too wide; for it is usually dangerous to take practical questions of the day. Even Whittier did not always succeed with them, and when he did passing well, the rhetorical effect is frequently greater than the poetical. So we think that “A Warning” (suggested by the Presidential election of 1896) was not happily chosen. It seems rather strained, and we would hardly know how to define “fossil retrogression.”

Many of the poems possess more than ordinary merit. Of the several bearing on local history, “The Bells of Linden Hall” is as good as any poem in the book. There is a swing to it that makes it the most spirited of all the poems; it might be improved, however, by altering the last stanza or by omitting it; like the striking of a false note, it jars the music of the whole piece. It is a pity that “The Old Cloister at Ephrata” has not fared as well. The poetic conceit of calling October dreamy and tender is rather erroneous; these are more the attributes of spring, while October, turning things to brown and gold, suggests reality and maturity. When we come to the following line:

“Soon we reached a stile and over climbing landed in green clover,”

we have very likely reached one of the most commonplace lines in the collection.

There is music in “Spring Melodies” (from the German), in “A June Song,” and in “A Song of Labor,” which is written in the metre of “Locksley Hall,” and it reads with a great deal of the intensity of that poem; but the “suck” and the “screeching factory whistle” screech a little too much.

The most expressive and most suggestive line of the whole collection is the second line in the opening stanza of “My Birthday”:

“Once more the annual day comes round
When Life and I first met.”

There, that’s poetry.

As suggested by the writer herself, the collection of poems would naturally be improved if they were arranged in some classified order; and may we also add, if they were critically revised. The ingredients of poetry seem to be here—a fairly mellow, poetic vocabulary, and a poetical conception of things; but it is evident that there is need of a better knowledge of the art of expression and of the technique of poetry.

The book should receive wide recognition. It is hoped that the writer will not cease until she has brought some more of her poems before the public.
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MARY BALL WASHINGTON.

THE MOTHER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

See Page 541.
How Christmas Is Observed by the Moravians

BY LOUISE A. WEITZEL, LITITZ, PA.

It seems hardly necessary at this late date to preface an article with the above title with a historical sketch of the Moravian Church. Though comparatively small in numbers, the Church has wielded so large an influence in the world, by reason of its long history, its schools, its world-wide missions, its rich hymnology, that there is at the present day no man who can call himself truly educated who does not know what the Moravian Church is, where it originated and what doctrinal position it holds. The church of John Amos Comenius, the educator whom all the world honors; Count Zinzendorf, the poet, saint and reformer; Peter Boehler, the evangelist; David Zeisberger, the missionary, and many others, perhaps equally distinguished for culture, piety and self-sacrifice, and only less known, needs no apology for existing, if it does not count its members by the million. Suffice it to say for the benefit of those few who may still ask, "Who are the Moravians?" that it was the first Protestant Church organized (1457), the first Protestant Church to publish a hymn book (1591), the first to engage in modern missionary work (1732), the first to go to the most hopeless, most degraded and what are recognized as the dying races of the world, with the Gospel of Peace, the first to open a school for girls in America (Germantown, May 4, 1742), the first to preach the now popular doctrine of church federation. and last, but not least, the only Church which has continued as one organic whole, a true Unity of the Brethren, throughout the world, having never been split, divided and subdivided by internal dissensions and factions.

There is, however, a class of people who, while not altogether ignorant concerning the Moravians, had possibly better be so, as their sole knowledge seems to consist in a perverted notion that they are a peculiar sect holding fast to certain ridiculous and antiquated customs that should be relegated to the oblivion of the past. To such I would say that, in the first place, the Moravians are not a sect, and in the second place, their customs are no more absurd than those of some other denominations, and those who understand their real meaning never regard them otherwise than with admiration and respect.

It is the purpose of these articles to describe the customs considered peculiar to the Moravian Church.

These customs naturally are to be
studied to the best advantage in the smaller towns and villages. Modern city life of necessity lops off many excrescences and levels the Churches down to one uniform plane. So in order to enjoy a Moravian Christmas we must go to one of the original Church settlements, either in Germany, England or America. I shall choose the one I am most familiar with, and in which my life has been spent, namely, Lititz, situated in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania.

Lititz was named by Count Zinzendorf in 1756, in honor of an estate called Lititz in Bohemia, one of the strong seats of the early Church, and means "wild" or "raging" in the Bohemian language, hence the castle by the raging Adler. The Lititz creek, however, by the way, is not a raging torrent, but a very quiet, well-behaved stream! The village was built on land donated in 1754 by George Klein, a farmer who was converted by the Count's preaching. Till 1850, when it was deemed no longer practicable, Lititz was an exclusive settlement. The church (built 1786-87), the parsonage (1763), the Sisters' House, now a part of Linden Hall (1758), the Brothers' House, now used by the Sunday-school, King's Daughters and various organizations (1759-60), Linden Hall Seminary (1794), and about a dozen of the original dwelling houses, constructed of stone or logs, although somewhat altered and remodeled, still remain, and are always objects of great interest to the antiquarian, the historian and the architect. Lititz has grown from one street to a busy manufacturing town of 2,800 inhabitants, but the Moravian element is still strong, and the Moravian customs, with some modifications, still remain in force.

Christmas among the Moravians is not confined to one service or possibly one day. In my childhood we always spoke of Christmas week. There was first, second and even third Christmas Day, and we children never considered Christmas really ended until New Year's Eve, and as for the Christmas tree, that often remained in its place until nearly Easter (when it came early), while the decorations in the church were not removed until Lent.

The first thing on the program was the preparation for Christmas, sometimes for weeks beforehand. The women of the household were busy baking the cakes. In large families whole wash baskets full of ginger cakes were baked, mold cakes representing all kinds of animals, as well as men and women, in shape. Some baked two kinds, brown and white, ginger cakes and pepper nuts. The wealthier people also baked fruit cake and perhaps sand tarts. Now we have scotch cakes, nut cakes of all kinds, kisses, etc. The mold cakes are losing their popularity, and the cakes are becoming fewer in quantity, while there is much more variety.

Then the Christmas tree must be made. This was often quite a complicated affair. Fathers and children went to the woods for trees and moss. The moss had to be obtained before the ground was frozen and placed in the cellar. Many of the trees, or rather "putzes," the trees forming only the background, were large in size, and represented natural scenery, mountains, caves, water falls, lakes, as well as grottoes, farm yards, etc. They were models of artistic skill. Quite a number of the village people were famous for their skill in this respect, and would often help their less gifted neighbors to build the putz. When it was made it must be admired, and it was one of the customs, which have gone out of date since the advent of the numerous factories, that young and old, boys and girls and children went about in larger or smaller companies on Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, New Year's Eve or any time during the afternoons or evenings in Christmas week to see Christmas trees. The most hospitable of the people usually treated the sight-seers (they were all friends and relatives in those days) to cakes, apples, and the adults also to homemade wine or cider. Although the Christmas tree has diminished in size, and is no longer an object for exhibition, it is still found in every household where there are children.

Children knew nothing of Santa Claus in my childhood days. It was the German Christ Kindle that we looked for, and our idea was that he came through the door or window, and not down the chim-
ney, a much more rational method, by the way! We not only hung up stockings, but placed boxes or baskets for the reception of our gifts, on or near the window sill.

As regards the church services, there was much preparatory work to be done. It was decided at the “Dienerliebesmahl,” or lovefeast held for all those in any way employed in the service of the church, from the minister to the sexton, on the first Sunday in Advent that the church was to be decorated and a committee was appointed for that purpose. After that the young men went to the woods for a wagon load of evergreen, chiefly hemlock and ground laurel, and the young folks were busy every evening for a whole week, tying the greens for festoons. The decoration always was and still is very elaborate. Sometimes a large painting, a transparency, and of late, electric lights, add to its effectiveness.

The children in the Sunday-school practiced their hymns and recitations, and the choir and orchestra were busy going over the grand old compositions of the masters, many of them Moravian composers, whose works exist only in manuscript.

In one household the wax-tapers were being made, and this, too, was quite a critical task, as everything was done by hand. The last sister who made them did this work for thirty years. For the last five years they have been obtained from Bethlehem, another old Moravian settlement, where the genuine article can still be procured. These candles were also purchased by the members of the church to light up their Christmas trees, and Mother Weitzel was always sure of a welcome when she appeared, about a week before Christmas, with her basket of fragrant, yellow tapers. Whether the necessary pennies were forthcoming or not, the children always got their candles. The trimming of these tapers with white paper, specially folded, cut and curled, makes another pleasant evening’s pastime for the Sunday-school teachers and the Ladies’ Sewing Society.

The first church service was held at 6 o’clock on Christmas eve, but of late years at has been deemed wise, on account of the size of the congregation, to hold two services, exactly alike, for the smaller children at 4 o’clock and for the older children and adults at 7 o’clock. For many years the same program, or “Psalm,” as it used to be called, has been rendered, because it would be difficult to arrange anything more beautiful or appropriate. With the exception of the Scripture story of the Nativity, and prayer, it is entirely a service of song by choir, children and congregation. The hymn tunes are all Moravian tunes, known in German as “chorales.” The old Moravians do not love the rag-time music of modern psalmody. The choir sings “Stille Nacht” or “Silent Night,” by Gruber, often without organ accompaniment; “Sanctus,” from Mozart’s 12th Mass; “Benedictus,” from Haydn’s 6th Mass; “Praise the Lord, the Lord Most Glorious,” by J. C. Bechler (a Moravian composer) and “Mache Dich Auf,” by Reissiger, with orchestral accompaniment. Moravians at Lititz have, by the way, always had a well trained choir and orchestra, although no one but the organist, who is also the choir leader, receives any remuneration. One hymn that is sung the world over by Moravian children at Christmas time, be it in Alaska or Jamaica, is “Morning Star,” the tune to which was composed by the Rev. F. F. Hagen, the father of the pastor of the Lititz congregation. This is sung antiphonally by choir and children, as also the Te Deum.

During the service small raised cakes, powdered with pulverized sugar and sweetened coffee in small mugs are served to all present by young men and women especially appointed, who serve at all the love feasts and are known as “dieners” to this day, possibly because the English translation, “servant,” is not as palatable to Americans!

During the singing of the last selection by the choir, lighted candles are distributed among the children, typifying Christ, the Light of the World. As the words “Mache Dich auf, werde Licht” are uttered, the dieners enter the door to the left of the pulpit with wooden trays, upon which the burning candles are placed in groups of fifty, in upright position. The sudden entrance of this flood of light has a beautiful effect, and everybody awaits
the moment with delighted anticipation, especially the children, the infants crowning with pleasure. After another hymn is sung the congregation is dismissed and the tapers are put out.

On Christmas Day a sermon is preached at 10 o'clock in the morning, preceded by the Christmas liturgy. The choir orchestra usually render several selections, and an offering is taken for the poor of the congregation.

In the evening the Sunday-school children render a cantata and receive boxes of candy and oranges.

This service was introduced of late years and resembles those in other churches, save only that there never is any mummerly connected with it, as Moravians do not take to the Santa Claus idea. They do not lose sight of the fact that Christmas is the birthday of Christ, and all the customs point to and elucidate the important point that He is the supreme Giver and Gift.

Christmas gifts are popular among the Moravians, and Christmas Day or second Christmas is also usually the occasion for a good dinner and family reunion. Lititz is always favored with an influx of visitors at Christmas, especially of old Moravians who have moved to or are employed in other towns and cities, that is not equalled at any other time. Non-Moravians also feel themselves drawn by these beautiful customs, and declare there is no place like Lititz at Christmas time. While some of the customs have necessarily been affected by the spirit of commercialism apparent everywhere, it must be confessed that the genuine dyed-in-the-wool Moravian is not strongly influenced as yet by this spirit, which doubtless accounts for the nameless charm which Lititz always possesses for strangers.

Christmas in a German Pastor's Home.

BY ELIZABETH KADELBACH, BERLIN, GERMANY.

NOTE.—Miss Kadelbach contributed an article on Easter observances in Germany to the May PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN, 1907.

He more Christmas is made a family festival, the most beautiful commemorative festival: the more difficult it becomes for one to say anything about it. Christmas recollections are like a "sweet poem," learned from the lips of dear parents, each stanza rich in sunshine and true love of long ago. Is not the same true of our grand old German Christmas hymns? Not perfect in music, they also are rather reminders of many beautiful Christmas festivals in the home of parents, a greeting from the happy days of yore. As one can relate best what has been experienced I may perhaps be permitted to relate a few things about the never-to-be-forgotten beautiful Christmas festivals in the Langenoels pastorate.

"Brich an du schönes Morgenlicht,
Das ist der Alte Morgen nicht,
Der täglich wiedergekehret!

Ein ewig festes Liebesband
Hält jedes Haus und jedes Land
Und Welt umfangen."

—Max von Schenkendorf.

But before the sun beamed forth on Christmas morning the glad expectant children's voices had long been roused: the rejoicing was scarcely to be suppressed that the evening would end all secrets, that at last the long expected Christmas tree would shine. In no house does Christmas begin earlier than in a pastor's. In October already are begun the preparations for giving gifts to the poor: the pastor's children seek to earn Christmas money for themselves by raking leaves in the garden, by picking fruit, by running errands, by all kinds of small services, each deed payable by a penny at least. For besides father and mother, grandparents, perhaps brothers and sisters, several closely related friends, the servant and housedog, there are a few young play and school comrades to be remembered with gifts. Even if the moneys earned
are often quite small and insignificant the secrets connected therewith are immeasurably great. With what indescribable pride are father and mother requested not to look into this or that drawer or with what pride does the child heart swell when "the grown sister," "the big brother," have to submit themselves to orders and may not look into everything as disrespectfully as usual. For weeks it was the happiest hour of the whole day when father came from the studyroom to the living room and all Christmas labors and surprises had to be laid speedily aside and father seated himself at the piano and sang with mother and us children the Christmas hymns: "O du fröhliche, O du selige," "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht," "Morgen, Kinder, wird's was geben," "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum." How oft were the parents asked to relate how Christmas was observed when they were young! While we could easily see that Christmas in the parsonage at Seiffersdorf, in the chorister-house at Probsthayn must have been very nice, it could not have been as nice and agreeable as that in our parsonage. In this we five happy Christmas-filled children were quite agreed.

Finally came the last week before Christmas with its burdens for great and small. What hopes and anticipations were wrapped up in the shining Christmas tree! How well did father relate the Christmas story and tell of God's love that knows no difference between rich and poor, high and lowly, but has embraced all in the true Father's heart. And how inexhaustible was the mother's goodness of heart to find the true comfort and courage giving word for each child, each poor man, each oppressed woman. Before the distribution was ended and each loving, well considered gift was packed, in which of course the whole church had taken part, there were no poor, each had felt a breath of Divine love through human love. For them too the Christmas tree had shone, for them it was decorated by many generous loving hands.

Yes! the German fir tree, the Christmas tree, the Christ tree! What worlds of shining recollections rise up in the mind of each who has had the advantage of growing up in a sunny home, rich in love. The German sailor in the most distant waters sees to it that he, though removed thousands of miles from home, may with his comrades light the Christmas tree so that in its rays he may in spirit see more clearly the distant parental home with its dear ones. How the German soldier at home in the barracks rejoices in his tree, sings his hymns with clear voice and full breast. Our brave warrior in South Africa insists that in whatever form the Christmas tree burns before him, and recalls the distant dear ones, it tells him of the light shining for all that would bring joy and love to every one. No German vessel sets sail near Christmas time without its Christmas tree. And as our Emperor insists that for the royal family nine Christmas trees must shine in order that each member of the family may have his tree, and each attendant and servant must likewise have his tree, no German who has kept heart and mind clean and sound is so poor that he does not have his own Christmas tree even if it consists in reality of only a large potato in which several fir twiglets have been stuck decked with a few small bright lights and a few silver threads, "Angel's Hair."

Concerning the origin of the fir tree there is still disagreement on the question whether its roots reach back to the gray heathenism of our Germanic ancestors and to their "Baldur cultus" that contained in itself so many characteristics preparatory to Christianity or an outgrowth of the Weihnachts blockes (Christmas block) that played so important a part in connection with the solstitial festivals because its ashes made fields fruitful on which it was strewn and cured toothache and other ailments. It first appeared in Strassburg and today its rays reach as far as the German tongue is heard.

How rich are the poesy, legend and story clinging to the Christmas tree! One of our young Berlin writers has added a legend of this fir tree the conclusion of which may be introduced here. After relating how the Lord Jesus praised and even blessed the figtree and vine for their fruit and cursed the trees that bore no fruit it is stated that the vine and figtree vainly and haughtily prided themselves in
The word of Jesus while the fir tree was distressed that he bore only fir knots. The latter started forth and finally after weary wandering came to the Lord to whom he expressed his fear and pain and from whom he received the following comforting words:

"Wisse dass seit Beginn der Welt
Ein jeglichen Fluch einen Segen enthält,
Und dass in jeglichen Segensspruch
Verborgen liegt ein heimlicher Fluch.
Ich will dir das köstlichste Ende bereiten,
Dein Opfertod soll Segen verbreiten:
Kein Winterschlaf soll dich traurig umschliessen,
Du sollst ein doppeltes Leben geniessen.
Und auf deinen zierlichen Zweigen
Sollen die schönsten Früchte sich zeigen,
Soll man Lichter und Zierat schau'n!
Freilich—erst wenn du abgehauen—
Sei wie ein Held der für andere leidet,
Der in blühender Jugend strahlend verseidet!
Damit dein Leben, das kurze-doch reiche,
Meinem irdischen Wandel gleiche!
Du sollst ein Bote des Friedens sein!
Du sollst glänzen wie im Heiligschein:
Den Kindern sollst du Freude verkünden!
Den Sünder aus seinen Sünden!
Gesang und Jubel soll dich umtönen!
Mein lieblichestes Fest sollst du lieblich
ver-schön'n!
So bist du von allen Bäumen hinieden
Der geseegnete—! Zieh hin in Frieden."

—Max Möller.

On Christmas evening a great deal had to be done, to the sick small trees and gifts were to be carried, all kinds of mysterious trips had to be made but the hours seemed mercilessly long. Finally, finally, the bells rang for "Christnacht" a plain and simple service which our father always made an excellent, true children festival service and which therefore gladdened the hearts of the parents with ours. Having returned, all hands aided to quickly prepare supper; more quickly than on any other occasion during the year were eating and drinking attended to. Never was the children's readiness to help the older ones so great as in these last hours before the distribution of gifts.

When we five children were finally sent into father's dark study our simple presents for our parents pressed closely in our arms, how delicious it was to catch each sound coming from the living but now Christmas room until finally the bell sounded. At the door of the room shining most brightly father and mother received us, back of them the Christmas tree, beside them the gift-table richly laden with presents, before them faces of five children beaming with joy and gratitude. How through such recollections one's heart is made glad and sad after many years! The unpacking of the gifts, the fellow rejoicing over the gifts of others, how at once time vanishes with the swiftness of arrows. For very joy the Christmas tree remained unnoticed until father's tones were heard reminding us of the tree and almost as of itself the hymn, "O Tannenbaum," sounded forth.

The superstitious customs of the middle ages have really disappeared entirely from the German home, or to speak with more exactness all those questions respecting the future have been transferred to the evening of Sylvester day, the last evening in the old year. As final remnants there still remain the different well established Christmas dishes or preparations. In Saxony and Thuringia herring salad is eaten on Christmas evening in order that one may have money the whole year through. In "Mark" (Brandenburg) pigshead and lungsausage in cabbage are eaten as being a peculiarly salutary dish. In Silesia we have for dinner Silesian "Himmelreich," made up of pork, stewed fruit and a sort of potato dumpling: in the evening carp in gingerbread sauce, a sort of poppy dumpling and pancakes are the general favorite dishes after the distribution of gifts. The Christmas cake, a long sugared bread containing raisins is still a reminder of the Christchild from Heaven. The wonderful, ornamented gingerbread often decorated with figures of animals are remains of the period of Germanic heathenism.

In many countries the claim is still made that on Christmas night between eleven and twelve animals speak and foretell the future, but as peculiar dangers threaten the listener very few make this personal experience. Many families as was done of yore for the old Germanic "Loan Bacht" leave their table set for the angels in order that they may faithfully guard the sick and the young in the house.
Old Time Stock Doving From Ohio.

By Dr. I. H. Betz, York, Pa.

The droving we will consider in this article will embrace the business as it existed before the days of rapid transit, after which shipment of stock came into vogue. The period extended over a quarter of a century or more, or from 1830 to 1855, when through lines of railway were established, when droving on foot came to an end. It must be remembered that the source of cattle production has been changed several times during the settlement of the country, but we shall only consider a single period.

Until 1840 the population of our country did not exceed 20 millions. Our cities were not the great metropolitan centres they have since become; the suburban population was still in the ascendency. Manufactures were still in a rudimentary stage. Machinery on a large scale was still unknown to any great extent, and such labor as has since its advent been thus performed was then accomplished by hand labor. The demand for home labor was then very large, and no other avenue was open to it. The cattle, sheep and horses, beyond those supplied by home production, were driven from the West, which term was then chiefly applied to Ohio.

Ross and Pickaway counties, in that State, chiefly furnished the cattle, which were brought in droves from the southern and eastern portions of the State. The Western Reserve, which extended one degree over northern Ohio, furnished the sheep and the wool which was offered in the general market. Horses were brought in droves from different parts of the State to Pennsylvania. At times turkeys were taken in droves to points from which they were later taken by different methods of transportation, when dressed for the market.

To take a trip west of the Alleghenies in that day was a greater undertaking than to go to any point of the American possessions would be today. Many men walked to Ohio even as late as 1847. We recall at least one individual who did that during that year who today is a man of wealth and also a man of note in the business world over the whole Union. Men who made the journey on foot at times returned with from three to six horses, which netted them a handsome profit and expenses. In that day men travelling on horseback were in the habit of carrying considerable sums of money, since no other method was available. Some of these travellers carried guns for self-protection, as highwaymen were on the lookout for such travellers. Spots are still pointed out where men were overcome and murdered for their money, in the more sparsely settled regions. There were Joseph Thompson Hares and John A. Murrells in those days, and they committed many shocking murders in their careers. Another well known character in Central Pennsylvania was Lewis the Robber.

Many who settled Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and other Western States went by turnpike through Pennsylvania, or by canal so far as it extended. During the '50's from morning till night, from May to October, there was a continuous throng of white covered wagons, which passed over the National Road to settle in Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and other States of the great West. This was truly an invasion, but that was the manner in which many of those States got their inhabitants. In fact, all roads leading to the West were one continuous stream of white covered wagons. Ohio and Indiana were heavily timbered States; oak, hickory, beech, iron, dogwood, the sugar maple (utterly unlike our eastern maple) grew there, at times forming great sugar camps. The process of rendering the product, with the accompanying social features, in itself would make interesting reading.

Much timber was necessarily destroyed
for the purpose of clearing the land. One method was to girdle the majestic oaks, which speedily caused them to die. The trees were then felled so that in falling crosswise they might be consumed by fire which was applied. At times the trees were set on fire while they remained standing. This was a grand sight at night. The process of log-rolling prevailed at times, with quilting parties at the same time. It must be remembered that the settlers of new countries are extremely sociable and democratic. Class distinctions in earlier days are unknown, and every one is a unit for the public good.

At the same time the well known "Johnny Appleseed" planted the "Reserve" with apple trees of natural fruit which made the "Reserve" one of the most noted apple sections in the country. The original stock of people on the Reserve was chiefly of New England origin. The New England Yankee has always been a believer in popular education, which bore good fruits in years to come, and made Ohio, like Virginia in the past, "the mother of Presidents."

The Western Reserve originally was a tract largely devoted to pastureage of innumerable flocks of sheep, the washing and shearing of which required much labor during the early period of the summer.

Both local and eastern buyers were on the ground to buy up droves, which were driven to the eastern markets. This became a noted business. There were many buyers of small lots which were disposed of to larger buyers. To move a drove of sheep from Ohio to eastern Pennsylvania required from forty to fifty days. To deliver a drove at its destination in good condition required judgment and skill, with added experience. The average drive was about eight miles per day. In hot weather a drove declined rapidly, and great care was necessary. Under such circumstances not more than three miles per day were made. If the weather was cool and the stock in good condition, as high as fifteen or more miles were covered, but this was very unusual.

A drove of sheep embraced from 800 to 1,300 or more head. A boy or man was required at the head of the drove to lead the bell sheep. As a rule, from three to five men were necessary to forward a drove. Hotels were numerous along the drove roads, averaging one for every mile. The farmers all along the drove roads, or adjacent to them, made it a business to supply pasture for the numerous droves that passed through. As many as from three to five droves stopped at a single tavern over the night. The droves, of course, were pastured on the fields of the neighboring farmers. One of the boss drovers went on ahead during the afternoon to make arrangements for pasture and inn accommodations. After inspecting the pasture, which was bargained for per head at a certain number of cents, he then went back and met the drove. The farmers, from former experience, were sometimes suspicious of drovers as regarded the number of sheep given in.

On turning the sheep into the field through bars, it was customary to leave one or two of the lower bar rails in place, so that the sheep would jump over them in squads, thus rendering it possible for the owner of the ground to estimate the number. Sometimes sharp arguments arose on these points.

Sheep generally pasture close to the ground, so that if possible the field was first let to a drove of cattle, which pasture severely. After this, rainfall was necessary to lengthen the grass for other droves. The farmers thus did a nice business in any neighborhood. They generally frequented the taverns, and thus business was lively all around.

Some trouble was at times experienced by drovers from individuals who ruthlessly attempted to drive through their flocks. In some cases sheep were injured or dispersed. The drovers as a rule were resolute men, and an individual who offended in this manner paid dearly for his temerity, and often became a sadder and a wiser man.

But as a rule drovers were looked upon as pursuing a useful calling, and also one whose benefits were mutual. Much trouble was experienced in passing through towns, at cross roads or angular avenues.

Streams were welcome to the drovers,
as the flock slaked their thirst eagerly.

Sheep generally weighed from 75 to 100 pounds each, among what were known as stock sheep. At times the sheep would be driven in large sections on large scales. Thus by weekly weighing a good tab could be kept on the condition of the sheep. During the day it was necessary to rest the droves at favored spots. Leisurely stops were made at favorable watering points. It was also necessary to avoid becoming mixed up with the numerous droves on the road. Sheep were generally marked. Some had a prominent letter stamped upon them, and thus the separation was made without difficulty. The grazing with coolness of the night, especially on the tableland of the Alleghenies, invigorated the drove for the following day. Passing over Laurel Ridge, in western Pennsylvania, it was necessary to guard the sheep against eating the poisonous leaves of the laurel, which grew there in profusion. With the closest watchfulness a number of sheep would likely succumb to the poison.

The dust stirred up by a drove of sheep, especially where light dust prevailed, was very distasteful and disagreeable to the people living along the roads, and especially those living in towns.

To bring a drove to the eastern markets in better condition than when the start was made, was a piece of rare good fortune.

Already in the Cumberland Valley drovers from the eastern markets appeared and bought many droves, the drovers returning home by stage or by canal, or by a mixed passage.

At times while on the road, a stampede occurred. If the drove stampeded and the leader was a small boy, the drove would follow the bell sheep over the head of the boy, and leave him in the lurch, hatless and coatless, and covered with dust. He bent himself to the occasion, and did not rise until the last sheep had jumped over and cleared him.

Droving afforded great means of observation for laying in a good stock of knowledge for future application and usefulness. A daily journal under such circumstances was a useful compend in the years to come for reference and refreshment of the memory. Drovers grew wide-awake, alert and quick-witted. They were looked upon with doubt and askance, and in return extended the compliment. But the days which knew them know them no more.

The baa! baa! of the drove was annoying to the uninitiated, until they became accustomed to the sound, when it became ingrained and passed into the condition of a second nature.

The boss drovers and possibly one of the hands were mounted on horseback, and if a stampede or straying occurred the animals became so habituated to the work of rounding up that they materially assisted in the work without urging. The sheep also seemed to form an attachment for the horses, and thus the animals mutually reacted upon each other.

Those who followed droving became addicted to the business, and could hardly form new attachments to any other calling. There was constant change of scene and conditions, and new contingencies presented themselves.

When the mountains were crossed and the country became more open and inviting, the anxiety and welfare for the drove was in great part removed, especially if all had gone well up to the present.

Dealing in sheep became a second nature. The social quality and shrewdness served the buyer and drover in good stead. To buy on foot or to sell in that manner was better than to buy or sell by weight, as many dealers found to their sorrow. Sheep were fattened, as a rule, for the market after being brought from, or by the drove after its arrival in the East. To fatten and drive eastward would have impeded locomotion, and also would have been a positive loss.

From southern Ohio came the droves of cattle, hundreds in number. The drovers in this case were a different class of men. They generally wore what was termed "a red woman." They were unkempt, unshorn and unshaven. As a rule they were morose men, especially on rainy days, when they cried out: "Forty cents a day and no dinner." It must be remembered during the '30's and '40's forty cents a day was the pay for laborers
for a day’s work. Haymaking was paid at the rate of seventy-five cents a day, and cradling or “taking up” after a cradle was $1.25. Some men, however, made as many as forty days in haymaking, wheat and oats harvest. This will show the duration and hard work on the farm in former days.

Cattle travelled rapidly, and “stock cattle,” as they were known, were in no danger from rapid travelling even in hot weather. Stock required an abundance of water during hot weather, with free access to it.

Droving horses required tact and care. They travelled rapidly, but to take them over long distances required careful grooming, regularity of feeding, and a good night’s rest.

The careful, experienced man desired to bring his stock to the eastern market in good, saleable condition. If it was not in condition, the expense of bringing it to the standard very speedily diminished the profits.

Droving turkeys required ability of a different character. To bring a drove together required tact in selection and purchase. Today in the extreme western States poultry of all descriptions is shipped on a single car. It would not be wise to put them all together, as disagreement would be sure to arise in this miscellaneous family. The cars contain successive decks, which are filled with chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks, guinea fowls, etc. Such a carload is a novelty.

During the period when railroads were few and their lines were not extended, the procedure of droving to certain points was necessary. Even dressed fowls could not be transported except by wagon. Turkeys would drive well with a turkey led by a judicious, quick-witted boy. The mode of travel was slow, and on wet days the procession was a lugubrious one. Short days were necessary. Early feeding for the night, with the digestive process in action on the roost, was a requirement. The turkey, if driven too long, naturally became uneasy, and was on the lookout for a roosting place. Thereupon the prudent driver would defer to the habits of the fowl. To keep the drove in good condition was a prime necessity.

But those times have passed by never to return, under changed conditions.

It will be observed that the signers of the above protest (Germantown Protest against the holding of slaves, 1688) were not English Quakers. All were doubtless known as German Quakers. Three of them were Hollanders and one was a German—the two Opden Graeffs, Gerhard Hendricks and Pastorius. All but Pastorius were originally Mennonites. It will be further observed that the protest was not favorably received by any of the meetings of English Friends to which it was submitted. To claim credit for the Friends for making the first protest against slavery, if by that phrase is meant the English Quakers, is therefore wholly inaccurate. The credit belongs to the three Hollanders and the one German above mentioned, of whom three were Mennonites before they were Quakers. That many of the English Quakers of Pennsylvania were slaveholders has already been shown in this chapter; and it has also been shown that the frequent efforts that were made at the Yearly Meetings of Friends to secure a declaration that Friends should not hold slaves were unsuccessful until 1758—seventy years after the Germantown protest; and it has been further shown that it was not until 1776 that the Yearly Meeting declared that all negroes held in slavery by Friends should be set at liberty. English Quakers, therefore, as a class did not oppose slavery, but permitted it among their own membership, even if they did not distinctly approve it. The credit of the first protest in this country against slavery rightfully belongs to Pastorius and his friends, and this protest was made against the practice of the English Quakers themselves in buying and holding slaves. It was written when the English and Welsh Quakers formed a large part of the population of the province, probably a majority.—From Swank’s Progressive Pennsylvania.
A Portrait of Mary Ball Washington.

BY W. LANIER WASHINGTON, NEW YORK.

SEE FRONTISPIECE.

Note.—Our readers may well feel themselves highly honored in being made the recipients of the following interesting and valuable historical communication from Mr. W. Lanier Washington, of New York, a descendant of the mother of George Washington. In behalf of our magazine family we hereby thank Mr. Washington for the signal favor shown. Waiving the question of the genuineness of the portrait, a matter we are not competent to judge, we desire to express the hope that in some way provision may be made by which the portrait may, sooner or later, through some public institution become accessible to those interested. Communications on the subject will be appreciated.

The two articles which have appeared in the May and July numbers of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN on "The Maternal Grandmother of Washington," the first by Judge Stotsenburg and the latter an answer by Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden, should renew interest in a subject that has not been particularly discussed of late.

In the last paragraph of Dr. Hayden’s article, he states: "No portrait of Mary Ball exists except Lossing’s fictitious portrait." And this leads me to call attention to a portrait that is now in my possession, for the authenticity of which I will offer the following, and leave it to the judgment of those qualified to pass upon it, as to whether my portrait of the mother of Washington is what it is represented and what I am inclined to believe it to be; that is, a genuine and authentic portrait of Mary Ball Washington, the mother of General Washington, painted from life by Adolph Ulric Wertmüller, the Swedish portrait painter who visited the United States in 1784-86 (?), who painted at that time the well known Wertmüller portrait of Washington, and according to the history in my possession also made this well executed portrait of Mary Washington.

For upward of sixty years after Wertmüller made this portrait it was not known, except perhaps by certain members of the Ball family, and not until about 1850 was it found and recognized by no less an authority than the well known art historian, Dr. Spooner, author of the "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," and the restorer of Boydell’s "Shakespeare Gallery."

Dr. Spooner, while in Fredericksburg, Virginia, at that time became acquainted with some of the Ball family, and learned through a member of this family of the existence of a portrait of Mary Ball Washington, which had been cut from its frame, rolled up, packed away in a trunk and kept in a garret for many years. When Dr. Spooner saw it he at once recognized it as the work of an artist of exceptional ability and through tradition and comparison of method and technique, was able to his own satisfaction to identify it as the work of Adolph Wertmüller, and after considerable persuasion succeeded in securing it.

Upon the death of Dr. Spooner, it became the property of his widow, who died in Plainfield, N. J., about 1885. She bequeathed it to her sister, the wife of Judge Henry P. Townsend, of 609 Madison Avenue, New York City. Mrs. Townsend in turn gave it to Dr. Albert A. Davis, of 149 East Sixty-third street, New York City, to be delivered after her death, and a few months prior to Dr. Davis’ death in 1905, he placed it in my hands, with a certificate as to the facts set forth above.
This portrait of the mother of Washington now hangs in my home in New York City. The size of the canvas is 18 x 21½ inches, and taking away the feminine head-dress, a cap of some soft white material, the face bears so striking a resemblance to General Washington as to remove all doubts as to its being a portrait of his mother.

It is remarkable that the existence of this portrait of the mother of Washington in her mature years has been passed over so lightly and with so little criticism. In the *New York World* of Sunday, May 7, 1893, there appeared a crude reproduction of it, the only reproduction that I have ever seen, which accompanied an article by "Nym Crinkle."

At that time this portrait hung in Judge Townsend's home, and "Nym Crinkle," in describing it, says:

"We had to light the chandelier to see it adequately, and the moment we did we saw looking down at us out of the coiffure the well-known characteristics of brow and mouth and visual breadth which have made the face of Washington familiar to the world. There could be no mistake; here was the maternal mould, in which the firmness, the hauteur, the equipoise of judgment of the Father of His Country had been shaped. It was well preserved in color and texture and represented a woman of about fifty-five or sixty years of age, dressed in the costume of the latter part of the eighteenth century. The face, which is presented in full, is in low tone, but admirably handled, and is remarkable for its character no less than its simplicity of treatment."

The portrait has been carefully refined, but Judge Townsend has stated that when the artist Wertmüller went to the house of Mary Washington to make his studies, he could get no canvas, and was compelled to make his own out of a piece of old ticking, which he mounted and prepared.

Edward Everett saw this portrait, and knew its history, and was so thoroughly convinced as to its genuineness that he interested himself in an effort to have it placed in Mount Vernon, but Dr. Spooner, who then owned it, had intended to place it in the Smithsonian Institution, and had already taken the matter up with that institution which is so rich in the possession of relics of General Washington, but both Mr. Everett and Dr. Spooner died before either scheme was completed.

It is also known that Story the sculptor used this portrait for a sculptured group. Efforts were made to secure it at one time for the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, and for the New York City Hall, but these apparently failed, for it has remained in private hands until by strange chance it has come into the possession again of a descendant of Mary Ball.

With regard to the artist Wertmüller, from an old catalogue of an exhibition of his paintings at Murray street, on the corner of Broadway, New York City, which is dated 1815, it is shown that

"Adolph Ulric Wertmüller, a native of Stockholm, where his father was a respectable apothecary. He was a celebrated limner, member of the academies of painting and sculpture at Stockholm, and of the former academy of painting at Paris. He obtained also a title of professor in Sweden. Having learnt the art at home, he went to France for improvement, particularly by a Swedish painter settled in Paris. There he continued many years and acquired considerable property in money, but suffered great loss in the Revolution by the general confusion of the finances. In May, 1794 (?), he arrived from Spain, in a Swedish autueta he arrived from Spain, in a Swedish vessel, at Philadelphia, and remained there until autumn 1796 (?). He then went back to France to settle his affairs, lived the greatest part of the time at Stockholm, sustained another heavy loss by the failure of a principal merchant there, and returned to Philadelphia, November, 1800. * * * * Mr. Wertmüller deceased in Philadelphia about the year 1812. His portrait of the illustrious Washington was much admired, and has been frequently copied. In his Danae, he gave a distinguished specimen of his professional talents."

It would please me very much to hear from those competent to pass judgment as to their opinion or conclusions as to the genuineness of my portrait, and I shall be pleased to give ample opportunity to any one interested to inspect and study it carefully at my home at 1700 Broadway, New York."
INCE the publication of the article entitled as above, in THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN,—an article which attracted much attention, especially in Virginia, many communications have been received bearing on the subject.

One relates to the burial place of Mary Ball Hewes, the grandmother of Washington; and the writer suggests that Mrs. Hewes was buried in the old graveyard at Epping Forest, in Lancaster county, close to the site of the old home. If such was the fact, the church records of Wicomico parish, in Northumberland County, or of one of the churches in Lancaster county, and probably White Chapel, of which the Rev. Lawrence R. Combs is the rector, ought to verify the statement.

Another letter states that Elizabeth Bonum, the widowed half-sister of Washington's mother was married to Lewis Lanier either in Screvin county, Georgia, or in North Carolina. The Lanier name is an honored name, both in State and Nation. Members of that family have faithfully and honestly served the Republic in troublous times.

Another epistle claims that Elizabeth Bonum, after the death of her husband, Samuel Bonum, was married to a Mr. Mullikin.

Another maintains the theory that Mrs. Bonum married an Anderson; that her daughter by that marriage became the wife of a Mr. Fowell, one of whose daughters was married to Moses Bussell, in Fairfax county, Virginia, and that a daughter by that marriage was married to a gentleman named Maddox.

Weems, in his "Life of George Washington," seems to connect the Bussell family with the father of his country, for he states that when George, who was then eleven years old, was at Mr. Hobby's school, the boys of the school were divided into two bands or armies, one under the leadership of George Washington, and the other under the leadership of William Bussell.

Another correspondent states that the farm on which Samuel Bonum, the husband of Mary Ball's half-sister, lived, was situated on the borders of Westmoreland county, near the Northumberland line. A little river, called the Yeocomico, divides the two counties. About two miles up the shore from the river's mouth, and on the west side, is Bonum's creek; and the old English mansion, lately torn down, stood on a hill about fifty yards from the Potomac river.

All these and kindred communications show how important it is to preserve family records, and how valuable such a magazine as THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN is to all men and women who are seeking to trace their ancestry. Heretofore, the tradition has prevailed that Washington's maternal grandmother and her daughter Elizabeth had made their home in England after Colonel Ball's death, when in fact they had remained in Virginia and were married to substantial yeomen in that great State.
German-American Failure.

BY ALFRED P. SCHULTZ, M. D., MONTICELLO, N. Y.

Note.—The following letter, received in the course of editorial correspondence conducted by Associate Editor Prof. E. S. Gerhard, is published by permission. The Postscript is drawn from a letter received by the Editor subsequently to the letter received by the Associate Editor. We are glad to welcome Dr. Schultz into our growing family, and hope to hear from him again. The letter touches upon an interesting subject, and will doubtless prove thought-awakening to our readers.

Monticello, N. Y., August 23, 1908.
Prof. E. Schultz Gerhard, Trenton, N. J.:

Dear Sir,—Your letter of August 19th at hand. This gives me once more the opportunity to express my opinion concerning the subject I have most at heart—the German-Americans (men of American birth and German descent).

A great language is a sacred heirloom; it has influenced the soul, the brain of the race for many thousand generations more powerfully than all other factors. We know that children resemble their parents, we know that the instincts are hereditary (no eagle is born with the instincts of the dove), trivial characteristics even, as the gait, the handwriting, the shrug of the shoulder, etc., are frequently inherited, yet we deny that so powerful a factory as the mother tongue has hereditary influence.

I hold that a great race cannot throw off its mother tongue without becoming worse than it was before. There are in America at least 20,000,000 people of German blood; they produced in the country's history not one distinguished statesman, not one distinguished military or naval leader, not one great writer, not one eminent scientist, not one eminent musician; and is the German not a great race? Consider German art, German science, German literature, German philosophy, German music, German cultural activity in every line. Is the poverty, the mental sterility of the American-born descendants of Germans not truly amazing? There are less than 200,000 persons of German descent in the Baltic provinces of Russia; for human progress these 200,000 are vastly more important than the 20,000,000 descendants of Germans in America. Who of German-Americans is the equal of Prof. v. Bergmann, Prof. v. Leyden, Prof. Harnack, Hermann Graf Kaiserling, Prof. Uexkuell, not mentioning others? Who can deny that in comparison with the Germans the German-Americans are degenerate? The German-American societies; do they not (a few exceptions granted) diligently shun the pursuit of intellectual culture. There are wealthy German-Americans. Prof. Goebel writes:

"Es faellt mir schwer es zu sagen, aber es muss heraus: Der reiche Deutsch-Amerikaner ist mit wenig ruchhaften Ausnahmen ein elender Knauser, der an seinem Besitzen mit hitziger Zechigkeit festhaelt und ihn lieber fahrenden Erben als einem gemeinmuertigen Zweck hinterlaesst. Vergleichen wir die ungezahelten Millionen die reiche Amerikaner, einem Pflichtgefühl folgend, mit faustischer Freiheit an Wohltätern und Erziehungsanstalten geschenkt haben mit dem was ebenso reiche Deutsch-Amerikaner je weggegeben haben, dann ergreift uns das Gefühl ekler Scham. Und mit diesem schiefen Knauserstum geht nicht selten der Mangel an geistigen Interessen Hand in Hand; ja im Vergleich zu dem grossartigen Bildungsstreben des Amerikaner ist der Deutsch-Amerikaner im Durchschnitt geistig tot. Schon damals war die ekelhafte Erscheinung im Deutscheramerikanischen Volksleben, der protzende Emporkommmling nicht selten, der auf geistige Bestrebungen und ihre Vertreter mit Verachtung herabsieht und dem kaum der Geistliche, unter Androhung ausgesuchter Hoellenstrafen, einen Dollar abringt."

(It is disagreeable to say it, but the utterance should be made: the rich German-American is, with few noteworthy exceptions, a miserable niggard who cleaves to his possessions with
fervid tenacity, and prefers to leave the same to smiling heirs rather than to the general welfare. If we compare the countless millions given with princely generosity by rich Americans in obedience to a sense of duty, to benevolent and educational institutions with what has been given by equally rich German-Americans, a feeling of nauseous shame lays hold of us. And hand-in-hand with this shabby niggardliness, there goes not infrequently an absence of interest in intellectual matters; indeed, in comparison with the magnificent educational efforts made by the American, the average German-American is dead. Even then already the offensive appearance in German-American life of the insolent upstart was not rare who looked down with contempt upon spiritual efforts and its representatives, and from whom the minister, under threat of direst evil, with difficulty wrung a dollar.—Translation by Editor.)

Where in the world is there a more greedily, a more brainless, a more miserly, in short a more disgusting pack of (I nearly made the mistake to say of men) individuals, caricatures of humanity, who think evidently that a full purse and a full stomach make a man, when in fact they make only a greedy beast. Why have Americans of German descent not been as fruitful in good works as Germans or as Americans of Anglo-Saxon descent (V. history of politics, of art, of science, of literature, of music, etc.)? This is the answer, by betraying their mother tongue, they rendered their normal development impossible. The rapidity with which they discarded their mother tongue has not made them better citizens; it has made them less able citizens. There is no reason whatsoever for discarding the mother tongue of the race in the acquirement of the English language. The cultivation of the mother tongue alone will enable the Americans of German descent to become the equals of Germans or of Anglo-Saxon Americans. No great race can discard its mother tongue without becoming inferior. In the book “Race or Mongrel” (Page & Co., Boston), I have endeavored to prove my position.

Men who do not love their mother tongue are depraved individuals; their absorption is not a gain, but a clear detriment to the country.

Very sincerely yours,

ALFRED P. SCHULTZ, M.D.


Wer deutsch und englisch kann dem steht die Kultur der ganzen Welt zur Ver fügung. Die groessten und tiefsten Gedanken sind in diesen zwei Sprachen gedacht worden; wer nicht deutsch kann, kann in vielen Wissenschaften nicht auf der Hoche der Zeit bleiben, z. B. Chemie, Medizin, Philosophie. Jede Philosophie, die mehr sein will als ein blosses Ver suchen, die mehr als Luftschlosser Systeme flicken will muss an Kant, den groessten aller Denker anknuefien, und wer des Deutschen nicht maechtig ist, kann Kant ueberhaupt nicht verstehen. Der Deutsch-Amerikaner dem die eine dieser Sprachen so lieb und Wert sein sollte wie die andere, kann mit diesen, die Kultur der ganzen Welt umklammern. Die Deutsch-Amerikaner konnten sich zum hochsten Geschoepf der Erde emporschwingen, wenn sie wollten; dass sie es bis jetzt leider nicht wollten brauche ich nicht darzulegen. Es ist evident. Dass das deutsche Blut ebenso gut ist wie das englische beweist die Welt geschichte, beweist die Geschichte der Kunst, der Literatur, der Wissenschaften, der Musik, des Handels.

(If it can not be gainsaid that among German-Americans the Pennsylvania-
Germans occupy the first place. The reason is not hard to find. They had or developed a certain (quite justifiable) pride of ancestry, preserved their mother tongue and many of them lived compactly together. These conditions prevented the quite purposeless intermixture that is occurring in many places. That a purposeless uncircumscribed mixing of German blood with Slavs (many of whom are half or quarter Mongolian) with Latins (many of whom are burdened with Negro blood) or with the nondescript people of South America (mixtum decompositum) must cause the degeneration of the descendants of the Germans is quite evident. (The same danger threatens the Anglo-Saxons.) The use of the German language with the English is sufficient to prevent unrestrained mixture.

The culture of the whole world is at the command of him who understands English and German. The greatest and deepest thoughts have been thought in these languages. He who does not understand the German can in many branches of knowledge not keep abreast of the times, e. g. Chemistry, Medicine, Philosophy. Each philosophy that aims to be more than mere sophism, that aims to do more than patch aircastle systems, must tie to Kant, the greatest of all thinkers, and he who is not master of German can not understand Kant. The German-American, to whom the one language should be as dear as the other, can with these embrace the culture of the whole world. German-Americans might lift themselves to the highest among men if they wished to, that up to the present they have not tried I need not prove. It is evident. That German blood is as good as English is shown by the history of the world, the history of art, literature, the sciences, music and trade.—Translation by Editor.)

A road of national importance, usually styled the National Road, but sometimes the Cumberland Road, was undertaken by the Government of the United States in 1806, with the patriotic object of opening a highway between the East and the West, and thus aiding in more strongly cementing these two sections of our country. The road was planned to pass westward from Cumberland through Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia to a point on the Ohio river, afterwards fixed at Wheeling, and thence into Ohio and eventually farther west, thus realizing the early dream of Washington, who had for many years before his death advocated a closer union of the East and the West through the creation of transportation facilities between these sections. Work on the construction of this road was commenced at Cumberland in 1811, and the road was finished to Wheeling and opened to the public in 1818, a distance of 112 miles; of which 24½ miles were in Maryland, 75½ were in Pennsylvania, and 12 were in Virginia, now West Virginia. It was 40 feet wide at its narrowest point, and 80 feet at its widest. The road in Pennsylvania passed through Somerset, Fayette, Westmoreland and Washington counties. After 1818 it was extended into Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Until after 1850 it was a much used thoroughfare, both for passengers and freight, and it accomplished all the desirable results which had originally been claimed for it. After 1850 its use, which had gradually been yielding to the competition of the canals and railroads, and also to the competition of steamboat navigation on the Ohio, rapidly declined, except for local purposes, and for these purposes parts of it, especially in Pennsylvania, are still kept in good condition, although no longer under the care of the United States. The influence of the National Road in the development of the country west of the Alleghenies has been very great.—From Swank's Progressive Pennsylvania.
Early Days of The
Keystone State Normal School

BY FRANK S. KREBS, SUPT. MODEL SCHOOL, K. S. N. S., KUTZTOWN, PA.

OME years ago, a gentleman from Massachusetts, travelling on a passenger coach on the East Penn Railroad through the beautiful East Penn Valley with its comfortable villages and farmhouses, its large barns, and its well-tilled productive farms, as he passed almost within the shadow of the Keystone State Normal School, remarked that it was a pity that such a beautiful country should have come into the possession of such a boorish, uncultured class of people as the Pennsylvania-Germans.

As if Providence had prepared this country for these people as He had led the Children of Israel to the Chosen Land! As if it were not really the reverse—that these selfsame despised "Pennsylvania-Dutch" had not through years of hardest toil, the gravest dangers from Indians, and by the severest self-denial, made the wilderness blossom as a rose! As if the ancestors of these same "Dutchmen" had not contributed money and quantities of grain when that Yankee's ancestors were starving in Boston on account of the "Boston Port Bill"! As if re-inforcements of "Dutchmen" from Pennsylvanians had not been among the first to reach Washington's army at Cambridge! As if Pennsylvania had not contributed more soldiers to the War of 1812 than all the New England States together, excepting Massachusetts! As if Pennsylvania had not contributed to the Mexican War almost two and a half times as many men as Massachusetts! As if troops from Pennsylvania had not been the first to reach Washington in 1801!

While the mutterings of the greatest civil war of all ages were being heard in 1860, through the efforts of the late Rev. J. S. Herman, Prof. Henry R. Nicks opened what was known as Fairview Seminary in the fine home now occupied by Col. Thos. D. Fister. The capacity of this building soon proved insufficient for the needs of the increasing number of students: and in 1863, while the country was in the throes of war, when our State had been invaded, when the government was in great peril, a number of "Pennsylvania-Dutchmen" (O, take notice Mr. Yankee!), "dumb Pennsylvanians-Dutchmen," bought five acres of ground and erected thereon where the Principal's office now stands a building costing $4,100, and named it "The Maxatawany Seminary." Among the many
dumb Dutchmen" who were penurious enough to subscribe money for this building and the subsequent normal school buildings for the benefit of the community at large were the following, who constituted the first board of trustees of the Normal School:

Lewis K. Hottenstein, Pres. Board of Trustees; David H. Hottenstein, Sec. Board of Trustees; Lesher Trexler, M. D., Pres. Board of Stockholders; Jonas Hoch, Sec. Board of Stockholders; Chas. Gerasch, M. D., Treasurer; Henry Buschong, Egidius Butz, Daniel Dietrich, Rev. J. S. Ermentrout, David Fister, John H. Fogel, Jonas Hoch, Edward Hottenstein, M. D., J. Glancy Jones, Rev. B. E. Kramlich, Diller Luther, M. D., Jonas Miller, Ulrich Miller, Rev. H. R. Nicks, H. H. Schwartz, Esq., David Schaeffer, Adam Stein, Lesher Trexler, M. D., J. D. Wanner, Esq.

The Buildings.

As time rolled on, new buildings were needed and erected—a central building in 1865, a girls' building in 1880, a chapel building in 1887, a boys' wing in 1891, a new central building in 1893, a laundry and kitchen in 1895, a new Model School building in 1900, a gymnasium in 1907, and a new infirmary, which is at this writing in process of construction. These buildings, with their superb modern equipments, representing an expenditure of at least half a million dollars, are convincing arguments of the fallacy of the Yankee's reasoning.

No student of ye olden times would feel satisfied with this sketch unless special mention were made of an emergency building that once occupied a space northeast of the principal's quarters. In Dr. Horne's administration it was found about New Year that the great number of new students could not be housed the following spring, and therefore a frame building was erected. Prof. D. S. Keck, then a senior, dug the first spadeful of ground the latter part of February, 1874, and by March 23, the opening of the spring term, the building was ready for occupancy. Ex-judge R. H. Koch, of Pottsville, Schuylkill County, was at that time as-

The "Normal" of Today.
assistant professor of mathematics at the Normal, and was quartered in the building; and as his father was a miller by trade, the building was named "Koch's Mill." After Prof. Koch left the Normal, it became affectionately known as "The Old Mill." After rendering valuable service for many years, it was sold and moved to Lyons for a cigar factory. Several years ago it was destroyed by fire.

The Principals.

In 1866 Maxatawny Seminary became the Keystone State Normal School, and the Rev. John S. Ermentrout, a brother of the late Judge James N. Ermentrout, became the first principal. During his administration there arose two factions in the board of trustees, and as a result, Prof. Ermentrout successfully opposed the re-election of Dr. A. N. Raub, a very popular teacher, to the position of English, on the ground that Dr. Raub's conduct had been opposed to Prof. Ermentrout's policies. The following year, 1871, Prof. Ermentrout left the school, taking opportunity, in an address to the assemblage of students and visitors at commencement, to deliver such scathing invective against the board of trustees that several members of that body walked out of the chapel before the close of the speech. Several years later Prof. Ermentrout again became a member of the school's faculty.

The vice-principal, Prof. N. C. Schaeffer, a young man of about twenty-one years of age, presided over the affairs of the school until about Christmas, when Dr. A. R. Horne, superintendent of the schools of Williamsport, Pa., was installed as principal. Under Dr. Horne, the school grew rapidly in numbers, but in 1877, owing to some difficulties with the board of trustees, Dr. Horne left school, and Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, then a teacher at F. & M. College, Lancaster, was chosen principal.

The Model School Strike.

Several weeks before the close of the spring term of 1877, when it was known that Dr. Horne had not been re-elected, the seniors adopted a novel plan of forcing the trustees to re-elect him. Knowing that no normal school can legally exist without a Model School, the members of the graduating class determined to refuse to teach in that department until the trustees would bow to their demands. Accordingly, one morning only one senior reported for duty in the Model School. Prof. D. S. Keck, the superintendent of the Model School, promptly drafted into service a number of juniors, and a day or two later the strikers appeared and humbly asked to be re-instated.

At this time the school was face to face with the greatest crisis in its existence. Dr. Horne was exceedingly popular with the students, and many left to attend other normal schools. So great was this defection that the next year's graduating class numbered only ten members. However, realizing the seriousness of the situation at once, those students and teachers who were loyal to Dr. Schaeffer held an impromptu meeting in chapel on the commencement day when Dr. Horne left, and then and there openly pledged their support to the new principal.

Under the sixteen years of Dr. Schaeffer's administration, the school prospered greatly. The principal strove to surround himself with a strong faculty, and the last senior class graduated during his term, instead of ten members, numbered ninety-three.

Upon Dr. Schaeffer's appointment as State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the vice-principal, Dr. G. B. Hancher, was elected principal. In 1890, Dr. A. C. Rothermel, the vice-principal, was elected principal, a position that he is still holding. In the last two administrations the progress of the school in efficiency and numbers has been constantly increasing, and the last year witnessed the largest enrollment, 951 students, in the history of the school.

The French Commission.

The Centennial Year was noted for two principal events, as far as the school was concerned. A commission of four or five educators sent by the French Government visited the Normal School in their tour of inspection of American educational institutions. The leading citizens of our
town vied with one another in tendering the noted foreigners a cordial reception and taking them to different points of interest. In fact, as a result of their strenuous exertions in pointing out some of the beauties of nature in and about Crystal Cave, it is said that some of the Americans were almost overcome by their labors, but these efforts were fully compensated by the enthusiastic appreciation of their Gallic guests, and a night's repose.

The Monument.

The second crowning feature of 1876 was the erection of the monument which for a long time stood in front of the building, but is now located in the Kutztown Park. The funds were raised by popular subscription, and on the day of its unveiling, July 4th, all roads led to Kutztown.

The chief burgess of the town, upon whom devolved the duty of delivering the presentation speech, although a successful business man, felt scarcely equal to the task of writing a speech suitable for the momentous occasion, and hence turned to Col. T. D. Fister for advice. "If you will promise not to show the paper to anyone," said the accommodating Colonel, "I will write you a speech that will make you a national reputation." That promise being given, the Colonel soon handed his honor the manuscript which was to be committed to memory, and the introduction of which consisted of these startling lines:

"You would scarce expect one of my age To speak in public on the stage."

A few days before the time for the dedication, either too exultant over the prospect of achieving a "national reputation" so easily, or doubting the appropriateness of the Colonel's literary production to the occasion in question, the chief burgess showed the address to the Principal, Dr. A. R. Horne, who was scheduled to deliver the speech of acceptance and that person promptly condemned the proposed speech and substituted one of his own manufacture as more suited to the occasion. However, owing to the short space of time intervening, the burgess's memory proved treacherous in the midst of his address, and after a vain search through his pockets for the manuscript, which he had inadvertently left at home, his embarrassment was relieved by Dr. Horne, who came forward at the psychological moment with his speech accepting the monument in the name of the Normal School.

The Students.

The first students were nearly all boys. Quite a number of these had been soldiers in the Civil War, and in several instances wounds received in the service caused them to turn from other occupations to professional work as means of earning a livelihood. A few of these were Major W. L. Guinter, J. M. Van Zandt, Isaac Bobst, Henry Meyer, Isaac Fry, Albert Bertolet, and J. T. Wilder,—the last named a Confederate from South Carolina, who was wounded in the hip in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

Since there were few positions in the public schools then open to lady teachers, and since the average Pennsylvanian's ideas of female education were at that time expressed by the present German Emperor's opinion of the occupations for women—viz., Kirche, Kirche und Kinder
—it is not surprising that during the winter term of 1878 there were only two lady students boarding at the school. For years the lady students were in the hopeless minority. About 1883 one of the literary societies had but two lady boarders during the winter term. However, as years went by, the number of lady students increased, until this year's senior class, the Class of 1909, contains 124 members, about 72 per cent. of whom are girls. In the present middle class the proportion of males is greater.

The Pennsylvania-German's position in reference to female education in those days was exemplified in a conversation a number of years ago between our present principal and a gentleman who brought his son to school. In answer to a question by the principal, the gentleman replied: "Yes, I have a daughter at home, but I do not expect to send her away to school." "Why not?" queried the principal. "O, it isn't worth while; she will be married anyway." "What kind of husband do you want for your daughter?" asked the principal. "Why the very best," replied the man. "Then," rejoined the principal, "give your girl a good education and she can have her choice of a husband,—a lawyer, a doctor, a minister, a business man,—in other words a man of culture and refinement, who will make your daughter a nice companion and a good home. Give her no education and she must find her life companion from among the ignorant and perhaps vulgar class." "You are right," exclaimed the parent, "I had never thought of that. My daughter shall go away to school." She has since been graduated from this institution.

Literary Societies.

The Philomathean Literary Society was the first one organized; but recognizing the necessity of a second society as a stimulus to the former, nine students prepared a paper of withdrawal from the Philo Society. This paper was presented at a regular meeting in Sept., 1865, and the nine persons withdrew in a body, and going to a small recitation room organized the Keystone Literary Society, with Samuel A. Baer as president. In later years each society received a hall devoted to literary purposes exclusively, and these halls have been equipped and ornamented by their respective societies at an expense of many hundreds of dollars. Each society possesses a library which is accessible to members of either society, but the sessions of each society are open to members of that society only.

The Final Examinations.

In the early days the final examinations were conducted by four persons—the State Superintendent or his deputy, two city or county superintendents, and the principal of the Normal School. Candidates for graduation were examined in all the branches of the course, and the examinations were, as far as possible, oral. All the students and the entire examining board were in one room. There were also present many visitors, some who looked as wise as owls, but like those birds were shrewd enough to hide their wisdom (?) behind an impenetrable and imperurable screen of silence. A student was ordered to rise, and an examiner fired a broadside of questions at him. After the first examiner had exhausted his ammunition, another examiner turned his machine gun upon the devoted disciple of Socrates. If said student survived the ordeal, he got his diploma; but in one instance at least, the examining board ran away to the station without announcing the results of the examination. The anxious seniors managed to creep into the office window and lo! there were but four diplomas and there had been five persons examined! Who, O! who was the unlucky one? Several of the seniors rushed to the depot, ostensibly to bid farewell to the examiners, but really to try to find out "where they were at," and by skillfully directing the conversation they elicited the desired information.

Social Affairs.

The social side of the school in the early days was hardly all that could be desired. One very important reason was the decided lack of members on the female side of the house. Besides, the
catalogue said: "The ladies and gentlemen are required to treat each other with due politeness, but no conversation between students of opposite sex will be allowed in the halls or recitation rooms, neither will members of one sex be allowed to trespass upon the grounds reserved for the other." This regulation, if strictly enforced, cut off pretty nearly all opportunity for being sociable. But "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." For example:

Those of us whose hair is gray and those who have none at all will remember the long porch running along the rear of the old central building, and the well (O, blessed memory!) that was located at the boys' end of the porch. It was remarkable how thirsty the ladies became, and how often they had to come to the pump to replenish their pitchers. And although wireless telegraphy was then undreamed of, there existed a kind of telepathy that promptly drew down to the pump very agreeable bipeds of the masculine persuasion, and what wonderful discussions took place, covering all the fields of art, literature, science, and sometimes war! How slowly the procession moved back along the porch, the swain gallantly carrying the pitcher for his lady!

But this bright side sometimes turned into a shadow instantly, as a certain justice of the peace of Maxatawny can certify if he cares to; for this individual upon seeing two such devoted couples billing and cooing at the old pump, suddenly opened the windows of the heavens through the medium of a pitcher of water. Shrieks from the ladies and more strenuous exclamations from the men rent the air, and an immediate search for the rascal brought no light upon the subject.

A fence along the pavement enclosed the front campus, and a fence running at right angles to that pavement back to the building effectually shut off the boys' yard from the girls'; and while the dear creatures dispersed themselves upon the lawn, that part was the sanctum sanctorum which was forbidden to the common herd (us). However, at least one fellow got there. One warm evening two ladies (one now the wife of the State Superintendents of Public Instruction) sat under a tree near this dividing fence. They were attired in cool white dresses, the zephyrs rustled through the leaves and played with their tresses, the feathered songsters in the trees were caroling their last notes preparatory to tucking away their little heads among their feathers and going to sleep, and all was too perfectly lovely for anything. A senior perceiving this exemplification of "peace on earth, good will towards men," and not having the fear of his Satanic Majesty before his eyes, went into another student's room, and seizing a glass of water, by a dextrous move of his hand, suddenly transformed the tranquil scene into a duet of screams, a rushing of feet, and a rustling of skirts—"Only this and nothing more."

At a sociable in the early 70's, the small number of lady students was entirely inadequate for the purpose, and a committee of two boys suddenly conceived the brilliant idea of asking the steward to allow the waitresses in the dining-room to participate. The committee entered the steward's office and presented their request to that worthy. Glancing at the clock, he declared that he would not let
the waitresses attend, as there was not time enough for them to get ready. At this one of the boys said: "Steward, if I were one of those girls, I think I would do as I please." "The hell you do!" exclaimed the irascible steward; "if you don't shut up, you will go out pretty d---n quick!"

The Wonderful One-Hoss Dray.

The fame of Kutztown is not quite so world-wide as that of Ancient Troy; but then, Kutztown is not quite so old. We can not boast of a wooden horse, nor indeed are our limits circumscribed by great walls of stone; yet old Troy is not "in it" alongside of us. All we need in order to put that ancient city in the shade is a modern Vergil, who would sing, not "Arma virumque cano," but "Arma virosque cano," for our town can most certainly boast with that ancient warrior that every citizen is a stone in its wall of defense. One illustration will suffice:

Late in the fall of 1860, when the boys' wing of the Normal School was in process of erection, a number of students silently stole out of the dormitories at the ghostly hour of twelve, attached a long rope to a cart standing near the building, and rushed down the main street of town. The noise awakened the citizens, who imagined that it was the hose carriage on its way to a conflagration. One of these citizens, a publisher prominent in this part of the State, enacted the role of that ancient hero, Aeneas; for while he had, no helpless parent, Anchises, to bear through the flames, he issued forth valiantly, clad not indeed in a suit of armor, but carrying in each hand, in lieu of a sword and spear, a wooden bucket. Hastily rushing in the direction of the tumult, the proprietor of our "Commoner" breathlessly inquired of another citizen, "Ulrich, where is the fire?" The answer was, "There is no fire." "Donnerwetter!" ejaculated the disappointed fireman, and he reluctantly turned his formidable fireextinguisher homeward.

In the mean time the raiders had described the "orbis terrarum," and brought the cart back into the orchard behind the school; but when they singly and in pairs essayed to re-enter the school, as they groped their way through the dark halls, flashes of light from matches in the hands of teachers on guard suddenly illuminated the surroundings and disclosed the identity of the prowlers. To make matters worse, the Vice-Principal, Dr. G. B. Hancher (the Principal was absent from school), after seeing that the pickets were securely posted, like Regulus, determined to carry the war into Africa by going out in search of the missing links in the chain of intellectual development. One student, mistaking the professor for one of his fellow-raiders, rushed up to him and was dragged to a lamp-post on the campus and identified. Several others hiding in the dark drive-way under the unfinished building, upon his approach rushed over a pile of debris and over a mortar-box, while one, now a disciple of Blackstone, fared so roughly in his flight that for days he diverted his pompadour about ninety degrees from its accustomed angle to cover abrasions of the cuticle in that vicinity.

Another, now also a limb of the law, succeeded in climbing through the unfinished building into the main building. It so happened that just that day the window through which he passed had been ornamented with a liberal coat of red and white paint, and at daybreak next morning, "Mirabile dictu!" he discovered that the blue color of his trousers had mysteriously vanished, and that instead his nether extremities had the night before become suddenly encased in the national colors, although perhaps not distributed altogether with the same regular order as exhibited on "Old Glory."

Anniversaries of the Literary Societies.

In the olden days the present course of entertainments, consisting of lectures, recitals, concerts, etc., by famous speakers, reciters, and musical organizations, was unknown and undreamt of, neither were there the frequent sociables of the present day. Excepting the Thanksgiving sociable and Commencement, the only other social events were the anniversaries of the two literary societies—Philo Anniversay at the end of the fall session, and
The Keystone Anniversary at the end of the winter term; and since these good things came so rarely, the events were looked forward to with a great deal of anticipation as the crowning glory of the session. Hundreds of old students wended their way back to their alma mater to attend the annual anniversary of the society of which they had been members, and many glad reunions occurred after the exercises.

A peculiar feature of the program was, that, as soon as a speaker or essayist had concluded his or her part of the anniversary program, an usher strode up the aisle of the old chapel in all his glory, bearing in his arms all the presents that friends from home or the school had sent to the principal's office for said student, and deposited them at the side of the performer's chair. The performer who resided near the school and thus had many friends and neighbors in the audience, usually was the recipient of armfuls of gifts; but he whose home was located eighty or more miles away was not so bountifully remembered. But other expedients were occasionally resorted to, as was the case at Philo Anniversary, twenty-three years ago. One of the speakers, short of stature but of ample magnitude laterally, in view of the fact that he represented 200 pounds avoirdupois advanced to the front of the platform; and according to rule, first carefully placing his feet,—"heels together, toes at an angle of forty-five degrees,"—inclined his body forward, by way of greeting, to the utmost degree which his tight bifurcated seclusions permitted without imminent danger of catastrophe, and having recovered himself, began a masterful discourse upon the sterling qualities of fat men, in the course of which this modern Demosthenes electrified his audience with a prophetic remark, never before heard but later demonstrated to be entirely correct, "That the fat man is bound to make his mark, either in the legislative halls or in the dining-room."

At the close of this famous speech, an usher in regalia ostentatiously strode up the aisle with an armful of presents for the silver-tongued orator, who, upon weighing the boxes (empty) in his hand and noting their suspicious lightness, made a remark sotto voce, to the usher, entirely too inflammable for these pages.

Anniversaries were seized upon by all the eager gallants as an opportunity to escort some fair damsels to the exercises, and this tendency occasionally furnished decided sensations. A certain individual, after debating with himself for weeks Hamlet's Soliloquy, "To be or not to be," finally decided "To be." After investing in a generous supply of hair grease (bear's oil made of hog's fat), a la Pappy Dikeman, and borrowing a quantity of musk from two no-account dudes, he salied forth in quest of a black-haired, "much bangs" (as a Spanish student said), dark-eyed gazelle, with nose tilted slightly heavenward,—one of the dashing beauties depicted those days in illustrated newspapers; but alas! the fates did not seem propitious, and "Barkis was not willin'," for she said she had made other arrangements, and so the writer's cake suddenly became all dough.

Heat and Light.

The early manner of heating the rooms was by means of a small stove placed in every room. Later a hot air furnace was installed in the basement, and the danger from stoves eliminated. One of the objections to hot air was that, on a cold, windy day, all the heat came up in the rooms on the opposite side of the building from the wind, and on the windward side there came up the flues what one of the students termed "cold heat." Hence, in winter few persons inhabited the rooms facing northwest, almost the whole school living on the other side. Later, as new buildings were erected, steam heating was introduced, and a separate boiler house built, so that there are no longer any fires in the building.

Another source of great danger was the kerosene lamp that furnished light in every room and in the halls. At ten o'clock at night, every light was extinguished, and the halls were dark as Erebus. To enforce this rule, every teacher in charge of a hall patrolled his "bailiwick" at ten o'clock; and if a light was
found burning in a room, he rapped on the door and called "Lights out!" Upon a certain occasion, two new students, interpreting the order literally, brought the lighted lamp and put it into the hall.

A certain student, who stammered and lisped considerably, arranged his mirror in such a way that it reflected the light of the moon through the transom above the door. The teacher, in making his rounds, noticed the bright transom, and thinking that the light had just been turned down until he would go to his room, rapped on the door and passed on. Later he came back again, and seeing the transom still illuminated, rapped again and called sharply, "Lights out!" To which the student responded: "L-lights ith ou-ou-out! D-d-do you exthpect me-me to t-t-take a c-c-club and knock out the
m-m-moon?" Electric lights from power
generated by the school's own plant have
displaced those inconvenient necessities.

Y. M. C. A. and Reading Rooms

In 1887 two very important events took
place. One was the establishing of the
Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., to which
nearly all the students now belong. These
organizations have done a remarkable
amount of good. Indeed, I consider it an
impossibility for anyone to estimate the
benefit that has accrued through them,
not only to the students and the Normal,
but also to the public school pupils who
come under the influence of our gradu-
ates.

Another important event was the
founding of a reading room. Up to that
date, if a student wanted to read a daily
paper, he had to subscribe for it, and
there were no magazines or other peri-
odicals available for a student's use. Now
there are two reading rooms, one for boys,
the other for girls, with many daily pa-
pers, and all the best magazines, and all
are free to every student.

The Old Dining-Room.

In the basement of the central building,
underneath what was then the chapel, was
located the dining-room. The long, nar-
row tables extended entirely across the
room; each table seating thirty persons—
fourteen along each side and one at each
end. Instead of chairs, every student was
perched upon a four-legged stool with a
round seat about eight inches in diameter
and, of course, no back. When the bell
in the cupola rang for meals, all the boys
assembled in the chapel, and, at a signal
from the teacher in charge, marched down
stairs, two by two, into the dining-room.
The few ladies entered by a rear stairway.

Breakfast consisted of cold meat, fried
potatoes, oatmeal, bread, butter, molasses,
and coffee. A breakfast of steak and
dressing, as we get daily now, would, if
not previously announced, likely have re-
sulted in a panic or occasioned heart fail-
The supper was ditto, minus the oatmeal. Coffee was poured by the waitresses after students had been seated, and no sugar bowl or cream pitcher was seen on the table, save for the oatmeal, as all the coffee had been doctored with the last-mentioned ingredients in the kitchen.

The few girls were seated on one side of the table and the boys on the other side. Many tables had no girls. A boy who had a girl on the other side of the table was said to have an "opposite." Affinities usually found places at the table opposite each other, and a pretty girl never lacked an opposite. But occasionally a girl hove in sight who had neither youth nor "personal pulchritude" to recommend her, but moreover possessed a mighty effective weapon of offense and defence—her tongue. If some poor fellow was roped in to take the seat opposite her, after a few meals, his seat would be vacant, and the "deserter" would be found ensconced in some retired seat at the farther end of the dining-room. When such a lady student was present in the dining-room, the principal was never at loss to find a seat for a visitor or a new student. If some lady's opposite left before the close of the term and another boy took his place at the table, that lucky "John" received an ovation as soon as he left the dining-room, by being seized by the other students and hoisted into the air amid the shouts of all assembled.

Conclusion.

The foregoing are only a few of the conditions that confronted the student of thirty or forty years ago. Lack of space precludes the mention of others. Such things as the old wooden blackboards supported upon upright pieces of wood, the rough home-made seats that adorned (?) the classrooms and tilted at a moment's notice, the old laundry with its gray horse as its motive power, the total absence of hot and cold water, bathrooms, and toilet rooms in the building, the old wooden bed for two, with its rope and chaff-bag, the uncarpeted dormitories, the lack of electric lights, are mentioned only to acquaint students of the present day with the advantages they enjoy. Yet the students of the old regime have won fame in many spheres of activity. Men like Dr. N. C. Schaeffer and Dr. T. M. Balliet have achieved national reputations as educators; and many of the 2,442 members of the alumni, as well as many of an equally large number who received their education here but were not graduated, are occupying positions of great responsibility and influence in the educational world. Take up a catalogue of the school and you will see that there are graduates found from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the Philippines, from Texas to Michigan,—men who have become eminent in other professions, such as law, medicine, theology, politics, or in business. The influences for good, the mental and moral training meted out to students who in turn have influenced the people of the localities where they reside and the pupils whom they taught, the standard of right living and good citizenship that the former students have assisted to establish, and the intelligent homes over which many of them preside, are living monuments to the wisdom and generosity of the men who established this Normal School and the State which has assisted in maintaining it.
The Shoemaker Family
of
Shoemakersville, Pa.

BY MRS. CHARLES \*SHOE MAKER MOHR, READING, PA.

The Shoemaker family is one of the oldest in the State of Pennsylvania, its ancestry dating back to pre-Revolutionary times. Jacob Schumacher (now Shoemaker), Georg Wertmüller, Isaac Dilbeck, Tunes Kunders, Arents Klincken, Denis Kundore or Conrad, arrived from Crefshen, Germany, on the good ship America, with Francis Daniel Pastorius and party, on the sixteenth of August, 1682, and settled in what is now Germantown. Pastorius located where he laid out Germantown the same year in which he and his party arrived in Philadelphia; the land of the Germantown settlement having been taken up by them on October 12, 1682. The town formed by this company consisted of thirteen families, but in less than five years fifty houses had been erected. Pastorius had an interview with Conrad at Crefelt, Germany, April 12, on his way to America. The first religious meeting, by Quakers, or Friends, was held at this same Conrad's house, in Germantown, 1683.

Out of their German homes, these emigrants carried the teachings of their fathers. It was because of the hatred of tyranny by these early settlers, and their love of home and country, that they sought an asylum here. It was because of this that the blood of these early emigrants came to be among the first that flowed into the veins of the new Christian Commonwealth. The first protest against slavery—a public protest—was written by that noble-spirited German Quaker, Francis Daniel Pastorius, in 1688, and signed by him and a few of his fellow countrymen. Of Pastorius Whitter's has sung in his "Pennsylvania Pilgrim," and of him his race is proud.

This company of emigrants, German-town Quakers under the Germantown charter of 1690, headed by Pastorius, bought 25,000 acres of land from William Penn. Pastorius was appointed attorney for the company. Jacob Schumacher (Shoemaker) was made sheriff of Germantown in 1690. He married Margaret———. Their children were Georg, Thomas, Susanna and Jacob, Jr. In 1715 Changton Monthly Meeting issued a certificate recommending Jacob Schumacher, a merchant, and his family to Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. About this time he moved to Philadelphia. He was 17 years old when he came to this country, a brother of Georg and Peter Schumacher, and died in 1722.

Sarah Shoemaker, eldest daughter of Georg and Sarah Shoemaker, arrived in the colony some months in advance of her mother (a widow), brothers and sisters, having accompanied her uncle, Peter Schumacher, in the ship Frances and Dorothy, which arrived at Philadelphia, October 16, 1685.

The marriage certificate of her brother Georg Shoemaker and Sarah Wall is in the custody of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Georg was a very successful farmer or "planter," as he was denominated in early deeds. He became the possessor of large landed estates, and was also a tanner, his yards being located on the east side of York Road, south of Tacony Creek.

Isaac, a brother of Georg and Sarah Shoemaker, born in Germany in 1669, when a young man, moved from Cheltenham to Germantown, where his uncle, Peter Shoemaker, had settled in 1685. Here was established the well known Germantown branch of the Shoemaker family. Isaac Shoemaker became a man of note, not only locally, but in the country at large, serving as sheriff of the county.
in 1695-96, and as burgess in 1706.

We learn from the minutes of the Provincial Council that "Isaac Shoemaker and his cousin, Peter Shoemaker, were authorized to arrange with workmen to build a prison house and put up stocks as soon as possible." Isaac Shoemaker was engaged in business as a tanner, his yards being on Main street (now Germantown avenue), east of the present Coulter street.

That he was a progressive citizen and interested in the moral and intellectual welfare of the community, may be inferred from the fact that he contributed to the fund for the erection of a Friends' Meeting House in Germantown in 1706, and was a patron of the famous school established by Francis Daniel Pastorius, the greatest scholar of his time in Pennsylvania.

The home of Isaac Shoemaker was near the corner of Main street (now Germantown avenue) and Shoemaker Lane (now Penn street). This home remained in the possession of the Shoemaker family for over a century, until 1843, when it was razed.

Jacob Shoemaker, Jr., and Elizabeth Roberts were married "2 mo. 24 day 1724." He was appointed sheriff of Philadelphia from 1770 to 1772.

Henry and Carl (Charles, Sr.) sons of Jacob Shoemaker, Jr., moved from Germantown, Cheltenham Parish or Township, to Shoemakersville (then a dense forest, almost an unbroken wilderness) about the year 1765, where Henry built the first stone house in 1768. He afterward sold it to his brother Charles Sr., who occupied it until death.

In the living room of the old home, still in good condition, are painted these words:

"Gott segne dieses House
Und alles was do geht ein und aus;
Gott allein die Ehr."

These words were covered over with whitewash for many years, until finally in scraping off the lime they were brought to light again.

A marble tablet is built into the gable end of the house, upon which is inscribed, "H & C. S. 1768."

Charles Shoemaker, Sr., was born in
Germantown in 1735, and died in Shoemakersville in April, 1820. He married Maria Kepner, daughter of Benedict Kepner, a miller of Bern township (now Bern Station), owner of a mill, tannery. 150 acres of land, two horses, five head of cattle and four sheep. The old mill is still standing but is not used. After the death of Charles Shoemaker, Sr., his wife, Maria, moved to her daughter Sophia, married to Jacob Huey, of "Weidenschollen," a beautiful home east of Leesport. This home, owned later by Adam Huey Gernant, is now the property of John Unger, father-in-law of Rev. Edwin Gernant, of Towanda. Henry and Carl Shoemaker frequently went to Europe, and on one of these trips brought a pipe organ with them for the stone mansion at Shoemakersville. The Shoemaker family were farmers, tanners, merchants and statesmen. During Revolutionary days the men were away from home attending to affairs relating to their country—the women in their absence nobly taking their places. A tannery was owned and operated by the brothers Henry and Carl, Sr., situated on the east bank of the Schuylkill river at Shoemakersville. The women pounded the bark for the tannery with stones. In 1705 Charles Shoemaker, Sr., bought of William Penn large tracts of land, a part of which was situated in Windsor township, Berks county, a part in Buffalo Valley, Union county and a part near Shamokin. To this last mentioned property their branded cattle were taken for grazing in spring and brought home in the fall.

Charles Shoemaker, Sr., also owned all the land near Orwigsburg where the Schuylkill County Almshouses now are. This property was later owned by his son Charles, Jr., the first judge of Schuylkill county. Orwigsburg then being the county seat. Charles Shoemaker, Sr., exerted a large influence in politics and business in the upper section of Berks county. He represented the county in the Provincial Conference and also in the Constitutional Convention of 1776. He was appointed in 1777 as one of the Justices of the Peace of the county for seven years, and at the expiration of his term was re-appointed, serving till the adoption of the Constitution of 1790. He also officiated as a Judge of the Courts from 1785 to 1790.

The State Assembly in December, 1777, appointed and empowered him to solicit and take subscriptions for the Continental Loan. This service required a large measure of ability to fulfill the duties required. He was successful in obtaining quite a number of subscriptions from various citi-
zens of Berks county to carry on the war. At the close of the Revolutionary War much loss was suffered by farmers and merchants from non-redemption of the loans they had made their country in its extremity; these good people showed their patriotism in deeds instead of words.

Charles Shoemaker, Sr., acted as one of the Commissioners who assembled at New Haven, Conn., November, 1777, to regulate the price of commodities in the Colonies. He represented the county in the General Assembly for twelve years—1792 to 1801 and in 1810 and 1812 and was in the Senate for four years—1813 to 1817. He died in April, 1820, after living in retirement for several years. His surviving children were five sons and three daughters: Samuel, Charles, Jr., Jacob 3rd., Benjamin, John, Sophia, married to Jacob Huey, of "Widenshollen," East Leesport; Catharine, married to Jacob Dunkel; Mary, married to Benjamin Kepner.

Charles Shoemaker, Jr., born at Shoemakersville June 10, 1779, married Elizabeth Kershner of Windsor township November 22, 1801. October 1791 to 1800 he served as Representative from Berks county and again in 1809 and 1811. He was elected Senator in 1812. He served in the War of 1812 as Quarter Master of the Brigade of Pennsylvania Troops commanded by Brigadier-General John Adams. He died November 8, 1822, while serving as Associate Judge of Berks county.

The children of Charles Shoemaker, Jr. and his wife, Elizabeth Kershner Shoemaker, were: Sophia, born June 26, 1802, died July 15, 1807; Elizabeth, born January 8, 1804; Susanna, born November 21, 1806, died July 14, 1891; Joseph, born December, 1807; Hannah, born June 20, 1810, died September 28, 1879; Sarah, born June 10, 1811, died February 5, 1883; Charles, born July 30, 1813; Edward, born May 8, 1816; Rebecca, born October 20, 1817; Sophia, born January 20, 1820; James Monroe, born January, 15, 1822, died June 31, 1823.

The first hotel in Shoemakersville, a large log house, was built by Charles Shoemaker, Jr., and conducted by him many years. The famous Coleman Line Stage Coach, operating stage lines from Philadelphia to Womelsdorf, Lebanon, Harrisburg, Lancaster, Allentown, Easton, Sunbury and other towns, in 1828 established a daily stage from Pottsville via Reading to Philadelphia and made Shoemakersville one of their stopping places.

Charles Shoemaker, Jr., later built a brick house opposite the inn into which he moved with his family where he died. His wife left Shoemakersville with her nine children and moved to her old home, then occupied by her brother, John Kershner and family. Years later when her youngest daughter, Sophia, was married to Charles Huey Mohr, of Mohrsville, she went to live with her at Mohrsville where she died May 24, 1849. She was buried.
In 1812 Col. George Shoemaker discovered coal in Schuylkill county and took twelve wagon loads of the same to Philadelphia where he tried to sell it, telling people that it would burn longer than wood and give greater heat. He sold two loads but was denounced as an impostor and was obliged to give away the remainder.

The Home Department

BY MRS. H. H. FUNK, SPRINGTOWN, PA.

In laying the plans for the year 1900, the Editor of the Home Department has not lost sight of the shortcomings during the past, and, profiting by past experience, will endeavor to make the page allotted mean more to every reader of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN than it ever did before, and to this end the hearty cooperation of subscribers is earnestly solicited.

The Home Department never had a brighter or better outlook for the future, more interest has been created, and better plans are at hand.

The real object of the department is to recall, chronicle and perpetuate the events of home life among the pioneer Pennsylvania-Germans.

Our plans as laid down are not iron-bound, and we stand ready to deviate therefrom upon request of readers for special articles or for contributions.

One of our contemplations is a series of illustrative articles on Early Household Utensils, on which we especially solicit information and data.

Let us join hands and united make this page indispensable to the magazine. Write up old stories on early life in the household, little happenings, receipts, or kindred matter as they impressed and appealed to you. One incident will awaken another; one receipt will recall another; therefore let us join heart and hand and work onward and upward to the mutual advantage of all concerned.

GERMAN SERVANTS.

They Are Most Obliging and Inclined to Be Confidential.

A German lady whose uncle at one time occupied an important diplomatic post in London, told me, says a writer in the London Mail, that her aunt was immensely surprised to find that every one of her English servants knew his or her work, and did it without supervision, but that none of them would do anything else.

This lady, not knowing English ways, used to make the mistake at first of asking a servant to do what she wanted done instead of what the servant had engaged to do, but she soon found that the first housemaid would rather leave than fill a matchbox it was the second housemaid's "place" to fill, and what surprised her most was to find that her English friends sympathized with the housemaids, and not with her. "We believe in everyone minding his own business," they said.

In most German households there is no such thing as the strict division of labor insisted on here. Your cook will be delighted to make a blouse for you, and your nurse will turn out the dining-room, while your chambermaid will take the child for an airing if you order it so. They are more human in their relation to their employers. The English servant fixes a gulf between herself and the most democratic mistress. The German brings her intimate joys and sorrows to a good herrschaft, and expects their sympathy.

When a girl has bad luck and engages with a bad herrschaft she is worse off than in England, because she is more in the power of her employers and of the police than she would be here. She has to have a "dienstbuch," an official book, in which her age and personal appearance are registered. In this book her employers write her character. It is under the control of the police, and has to be shown to them when she leaves and when she enters a situation. It is hardly necessary to say that when a girl does anything seriously bad and her employers record it in the book, the book gets "lost." Then the police interfere and make it extremely disagreeable for the girl.

A friend told me that in the confusion of a removal her own highly valued servant lost her "dienstbuch," or rather, my friend lost it, for employers usually keep it while a girl is in their
service; and, though she took the blame on herself, and explained that the book was lost the police were most offensive about it. Germans have often told me that servants, as a class, have good reason to complain of police insolence and brutality.

I have in my possession the exact copy of the entries in a "dienstbuch" that belonged to a girl who had been in several situations. None of them tell anything of her qualities and knowledge, but one mistress complains that Anna Schmidt's behavior did not please her. Anna Schmidt's present mistress assured me that this meant that a son of the house had annoyed the girl with his attentions, and she had in consequence treated him with some brusqueness. But when English servants write to the papers and ask to have the "dienstbuch" system here I always wonder how they would like their failings or their misfortunes sent with them from place to place in black and white; every fresh start made difficult and every bad trait recorded against them as long as they earn their daily bread.

There is no give and take of personal character in Germany. Ladies do not see the last lady with whom a girl had lived. They advertise or they go to a registry office, where servants are waiting to be engaged. In Berlin every third house seems to be a registry office, and you hear as many complaints of the people who keep them as you hear here. So the Government has set up a large public registry in Charlottenburg, where both sides can get what they want without paying fees.

Wages are much lower in Germany than here. Some years ago you could get a good cook for from £7 to £12, but those days are past. Now you hear of a general servant getting from £10 to £15, and a good plain cook from £15 upward. These are servants who would get from £2 to £3 in England and more in America. But the wages of German servants are supplemented at Christmas by a system of tips and presents that is neither one of free gift nor of businesslike payment. Germans groan under it, but every nation knows how hard it is to depart from one of these traditional, indefinite customs.

In a household account book that a friend showed me, I found the following entry: "Christmas present for the servant. 30 marks in money. House linen, 9m. 50pf. Pin cushion, 1m. 5pf. Five small presents. In all, 42 marks. Was not contented." My friend told me that German servants now expect to get a quarter of their wages in money and presents at Christmas. House linen is often given, because a German girl in service is always saving with might and main for her wedding outfit. In Germany the bride buys both furniture and linen, and in the poorer classes about £60 is considered sufficient for this purpose.

Due to law is in Germany also come under the law that obliges all persons below a certain income to provide for their old age. The post office issues cards and stamps, and one of these stamps must be dated and affixed to the card every Monday. Sometimes the employers buy the cards and stamps and show them at the post office once a month; sometimes they expect the servant to pay half the money required. Women who go out by the day get their stamps at the house they work in on Mondays. If a girl marries she may cease to insure, and may have a sum of money toward her outfit. In that case she will receive no old age pension. But if she goes on with her insurance she will have from 15 to 20 marks a month from the State after the age of 70.

In cases of illness, employers are legally bound to provide for their domestic servants during the term of notice agreed on. At least this is so in Prussia, and the term varies from a fortnight to three months. Most householders in Germany subscribe to an insurance company that provides medical help, sends a patient to an infirmary when necessary, and even pays for wine and food ordered by its own doctors.

A German kitchen is marvelously bright and clean, but it is not so comfortably furnished as an English kitchen, nor will a German servant as a rule set the table for tidy kitchen meals. Her morning meal will consist of coffee and rye bread without butter, but in the middle of the morning she will expect a second breakfast of meat or sausage. She will be allowed coffee and beer or wine with her meals, but not tea, and except for the scarcity of butter in middle class households she will, as a rule, live very well.

Some years ago German servants made no attempt to dress like ladies, and even now what they do in this way is a trifle, compared to the extravagant get-up of an English cook or parlormaid on her Sunday out. A German girl is not ashamed of being a servant, and on week days she goes to market with a large basket and an umbrella, but without a hat. In Hamburg girls who waited at table used to wear light cotton gowns with elbow sleeves, but nowadays Hamburg has adopted our English livery of a black gown with a white cap and apron. In most German cities maidservants wear what they please, and I have myself dined with people whose silver, glass, and food were irreproachable, while the young women who waited on us wore decollete tartan blouses, large, cheap lace collars and brooches of sham diamonds. Some ladies keep smart white aprons to lend their servants on state occasions, but the laziest apron will not do much for a girl in a sloppy colored blouse and a plaid necktie with floating ends.

But these same girls who dress so abominably always have stores of strength, neat body linen and knitted stockings. A girl knits the stockings herself as she stands at the street door on summer evenings and gossips with her friends.
Der boet may sing off "Der Oldt Oaken Bookit,"
Und in schweetest langvitch its virtues may tell;
Und how, vhen a poy, he mit eggdsasy dook it,
Vhen dripping mit coolness it rose vrom der vell.
I don’d take some schtock in dot manner off trinking!
It vas too mooch like horses und cattle, I dink.
Dhere vas more sadisfactsions, to my vay off dinking,
Mit dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

"How schveet vrom der green mossy brim to receive it"—
Dot woul’d soundt pootv goot—eef it only vas true—
Der vater schbills ofer, you petter believe it!
Und runs down your schleeve, und schlops indo your shoe.
Dhen down on your nose comes dot oldt iron handle,
Und makes your eyes vater so gvick os a vink.
I tells you dot bookit it don’d hold a candle
To dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

How nice it musd been in der rough vinter veddher,
Vhen it settles righdt down to a coldt, freezing rain,
To haf dot rope coom oup so light os a feddher,
Und find dot der bookit vas proke off der shain.
Dhen down in der vell mit a pole you go fishing,
While indo your back cooms an oldt-fashioned kink;
I pet you mine life all der time you vas vishing
For dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

How handy it vas schust to turn on der fancet,
Vhere der vater flows down vrom der schpring on der hill!
I schust vas der schap dot vill always eridorse it.
Ozsbeically nigldts vhen der veddher vas chill.
Vhen Pfeiffer’s oldt vell mit der schnow vas all cofered,
Und he vades droo der schnow drift to get him a trink.
I schlips vrom der der hearth, vhere der schilten vas hofered,
To dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

Dhen gife oup der bookits und pails to der horses;
Off mikerobes und tadpoles schust gife dhem dhier fill!
Gife me dot pore vater dot all der time courses
Droo dhose pipes dot run down vrom der schpring on der hill.
Und eef der goot dings off dis world I gets rich in,
Und frennts all aroundt me dhier glasses schall clink,
I schill vill remember dot oldt country kitchen,
Und dot long-handled dipper dot hangs py der sink.
THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN

DE NOCHT FOR KRISTDAWG.

FROM THE HAWTHORNE PRESS, ELIZABETHVILLE, PA.

'S wore de nocht yusht for Kristdawg und
gons dorrich's lond
Wore der grose-hartzich Sanda Claus recht
Gude bakond;
Mit harsh in si'm shilidda hut yaders gawist
Ware der frei gavich, leeblich olt Sanda Claus
iss;
Der wind hut ga-piffa, dorrich si lung, weiser
bawrd,
(Ehr iss nemohls tsu'm barber, sell hut ehr ols
g'shaward.)
Und der shpeek uf si'm dick-sock—mer hen's
shum badrocht,
Dare wibbled und wobbl'd wunever ehr locht.
Und ehr locht in si'm shilidda, mit uf in
der hond,
UF de nocht yusht for Krishtdawg, und gaid
dorrich's lond.
Es hous wore gons shill, net en sound hut mer
g'hed,
Far der Sanda Claus coomt net wun ehr iss
shafstaird;
De kinner sin immer sell tseit free in's realt,
Und fraelich gabaid und druf g'shlofa recht
fesht;
De gose und glaina sin oll uf-amohl
Orrick guude und brawf warra und olles wore
wohl,
Far de monnny hut g'sawt das der Sanda
shupert
Un heiser das nix-nutch kinner dr'in hut.
Sellar owet hut yaders si shtrump ous-gadu
Und uf g'henkt um shonshia, und uf in de
ruh;
Der Sam und der Bill und der Hons und der
Jeck,
Hen de shtrimp ous und uf g'henkt, und 'no
wore de Beck.
De Betz und de Sally, de Mag und de Liz.
En gonsa roy samples fun shtrimp,—vahr, gawis!
Der Mike und der Ike und der Joe und der
Jim,
Und der Moses und Aaorn, de wu tusseling sin.
We der Sanda Claus cooma iss, sawgt ehr mohl,
"Whew!"
Ich wase miner sex now sheer net vos tsadu;
Ich will se gairn filla ovver, Whew! Ich bin
bung
De shtrimp wora net in der wesh far shun
lung.
Wun Ich candy doh ni du, gude schmockich
und seez,
Gricket der choclawd und tsugar der flavor fun
feees.
So gookt ehr de roy nous und shtreicht un si'm
bawrd,
Und examined de shtrimp, grosse und glae, olle
ord.
"Well, de leit doh sin awrem, und geld immer
kartz,
Ovver en drupli so kinner mocht reichdum im
hartz;"
Hut ehr g'sawt tsu sich selver, "Ovver leeb iss
ken geld.
Und gaid net im hondle we cash in der weld;"
Sell g'sawt, draid ehr rum und tsu'm shonshia
grawd nous,
Un coomt mit ner mechticher bund'l in's hous.
Mer het sheer gadenkt 'sis und gramer das
coomet,
Und net der olt Sanda Claus wu tsu'm
shonshia rei jumpt.
Si sock uf-gamocht, hut ehr yaders en pawr
Fun der beshta shtore-kawita wur-shtrimp uf
der floor,
Demo hut ehr tsugar und grundniss ni-
g'hecht
Far der Sam und der Bill und der Hons und
der Jeck.
Ehr's grawd un der roy nous tsu der Betz era
shtrump.
Und dert bleitzlich g'shupt; sawgt ehr, "Du
leever grund!
Des iss duch ken shtrump, es gookt yoh we en
sock."
Und grawd datsu ni gaid es ivverich fu'm poek.
Und mit dem das de Betz so grosse feeisch iss,
Hut ehr'n gons frisher bund'l rei g'hold far de
Liz,
Und de Beck und de Sally, de Mag und der
Jim.
Hen keshta aw griekt mit fish-warrum dr'in,
Und tsugarna gile und dol-bubba mit hawer,
Und es feez das im Noah si shif amohl wre;
Der Mike und der Ike und der Joe hen en
drum,
Shad-harner und biecher mit pickters dr'in rum.
Far's leetsht wore de tswilling, der bund'l wore
lair;
Wun de tswilling nix hen sin se base das en
bear;
So hut der Olt Sanda Claus recht hart gadenkt—
Wos kon ehr der tswilling nuch gevva far'n
g'shenk!
Ehr iss grawd datsu nous, und glei iss ehr
cooma
Und pawr millich-gase un de veek aw-gabunna.
Oh, vos iss der Krishtdawg en fraelicha tseit,
Mit leeb und gude willa bi oll unser leit.
Mit em grose-hartzich Sanda Claus, harlich
und froh,
Un en oldar welsh-hawna im ufa grawd doh!
Und vos en blaseer wun der Sanda Claus
coomt.
Far de kinner mit tsugar und keshta im
shtrump!
UF de nocht yusht for Krishtdawg, 'sis oll
gude bakond,
Coomt der frei-gavich Sanda Clauhs und gaid
dorrich's lond.
STILLE NACHT, HEILIGE NACHT!

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Alles schläft, einsam wacht
Nur das trauende, hochheilige Paar,
Das in Stalle zu Bethlehem war
||Bei dem himmlischen Kind.||

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Hirten wird’s kund gemacht;
Durch der Engel Hallelujah
Tönt es laut von fern und nah:
||Jesus der Retter ist da.||

O DU SELIGE!

O du selige,
O du fröhliche,
Gnadenbringende Weihnachtszeit!
Welt ging verloren;
Christ ward geboren:
Freue dich, freue dich, O Christenheit!

O du selige,
O du fröhliche,
Friedenbringende Weihnachtszeit!
Christ ist erschienen,
Uns zu versöhnen:
Freue dich, freue dich, O Christenheit!

O du selige,
O du fröhliche,
Lebenbringende Weihnachtszeit!
König der Ehren
Dich will ich hören:
Freue dich, freue dich, O Christenheit!

O TANNENBAUM!

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum!
Wie treu sind deine Blätter!
Du grünst nicht nur zur Sommerzeit,
Nein auch im Winter, wenn es schneit!
O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum!
Wie treu sind deine Blätter!

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum!
Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!
Wie oft hat mich zur Weihnachtszeit
Ein Baum von dir so hoch erfreut!
O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum!
Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum!
Dein Kleid will mich was lehren!
Die Hoffnung und Beständigkeit
Giebt Trost und Kraft zu jeder Zeit!
O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum!
Das will dein Kleid mich lehren!

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM!

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.
WITH the issue of this number of The Pennsylvania-German there is brought to a close another year in the history of the magazine, with its hopes and fears, its successes and failures.

Contrary to the practice of the last two years, the title page and index are issued with this number. It is believed that the change will be an acceptable one. For the convenience of the subscribers we give also a list of the leading articles that have appeared in The Pennsylvania-German from the first issue to the present.

We realize that the magazine has fallen short of the aim placed before it at the beginning of the year. The lamented death of our esteemed associate, Mr. Henry A. Schuler, shattered many of the plans we together had laid. The lack of sufficient income from the magazine has interfered with our efforts and prevented the accomplishment of certain desirable improvements. Though conscious of our shortcomings, and often dismayed and cast down, we are not discouraged, and face the future hopefully and determined, God willing, to add a larger, more interesting and more valuable volume to the magazine the coming year.

Not the least of our rewards during the past year has been the pleasant acquaintanceship and bond of friendship that has been formed with subscribers and contributors. Many a cheering word has reached us, many a helpful service has been rendered us that has often caused a wish for wings that might carry us to our friends, and thus enable us to say in spoken words what the printed word can never express. To the host of our friends that have in any way aided us during 1908 in the publication of the magazine, we hereby express our hearty and sincere thanks. Without the comfort and aid thus given, The Pennsylvania-German could not have lived. Again we thank you all for all favors.

We may be permitted to say that during the year the sense of the needs, the importance and significance of the field we occupy has grown upon us. The history of the German element in our country remains to be written. While master minds have wrought and toiled, and much has been brought to light and given its value, still more remains unsaid that ought to be expressed. People are not quite as ready as formerly to deny their German ancestry or to apologize for their forebears. The day is not far distant when the sons of Teuton stock on American soil will lift aloft proud heads and say: “We are scions of one of the noblest people that ever trod God’s earth.” If The Pennsylvania-German can help to bring this about, it will not have lived in vain.

Changes in the interest of economy and efficiency will be made in the editing, make-up and mailing of the magazine the coming year. One of the most important of these is that eight pages will be added each month under the general head, Genealogical Records, devoted to early death records as found on tombstones, and in church, pastors’, newspaper and private records. This will not in any way curtail the popular element of the maga-
zine, and will accommodate in part at least the students of genealogy. Details will be given in the January number. We shall be pleased to receive suggestions from subscribers respecting changes which in their judgment ought to be made.

We invite and solicit the hearty sup-

port of each subscriber the coming year. We need your aid. We need also lots of new friends, and hope you will help us to get them. Finally,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Clippings from Current News

—On Saturday, October 10th, 1908, the landing of Gerhardt Brownbaugh in America was celebrated at Brownback Reformed Church, East Coventry township, Chester county, Pa. Garret Brownback, of Linfield, Pa., the only descendant that ever bore the name of Gerhardt in the large family of descendants, presented them with a beautiful memorial stone, bearing the names of four generations of his descendants.

William H. (Brownback) Mosteller, M.D., of Phoenixville, presented the memoirs of Gerhardt Brownbaugh to the family.

Both of these descendants were fulfilling their promises to members of the great family who have gone to meet their fathers.

Garret Brownback promised his father, Jesse Brownback to erect this memorial stone, and Dr. William H. Mosteller promised Miss Mary Brownback, deceased, to present the history on this occasion.

The monument is a touching tribute, and its presentation a beautiful scene. To see his descendants one hundred and fifty-one years after his death gathered about his long silent tomb, entering into a reverential spirit for the immortal, in a beautiful and well prepared service for the occasion, was most inspiring.

—At the annual reunion of the Grubb family in the Union Meeting House at Parkerford, Chester county, a memorial stone was unveiled at the grave of the Grubbs first ancestor in America, Henry Grubb and his wife. A dozen States were represented at the reunion, and from Canada a large delegation of the Grubb clan came. Former Governor Penny- packer made an address. He paid high tribute to the sturdy Pennsylvania-German stock with which the Grubbs are associated, and which has been so notable a feature in this Commonwealth's progress and achievements.

—The British Secretary of Trade is publishing a series of reports on the economic condition of the laboring classes in Great Britain, Germany and France. The second volume contains reports on that subject, the data having been gathered in 33 German cities with a total population of nine millions. The reporter found that the German workman works longer than the British and gets smaller wages, but spends less for victuals and house-rent, although he does not have less comfort than his British brother. The German workman, the reporter says, saves more than the British, and is also healthier, eating less meat but more vegetables, and consuming much more milk.

—It may be interesting to note the publication by the Burrowes Brothers, Cleveland, Ohio, of a de luxe edition of John Heckewelder's "Narrative of the Mission of the United Brethren among the Delaware and Mohican Indians, from its Commencement in the year 1740 to the close of the year 1808."

The book, one of the two principal publications from Heckewelder's pen, was published by McCarty & Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., in 1820. The original manuscript, now the property of Mr. William Elzey Connelley, of Topeka, Kansas, has been reprinted exactly as written, with valuable historical notes by Mr. Connelley. The book is a quarto, and costs thirty dollars. Only 162 copies have been printed. It contains, besides the "Narrative," the author's report of the Expedition to the Wabash Indians, with whom, at Port Vincennes, under commission of the United States Government, General Rufus Putnam and himself concluded a treaty in the fall of 1792. In the spring of 1793 he again was a member of a Commission of the Government to treat with the Miami Indians at Detroit.

—According to the report of Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction for the year ending June 1, 1908, there are 2,580 school districts in the State, 33,171 schools, 7,488 male teachers, 20,325 female teachers and 1,231,200 pupils. The average number of pupils in daily attendance last year was 951,670.

The cost of school houses, purchasing buildings, renting, etc., during the year was $2,577,844. The wages of teachers amounted to $17,600,342.93. The cost of text books for the year was $1,006,491.05, and the cost of other school supplies $884,757.15. The maintenance expenses of the schools were $6,661,481.06. The total expenditures for all purposes were $34,970,916.94. The estimated value of school property is $90,303,211.57.

—A committee of citizens of Gettysburg, headed by the Rev. Dr. Singmaster, ex-Senator D. P. McPherson, ex-Judge McClees and Madison Garvin, waited upon Governor Stuart to ask him to include in his next annual message and to urge the celebration of the semi-centennial of the battle of Gettysburg in 1913. Governor Stuart promised to give the matter careful consideration.
—The assertion is made that the town of Port Clinton, along the Reading system, has turned out more railroad men than any town in Pennsylvania, or probably in the United States, for its size. The population is fewer than 1,000. The town has furnished men to the railroad service for 76 years, or since the Little Schuylkill Railroad was built in 1832, from Port Clinton to Tamaqua. Of the names given, about 150 compose various families, there being groups of two, three, four and five brothers, sons and cousins. It is notable that many of these men climbed to places of trust and distinction in the railroad world. Among them are John B. Warrington, now superintendent of the Philadelphia division of the Reading; Harry D. Rarick, assistant trainmaster at Broad Street Station; David Raybolt, yardmaster at Belmont; Joseph Gately, yardmaster at West Falls; A. A. Kerlin, collector for the Schuylkill Canal, and Capt. A. C. Hucksay, who held a position under Frank Thomson when he was superintendent of the Philadelphia and Erie division and later connected with the United States railway mail service.

—Former Governor Pennypacker was the first official in the State to make suggestions to the legislature to frame appropriate laws for husbanding the natural resources of the State and place a small tax on coal, coal oil and gas, for the benefit of good roads. President Roosevelt followed and took up the subject for the whole country.

—The German Society of Pennsylvania has issued a supplementary catalogue, covering the acquisitions to the library since 1899, which include the latest literary publications. Dr. Karl Detley Jessen wrote the preface of the catalogue. Liberal arrangements are provided for the use of the library by non-members.

—Dr. August Wilhelm, of Prussia, had no easy time of his studies in the University of Strassburg. He had little of that what is enthusiastically called “student’s life.” He had a strict taskmaster in Count Dohna, professor of political science at Koenigsberg, who by order of the Emperor supervised his studies and made him work as if his daily bread depended upon his success in the university. Fairy princes and princesses are not tolerated in the Hohenzollern house. Prince August Wilhelm of Prussia is not the only German prince having “made his doctor” in course. Prince Max of Baden is a doctor of law; Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria is a M.D., and a very skillful surgeon, whilst Duke Karl Theodore in Bavaria is known all over Europe as an eminent encyclopedist. Prince Max, a brother of the King of Saxony, is a C.I.D., and a D.D., and professor of church laws and liturgies in the R. C. university of Fribourg in French Switzerland; he is a priest. Prince Julius Ernst sur Lippe is a doctor of law, and two princes of the old house of Reuss in Thuringia are doctors of philosophy and make themselves useful to the Fatherland.

—The Reformed Ministerial Association of the Lehigh Valley held its October meeting at Kemp’s Inn, a mile from Kutztown. Kemp’s Inn was founded in 1765 by Mr. Kemp, and the present proprietor is the fifth in direct line of descent from the founder of the hostelry. The present building was erected in 1795. Following the business session, the ministers were taken to a nearby field, to see what is said to be the largest oak tree in Pennsylvania. The diameter of the spread of the branches is 72 feet, and seven of the pastors, touching fingers, just reached with their outstretched arms around the base.

—To complicate the mooted question as to whether John Jacob Mickley or Frederick Leaser took the Liberty Bell to Allentown, Pa., to be hid under the pulpit floor of Zion Reformed church when Lord Howe’s forces occupied Philadelphia in the dark days of 1777, along comes a claim for Captain Philip Gable as having had a part in the removal of the precious relic of freedom. The Mickley and Leaser descendants have long advanced and held tenaciously to the claim on behalf of their forebears. The State has appropriated $1,000 for a memorial to Mickley, which is to be affixed to a granite boulder in front of Zion church. The Leaser descendants have organized and arranged for a memorial over his grave near Jacksonville.

The Gable claim reached Allentown in a letter to a friend from Percival Kenmerrer Gable, of the Rambo House, of Norristown. Mr. Gable has prepared a history of the Gable family and has traced the family tree to Johann Philip Gable, of Rhabach, Germany, who came to America in 1739. His son, Philip Gable, was a captain of Philadelphia county militia in the Revolutionary War, and was the great-grandfather of P. K. Gable.

Ex-Judge A. Brower Longaker is quoted as authority for the statement that Captain Gable was commissioned by General Washington to remove the bell from Philadelphia to Allentown and back again.

—On Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 31 and November 1, the one hundredth anniversary of the dedication of the pipe organ in the historic Reformed and Lutheran Zion or Red Church in Schuylkill county, near Orwigsburg, was celebrated. On Sunday morning the sermon was preached by Rev. J. A. Schaeffer, Reformed pastor, and in the afternoon Rev. H. A. Weller delivered a historic address. In the evening Rev. Mr. Schaeffer will deliver a Thanksgiving address. The pipe organ still in use in the church was dedicated Oct. 16, 1858, and has been used by the congregations for 100 years. The organ was made in Quakertown.

—In a speech October 24, at the annual banquet of the faculty of the Northeast Manual Training School, Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh, superintendent of schools, reiterated his position that an appropriation of $5,000,000, instead of $2,500,000, should be made for school purposes.

“When I know as I do know,” he said, “that there are thousands of school children in Philadelphia who are prevented from obtaining the amount of instruction which they should re-
Thaddeus Stevens to make their famous fight for free schools.

"The boy who cannot read and write the English language intelligently is prevented by law from going to work until he reaches the age of 16 years. If he is not vaccinated he cannot be forced to attend school."

The Supreme Court has ruled that directors can be held responsible for the enforcement of the vaccination laws. The law expressly imposes the penalty upon the person in charge of the school. This has sometimes led to conflicts between conscientious teachers and directors hostile to vaccination. Either the penalty for refusal or neglect to vaccinate should be laid upon the persons in parental relation or some provision should be made under which it will be lawful to give the unvaccinated child an education.

"At present it is unlawful for any unvaccinated child to attend any public, private, parochial or Sunday school. That nearly every pastor and Sunday school superintendent in the State has become a law-breaker for the sake of giving children moral and religious training is evidence of defective legislation."

An unusually interesting ceremony took place in Hain's Reformed Church, Wernersville, Pa., October 4, when Charles I. and Miss Leah K. Hain were united in wedlock.

It was the wedding ceremony ever performed in Hain's Church.

Intermarriages between members of the Hain family have been recorded as follows: Benjamin S. to Elizabeth, Sunday, July 14, 1853; Isaac to Elizabeth, Sunday, Jan. 20, 1866; Daniel to Mary, Sunday, Feb. 12, 1826; Joseph to Mary, Thursday, Oct. 27, 1836; Frederick to Sarah, Tuesday, Jan. 17, 1843; David L. to Sarah, Thursday, Sept. 23, 1859; Lewis J. to Ellen, Saturday, Dec. 7, 1889; Charles I. to Leah K., Sunday, Oct. 4, 1908; Daniel Hain to Polly, about 1798; William Hain to Anna, about 1808.

George Hain, the ancestor, was a prominent settler in this locality. He was a man of remarkable energy, and became a large land owner. He purchased in 1735, 920 acres; in 1741, 190 acres; in 1742, 292 acres, and in 1743, 320 acres. The original homestead was on the Hill farm, one mile west of Wernersville. He had seven sons, Peter, Adam, George, Frederick, John, Henry, Christian and Casper, and two daughters, Sybilla and Elizabeth Gertrude.

The first and earliest date of the Hain lineage is 1711, when Elizabeth Gertrude, daughter of George and Veronica Hain, and wife of William Fischer, was born. Some of the children of George and Veronica may have been born earlier, but there is no record of the same.

Rev. Charles H. Mutschler died in Wilkes-Barre, Oct. 7, at the age of 68 years. He served his country during the Civil War, taking prominent part in several notable battles. In 1878 he entered the Christian ministry, and served pastorates at Johnstown, Dushore, Simburt, Mainville and Wilkes-Barre, Pa. At the last named place he had labored nearly seven years.
He was president of Wyoming Classis and of Wilkes-Barre Ministerial Association at the time of his death.

Joseph C. Bucher, who for 20 years was President Judge of the Courts of Snyder and Union counties, died October 17, aged 72 years. After his defeat for re-election in 1891 he was appointed solicitor of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He was admitted to the bar in 1838.

In 1894 Judge Bucher was nominated by the Democrats for Congressman-at-large, but declined on the plea of professional engagements. Three sons and one daughter survive.

—John J. Ziegler, senior member of the firm of Ziegler Brothers, shoe manufacturers, Philadelphia, Pa., died October 28, of heart disease. Mr. Ziegler is survived by his widow, Mrs. Mary Ziegler; three sons and three daughters. He was born in Chester county, on June 11, 1833. In 1860 he established the shoe business which bears his name. Associated with him were his brothers, William and Lewis.

Mr. Ziegler was first vice-president of the Seventh National Bank for years prior to its merger with the Fourth National Bank. He was a member of the Manufacturers' Club, a member of the board of trustees of the Spring Garden Methodist Episcopal Church, and a member of the board of directors of the Methodist Hospital.

—Miss Carol H. Beck, one of the best known historical portrait painters in America, died after a short illness. Miss Beck, who was a sister of former United States Attorney James M. Beck, was a member of the board of managers of fellowships of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and well known as a critic and authority on art. She studied in Paris, Dresden and Madrid. At the request of Andrew Carnegie she painted William Penn in armor for the Pennsylvania society in New York, and produced several subjects for Skibo Castle. Her works adorn the University of Pennsylvania, the Masonic Temple in Philadelphia, Wesleyan College, the Capitals at Harrisburg and Trenton, N. J.

FOR THE JOKE BOOK.

—The following was found among the papers of a German pastor of eastern Pennsylvania: One of the most remarkably unsatisfactory expositions of Scripture on record is that of the colored preacher who was trying to throw light on the miracle of the loaves and fishes. He confusingly said: "My beloved friends, does greatest of all miracles was 'bought of loaves and fishes. There was 5,000 loaves and 2,000 fishes, and de twelve 'postles had to eat dem all, an'—an' de miracle was dat dey didn't bust."

—"You have a short memory," suggested Mr. ——, attorney, to a witness in a court trial at Reading, Pa.

"Well, that's because I am a short man," was the reply.

—Rev. B— had two daughters, S. and E. At family worship one evening, Miss E. was leading in prayer, when a sound from the cellar gave evidence that a rat had been caught in the trap. Miss S. said: "Dabber L—-—sag Amen; es is en Rat in der Fall." (Quick, L—-—say amen, there is a rat in the trap.)

—The literal strictness of German rules and regulations has always been a matter of amusement to other nations which do not insist so rigidly on the letter of the law. A writer in the Washington Star recently told a story illustrating this point. Two men, Schmidt and Krauss, met one morning in the park. "Have you heard," said Schmidt, "the sad news about Muller?"

"No," said Krauss. "What is it?"

"Well, poor Muller went boating on the river yesterday. The boat capsized and he was drowned. The water was ten feet deep."

"But couldn't he swim?"

"Swim? Don't you know that all persons are strictly forbidden by the police to swim in the river?"—Youth's Companion.

Chat with Correspondents.

We give herewith a few self-explanatory items. We hope next year to receive and print many more communications from subscribers than this year.

A Correction.

I am sorry I missed one name in the list of descendants of the sons and daughters of Susan Heckewelder Luckenbach, who was married to Christian Luckenbach. V. page 452, Footnote. Please insert the note below in the November number of Editoriana, and obligie. Good-by.

Yours very sincerely,

Wm. H. Rice.

*The name of Mrs. Helen Luckenbach Krause, of Bethlehem, Pa., should be added to the list, at the end of Footnote, p. 452, second column. She is the daughter of J. Edward Luckenbach and Catharine Bender Luckenbach, his second wife.

A Correction.

Mr. H. W. Kriebel, Editor, etc.,

East Greenville, Pa.: Dear Sir—I herewith enclose M. O. for $2.50 in payment of my subscription to The Pennsylvania-German for 1908, and shall continue the same rate hereafter, as my contribution to the publication of the death records. This is not a charitable bequest, for I am certain the information I shall get from those records will be of more value than the $1.00 per year.

And now, Mr. Editor, let me call your attention to several inexcusable, and, to an old soldier, most aggravating errors in the short sketch of the military record of Col. Wash. A. Roebling, on page 453 of the November number of the magazine:

2d. Col. Roebling was not “on Gen. Pope's staff at South Mountain and Antietam, thro the campaign which ended in the second battle of Bull Run.” Gen. Pope, or rather, a part of his army, fought the battle of Cedar Mountain, a few weeks prior to the second battle of Bull Run. Gen. McClellan fought the battles of South Mountain and Antietam after the second Bull Run, and after Gen. Pope had been relieved of command.

3d. The battle of Antietam was fought in September, 1862, and not between Aug., 1863, and March, 1864.

4th. Kelly's Ford should be Kelly's Ford.

Col. Roebling may have been on Gen. Pope's staff and also in the battles mentioned, but not at the time mentioned. Gen. Pope was not at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam.

I have not written this for publication, and yet it is certain very wrong to permit such misstatements, which the reader may take as facts, to go unchallenged. “Hocker” and “Keddy” may be misprints, but the record of Col. Roebling, otherwise, is very misleading, to say the least.

German Governors.

The following list of Governors of German ancestry was incidentally brought out in connection with Superintendent N. C. Schaeffer's excellent paper at the recent annual meeting of the Pennsylvania-German Society, in Lancaster, Pa. Our subscribers can doubtless supplement the list by adding other names. By the way, a list of deceased candidates of German ancestry would be interesting. Who can suggest names?

Pennsylvania—Snyder, Hiester, Schulze, Wolf, Ritter, Shunk, Hartranft, Beaver, Pennypacker. (Porser, Finley?)

New York—Leisler, Bouck, Peter Minuet.

Missouri—Folk.

Minnesota—Ramsey.

Colorado—Buchel.

Kansas—Hoch.

California—Bigler.

Idaho—Shoup.

Georgia—Schley.

Index Provided.

From Prof. John W. Wayland, Ph.D., author of The German Element of the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

A few days ago I mailed you a copy of my Index. This I am supplying to persons who purchased my book without the index at 30 cents a copy. I also have a few copies of the book with the index included, bound in cloth, at $2.25; and a very few in paper, with the index separate, for $1.50 for both. If you will kindly make a statement that will help me dispose of the few books I have yet on hand, I shall be obliged.

“Tombstone Records Not Wanted.”

By a Berks county subscriber.

Not more family and tombstone records (but more articles that are purely Pennsylvania-German—that is, of interest to Pennsylvania-Germans, such as folklore, the origin of words, meaning of words, synonyms, etc.), is what we want.

From a Virginia subscriber:

I favor printing the Mortuary Records.

From an Indiana subscriber:

It would be hard to improve upon the make-up and contents of your magazine. The New Department idea is a good one.

Pennsylvania Dutch or German?

Editor of The Pennsylvania-German:

I never dreamed that an issue would ever be seriously raised among Pennsylvanians of German extraction as to the correctness or appness of the expression, “Pennsylvania-German.” There is absolutely no ethnological or glotto- logical warrant for the expression, “Pennsylvania Dutch.” There are New York Dutch, African Dutch and Batavian Dutch, but no distinctive Pennsylvania Dutch, unless great liberty is allowed in the use of the term.

I am a stickler for the correct use of words. I shall ever insist on it that a spade be called a spade, and have little patience with those who would argue that some other name might not detract from the intrinsic value of that useful implement. The question is not whether we Pennsylvanians of German extraction are better or worse than the Dutch, but whether we are Dutch. The Dutch are all right, so long as they can boast of their Roosevelts; but that does not make us Dutch, who are such neither in language nor by descent.

The expression, “Pennsylvania-Dutch,” is utterly senseless, a misnomer absolutely inexcusable from any philological standpoint. It involves the misuse of a term that cannot be justified even on the ground of communis error, for the mistake is common only to those who use language ignorantly or recklessly.

I venture to say, too, that we Pennsylvania-Germans are strictly within our rights when we sternly and emphatically object to any misrepresentation of facts touching our history, character or life, as a people, no matter whether such misrepresentation be the result of ignorance or malice. Any perversion of the truth is hateful to a truth-loving people. It certainly is a false modesty that keeps a person silent for fear of having his motive impugned, when important facts of history affecting him personally are misrepresented.

What the honest Pennsylvania-German particularly desires and demands is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in matters pertaining to the people with whom he is racially identified. He is no apostle for any ignorant or willful misstatement of facts with reference to himself or his race.

Yours truly,

A. S. BRENDLE.

SCHAEFFERTOWN, PA.
The Destruction of Chambersburg.

I have read very carefully Rev. D. Seibert's terrible account, in your number for July, of the burning of Chambersburg, Pa., 1864, by the Confederate State troops, acting under orders from Gen. Jubal A. Early, C. S. A.

The heart-rending tale of D. Seibert is exceeded in pathos only by the published narratives of the fearful sufferings of the homeless and impoverished people of Columbia, South Carolina, burned by order of Gen. W. T. Sherman, in 1865, when Sherman wrote Halleck: "The 15th Corps enters Columbia tomorrow, and you know that when they do their work they do it well."

The burning of these two towns were acts of retaliation—Columbia for the burning of Chambersburg (the one only town burned by the Confederate troops during the entire war); and Chambersburg in retaliation—for what?

Chambersburg suffered, July 30, 1864, in retaliation, first, for the destruction wrought by Gen. W. T. Sherman in his raid of February, 1864 (six months before Chambersburg was touched), from Vicksburg, Miss., to Meridian, Miss. With 20,000 men he invaded that section, burned wholly or in part the towns of Meridian, Canton and Okalona, Miss., and, according to a Federal officer, "burning 10,000 bales of cotton, 2,000,000 bushels of corn, running off 8,000 slaves worth fully $5,000,000, and destroying fifty million dollars ($50,000,000) worth of property." Second, for the destruction, in June, 1864 (six weeks before Chambersburg), by General David Hunter, U. S. Army, of the public buildings and private houses of Lexington, Virginia, and elsewhere during his raid to Lynchburg, Va. General H. W. Halleck wrote Hunter at the time: "Grant says that he wants your troops to eat out Virginia clear and clean as far as they go, so that crows flying over it for the balance of the season will have to carry their provisions with them." (Official Records Union and Confederate Armies, Serial No. 71, page 366.)

I repeat Chambersburg was the only town destroyed or burned by the Confederates. The record on the other side is in fearful contrast.

Within the limits of the Confederate States the United States Army burned wholly or in part Fredericksburg, Va.; Williamstown and Hamilton, North Carolina; Donaldson and Louisport, La.

In General Sherman's march to the sea, 1865, he destroyed wholly or in part fourteen towns in South Carolina, viz.: Robertsville, Grahamsville, McPhersonville, Blackville, Barnwell, Orangeburg, Lexington, Winnsboro, Camden, Lancaster, Chesterfield, Cheraw, Darlington and Charleston. Halleck wrote Sherman he hoped that "when he entered Charleston he would burn it to the ground, and sow it with salt!"

As the old proverb runs, it does "depend on whose ox is being gored." The "Civil War" is now over; and four decades have passed since it ended, between the soldiers; but it is well to remember the old adage, "audi alteram partem (hear the other side)."

(Rev.) HORACE EDWIN HAYDEN.

Late C. S. A.

Pennsylvania Historical Societies

The Montgomery County Historical Society held its annual outing and reunion at Pen nsburg, October 24. The morning was devoted to a tour of historic places in the Upper Perkiomen Valley. Almost one hundred members were conveyed on coaches and carriages from Palm through the famous "Butterthil" (Butter Valley) to Bally, where the Catholic and Mennonite Churches were visited.

The Roman Catholic Church of the Most Blessed Sacrament, in Bally, just across the line in Berks county, with the exception of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, is the oldest Catholic church in Eastern Pennsylvania. Jesuits founded this Goshenhoppen mission in 1742. The walls of the original chapel were incorporated in the present structure, and the founder, Father Schneider, is buried in the church. The first bell, as well as records and other relics of the founders, are preserved.

Returning toward Pennsburg, the party stopped at the Washington Schwenkfelder Church, where many of the pioneer Schwenkfelders are buried, and visited also the New Goshenhoppen Reformed Church, a mile north-west of Pennsburg. The congregation was founded nearly two centuries ago. Rev. G. Michael Weis is buried in the cemetery, and many of the first settlers in the Goshenhoppen region rest there.

The company then went to Perkiomen Seminary. After luncheon and an examination of a rare historical collection, the following papers were read:


The Society adjourned highly pleased with the day's outing.

Annual Meeting of the Moravian Historical Society.

The annual meeting of this society was held October 14, in Nazareth, Pa. Vice-President Abraham S. Schropp presided. After routine business had been disposed of, the reports of the Treasurer and of the Executive Committee were communicated by the Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Frank Kunkel. The former showed that the finances of the Society are in good condition. The Secretary reported the membership of the Society as 105 life members and 241 active and associate members: total, 346. During the year, 7 members died, 3 withdrew, 1 was dropped; a loss of 14. Eighteen new members were added to the list, making a net gain of 4.

Lehigh County Historical Society.
A very interesting meeting of the Lehigh County Historical Society was held on a Saturday recently in the church at Mickley’s. A number of important historical works were donated to the society during the past few months for which a vote of thanks was passed.

Rev. Thomas H. Krick, the pastor of the Reformed congregation, read a history of the church and congregations, and Miss Minnie F. Mickley read a paper on the founders of the church.

After the meeting the members of the society were the guests of Mrs. Joseph P. Mickley and viewed the many curios collected by the late Lieutenant Commander Joseph P. Mickley of the United States Navy.

Snyder County Historical Society.
An effort will be made to revive the almost extinct Snyder County Historical Society. This organization obtained legal existence Feb. 28, 1898, by the granting of a charter by the Court of Common Pleas of Snyder county.

Several meetings were held. A room in the Court House was secured for story books, newspapers and other things of historical value.

The Old Regime. By Elsie Singmaster, in The Atlantic Monthly for October, 1908.

The scene of this story is laid in Miller-town (Macungie), Pa. It presents a vivid description of an old-time district school, with all the commotion incident to the opening day, when each pupil is anxious to be first in order to have the choice of seats. The story is written in the author’s usual simplicity of style and description. It must be of interest to all who have attended the district school of “ye olden time” and who retain any memories of it.

History of Egypt Church. By Charles R. Roberts, Secretary of the Lehigh County Historical Society, and Rev. J. D. Schindel. D.D. Read before the Historical Society of said County. 72 pp.; cloth, 55c; paper.

The publication contains a history of the Reformed congregation of Egypt Church by Charles Rhoads Roberts, and a history of the Lutheran congregations in the same church by Rev. J. D. Schindel. The church is one of the oldest in this section of the country; its organization dates back to the year 1733. It contains an account of the erection of the different church buildings, and also biographical sketches of the many pastors that have served the two congregations for the past one hundred and seventy-five years.

Of local interest as the publication necessarily is, it yet contains a great deal of historical information that is of interest to a wider circle. It is a laudable attempt to preserve local history. It also possesses some literary merit in that it is written in a style that deviates from the usual chronologicizing of events incident upon many publication of a similar nature.

Reviews and Notes
A great many newspapers have been put into this room. Some county newspapers of fifty years ago are among the collection. Books of considerable value have been received, but all have been put together in a jumbled mass, and in its present condition is of no value whatever, because it is not accessible.

After holding several meetings, it was impossible to get an attendance at the quarterly gatherings of the society, and they were discontinued.

Several thousand newspapers have been collected, but to be of any value they must be bound up in a systematic form. Shelves and cases should be built and the data put in shape for preservation and consultation.

Some money should be provided by private contribution or by appropriation by the County Commissioners for these purposes. Unless something is done promptly, the collections of a decade will be lost.—The Middleburg Post.

We hope Brother Wagener will “stick” and not quit until the Historical Society is in a flourishing condition. Would it not be a good plan to hold a Society Rally Day, and get a few lively speakers from a distance to plead the cause?

The “Deutsche Pionier Verein” of Philadelphia, in its latest publication, gives a sketch of F. A. C. Muthenberg, by Oswald Seidensticker (published in the “Belloterische Zeitschrift”, 1889), a history of the German theater in Philadelphia since the Civil War, by C. F. Huch, and a summary of the contents of the first issue of the “Philadelphischen Zeitschrift.”

The Lancaster County Historical Society. The society held its first fall meeting, Sept. 4. Various matters were discussed, among which Frank R. Duffendorfer’s interesting and valuable paper on “The Loyalists of Lancaster County” was read by Mrs. A. K. Hostetter. The society is awake, doing good work, and makes the papers read immediately available by issuing them in brochure form.

This is an historical account of one of the oldest and most popular military companies in American history. It dates its organization from June, 1775, with Michil Doudal as Captain. The Company performed important services during the Revolution.

The men who composed the original company have been termed call-listed volunteers. They are said to have actually enlisted and bound themselves to military service for one year of their own accord, without the requirement or even the request of the State or of Congress. The Company took part in most of the important battles of the Revolution. They were a terror to the British; they are described by John Adams as "the most expert marksmen in the world."

The Company disbanded in 1783, but it was re-organized again in 1790, and helped to suppress the "Whiskey Insurrection" in western Pennsylvania. It was permanently organized in 1834. Just as the members of this company were the first to respond to their country's call in 1776, so the members of 1834 were among the first to rush to the defense of the Union. The York Rifle Company was in the regiment that was fired upon by the mob while marching through the streets of Baltimore.

The work is hardly more than a compilation of the contents of messages, reports and resolutions, and the very nature of the subject may make it so. However, one could think that the account might have been turned into a little more of an historical discourse and literary work.

Religious Education and the Public School.


The subject of religious education in the public schools is discussed more and more in proportion as the need thereof becomes more apparent. That it is a necessity few will be willing to dispute or deny. The most difficult part of the problem is how to form a modus operandi that is practical and effective and that will at the same time be satisfactory to the public with its heterogeneous views on education and religious training.

"Religious Education and the Public School" is a highly commendable treatise on this subject. Rev. Dr. Wenner starts out to show from historical narrative that the public school of today is the child of the Christian school of old; and that religious instruction belongs to the family where it was found in early Christian history. It seems that the nature of all instruction in historic times was religious, or at least that religion formed the larger part of the instruction.

It is the practicability of Dr. Wenner's scheme that is of the most importance. He is aware of the "lions in the way"; he answers some of the objections that may arise. The task of religious instruction is not consigned to the public schools, these are overcrowded; neither is it possible to conduct the work so as to make it acceptable to Jew and Gentile, to Catholic and Protestant; and church and State should be kept apart. And the Sunday School does not meet the requirements, pedagogical or otherwise. It does not reach all the children, because the attendance is voluntary, and that means that it is a matter of great uncertainty. One is also inclined to believe that the religious instruction acquired at Sunday School may not go far; the Sunday School has become something of a place for diversion and recreation, and a place for women and the "little folks." And the parochial school is considered un-American.

The next best resort, then, is a day-school, say on Wednesday afternoon. This plan does not involve the closing of the public schools on that day, and does not turn the non-church children into the street. It simply asks that all children, who by the consent of their parents attend the church school and bring certificates of attendance, shall be excused from their absence from the public school. It proposes to have the course of study of the latter so arranged that those who are absent have nothing to make up. Dr. Wenner expects the Boards of Education to take the first step. This is somewhat doubtful; the initiative must rather come from the thoughtful, Christian people themselves. It is also to be feared that the very people for whom this arrangement is made are just the people who will care the least about the matter. The children who need to be driven to the public school by the truant officer and who pay no attention to the Sunday school, "the non-church children," are just the ones that need the instruction the worst. And yet, who dares to compel them to take their "dose" without raising the cry of State interference? But this is the fault of the public, of the times, and not of Dr. Wenner's scheme. The time will come, sooner or later, when something radical will have to be done with undisciplined and unrestrained young America if this country is expected to last. It is seen in all epochs of history that wherever respect for religion was dead, that for the established forms of government died also. But whatever is done must be done in a legal constitutional manner, because we have a Congress of four hundred men who make laws, and a Supreme Court of nine men who set them aside.

The book contains a course of study and also a catechetical form. It seems practicable and highly suggestive, even though it is not to be adopted in its entirety. It is written in a very simple style; on the whole, it is the simplest and fairest presentation of this mooted perplexing question that has yet appeared, and it may go far toward solving this distinctly "American problem."
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About the year 1860 Joseph Shumaker and his brother Isaac moved westward and settled in Ohio. Joseph was born in Berks County, Pa., about 1833. They left behind a brother whose name it is believed was Jacob, as well as a sister Melvina who was married to a Mr. Benjamin Fisher. Descendants of the above mentioned Joseph Shumaker in the west are very anxious to get into communication with their relatives, some of whom it is understood are still living in Berks County. Please communicate with Geo. R. Seifert, Lock Box 41, Philadelphia, Pa., who will gladly give further particulars. (7-8-9-08)

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Under a ruling of the Postmaster General, in effect since January 1, 1908, publishers of monthly magazines are not allowed to extend credit to a subscriber more than four months. If they do they must pay a penalty. As I do not want to pay penalties, I must enforce the postal regulation; hence this announcement.

All subscribers who are in arrears will do me a great favor by sending at once a remittance or notifying me when they expect to pay. On the first of April the names of all who are in arrears four months or more will be taken from the mailing list.

I regret the necessity of having to make a regulation which happily concerns comparatively few. If red ink was used in writing the address on the envelope in which this magazine reaches you, you will understand that this note applies to you. Look at the address again; if you see the "Danger Signal," attend to the matter at once.

Please do not take this regulation as an excuse for cancelling your subscription. I believe the regulation is a blessing in disguise and that no subscriber will be the poorer for it and publishers will be enabled to pay their bills more promptly.

Yours very truly,

The Publisher.
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